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*PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON THE WARPETH.*

ON the boundless subject of Religion it is not possible for any man, within the limits of a magazine article, to set forth his whole mind. If those who write such papers have cause to feel this, those who read them have not less occasion to remember it. Misconception is a constant danger. Beliefs which seem to be vehemently repudiated may nevertheless retain some hold when differently expressed. Doctrines which seem to be insisted on with passion may yet not be held without important modifications. These reserves may not be expressed only because the occasion for expressing them did not seem to arise. Large portions of the whole subject may be left out of view. Those which are actually dealt with may be treated, from the accidents of controversy, in a narrow and angry spirit.

It is with a sincere desire to remember all these reasons for caution that I now call attention to the article by Professor Huxley published in this Review for the month of July 1890.<sup>1</sup> But, in full remembrance of the caution, we may fairly say that this article is an open and avowed attack upon Christianity. Nobody has any right to complain of this. But everybody has a right to identify and recognise it as a fact. That article is not a mere attack upon certain narratives and traditions of the Old Testament, on the ground that they have been incautiously admitted as integral parts of Christian Belief, whilst in reality they need not and ought not to occupy any such position. On the contrary, this contention is repudiated ex-

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, July 1890: 'The Lights of the Church and the Light of Science.'



pressly, and with scorn. Professor Huxley patronises the school which insists on the barest literalism in the interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures. He refers to Canon Rawlinson's Bampton Lectures (1859) as asserting 'that the narratives contained in the canonical Scriptures are free from any admixture of error.'<sup>2</sup> He praises the justice and candour of the lecturer when he asserts as distinctive of Christianity among the religions of the world, that it claims 'to be historical.'<sup>3</sup> He represents him as insisting that Christianity is surely founded 'upon events which have happened exactly as they are declared to have happened in its sacred books.'<sup>4</sup> He further ascribes to the lecturer the argument that the 'New Testament presupposes the historical exactness of the Old,' and that the demonstration of the 'falsity' of the Hebrew records, especially in regard to those narratives which are assumed to be true in the New Testament, would be fatal to 'Christian Theology.'<sup>5</sup> Having thus nailed the colours of Christianity to the bare poles of the very barest and narrowest literalism, the Professor jumps and leaps upon this teaching as giving him an easy fulcrum for tearing those colours down. He is enchanted by the reasoning of the Canon. He adopts it with effusion. 'My utmost ingenuity,' he says, 'does not enable me to discover a flaw in the argument thus briefly summarised.'<sup>6</sup> Nor does he conceal the full sweep of the destructive work which he desires it to accomplish. Not only the whole story of Creation, the whole story of the Fall, the whole story of the Flood, the whole story of Abraham and of any special mission to the Hebrew people, but even the glorious idea and hope of a Messiah—the whole Messianic doctrine which binds the Jewish and Christian Churches—all are relegated to the same category as the Greek myths about Theseus or the Latin stories of the regal period of Rome. And as the writers of the New Testament have believed those stories and dwelt upon them, the authority of those writers is denounced as that of a body of men who 'have not only accepted flimsy fictions for solid truths, but have built the very foundations of Christian dogma upon legendary quicksands.'<sup>7</sup>

This language—with plenty more of it—is unmistakable. Its tone is that of the whole article. It must be accepted, therefore, as a pronounced attack upon Christianity all along the line.

I do not stop to inquire whether the doctrines of Biblical interpretation which he ascribes to two eminent divines of the Church of England are, or are not, fair and correct summaries of their teaching. Fortunately, on this subject we are not at the mercy of any individual divines whether living or dead. The Christian Church, with its long and varied history of nearly two thousand years, has never been committed to it. The doctrine indeed of verbal inspiration, though never defined and never authoritatively adopted by any

<sup>2</sup> P. 7.<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>4</sup> P. 7.<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*<sup>6</sup> P. 8.<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

Christian Church, has been often widely prevalent. But even this doctrine is exaggerated, distorted, and made ridiculous by its development in the hands of Professor Huxley. As patronised by him, the law of interpretation applied to some of the most ancient records of our race would exclude all the elements of allegory and of metaphor, of imagery, of parable, and of accommodated presentation. And this, too, when some of these records purport to set before us an idea of the origin of things. The argument is not only illogical but grotesque, that because Christianity claims to be an historical religion, therefore it follows that any accepted narrative attempting to give us some conception of the creative work, must do so in words as literal and prosaic as an account of the execution of Charles the First.<sup>a</sup> Creation, strictly speaking, is inconceivable to us. And yet creation is a fact. The system of visible things in which we live was certainly not the author of itself. If we are capable at all of receiving any mental impression of its beginnings we can only do so through modes of representation which are charged with allegory. In his own special science no man has declared more clearly than Professor Huxley that the limits of our observation are not the limits of our knowledge. Biology, for example, declares as its verdict, after much evidence has been taken, that, as matters now stand, the living is never generated by the not-living. Every form of organic life comes from some other older form which has already been established. But he points out that this has no adverse bearing upon the deductive conclusion that life must have had its first beginning otherwise. On the contrary, he admits that conclusion to be certain. 'If,' he says, 'the hypothesis of evolution is true, living matter must have arisen from not-living matter.' I venture to add that whether the theory of evolution be true or false, or whether (as is more likely) it be partly true and partly false, the certainty of this conclusion is not affected. But if that beginning is to be rendered conceivable by us it cannot be expressed in the language of experience. We have no experience to go upon. Of necessity, therefore, the very idea of a beginning must be dealt with in the language of metaphor or allegory. Accordingly even Darwin was compelled to have recourse to the familiar imagery of the Hebrew Scriptures when he had to express his idea of the origin of life. There were certain germs, he assumes, into which 'life was first breathed.' What should we think of the rationality of a man who interpreted Darwin to believe that there was some big Being who originated life by emptying his lungs into certain bits of protoplasmic jelly? Yet this is the law of interpretation which Professor Huxley would impose upon the magnificent symbolism of *Genesis*. The events described—avowedly transcending the region of experience—must have happened 'exactly as they are declared to have happened in the sacred books.' When we are told that God said, 'Let

<sup>a</sup> P 7.<sup>b</sup> *Encycl. Brit.* 9th ed. vol. iii. 'Biology,' p. 689.

there be light,' we are to interpret this sublime image as an assertion that the Almighty did actually address this sentence in a definite language to the brute elements of chaos. We are to understand that the words thus attributed to the Creator were actual words like the words spoken by King Charles to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold at Whitehall. If we don't believe this, we are to believe nothing whatever coming from writers so unhistorical. In like manner, when we are told of the Almighty walking in an earthly garden 'in the cool of the day,'<sup>10</sup> and when the narrative seems to imply that Adam saw Him and hid, we are to understand this baldly and literally as an actual midday scene in a shady wood somewhere in Western Asia. Such is the childish argument which is to destroy Christian theology—such is the kind of logic in which Professor Huxley cannot, for the life of him, see any flaw. St. John may perhaps be credited with knowing, at least as well as the Professor, what would and what would not be fatal to Christian theology. Yet he does not seem to have been even conscious of the difficulty. Passages even stronger and more definite in the Old Testament, involving hyperbole, metaphor, and imagery, stood nothing in his way. He must have known the famous passage in Exodus<sup>11</sup> in which Moses is represented as having spoken with God as a man speaketh with his friend. Yet the Professor's canon of interpretation is unknown to him. 'No man hath seen God at any time' is the grand sentence of the Apostle.<sup>12</sup> But the extension of this argument to destroy all authority as belonging to the writers in the New Testament is perhaps a still more remarkable illustration of the reasoning which the Professor considers to be faultless. Men who accepted such narratives as those of Genesis are not to be trusted as themselves historically safe. If St. Paul did really believe in those primeval narratives we cannot trust him when he tells us of the light which burst upon him on his way to Damascus, and which changed him from a persecutor of the faith into the great Apostle of the Christian Church. And so of ourselves. If we do not consider ourselves bound to hold that an actual serpent was selected as the most persuasive advocate of evil—if we are disposed to think that there is all the air, and all the most obvious characteristics, of allegory in such words as the 'tree of the knowledge of good and evil'—if we do not accept it as a literal fact that the rotation of the earth was suspended to keep the Valley of Ajalon above the horizon for a longer time than was due to the season of the year, then we are equally bound to distrust the truth of the migration of Abraham, and of the sojourn in Egypt, and of the conquest of Palestine, and of the Babylonian Captivity, and of the stream of prophecy pointing to some great Deliverer not for the Jews only but for all peoples—and of the life and death and teaching of our Lord. The whole argument, I confess, appears to me to be not only illogical, but irrational.

<sup>10</sup> Gen. iii. 8.<sup>11</sup> Exod. xxxiii. 11.<sup>12</sup> John i. 18.

This is a subject, however, of vast extent on which we have no right or reason to expect any special light or guidance from Professor Huxley. Even if he approached it in the careful and cautious spirit in which he has generally dealt with his own noble science of biology, it would not follow that he could deal with it as well. We know the confession which Darwin has made of the effect upon his own powerful mind of exclusive devotion to one class of ideas and to one purely physical pursuit, in rendering him comparatively insensible to the whole class of conceptions which are the warp and woof of the higher branches of philosophy. Even in this article, Professor Huxley tells us that when he tries to follow those who walk delicately among 'types' he soon 'loses his way.'<sup>13</sup> This is a strange confession to make when even in his own special science 'type' is one of the most familiar of all words, and when the suggestions connected with it—for example, on the general development of the vertebrate skeleton—are confessedly of the most profound and far-reaching interest. It is still more strange when he himself—walking so delicately as to be most difficult to follow—has tried his hand at the definition of a 'type.' It is, he says, a 'plan of modification of animal form.'<sup>14</sup> He tells us he has 'a passion for clearness.' Is the above definition perfectly pellucid? All animal form is in itself, a 'plan.' Each modification, we now hear, is another 'plan.' Is this what he means? And if so, what does he mean by a 'plan'? Does he mean what all other men mean by the word—some mental conception with a view to the future? Or does he mean only some accidental pattern such as a drop of water may leave when it splashes on a window-pane? Then, what does he mean by a 'modification'? Does he mean some wonderful adaptation to some special use? And if he does, how does he account for that adaptation arising exactly when and where it is needed? Was it purely accidental? Does he worship at the shrine of the great goddess Fortuity? Where is his 'passion for clearness' when all these questions are evaded? If he finds such mysteries in a purely physical science, why should he sneer at conceptions also 'seen through a glass darkly,' in the spiritual regions of belief? He is certainly narrower than the higher aspects even of his own pursuit. But besides the cramping effect of all specialisms when exclusive, Professor Huxley has most clearly approached the subject under the strongest animus. 'The slings and arrows of outrageous' clerics at Church Congresses seem to goad him on. His one desire appears to be, to trample on them. If he can here and there catch some popular divine committing himself to some argument or idea which may be ridden to the death, he hugs it with effusion. He gives it the requisite dressings of his own verbal evolution. Then turning round he endeavours to tie down the whole of Christian theology to ridiculous conclusions under the choppings of a childish logic.

<sup>13</sup> P. 20.<sup>14</sup> *Comparative Anat.* p. 7.

But there is one thing we had a right to expect from Professor Huxley, and that is, that when in the course of his argument he comes across questions of purely physical science, he should treat them as candidly and fairly when they are supposed to bear upon 'Christian theology' as when he delivers a scientific lecture or writes an article for an encyclopedia. Yet this is just what he has failed to do in the case before us. His canons of biblical interpretation are not more crude and violent than his dealings with the discoveries of geology, and still worse, if possible, his dealings with the things which geology has not yet discovered. I proceed to define and illustrate what I mean.

Professor Huxley selects the story of the Deluge as his particular battle-horse in the fight. He is quite right, and well within his right, in doing so. That story is special in the fact that it purports to give an account of an event within the limits of human experience, and that in doing so it narrates occurrences which may to some extent be brought within the cognisance of discovery in more than one branch of physical science. Professor Huxley has a very definite theory as to the origin of the story. He thinks it probably arose out of some terrible inundation of the two great rivers of Mesopotamia.<sup>15</sup> This is quite an intelligible hypothesis, since we know from the facts of our own day, in the case of the Yellow River in China, what an enormous destruction of human life may be caused by river floods bursting in upon low flat plains thickly peopled. But this hypothesis fails to give any adequate explanation of the universality—or nearly so—of the tradition of a great flood among all branches of the human race. The late eminent French scholar Lenormant marshalled and collated the evidence on this subject not long ago, and came to the conclusion that a tradition so widespread, if not actually universal, must have arisen from the memory of some great catastrophe which did actually take place, and had left an indelible impression on the progenitors of every race. Professor Huxley takes no notice whatever of this argument, although the fact on which it rests is fairly stated in a careful and temperate article by Dr. A. Geikie upon the Deluge to which the Professor himself refers.<sup>16</sup> No hypothesis which does not take notice of this fact can rest on adequate scientific reasoning.

The question then naturally arises whether it is or is not possible that there may have been, since the birth of man, some great catastrophe far more widespread than the inundations of any river; and whether the narrative in Genesis of the Flood may not be the account of this catastrophe—told in its religious aspect, just as the previous narrative of Creation is an account of that (to us) inconceivable operation—told in the same connection—that is to say, in its connection with the final causes of the Divine government and action.

<sup>15</sup> P. 14-15.

<sup>16</sup> Kitto's *Encycl. of Bibl. Lit.* 'Deluge.'

Now, in dealing with this question scientifically there are three things which must be done—first, there must be a careful view given of the purely physical phenomena which are really of necessity involved in the form of the narrative in Genesis as it has come down to us; secondly, there must be another view given, as careful and complete, of any conclusions relative to the subject which have been really established by geology or by any other branch of the physical sciences; and, thirdly, there must be a frank and free confession of the ignorances of science—of the problems which it sees but which hitherto it has failed to solve, and of the unexhausted possibilities of physical causation which lie wholly unknown behind them. Professor Huxley's article does not comply with any one of these conditions. He does not state fairly, but on the contrary most unfairly, what the narrative in Genesis does of necessity involve. He does not set forth fairly what are the related facts which geology may claim to have established; whilst—above all—with regard to the ignorances of science, he seems wholly unconscious even of that sober estimate of his favourite agnosticism which true science impresses on us all.

He starts with songs of triumph over the very general abandonment of the idea that the Deluge could have been universal, complete, and simultaneous over the whole globe. He might as well be jubilant over the cognate fact that the six creative days in Genesis are now never thought or spoken of as compelling us to believe that the whole creative work which has been done on our planet since it was in a state of chaos, was a work accomplished within six literal days of twenty-four hours each. Or he might as well shout over the still older movement of thought which divorced the conceptions of the Christian world from the literal language of the geocentric astronomy. It is quite a mercy that Professor Huxley has not trotted out our old friend Galileo again, and has taken refuge in such later and lesser lights as the late Canon William Harcourt, and the still living Canon Rawlinson. But even on this question of the possible universality of a deluge, Professor Huxley takes no notice of certain features in the Hebrew narrative which manifest a most curious avoidance of the real scientific objection to a complete and universal deluge, in spite of some language which appears to assert it. It is not true, so far as I know, that any science has proved a universal deluge to be a physical impossibility. In particular, it is not true that there is any deficiency in our existing oceans of a quantity of water adequate—more than adequate—to cover the whole earth. On the contrary, it is a fact that the actual distribution of sea and of dry land on our planet is such that even a comparatively slight elevation of the floor of our oceans, together with some corresponding depression of the land, would spill over upon our continents enough water to submerge them completely, and to submerge them all. My distinguished friend Dr. John Murray (of the 'Challenger' Expedition) has calculated that

there is enough water in our existing seas to cover the whole globe with water more than two miles deep. This is the latest calculation of scientific inquiry, and it is very curious. The fundamental objection to a complete and simultaneous deluge at so late a period of the earth's history, is not physical but biological. It lies in its bearing upon the history and development of organic life. Even this objection applies only to the completeness, and not to the universality, of a deluge. That is to say, biological facts may be perfectly compatible with the partial and contemporaneous submergence of every continent on the globe, but not with any such submergence having ever been total or complete. As regards the lower animals, there must have been, so far as we can reason, other refuges than an ark. There must have been many areas left uncovered. But this necessity is demanded quite as much by the narrative in Genesis as by the scientific evidence of the distribution of life. The re-peopling of the deluged earth by ordinary generation requires this absolutely. The universal destruction of all terrestrial life would have necessitated a complete re-creation of all its forms. And yet this is exactly the consequence which the narrative in Genesis definitely excludes. The writer ascribes the subsequent re-peopling of the earth, both as regards the lower animals and men, not to any re-creative work, but to ordinary generation. The divine employment of natural means is the dominant idea of the whole narrative. But seeing that the dimensions of the Ark represent a vessel considerably smaller than the 'Great Eastern,' it is clear that without what are called miracles on the most stupendous scale—which the writer does not seem at all to contemplate—the whole creatures of all the continents of the globe could not have been represented in it, even if they could have been brought together and congregated in one spot in Western Asia. The writer or writers of the narrative in Genesis, or those still older recipients of tradition in whose hands that narrative grew into its present form and through whom it was transmitted, had presumably no more knowledge of the very existence of the new world, or indeed of the extent of the old world, and of the quantity of animal life which swarms upon both, than they had of the nature of the sun or of the orbit of the earth. What they conceived or thought upon this subject has no moral or religious significance. Whether the American mastodon and megatherium, and the European mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros, and all the other huge Pleistocene mammalia, were saved at all, even in single couples—whether all the lesser mammalia which have survived, could, or could not, be saved from drowning by the refuge afforded in a single vessel—these are questions which do not seem to have been even thought of. Accordingly the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews does not even take the smallest notice of such questions, or at all events, brushing them aside, fixes on the central conception of the whole narrative, the effect of the Deluge upon man, and the per-

sonal relations between one faithful patriarch and the Almighty Disposer of all events. He tells us that this one man 'by faith, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house.'<sup>17</sup> Here we have the whole essence and purport of the narrative in the Old Testament condensed, and reproduced by a Christian 'disciple who, whatever his name, is certainly, humanly speaking, one of the most powerful among the writers of the New. It matters nothing to this view of it, whether the Deluge was or was not conceived to be literally universal, complete, and simultaneous. It matters nothing what may or may not have happened at the same time to the kangaroos of Australia, to the moas of New Zealand, to the giraffes and countless antelopes of Central Africa, or to the llama and tapir world of the South American continent. If there is any good scientific reasoning, as I think there is, which seems to prove that no deluge can have been at once complete, universal, and simultaneous, over the whole globe, then there is no more reason to believe it than there is to believe in the literal interpretation of the passages involving the rotation of the sun round the earth, or the still more striking passages which we have seen so summarily dealt with by St. John.

Leaving, therefore, Professor Huxley to his jubilations over the general abandonment of a Deluge at once complete, universal, and simultaneous, let us see how he proceeds to deal with the alternative of a Deluge which may have been enormously wider than the Mesopotamian Valley, and yet may have been partial only—as regards the whole area of the globe.

The device of the Professor is to assume that belief in any such Deluge must of necessity involve the notion that whilst the existing levels of the land were fixed or unmoved, the waters were heaped up over some portion of it, without any containing banks or walls to keep or hold them in their new position. Over this ridiculous idea he runs riot, and enjoys quite a happy time of it. He shows triumphantly how it contradicts the fundamental laws of hydrostatics, how impossible it is to conceive any agency by which such a heaping up of loose waters could have been effected, and how tremendous must have been the outrush when any (inconceivable) restraints were removed. Now I am not concerned to inquire whether this conception as to the cause of a partial Deluge has or has not been ever formulated, or distinctly pictured, by any human being. Considering the absolute and widespread ignorance of all the physical sciences which prevailed in the world for centuries, it is quite possible that something like this may have been one of the popular ideas concerning the Deluge. It is perfectly natural that it should have been so. That in this world of ours the solid earth is the stable, whilst water is pre-eminently the unstable element, is the universal prepossession of mankind. It is not overcome even in countries where the land is

<sup>17</sup> Heb. xi. 7.



often trembling under earthquakes, or subject to the ravages of volcanic action. Over by far the largest part of the habitable globe, where men have not even these suggestive experiences to consider, the preconception is insuperable that the land is comparatively steady, and that the sea is the most liable to change. That this preconception should have governed the reasonings of prescientific ages, and of ignorant men of the present day, is not astonishing. But it is most astonishing indeed to see it patronised by Professor Huxley. The very first lesson of all geological science is to teach us, and to make us familiar with the idea, that in all relative changes between the areas of sea and land, the element of constancy is in the liquid water, and the element of mutability is in the solid earth. The sea is bound by the most rigorous laws to keep its general level. The dry land is under no similar bondage to keep either its general or its local elevation. On the contrary, the same great force which keeps water, with its peculiar properties, in a fixed relation to its supports, is the very force which ceaselessly tends to make those supports yielding and unsteady. It is true, indeed, that the ocean leans against the land with an attracted bulge. This bulge is not visible to the eye, nor can it, perhaps, be measured by any mechanical instrument. But the mind of man has recognised it as a necessary consequence of the law of gravitation. All land-masses above the water must attract, more or less, the sea which is beneath them. Independently of this, from ordinary hydrostatic causes, the ocean must always be lipping over along its shores—ever ready, as it were, to take instant advantage of the smallest movement of depression. Deluges, therefore, by submergence are ever on the cards. They are the easiest and most natural operations in the world. Of course Professor Huxley knows all this, and of course he does not commit himself to any other doctrine. But he does argue against a partial deluge as if it involved of necessity the vulgar error of the sea being raised up and heaped over any area which may have been submerged. This is not ingenuous. What is the value of a scientific argument against any supposed occurrence which rests entirely on a popular delusion as to the physical causes by which that occurrence may have been brought about, whilst the controversialist knows all the time that the very same occurrence might very easily have been brought about by other causes perfectly natural and perfectly easy to conceive? Yet this is the way in which Professor Huxley prances on his selected battle-horse of the Deluge. He elaborates picture after picture of the physical consequences involved in a partial deluge effected by a heaping up of unsupported waters over a fixed and steady land, and then he stamps upon the nonsense which he has himself adopted—in so far at least as it is useful to him, and has intensified where it could be made to be so.

This perverse dwelling upon an absurd physical conception, as a

means of raising prejudice, is all the more gratuitous and irrelevant since, wherever else it came from, it certainly did not come from any description contained in the Hebrew narrative. On the contrary, one of the most salient and even mysterious characteristics of that narrative is that it is absolutely inconsistent with the idea of sudden, violent, and torrential action. Professor Huxley himself in the midst of his strained denunciation of what must have been involved in any partial deluge, stumbles on the fact that the Hebrew narrative assumes a rate of movement so slow and gradual that 'if it took place in the sea, would be overlooked by ordinary people on the shore.'<sup>18</sup> I say he stumbles upon it, because he mentions it only in so far as it comes handy for the purpose of showing the inconsistencies of the popular notions of heaped-up waters upon a steady land. But he does not deal with it or consider it in its true connection—namely, as showing that this popular notion finds no support in the Hebrew narrative. Dr. Geikie's early paper on the Deluge, written not lately but some thirty years ago, stands, as regards this, in creditable contrast with the heedless representations of Professor Huxley. Dr. Geikie did, indeed, fall apparently into the same strange error of holding that every partial deluge must of necessity have involved a universal one, an argument which rests wholly on the notion that any such deluge must have been caused by a heaping up of water over a stationary land. But Dr. Geikie, with characteristic sagacity, emphasises and dwells upon the fact that the Hebrew narrative does not suppose any violent or convulsive action, and that in this respect the popular imagination of it has been quite unjustified.<sup>19</sup> But even Dr. Geikie's paper, fair and candid as it intended to be, does not point out the unquestionable conclusion, that the whole idea of the narrative in Genesis assumes a deluge caused by a slow and gradual subsidence of the land, and not caused by any capture of it by some sudden assault and battery of the sea. This conclusion does not depend on the true meaning of archaic and obscure expression, such as the 'breaking up of the fountains of the great deep,' which are almost incapable of an exact physical interpretation. It depends on the structure of the whole narrative, and on the incidents which it includes. Its importance does not lie in any question touching the sources of that narrative, or the conceptions entertained by those who have handed it down. Its importance depends on the suggestion which arises out of it, whether intended or not, that the physical impossibility of a partial deluge is an argument founded on the most ignorant of all preconceptions, and is demonstrably the grossest of all delusions. That there cannot have been partial subsidences of the crust of the earth—even on an enormous scale—would indeed be an ignorant proposition, contradicted alike by theory and observation.

But here we come to another branch of the subject, on which, if

<sup>18</sup> P. 15.

<sup>19</sup> Kitto's *Encycl. of Bibl. Lit.* 'Deluge,' p. 243.

anywhere, we had a right to expect from Professor Huxley something better than the most loose and yet the most dogmatic declamation. This branch is that which deals with the actual discoveries of modern science, so far as they bear upon the question. Geology is a science which has made such rapid and enormous progress during a period spanned by the extreme measure of a single human life, that we are all apt to be a little drunk with our own success. And yet that progress has been marked by incidents which should make us sober. The field, though a small one, on which its victories have been achieved, is strewn with the bodies of the slain. Dead theories and abandoned speculations lie thick upon the ground, whilst some of the most mischievous preconceptions still encumber the progress of inquiry. One of the first great general conceptions which lifted the speculations of mere cosmogony to the dignity of a science, was the Huttonian theory.<sup>20</sup> One part of it was securely true. Another part of it was profoundly false. It was true as regards the continuity of causes. It was false as regards the uniformity of their effects. It was true that the rocks have been built up by the interaction of the forces of elevation, and the forces of degradation and depression. It was true that the causes which heaved the hills, have been ever met and checked by causes which wore them down again. But it was not true that the operation of higher laws is never indicated, or that all we can ascertain is limited to a perpetual see-saw of monotonous repetition. As usual there were many minds which valued the Huttonian theory not for its truths, but mainly for its deficiencies and errors. The school of thought that delights to shut out those fountains of power from which all thought has come, were enchanted with a conception which reduced creation to the dull rounds of mechanical necessity. It was enthusiastic over the famous formula that geology saw 'no trace of a beginning, no symptom of an end.' In this form it may be called the great hurdy-gurdy theory. Then came the discovery of a clue by which an order of succession could be established in time, and, with time, in the perpetual introduction of new forms of life. Of course the mechanists set to work again, and they are at work still. Lyell supplied them with the only philosophical basis on which they can stand at all, and preached the doctrines of uniformity with immense knowledge and with infinite skill. As in the previous case of the theory of Hutton and of Playfair, much of what he taught was true, whilst the errors and exaggerations of his teaching are now being gradually but surely left behind. 'The bit by bit theory of our friend Lyell will never account for all our facts,' was the observation made to me one day by Lyell's compatriot, friend, and equal, Sir Roderick Murchison. On this subject happily there is no need of controversy with Professor Huxley. He has himself taken a creditable part in checking extreme opinions and in showing that the doctrine of uniformity, in the only

<sup>20</sup> *Theory of the Earth*, by James Hutton, M.D. 1795.

sense in which it can be rationally held, is quite consistent with any amount of catastrophe and convulsion. In fact the recurrence of catastrophe and convulsion may be part and parcel of uniformity itself. And so in like manner when the speculations of Darwin have furnished the mechanists with renewed passion for a new doll, Professor Huxley has hoisted more than once a caution signal. He has uttered a warning voice against converting a scientific hypothesis into a dogmatic creed.

It was high time. The passionate enthusiasm with which an obscure and confused verbal metaphor has been accepted as solving all the mysteries involved in the origin of new forms of organic life, will one day be seen to have been—what it is—only another great warning example of the impediments which beset the progress of knowledge. That the origin of species may be ascribed to something called ‘nature’ selecting things which did not as yet exist, and could not therefore have been presented for selection, is among those mysteries of nonsense which are not uncommon in the history of the human mind. But even this delusion, prevalent as it has been, is breaking down, and assaults upon it, all too timid though they be, are nevertheless increasing day by day. I have therefore much sympathy with those who on the whole are reasonably proud of geology as regards its past, and are reasonably hopeful of it as regards its future. But its progress, and even our appreciation of its present teaching, is absolutely dependent on two conditions—first, that we bear constantly in mind the wide seas of ignorance which surround the little islands of our knowledge, and secondly, that we rightly estimate the full sweep and significance of the facts and laws which we can clearly see. It would be difficult to say whether the science has suffered most from forgetfulness of the things that we do not know, or from failure to appreciate or exhaust the consequences flowing from the things we do know. The vision of past worlds which geology presents may be compared to the view of some land seen at a distance upon the ocean, and upon which heavy banks of cloud are resting. Above, mountains and peaks are seen here and there, with outlines cut clear against the sky. Below, capes and headlands and promontories are also seen, cut as clearly against the sea. The middle slopes are only visible at intervals, and some great plains just roughen the verge of the horizon. But all details are lost. We do not even know whether we are looking at one continuous land or at a group of islands. Hills which seem united, or separated only by some narrow valley, may be really far apart, and broad channels of the deepest water may lie between them. So it is with the vast landscapes of the past in the revelations of geology. The general outlines of geological causation are clear enough: and so in broad outline, too, is the general succession of organic life. But both the exact history of the rocks, and

the exact history of the creatures which they entomb, are beset with mystery. We talk glibly of aqueous deposit as the physical origin of stratification. But we know little indeed of the physical conditions under which this agency worked in early times. The scientific naturalists of the 'Challenger' Expedition report as the result of their investigations that nowhere in the existing world of waters have they found going on anywhere such deposits as are necessary to account for the vast massive accumulations of the Palæozoic Sandstones.

Before such mountains as those of the Cambrian formation on the north-west coast of Scotland—cut out of the thickness of apparently one continuous deposit—full of the ripple marks of the sea, and yet destitute of life—the theoretical uniformitarian may well stand abashed. Similar difficulties are crowded into the conditions under which our great storages of carbon were provided for by repeated elevations and depressions of the land, each elevation giving occasion for the growth of a dense and rich vegetation; and each depression potting it up and preserving it for future use. Similar difficulties beset the equally massive Limestone formations of the Secondary rocks. But even these difficulties are less serious and less profound than those which beset the progress of organic life. Only, in this case there are some great outlines which are clear and definite. We can see that organic life has advanced from less to more—from low to higher levels—from the generalised to the specialised, and from various functions performed roughly by some one rude and simple mechanism—to the same functions separated, elevated, and committed to the care of selected and adapted organs. We can see how there is some strange but profound analogy between this magnificent line of march and that along which every living creature goes in its individual growth. Just as the science of embryology has in some measure revealed to us how—that is in what order—'the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child,' so in the embryology of this planet, as revealed to us in the rocks, we can see the steps of a process which is not only analogous but homologous. That is to say, the two pathways are not only vaguely like each other according to some dim resemblance, but are identical as corresponding parts in one plan, and of one intellectual method. We can see that the past ages were full of prophetic germs. We can see the rise, one after another, of structures which were incipient, useless, or comparatively useless for a time, but destined in the future for some splendid service. Our physiologists, and anatomists, and morphologists are wholly unable to resist this evidence when it is their business to describe the facts. The structure of their own mind compels them to admit it, even when they struggle hard to shut their eyes against it. . .

Few men have used language more expressive of conceptions which agnosticism repudiates, than Professor Huxley himself in his purely scientific writings. In his descriptions of the growth of living

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things, from the ovum to the finished creature, we seem to be listening to a literal reading and exposition of some page out of that book in which all 'our members were written when as yet there were none of them.' It is surely remarkable that Nature should be so full of the spirit and of the characteristic ideas of Hebrew and of Christian theology. But so it is. In Professor Huxley's instructive work on the *Elements of Comparative Anatomy* he is rich in the use of language descriptive of the preparations for that which is to be. Every change that arises in the mysterious egg-substance is explained, as it can only be explained, by its relations with the future. Does a movement begin in the formless mass, establishing a long cleft or groove? It indicates the position 'of the future longitudinal axis of the body.' Do the lateral boundaries of this groove at one end of it, 'grow up into plates'? It is that this end is the end which 'will become' the interior region of the body, and these plates are the 'dorsal laminæ.' Do these dorsal laminæ at length unite? It is that they may 'enclose the future cerebrospinal cavity.' Does another portion of the mass grow downwards instead of up? It is that it may 'form the vertical laminæ,' with a function in the future not less essential.<sup>21</sup> One thing can only be understood when it is conceived as 'laying the foundations' of another.<sup>22</sup> A second thing can only be understood as 'pre-shadowing' the form and relations<sup>23</sup> of a third, and so on throughout. Nor does Professor Huxley confine this great principle of interpretation to the development of the individual fœtus. This governing idea of referring all organic growth to the work of preparation and prevision, he extends to the whole history of life since it first began. He quotes with approbation, and adopts, the grand generalisation of John Hunter, that organisation is not the cause of life, but life is the cause of organisation. Immense consequences are involved in this conception. Organisms are the habitations and the homes of life, but life must build them before it can settle in them and take possession. An organ is a structure for the discharge of function, but it must be shaped and made before the function can be discharged. This luminous idea sends its searching light through and through the stupidities which confound between things made for use and things that are said to be made by use. Use as an intellectual aim must precede use as a physical cause. And so the prophetic interpretation of fœtal development becomes the only possible interpretation of all organic growth, so far as it is known to us. Accordingly Professor Huxley interprets the whole history of the vertebrate skeleton, and especially of the 'vertebrate skull, as the development of a 'plan.' This is the word he has selected, and which he uses over and over again. A plan—we must repeat—is not a mere pattern, which may arise by accident; it is a construction of which all the leading component elements are

<sup>21</sup> P. 65-6

<sup>22</sup> P. 137

<sup>23</sup> P. 142.

parts of one general conception having reference to a 'future. Such a plan, he tells us, can be traced and identified in all skulls, from the skull of a pike to the cranium of a man. The immense differences which mask this unity of plan are due to successive adaptive modifications, with which, in all their wide extent, the original plan was destined from the very first to work in harmony.

These are grand conceptions. They are scientific conceptions in the highest sense of that word, because they bring phenomena into harmonious relations with the highest faculties of the human mind. They are the conceptions which confer all its dignity and interest on geology, and on the affiliated sciences of palæontology and comparative anatomy. Although in one sense highly ideal, and in the best sense metaphysical, they are yet strictly literal, and absolutely true to fact. Hence Professor Huxley most truly asserts that the doctrine of 'all bony skulls being organised upon a common plan' is a simple generalisation of the observed facts of cranial structure.<sup>24</sup> It is curious that many of those who use these conceptions for the purposes of description immediately turn round and repudiate them for the purposes of philosophy. But the language which embodies them can only be useful for the purposes of explanation by reason of the similitudes which they involve between our own mental operations and those which are obvious in nature. Yet these very similitudes and intellectual homologies are most distasteful to the agnostic school; and very often, even in the mere work of description, every device is resorted to to keep them out of sight. Thus some movements of the nervous and muscular apparatus in animals which involve the most complicated adjustments, are constantly spoken of as mere 'reflex action'—as if they could be compared with the mere reflection—or bending back—of light from water, or of sound from a wall. So again 'differentiation' is perpetually used to describe the processes of preparation by which the building up of special organs is accomplished—just as if these wonderful processes could be described by a word which is equally applicable to the processes of corruption and decay. There is no disloyalty to truth so insidious as that which leads us to sin in this way against our own intellectual integrity. What our mind sees, we must confess to—at our peril. It may have been a brave thing in Nelson to turn his blind eye to the recalling signal of his admiral. But it is not a brave thing—quite the contrary—in any man to turn a blind eye to the instinctive perceptions of his own intelligence.

Nevertheless, it is possible to be true and faithful to the automatic workings of mind within us when it recognises and identifies the methods of its own vaster image in the external world, and yet to be not less true and faithful to our consciousness of ignorance. The great thing to do is to put our agnosticism not in the wrong, but in

<sup>24</sup> *Comp. Anat.* p. 278.

the right, place. We may well rejoice in the clear and grand vision we have obtained through science, of organic life having been developed through unnumbered ages on lines which do in themselves constitute a 'plan.' We may rejoice with the truest intellectual delight in our perception of the relation which this plan bore, from the beginning, to the future in creation. We may admire without ceasing the combination in this plan between an obvious fundamental unity and a not less obvious fundamental subordination to endless change—wherever new needs had to be met and new functions had to be discharged. All this is science, and science of the highest quality. But the sense of it is compatible with a constant remembrance of the enormous gaps in our knowledge which remain unfilled. That which always we are most curious to know, remains always also unexplained. Geology has told us of a succession in the forms of life; but it has as yet told us nothing as to the methods by which this succession was brought about. There are, indeed, so-called 'links;' but the links are never within each other's touch. The 'imperfection of the record' is blamed for this. But there are portions of the record which seem continuous and complete—portions of time which were long enough to see the introduction of new species—and yet the mystery remains unsolved. In the Lias, for example, and in some other formations, we have beds of great thickness following each other in orderly and undisturbed succession. New shells appear in turn, and yet we never see how or whence they came. My friend Mr. Robert Etheridge, F.R.S., F.G.S.,<sup>25</sup> informs me that there is one bed no thicker than an ordinary mantelpiece in which a peculiar ammonite appears, and never appears again. So it is throughout the record, wherever it is accessible to us. New forms come like apparitions, and like apparitions they also go. We do not know where such new forms have arisen, nor how. We do know that the whole series must have begun somewhere, and at some time, in some initial operation which was not that of ordinary generation. We do not know that this initial operation has never been repeated, or, if it has been repeated, how often, or under what special conditions.

The abstract dicta—the vague verbal propositions—on the strength of which the possibility of this repetition has been denied, are splendid specimens of those cobwebs of the brain which used to entangle thought in the meshes of the scholastic philosophy. The 'Law of Parsimony' is the ambitious phrase under which theorists have hid the stupid notion that what Nature does once she never repeats again, or that results which she has obtained by one method at some one time must never be compassed by the same method again. Hear how magniloquently the great agnostic Professor sets forth this marvellous dogma:—'If all living beings have been evolved from pre-existing forms of life, it is enough that a single particle of living

<sup>25</sup> Assistant Keeper Geol. Depart., British Museum (Natural History).  
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protoplasm should have once appeared upon the globe, as the result of no matter what agency. In the eyes of a consistent evolutionist any farther independent formation of protoplasm would be sheer waste.' <sup>26</sup> This is very grand. The limitation of the possibilities of creation by the vision of a 'consistent evolutionist' is delicious. It reminds one of the American joke that the planets revolve round the sun, 'always subject to the constitution of the United States.' But, unfortunately for the dogma, it renounces the testimony of facts, whilst sounder reasonings upon them are dead against it. Nature is economical, but she is not miserly. The prodigality of Nature is more conspicuous than her parsimony. The habitual expenditure and repetition of all her processes is at least more clear to us than her refusals to repeat them. Her fondness for identity of principle in all her various operations is more pervading than her casting aside of any method merely because it has been used already. That bits of living protoplasm, with inconceivably complex potentialities within them, should have been called into being once, and that nothing similar should ever have been done again, may possibly be true. But it is not according to analogy, and we cannot accept it on the authority of Professor Huxley. Still less can so weighty a conclusion be hung securely on a gossamer structure of abstract and empty words.

But now—if Nature has indeed never stopped her operations at any one time—if they have been, on the contrary, always continuous in unity of plan amidst every change in method, then it follows that we do not know how often new germs may have been introduced and may have had their full development accelerated by processes of comparatively short duration. Darwin, in a passage but little noted, has thought of this. He speaks of stages of development being possibly 'hurried through.' <sup>27</sup> We see this actually done in the living world, although we do not often think of it as we ought. It is done in all the mysterious phenomena of metamorphosis. A comparatively low and simple organism goes to sleep, and in a few weeks—or a few days, or even, it may be, in a few hours—it awakes entirely re-formed, reconstructed, provided with new organs, and fitted for absolutely new spheres of activity and life. We do not know whether this method of creation may not have been repeated over and over again with abiogenic germs—just as it is now repeated in an infinite variety of forms among the germs which are biogenic. I am contending now for a true and honest agnosticism, and not for any theory. We do not know that inheritance by descent is the only possible, or the only actual, cause of likeness and homologies in organic structure. It is not the cause of it as regards the inorganic world, and it may not be the only cause of it in those houses which have been made out of inorganic materials to be the abodes of life.

<sup>26</sup> *Encycl. Brit.* 9th ed. 'Biology,' p. 689. c

<sup>27</sup> *Origin of Spec.* 6th ed. p. 149.

It is indeed not possible that inheritance can be the only cause of likeness—if it be granted that the first starting-point of development must have been in germs which had no organic parent. On the other hand, we can be quite certain of the reason why organs should be made like each other, although we cannot be sure of the physical causes through which exclusively this likeness must be brought about. The reason is that certain needs must be met by appropriate apparatuses—vital, chemical, and mechanical. Extraneous matter must be assimilated, weight must be supported, circulating fluids must be supplied with oxygen, light must be caught upon adapted surfaces, and must be transmitted through focussed lenses, if sight is to be enjoyed. And so on. The *Why* is within our knowledge. The *How* is most doubtful and most obscure. Geology, above all other sciences, impresses this ignorance upon us—even as regards some of the simplest of her operations. Sometimes it is difficult to understand the conditions of original deposit. Very often it is still more difficult to understand the conditions of denudation or removal. The great earth-movements which have certainly taken place are full of mystery—the depressions and elevations, the cracks and ‘faults’ which have dislocated the strata, the ‘downthrows,’ sometimes of thousands of feet, which have cut across the rocks as sharply as if the cutting had been effected by a knife, the overthrows and the overthrusts, the sinkings and the underthrusts, which have inverted the order of original formation, the metamorphism which has obliterated original structure here, and has left it wholly unaltered there; the vast thicknesses which are destitute of the remains of life, in juxtaposition perhaps with some one thin bed which is crowded with them; the methods by which, and the times during which, old forms of life have been destroyed, and new forms have been introduced—all these, and a thousand others, are questions on which our ignorance is profound.

Now it is a remarkable fact that all these difficulties are, as it were, multiplied and accentuated in that very period which is nearest to us—that period which was marked by the very latest changes of which geology has any cognisance—I refer to the period which is now generally called Quaternary. It is sharply marked off from previous periods by a strictly scientific definition. Shells, and particularly marine shells, may be called the time-medals of creation. Their comparative indestructibility, and the fact that the element in which their inmates live is the same element which preserves their habitations when they die, make it certain that in them geology keeps her oldest, most complete, and most authentic record. The Quaternary period is defined as that during which innovation was stopped as regards the development of shell-life—during which no new species was born—during which we find, with a few rare exceptions,

no shell which is not also an existing and a living species. As regards them, therefore, the Quaternary period is the existing period in the classifications of geology. It is the age in which we ourselves are now living. And yet this is the very period during which the greatest novelty of all seems to have been introduced, for it is in this period that we can first detect the advent of Man. Moreover it is in this period that there seem to have been some of the most mysterious earth-movements of which the science has any glimpse. Great dislocations of strata—great changes in the distribution of land and sea—great destruction of preceding forms of life, are among the familiar conceptions which its best ascertained phenomena suggest. Nor is this all. The vanishing of preceding forms of life in many older periods may have been gradual, and the creatures which disappeared may be supposed to have lived on in their modified descendants. But in our own Quaternary period multitudes of the vanishing beasts seem to have been destroyed by some great destruction, many of them leaving no descendants whatever to represent their antique and abandoned forms. Nature has simply obliterated them altogether. All these circumstances, and many more, combine to make this present geological period in which we are still living—the Quaternary period—one of the darkest and most mysterious of all. Thus every possible question which is the most difficult in geology seems crowded and aggregated into the age which stands nearest to us, and to which geologically we ourselves belong.

If, then, there is any one of the halls of science into which we should enter with uncovered heads, it is surely that in which the grand problems of Quaternary geology are handled and discussed. If in her great temple there be any pavement on which a true and wise agnosticism would tread with cautious and humble steps, it is upon that which constitutes the threshold of inquiries so complicated as to facts, so difficult as regards the interpretation of them, and so profound in their bearing upon other subjects of the very highest interest and importance. Yet this is the threshold across which Professor Huxley comes tripping on the light fantastic toe. It would be hard to say whether his utterances are most conspicuous for their dogmatism or for their levity. All agnosticism is forgotten, and all sense of ignorance is denied or silenced. After pouring out the vials of his wrath and expending the arrows of his ridicule on a conception of the Deluge which nobody entertains, he turns fiercely on a German author who has ventured to suggest that some catastrophe greater than any mere floods of the Euphrates and of the Tigris may possibly have happened among the many and obscure changes recorded in Quaternary geology. Professor Huxley seems very anxious to get this idea out of his way. He won't hear of it. He knows all about it, at least for the purposes of denial. He does not argue the question. He does not give any reasons. He simply

denies the possibility as of his own authority, and pronounces it to be 'particularly absurd.'<sup>28</sup> This attempt to settle by an *ipse dixit* what can and what cannot possibly have happened during the great physical changes of the Quaternary age, will never do. Even if it were only on account of our utter ignorance of all details respecting those changes, that ignorance is notorious enough to condemn such an attempt as an offence against all the legitimate methods of science.

But there is worse than this in the sentences which follow. Professor Huxley declares contemptuously that the occurrence of any catastrophe during the Quaternary age such as could give rise to the traditions of a Deluge is an 'hypothesis which involves only the trifle of a physical revolution of which geology knows nothing.'<sup>29</sup> Now here we have a positive assertion; and it is one which can only be met by a contradiction as direct and flat as truth demands, and as the courtesies of literature will allow. Once upon a time in discussion with an illustrious and 'venerable man, Professor Huxley felt called upon to say that his opponent's assertions were 'demonstrably contrary to fact.'<sup>30</sup> I may safely assume, therefore, that this is a form recognised by the highest authority as occasionally required even in the calm and lofty debates of science. This, accordingly, is the form of contradiction which I now venture to adopt in meeting the confident assertion of Professor Huxley. I do so, however, declaring emphatically that I have no suspicion whatever that Professor Huxley intended to deceive anybody, whether himself or others. All I am sure of is that if others believe what he says on this matter they will be deceived, and deceived grossly. The explanation lies in the fact, that in the hot pursuit of his theological antipathies, he has made the very simple and natural mistake of confounding 'geology' with himself. But these two are not identical or convertible terms. He may not have seen—because prejudice has shut his eyes—some things which geology has seen, and seen very clearly too. He may not know of, or recognise the full import of, facts which geology does know of, and has established. But whether he knows of them or not—whether he has ever 'put two and two together' in respect to them—it does so happen that among the difficult problems of Quaternary geology, three great salient conclusions have been established. The first is, that among the very last and latest changes in the history of the globe there was a great extension to the south of the conditions of climate which are known as glacial. The second is, that during part of that time—and almost certainly during the very last part of it—or even since it ended—there was, over some great part at least of the northern hemisphere, a great submergence of the land under the waters of the sea.<sup>31</sup> The third is

<sup>28</sup> P. 13.<sup>29</sup> P. 14.<sup>30</sup> *Comparative Anatomy*, p. 98.<sup>31</sup> *Text Book of Geology*, by A. Geikie, p. 891.

that man had already appeared upon the earth, and had more or less spread upon it, before that late submergence took place, and must, therefore, have been a witness, and may possibly have been a victim, to it. Now the first two of these conclusions are not only 'known to geology,' but are amongst its most widely accepted doctrines; whilst the third has made great progress and is rapidly taking—if, indeed, it has not already taken—the same place and rank in the category of discovered and admitted truths.

If, then, these three great facts have acquired this position—and even if they be disputed by a few writers, or by Professor Huxley himself—it is 'demonstrably contrary to fact' to allege that geology 'knows nothing' of them. The science knows of them so well and so familiarly that 'the last great depression' has become a stock phrase among Quaternary geologists—as referring to many ascertained phenomena which are capable of no other interpretation.

It may, however, be well asked how it is, if these three great facts have been established, that the conclusions flowing from them have not been followed up. The explanation is as easy as it is instructive. It has been due to that one cause which, perhaps more than any other, has impeded the advance of science—the blinding effect of invincible preconceptions. Sometimes these have been aggravated by such intellectual aversions as that which animates Professor Huxley against everything connected with Christian theology. But many desperate preconceptions have other sources. The authority of great men who have fallen into some great error, has been one of the barriers most difficult to breach. Of this kind perhaps the most memorable example was the power of Sir Isaac Newton to postpone for nearly a century and a half the establishment of the undulatory theory of light. The furious and contemptuous attacks made upon Dr. Thomas Young, when in our own day he revived that theory and poured the light of his own genius upon it, remind one very much of the temper and the spirit in which some men are now meeting those movements of discovery that tend to reopen questions which only ignorance had closed, and to give to old ideas a new and scientific basis. Then there has been another source of abounding prejudice. The shape in which those old ideas were at first presented has often been really deforming and erroneous. This has been pre-eminently the case with the form under which the idea of a deluge has come across the pathway of geology. At first men would not believe in the reality of fossil shells. When this reality was proved to demonstration, then the supposition was entertained that they were carried into the solid rocks by the Noachian Deluge. The absurdity of this supposition was almost sickening, and it established a lasting sense of nausea in all the stomachs of geologists at the very mention of a deluge as coming at all within the cognisance of their science. This is just the attitude of mind which sets up the most

insuperable preconceptions, and renders men insensible to the force of any evidence which even seems to look in the direction of their disgust. In this very article Professor Huxley makes a confession upon this subject, which he does not mean as such, but which, nevertheless, is a confession most true and most significant. 'At the present time,' he says, 'it is difficult to persuade serious scientific inquirers to occupy themselves in any way with the Noachian Deluge. They look at you with a smile and a shrug,' &c.<sup>32</sup> This is quite true. But it is also true that the attitude of mind thus depicted is most unsafe and most unphilosophical. I confess to having myself lain under the incubus of the same preconceptions for many years. It was of course easy to take refuge in the bolt-hole dug out by Lyell—that if there ever was a deluge it must have been an event so 'preternatural' in all its circumstances and effects, that there is no use in even thinking of it in connection with any of the physical sciences. Yet the promptings of our intellectual conscience will perforce suggest that though belief and reason are not coincident in extent, they ought to be coincident in direction, and that physical events of great magnitude, if they happened at all, however preternatural, were presumably brought about by physical agencies which must have left some effects behind them, unless subsequent obliteration has destroyed the evidence. This last alternative was indeed easily conceivable in the abstract. It is, however, always less easily conceivable in each actual case in proportion to the magnitude of the supposed events and the recency of their supposed occurrence. But this method of looking at the whole case, which is purely logical and scientific—this perception of alternatives turning upon evidence, and on the possible causes of the want of any evidence at all—is a method which at once awakens our intelligence to the testimony of facts, and breaks down the stupid preconceptions which blind us to the true interpretation of them. It puts an end to that irrational attitude of the mind which Professor Huxley, strange to say, seems to approve of and applaud, in which we can hardly be persuaded 'to occupy ourselves in any way' with a great problem, and in which we can only look at it 'with a smile and a shrug.'

Once roused from this paralysis of our reason, we soon find that there are abundant materials on which to exercise its powers. I live in a district of country over the whole of which the evidence of 'the great submergence' is as striking as it is ubiquitous. I estimate the depth of it as having been at least 2,000 feet. Not less decisive is the evidence that it must have happened among the very latest operations which have been at work upon the globe. Charles Darwin saw this in 1839, when he came to the West Highlands to look at the famous Parallel Roads of Glen Roy. His estimate of the minimum depth of it was at least 1,280 feet. He saw it, and he dwelt upon it

with emphasis in the celebrated paper in which he recorded his observations. No one who resides in the low country where the rocks are never seen except in quarries, can have any conception how clear and unmistakable are the proofs of some temporary, and very recent, depression of our land, with almost all its mountains, under the level of the sea. Then comes corroboration after corroboration from every field of Quaternary geology. For thirty years and more, geologists have known, and have been staring helplessly on the fact, that in North Wales one of the hills of the Snowdon range is covered with a marine gravel at a level of 1,130 feet above that of the present sea. They have known the fact that this gravel contains shells in abundance, all of existing species. They have known it, but most of them have been reluctant to 'occupy themselves about it in any way.' Even in recording it they generally leave it, if not 'with a smile and a shrug,' at least with a timid and an embarrassed glance. Yet nothing in the whole range of their science is more mysterious and instructive than that Moel Trefan top. Old Ocean has been there, and he has been there very lately. He has been there as regards the area and the locality, and he has been there in a passing way, but he has not necessarily been there as regards its existing level. Professor Huxley tells us that a heaping of the sea over a particular place is a physical impossibility. I quite agree. Then it follows that Moel Trefan must have been sunk under the sea and raised out of it again, all within our existing age. Can the learned Professor tell us how wide has been the area of depression in which Moel Trefan was included? Was it contemporaneous or not with a like submergence all over the Highlands of Scotland? And if so, where did it stop? Professor Prestwich has said that it prevailed over the whole of Ireland, over the whole of Wales, over all the centre and north of England and over the whole of Scotland.<sup>33</sup> A large part of Russia, and all Northern Germany down to Holland, were also included.<sup>34</sup> And is he certain that it was not wider still, and included larger areas of the whole northern hemisphere? Quaternary geology certainly suggests, even if it does not establish, that it did. Italian geologists of the highest authority report the same facts from Calabria and from Sicily. Gravels with 300 kinds of existing shells are piled up at elevations 2,400 feet above the Mediterranean. Was Charles Darwin an ignoramus in geology when he recognised exactly the same phenomena on the vast continent of South America? The facts he records respecting the massive marine gravels of Patagonia, the recency of them, and the correlative destruction of the great mammalia, are more astonishing even than the parallel facts in Europe.<sup>35</sup> Are the geologists of Canada deceived when they report similar facts as establishing similar conclusions over the greater part of Northern America?

<sup>33</sup> *Proceed. Roy. Soc.* No. 196, 1879.

<sup>34</sup> *Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc.* August 1887.

<sup>35</sup> *Naturalist's Voyage*, ed. 1852, pp. 170-76.

If the submergence was local, but the locality was as large at least as the British Islands, how 'particularly absurd' is the assumed impossibility of a partial deluge. If it was far wider, then how absurd also is the denial that it may have been as wide as the whole area occupied by man at some early stage of his dispersion. Further, can he tell us whether this 'great submergence' over more than one great area, was balanced or not by any corresponding elevation over some other? And if it was, then can he tell us whether the elevation may not possibly have been a raising of some ocean floor? And if it was, can he assure us that the 'fountains of the great deep' did not perforce pour their waters over corresponding areas of the land? Can he tell us how deep the great submergence was, as well as how wide? Above all, can he tell us how slow it was, or how rapid? If he can't tell us any one of these things, or make even a plausible attempt to do so, then he has no right to tell the world that Quaternary geology 'knows nothing' of any more adequate basis for the world-wide tradition of a deluge than a flood in Mesopotamia. Quaternary geology is still in great confusion, the prey of extreme theorists, and of many baseless hypotheses. But it is not quite in such a mess as Professor Huxley would represent it to be. For one thing, it has established 'the great submergence' with all its consequences.

But this is not all. When once the scales of preconception and of spurious authority have fallen from our eyes, they are opened to other facts which have been as clearly ascertained, as timidly regarded, and as feebly interpreted. In particular we see the fleshly bodies, and the complete skeletons, and the collected and compacted bones of millions of great animals which have perished—very lately—many without leaving descendants—and have so perished as to be preserved in superficial deposits scattered over many portions of the globe. In my own case, it was the futility of the explanation given of these facts of Quaternary geology by the Lyellian school that first awoke my attention, now many years ago, to the untrustworthiness of the method in which these facts were handled. Nothing that savoured of the possibility of 'catastrophes' would that school even look at fairly in the face. No idea that would not fit, or could not be squeezed, into their own narrow interpretations of the doctrine of uniformity, could find entrance into minds swathed in the bandages of the great hurdy-gurdy theory. I cannot in these pages give, even in abstract, the astonishing facts which Quaternary geology has established respecting the death and preservation of what are called the Pliocene and the Pleistocene mammalia—and this too both in the old and in the new world. They have lately been collected and marshalled with exhaustive research and with admirable ability by Mr. Howorth, M.P., in his book on *The Mammoth and the Flood*. I observe that a most significant silence has been maintained respect-



ing this array of facts and arguments, and that the old-school geologists have found it much more convenient to ignore than to answer it.

Then, lastly, the same observations apply to the abundant evidence which Quaternary geology has supplied that man was living before the mammoth and its compeers were all destroyed. The spirited outline of a living mammoth has been left to us by some incipient Landseer of a not very ancient world. The consequences which are involved in this fact were long evaded—never faced or followed—just as the consequences were long evaded of marine gravels heaped upon the tops or the high flanks of our existing mountains. When palæolithic implements were first discovered, not many years ago, both the religious and the agnostic world were fluttered and excited. The one hoped for, and the other feared, the establishment of some hitherto undreamed of antiquity for man. Both of them forgot that those old implements have, intellectually as well as physically, a double edge. They may serve to establish the extreme recency of some great convulsion—far more than they tend to prove the extreme antiquity of the creatures affected by it. With an instinctive dread of this alternative, vigorous attempts have been made to treat all implement-bearing gravels as fluvatile—the work of existing rivers and the spoil of existing watersheds. It has been felt that indefinite drafts might then be drawn upon the bank of time—because the implement-bearing gravels are often at high levels, and existing rivers must have been at work for some indefinite number of ages to cut their way down to the present lower channels. But again these attempts have broken down. Human implements—it is confessed—have now been found abundantly in gravels which must have been at least spread and redistributed not by rivers, but by the sea.<sup>36</sup> Moreover it is admitted that the old implement-bearing gravels often exhibit the marks of ‘tumultuous action.’ Thus all along the line Quaternary geology has established not only the possibility, but the certainty, of many of those events which Professor Huxley presumes to denounce as ‘particularly absurd.’ Every year is opening up some new vista through the thick clouds which envelop the Quaternary ages. Professor Prestwich may almost be said to be the father of this geology in England. No one man has done so much for it; no one has been so minute and laborious in research, or so careful and conscientious in reasoning on its facts. The very last result he has arrived at<sup>37</sup> is the probable discovery of the lowest stratum, or the base bed, of the Quaternary series in England. And what is it? It is a thick bed of marine gravel overlying an old terrestrial surface on which now extinct mammalia lived, and fed, and were destroyed. This gravel stretches up the valley of the Thames, till it reaches elevations 850 feet above the level of the sea.<sup>38</sup> It contains pebbles, washed, rolled, and translated all the way from the rocks of the Ardennes. This alone

<sup>36</sup> *The Great Ice Age*, by James Geikie, pp. 505–6.

<sup>37</sup> *Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc.* Feb. 1890, p. 85.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.* May 1890, p. 140.

records a depression of the land great enough to swamp, not only the greater part of Europe, but the greater part of the habitations of man all over the globe. Professor Prestwich expressly connects these gravels with great changes in physical geography, and with the destruction of the older or 'Pliocene mammalia.'

It is impossible in these pages to treat this subject in detail. I have dealt with it at all—and of necessity in the merest outline—only because the confident assertions of a man so eminent as Professor Huxley are apt to intimidate young inquirers, and to keep up in their minds the fatal preconceptions of spurious authority. But they should remember that though Professor Huxley is a distinguished expert in biology in all its branches including palæontology, he enjoys no similar authority in dynamical or stratigraphical geology. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Still less can he, or indeed any other man, be allowed to browbeat our reason in coming to those conclusions which men of even ordinary understanding are perfectly competent to draw from facts which others have ascertained.

There are many miscellaneous things in Professor Huxley's article on which I have no space to comment. It reminds me of a witty description once given of a favourite, but somewhat barbaric, Scotch dish—the boiled head of a sheep—'There's a lot of fine confused feeding upon't.' A few of these miscellaneous morsels may be tasted in the meantime. Professor Huxley makes a very lofty claim for science. It belongs to her, he tells us, to deal with the problem 'of the origin of the present state of the heavens and the earth,' and also that of 'the origin of man among living things.'<sup>39</sup> 'The present state' are limiting words which make the claim somewhat ambiguous. 'The present state' of the earth certainly belongs to history, and much of it to very recent history indeed; and so with regard to the origin of man, if it be equally limited to his 'present state.' The present state of the members of the Royal Society would be an inquiry not necessarily leading us very far into the past. But if the 'origin of their species among living beings' be intended, then science has hitherto offered no suggestion, except that they are all descendants from 'some arboreal creature with pointed ears.' Science has a good deal to do yet if the task assigned to her by Professor Huxley is ever to be completed. Another boast goes very near to the assertion that to science belongs the power of deciding whether there are any agencies in the spiritual, which can produce effects upon the material, world.<sup>40</sup> I suppose we shall be told presently that science can decide by the microscope and the dissecting needle, whether the Sadducee was right in denying either angel or spirit, and the Pharisee was a fool in confessing both. Our agnostic Professor may well be happy in the prospect of such unbounded knowledge being obtained by such simple means.

Then we have a very lofty boast about the hopeless position of

<sup>39</sup> P. 10.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*

Christian divines 'raked by the fatal weapons of precision with which the *enfants perdus* of the advancing forces of science are armed.'<sup>41</sup> We are tempted to ask if Professor Huxley himself is one of these 'enfants'? If so he must have laid down his arms before he fired off this article. Anything less like a weapon of precision than that which he has shouldered in the fight, it is impossible to conceive. 'Old Brown Bess'—with its clumsy bullet, its devious flight, its low penetration, and its enormous windage—is indeed almost a weapon of precision in comparison with that which Professor Huxley here flourishes against the massive foundations of Christian belief. But, perhaps, he means rather the small arms of the modern critical school. If he does, then precision is the very last characteristic which belongs to it. Its methods are largely subjective. Here and there it may have a clearly ascertained fact to rest upon. Here and there it may have arrived at some tolerably secure results. But in the main its methods are metaphysical, resting on nothing but individual preconceptions, applying tests and private canons of interpretation which are purely arbitrary. There is no credulity like that which leads the agnostic to swallow with open mouth everything that issues from that most copious fountain of fads and follies—the inner consciousness of a German professor.\*

The assumption which inspires the tone of Professor Huxley's language on this subject—that precision in research is undermining the credit of the Hebrew Scriptures—is an assumption almost comically at variance with fact. There is, in particular, one weapon of precision which has been of late working wonders in precisely the opposite direction. That weapon is the spade. And what has it been unearthing? Everywhere over that narrow strip of our planet on which its human interests have been most impressive and profound—everywhere from Tyre and Sidon—from Carmel and Lebanon—on the west, to Babylon and Nineveh and the boundary mountains of Assyria, on the east—the spade has been disentombing continuous and triumphant proof of the genuine antiquity and historical character of the Jewish books. Out of them comes the light which guides the explorer; and out of them shines the light which is reflected from his spoils. They give the true and only key to the earliest partings of our race. They are true to the rise and progress of divided nations. The picture of manners which they present is not less faithful than the account they give of early habits and pursuits both in peace and war. Only the other day Mr. Flinders Petrie<sup>42</sup> has told us how the spade has uncovered those impregnable walls of the Amorite cities which were reported to invading Israel by the spies of Moses. They are found to be more than twenty-eight feet thick at the base—fit to support a superstructure of at least fifty feet in height. Then will come, I suppose, our wonderful agnostic critic to point out that the record in Deuteronomy says that these cities were 'walled up to

<sup>41</sup> P. 22.<sup>42</sup> In connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund.

heaven.'<sup>43</sup> But these walls of Lachish could never have reached the Pleiades. They could not have so much as touched the moon. Nay, it is certain that they could not have approached even the limits of our own atmosphere. Therefore the Book of Deuteronomy is unhistorical, and Christian theology is founded on the 'quicksands of fable'!

But the spade, as a true weapon of precision, has done more for us than this. It has revealed to our living sight, in the remains of Nineveh and of Babylon, all the mysterious imagery of the prophets, and all the literal historic truth of their tremendous denunciations. It has revealed in numberless inscriptions<sup>44</sup> the shameless confession of that inordinate pride and cruelty which dictated the policy, and the desolating deeds, of the great military monarchies of the East. It has explained their fall and their own subsequent retributive desolation as foreseen in the magnificent visions of Nahum and Zephaniah, of Ezekiel and Isaiah. Such hideous wickedness could not be allowed to last. Their doom indeed was written in the moral law; and one of these Prophets expressly founds his predictions on his confidence in that law as the will of the 'just Lord.' 'Every morning doth He bring His judgment to light; He faileth not.'<sup>45</sup> But when the chariots of Assyria were still issuing from the gates of Nineveh—the 'bloody city'—it required a prophet's eye to read the sentence. When Nebuchadnezzar, or his latest successor, was still lounging in his palace richly coloured and shining with enamelled walls—when the hanging gardens of Babylon were still in bloom—it required some open vision to foresee the time when they should exist no more—when for centuries the very site of them should be uncertain—and when the mounds of their ruin should be given over to the owls and to the bats.

Then there is a higher sphere of prophecy into which we rise upon steps more solid even than the buried slabs of Nineveh. There are some splendid and powerful words in one of the Books of the New Testament which indicate the true value to be set upon the demonstrable facts of Hebrew Prophecy—first, as a support to our faltering, or to our faint, beliefs, and then as a guide to still deeper spiritual insight. I speak of the call which bids us 'take heed' to 'the more sure word of prophecy, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in our hearts.'<sup>46</sup> They point especially to those Messianic visions in which some Jews, speaking to other Jews, yet burst through all the barriers of their intense exclusiveness, and tell them to look to a Deliverer in whom the Gentiles were to trust, and who was to be the Desire of all nations. Other men than those who claim exclusively the name of critics, must really be allowed to have some inner consciousness of their own—some power to recognise voices which are full to overflow

<sup>43</sup> Deut. i. 28. <sup>44</sup> *Assyrian Discoveries*, by Geo. Smith, pp. 256–282, and *passim*.

<sup>45</sup> Zeph. iii. 5.

<sup>46</sup> 2 Peter i. 19.

of intimations from the spiritual world. It is impossible for any open-minded man to follow those lofty strains without recognising the mystery and the majesty of their import. It is no more possible, when doing so, to listen to the carpings of the verbal critics than it would be to listen to the rasping noises of some petty mechanical operation when the thunders of heaven are pealing overhead.

And here I may be permitted to express a very strong opinion that in recent years Christian writers have been far too shy and timid in defending one of the oldest and strongest outworks of Christian theology. I mean the element of true prediction in Hebrew prophecy. It may be true that in a former generation too exclusive attention had been paid to it, and too much stress had been laid upon details. Nay, more, it may be true that the attempted application of prophecy to time still future, has been the cause of great delusions amounting almost to religious mania. But the reaction has been excessive and irrational. A great mass of connected facts, and of continuous evidence, remains—which cannot be gainsaid. Even if the greater prophets could be brought down to the very latest date which the very latest fancies can assign to them, they depict and predict overthrows and vast revolutions in the East which did not take place for centuries. It is easy to see how and why this reaction has arisen. Besides that mere swing of the pendulum which affects more or less all progress in human thought, a false analysis of physical science has intimidated men into a languid submission to that greatest of all fallacies which is embodied in the very word ‘supernatural.’ They tell us they cannot believe in what they call the supernatural. But neither need they do so. For my own part, I believe in nothing ‘above’ nature or outside of it, which is not also in it, and visibly shining through it. It is so particularly with predictive prophecy. There is nothing more thoroughly in harmony with the system of things in which we live. The conception that all future events are connected with the present by the links of natural consequence, is a conception familiar to all science and to all philosophy. That those links should be capable of being followed, and their results foreseen by adjusted eyes, is quite according to the natural constitution and course of things. Prophetic prediction is implicit—to an almost miraculous degree—in the mysterious instincts of many of the lowest animals. It is explicit, more or less, in all the intuitions of human genius: and there is nothing difficult to conceive in this faculty being strengthened, intensified, and glorified, in minds whose relations with the spiritual world are close and special. In a more literal sense we may say of the Hebrew prophet what Tennyson says of the ideal poet :

The marvel of the everlasting will,  
An open scroll,  
Before him lay.

It is a comfort to observe that Professor Huxley is not very sanguine as to the early triumph of his own nonsense. There is no ground, he says, 'for much hope that the proportion of those who cast aside these fictions and adopt the consequence of that repudiation, are, for some generations, likely to constitute a majority.' Certainly not. Professor Huxley must know that the ranks of science are crowded with men, quite as eminent as himself, who are believers in Christianity. For more than 'some generations' these men are likely to have successors. A few Christian sects have lately been showing signs of a disposition to divorce belief from facts, and from all definite conceptions of objective truth. An authority amongst them has lately uttered a warning voice. He has told them that they have in consequence been losing ground. 'The undogmatic Churches have reaped the scantiest harvest, whilst the dogmatic Churches have hitherto taken the multitude.'<sup>47</sup> This is bad hearing for Professor Huxley. But it is good hearing for all who hold that morality itself cannot be maintained except in connection with definite beliefs. The result, so disappointing to agnosticism, is the result of a great law—Nature abhors a vacuum. Men cannot live on a diet of negations. Both our intellectual and our moral natures have digestive apparatuses of their own. They require their appropriate food, and Professor Huxley has none to give them. The sect of the know-nothings is not likely to be ever popular, still less to overspread the world. It is too barren, too empty-handed. It makes even science poor, robbing it of half of its intellectual interest and of almost all its charm. Men who talk about 'plans,' and 'apparatuses,' and 'contrivances,' and then tell us they don't mean what the words imply, are feeding themselves and us on husks indeed.

But Professor Huxley has his revenge. In words which seem to express the most supercilious contempt, he refers to those who, 'having distilled away every inconvenient matter of fact in Christian history, continue to pay divine honours to the residue.'<sup>48</sup> This is a bitter sentence. I do not think it is a just one as applied to the authors of the volume called *Lux Mundi*. But I fear it is more justly applicable to religionists of the *Robert Elsmere* type. Professor Huxley ridicules them in a mock sentence supposed to be coming in some Bampton Lecture of the future: 'No longer in contact with fact of any kind, faith stands now and for ever proudly inaccessible to all the attacks of the infidel.'<sup>49</sup> I should not like to speak in this tone to, or of, any minds which are perplexed. But I agree with Professor Huxley that as flesh and blood must have a skeleton, so both sentiment and faith must have an object. They cannot hang in air with no footing either in earth or heaven. Nothing can be more certain than that 'nature' did not generate itself. The

<sup>47</sup> Address of the President of the Congregational Union at a late meeting.

<sup>48</sup> P. 22.

<sup>49</sup> *Ibid.*

things which are seen were certainly not made of things that do appear.<sup>50</sup> The things which are seen are all temporal. It is the things which are not seen that are alone eternal. All this belongs to our universal experience, and is part of our all too scanty stock of necessary truths. What we call nature—ourselves included—must have had an origin and a cause. These are the objects of religion. Of two things we may be sure about theology: first, that there must be facts concerning it; and secondly, that these facts must be the supreme facts with which we have to do. They may or may not be accessible to us, but they must exist as realities—with all their dynamic apparatus, and with all their corresponding laws. It is the business of all men to see those facts as best they may, and to obey those laws as best they can. It is impossible, therefore, to admire or even to respect the attitude of men who, in these matters, do nothing but stand by the high waysides of life mocking. Least of all is this attitude to be respected in our professed agnostics. They should at least remember that they have nothing to give us of their own. Ignorance—even fictitious ignorance—is the motto on their flag. They do not plead it humbly as a confession, or use the sense of it as a stimulus to exertion. They claim it proudly as a boast, and use it as a weapon to repulse the light. With them knowledge is ‘quite shut out,’ not because they have by nature no sense enabling them to see it, but because they choose to close its door and to starve it into atrophy. They are the men who cannot rise to the higher interpretations even of their own science, or read the discoveries of their own dissecting knife. We accept their teaching as far as it goes, but we need not and cannot accept their mastership. We desire to assimilate every fact which they can prove, and we are grateful for all the thought, and care, and labour, through which alone these facts have been established. But other men must be allowed to see other related facts to which experts may be blind. On any pure question of biology there is no man to whom we can go more safely than to Professor Huxley. An original and careful investigator, a brilliant expositor, and in many things a cautious reasoner, he enjoys, on his own ground, a high and a just authority. But off that ground he passes into the shadows of a great eclipse. He labours under insuperable bias. Through this, and this alone, and through—we may be sure—no conscious unfaithfulness to truth, there is one great subject on which his judgment is warped by an obvious antipathy. On all questions bearing on ‘Christian theology’ he is not to be trusted for a moment. Loud and confident in matters on which both he and we are profoundly ignorant, we see him hardly less boisterous in asserting ignorance where the materials of knowledge lie abundant to our hands. We have seen his canons of criticism—how rude and undiscerning; his claim for the physical sciences—how

<sup>50</sup> Heb. xi. 3.

inflated; his own dealings with one of them—how shallow and how dogmatic. Professor Huxley may depend upon it, that the time has come when the great questions raised by the indisputable facts of Quaternary geology—of which the Deluge is perhaps the least important—must be taken out of the hands of men who, by his own confession, have hitherto dealt with them in no voice more articulate than a smile, and in no attitude more intellectual than a shrug.

ARGYLL.



## HOME RULE FOR THE NAVY.

DURING the Parliamentary Session of 1888, a royal commission, known, by the name of its chairman, as the Hartington Commission, was appointed to inquire into the civil and professional administration of the naval and military departments. In their report the commission stated that the questions referred to them grouped themselves under two principal heads, viz.:

(a) Measures required to ensure closer administrative harmony between the naval and military services.

(b) The internal administration of each of the two departments, and their respective relations to the Treasury.

It is with the first of these two heads that I propose mainly to deal.

As to the existing state of things in respect of the interdependence of the naval and military departments and the want of harmony between them, the commissioners spoke with great clearness and force. So important is the language which they held on this subject that it is worth quotation if for the hundredth time.

6. The system on which we are called upon to report is one in which two departments are engaged in two branches of what is or ought to be one duty and one combined work—viz. primarily, the defence of the United Kingdom, its colonies and dependencies, and the protection of its commerce, supplies of food, and other necessities; and, secondly, the organisation of the naval and military strength of the Empire with a view to the conduct of any hostile operations against foreign powers in which the policy of the country may cause it to be engaged.

7. The first point which strikes us in the consideration of the organisation of these two great departments is that, while in action they must be to a large extent dependent on each other, and while in some of the arrangements necessary as a preparation for war they are absolutely dependent on the assistance of each other, little or no attempt has ever been made to establish settled and regular inter-communication or relations between them, or to secure that the establishments of one service should be determined with any reference to the requirements of the other.

8. As illustrating the dependence of the army on the co-operation of the navy, it may be pointed out that a large part of the duty of the army in time of war would be the defence of distant possessions and dependencies, such as India and the colonies. No perfection of military organisation, no completeness of military establishments, could enable the army to discharge this function unless the navy were, on its part, in a position to undertake the safe transport of reinforcements and of the necessary armaments and stores.

9. On the other hand, the efficiency and power of the navy, though perhaps less absolutely dependent on the army, must be governed largely by the amount of assistance which the army can be relied upon to give to it. The security of the military ports at home is a vital necessity for the efficiency of the navy; that of the military ports abroad is a scarcely inferior necessity; while the scope of action of the navy in distant waters must mainly depend on the amount of confidence with which it can calculate, on the power of self-defence of the principal coaling stations, and reckon on finding there the necessary supplies.

10. It has been stated in evidence before us that no combined plan of operations for the defence of the Empire in any given contingency has ever been worked out or decided upon by the two departments; that some of the questions connected with the defence of military ports abroad, and even of those at home, are still, after much departmental correspondence, in an unsettled condition, and that the best mode of garrisoning some of the distant coaling stations is also undecided.

11. In all these subjects a question of principle is involved which no attempt has been made to solve by a final and definite decision. The naval authorities contend that it is essential to the efficiency of the fleet and the success of naval operations that absolute freedom of action shall be left to naval commanders in time of war, and that this freedom of action would be impaired by any regulations or understanding involving the retention of certain ships at certain stations in order to aid in their military defence. On the other hand, the military authorities consider that it is essential to the completeness and efficiency of their preparations that they should be informed what amount of assistance they can definitely reckon upon from the navy.

12. There does not appear to us to exist sufficient provision for the consideration by either service of the wants of the other. It seems to be assumed without adequate ground that each will be in time of need prepared to give the assistance essential to or highly necessary for the efficiency of the other; and there is a want of such definite and established relations between the Admiralty and the War Office as would give the opportunity to either department of calling the attention of the other to the condition of the establishments and preparations in which it is vitally interested.

Not unreasonably the commissioners described this as an 'unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs,' obviously requiring immediate remedy. They accordingly considered specially two propositions for amending it: the first, the creation of a Minister of Defence as supreme and responsible head of both departments, the immediate control of each service being entrusted to a professional officer; the second, the investment of a professional officer, who would sit in the House of Lords, with supreme and responsible control of each department, the necessary link between the two being supplied by the appointment of a civilian minister, who would sit in the House of Commons. Both these propositions were dismissed by the commissioners as open to grave objection; but instead of recommending or elaborating some third scheme, they contented themselves with suggesting 'that there might be some advantages in the formation of a naval and military council which should probably be presided over by the Prime Minister, and consist of the parliamentary heads of the two services with their professional advisers.'

Surely this is rather a poor sequel to the formidable prelude

quoted above, rather a feeble remedy for an 'unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs.' No doubt the transfer of the problem to such a council—in other words the shifting of the burden of solution from one deliberative body to another—*might* be an advantage; but obviously such a body could have no executive function. As a means to an end it *might* be useful, but it could not of itself supply the necessary organisation.

Is there then no remedy for this 'dangerous condition of affairs'? I think that there is, and I venture to propound it for the consideration of the readers of this Review.

Let us, therefore, briefly restate the problem at issue, and then proceed to discuss the solution. Given, as they are at present, two mutually dependent services: so to organise them that they may efficiently perform each its proper function in the defence of the British Empire.

The failure of the Hartington Commission in its attempt to grapple with this difficult question seems to me to be due mainly to one principal cause, viz.: Inappreciation of the fact that *Great Britain is primarily a naval power*. It placed the army and the navy on the same pedestal, and starting from this false assumption failed (as might have been expected) to arrive at any conclusion which would square with actual facts. It is astonishing how often the trite saying about Great Britain being a naval power is repeated without the least grasp of its significance. Talk as we may about the navy, we find the army continually appropriating an undue share of our attention. And yet what are the claims of the army, whether from its past historical record or its present importance, as compared with those of the navy? I am an old soldier myself, proud of the service, proud of my old corps, and proud of my brother officers in all branches; but I find it hard to answer the question.

Our first great national peril, since we became self-contained and lost our hold on France—that of 1588—was averted by the navy. The first British army in the modern sense of the term was, significantly enough, raised for service on British soil and for civil war. The very red coats date from Cromwell's time; and it is significant that Cromwell had to learn his business as a soldier from a foreigner. What work then was to be done against foreign powers even in Cromwell's time, was mainly done by the fleet under Blake. The one expedition sent to any distance from home (I allude to that despatched to Hispaniola) failed ignominiously, owing to the cause that has so often baffled us from those days to the present—want of harmony between army and navy. It was under a foreign king and for the furtherance of the policy of a foreign king, William the Third, that British regiments first did regular work on the Continent; and it is from that period that dates the first picture that we possess of a British military officer. It was, however, reserved for an English

general, Marlborough, to give the English people the first taste of military glory. Still the navy was yet uppermost in the British mind. The connection of the electorate of Hanover with the Crown of England again brought English troops on the continent of Europe. Pitt, it is true, was 'conquering America in Germany,' but this most effective part of the work (and the same is true of Clive's campaigns against the French in India) was done beyond sea, the maritime communications being secured by the fleet. No doubt Dettingen and Minden were victories, but they were chequered by the defeats of Lauffeld, Fontenoy, and Closterseven. In the wars of the French Revolution and of Napoleon, it was not until the fleet had swept the seas clean of hostile ships, that the army could settle down to serious work in the Peninsula. There the genius of Wellington raised its prestige to the height which culminated at Waterloo.

Since the days of the Great War, it cannot be said that the navy has had a chance of coming to the front on active service. We remember, it is true, Nelson as well as Wellington. We place the one on a pedestal so high that he cannot be seen; we set the other within reach of the naked eye in a crowded thoroughfare. Their statues are typical of their destinies in our hearts. The army, unlike the navy, is always before our eyes. It has been constantly employed for the past fifty years on active service in all parts of the world, and almost invariably with honour and success. Not unnaturally, therefore, nor, I am proud to think, undeservedly, it has attracted the greater attention of the public. The wars of other nations have given us an impetus in the same direction. Our difficulties in the Crimea in 1854-6, the Franco-Austrian war of 1859, the Dano-German war of 1863, the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, the Franco-German war of 1870-71, the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8—all these, unvaried by anything like a great naval engagement—have diverted our attention from our first great instrument of attack and defence, the navy, to that entirely secondary weapon, the army. There is proof enough of this in our whole system and method of proceeding. Our military arrangements are made as if our army were at least of equal consideration with our navy. The navy is looked upon simply as a movable force charged with seagoing duties. Its stations throughout the world, which exist avowedly for naval purposes and are indeed essential to the efficient action of our fleets, squadrons, and cruisers, are held by forces solely under the control of the Army Department. The very names of our offices uphold the prevailing error. The politician at the head of the Army Department is called the Secretary of State for War; the politician at the head of the Navy Department is called the First Lord of the Admiralty. As if war were the business of the army alone.

Naturally enough the army has become more deeply infected with the fallacy than any other body in the community; and the result is

that our officers have come to regard strategy on land and matters connected therewith as of paramount importance in the defence of the Empire, to the comparative exclusion of questions of greater or at least equal gravity. And yet, when all is said and done, nobody imagines that a British army could hope to cope with any one of the large continental armies; though, as is sometimes urged, a compact British force of, say, 30,000 men might turn the scale in the case where two contending continental powers were equally matched. But be this latter consideration as it may, it will probably be admitted that the main business of the British army in Europe will be to act as a centre for the militia and volunteers in opposing any force which may, in spite of our fleet, have succeeded in obtaining a footing on our shores.

Am I then, it will be asked, against the study of land strategy by our military officers? Certainly not. No one rejoices more than I do at the earnestness and zeal with which many of our officers now seek and master their profession. We have always a field for a continental war in India, where operations may have to be conducted on a grand scale; and outside Europe, the chief function of our army will be to serve as the backbone of our Indian native forces, and in connection with this duty to have troops quartered at coaling stations on the route to India. India, however, though the grandest, is not the only arena in which our army may be employed. But I do assert emphatically that land strategy, as commonly understood, differs materially in character from service required for the defence of British ports and coaling stations. An understanding of the meaning of the manœuvres of hostile ships; a knowledge of how and when to work the ordnance on land opposed to them; training in the laying and working of submarine mines; skill in the production and employment of the electric light; experience in the management of torpedo-vessels; practice in the movement of boats and other craft—all these, no less than the defence of a fort or battery against the attack of an enemy landed in the vicinity, are duties wherewith the force charged with the naval defence of the Empire should be especially conversant. Surely these are matters which should not be entrusted to troops of a movable field army. But what do we find in fact? Coast and harbour defences are made over to the army instead of to the navy department, and are committed to men who, however well versed in the art of war on land, however well read in the campaigns of Napoleon and Moltke, are torn from their legitimate calling to do the work that belongs properly to the naval service. The result is natural enough. Officers and men of the army, when employed on coast and harbour defence, are generally anxious to escape from it and rejoin the forces, whose movements they regard as more likely to lead to distinction and consequent advancement. There then remains one of two evil alternatives. Either men must

be engaged upon service distasteful to them; or probably positions on which the efficiency of the operations of the seagoing navy must largely depend, will be denuded of their garrisons at a critical time. The army has its legitimate functions, and kicks against doing what it probably conceives to be the drudgework of the navy.

Assuredly our system on this point is altogether wrong; but where is the remedy? Improvements may no doubt be made in the organisation of the army departments to fit the army better than at present for the duties of harbour and coast defence. But these would necessarily be but patchwork, based on a false system and therefore inadequate to the exigences of the case and the requirements of the nation. We have to recognise and act upon our position as the greatest of naval powers, and to put an end to the 'dangerous condition of things' which arises from the excessive dependence of the two services on each other. No reform in the army department will accomplish this.

What, then, is the solution? Simply this: *the navy must not be dependent on the army for the defence of its ports and coaling stations, nor must there be laid upon the army department the burden of finding garrisons for places which are held purely as foci for naval action.* The forces for the defence of naval stations, both at home and abroad, should be under the orders and control of the navy department. They could then be relieved, not only, as at present, by change from service abroad to service at home, but also, where desirable, from service afloat to service ashore. Moreover, it should be the duty of the naval department to determine not only the details and movements of ships, but also the armament and garrisons of existing forts and batteries, the position and strength of new ones, and all details as to the employment of submarine mines. In short the naval department should be responsible for everything, whether under the head of *matériel* or *personnel*, relating to the defence of the ports, on which, as I have said, the efficiency of the action of the fleet must in great measure depend. Under this system, all ordnance, whether required for harbour defence or for the armament of ships, together with carriages, machinery, ammunition, and other appliances connected therewith, would be under the naval department; field guns and siege artillery being of course, as at present, under the control of the army department. By such an organisation the navy would be self-sufficing and self-contained, independent of the army for all its own requirements, and absolutely responsible for its own efficiency in respect not only of seagoing vessels but of the various stations to which those vessels must resort for coal, refit, and repair. It would secure what it chiefly needs—unity of purpose and direction. The field army, thus relieved of coast and harbour defence duty, might then be reduced in numbers, and employed, as occasion demanded, on its own legitimate work, unhindered by

the demands of the navy, and without risk of dangerous weakening of garrisons.

That difficulties and objections in the way of such a scheme can be raised I readily admit; nor can I hope, in the space of a single article, to combat the whole of them. I must therefore content myself with attempting to meet briefly by anticipation what seem to be the most obvious of them.

First, no doubt, it will be urged that under the system which I advocate there would be two armies instead of, as at present, one. To this I reply that there are already two armies, the one consisting of the comparatively small body of royal marines, light infantry, and royal marine artillery, under the command of the navy department; the other of the troops under the army department. Moreover there are, in reality, two bodies within the army itself, the one for harbour defence, the other for field purposes. Now all that I propose is to abolish the dual arrangement in the army itself, to decrease the numbers subject to the army department, and to increase the troops under the naval department to such a strength as will enable them to fulfil all duties immediately connected with naval operations. A half-step towards this reform has already been proposed. It is well known that the War Office contemplates the separation of the garrison from the field and horse artillery: in other words, the separation of the artillery charged with the manning of harbour defence works from that which forms part of the field army. Why not carry the reform farther? Place the garrison artillery so detached, or a sufficient portion of it, under the command and control of the naval department—make these men, in fact, into royal naval artillery.

The royal engineers employed on harbour defences should also form a distinct body from the engineers of the field army, and should be placed under the naval department. They would, in fact, become royal naval engineers. In some few cases their duties might possibly overlap with those of the engineers of the army department, but this is a detail which could easily be adjusted.

The submarine mining engineers, officers and men—who are already half-seamen—should likewise be transferred to the naval department; and one corps only, under the orders of that department, should carry out the entire duties of submarine mining, instead of, as at present, two bodies, educated at two different schools, and subject to two different departments.

Barracks and other buildings, and works generally for the royal navy and royal marines, should, as at present, be constructed and maintained by the royal engineers under the naval department; but they would, under my system, be royal naval engineers.

It would be worthy of consideration whether some portion at least of the militia and volunteers in all places where they can take

part in naval operations, should not be comprehended within the same organisation. Being always—the volunteers, at any rate—on the spot, they would have peculiar facilities for gaining knowledge of the ground and of the works, and of working with the regular naval forces. It therefore seems no more than logical to affiliate them to the naval infantry and artillery than to regiments of the field army. Further, if the troops of the marines were organised on a territorial basis, there would be the more reason for assigning them their quota of volunteers; it being, I believe, a fact that the marines are at present to a great extent recruited in and about our principal naval ports. Other advantages from such an organisation I forbear to mention at present, though they may, I venture to hope, suggest themselves. I may add that it would be no novelty, there being a precedent in the corps of Naval Fencibles created by the younger Pitt.

Next it may be objected that the seagoing province, so to speak, of the naval department would receive the preponderance of attention, to the prejudice of the province of harbour defence; and that the garrison force in our naval stations would be debarred from all chance of honour and reward, and would therefore be slack and inefficient. I do not in the least agree with this view. In the first place I have great faith in the power of responsibility as a stimulant to duty; and I cannot see why the naval department should have more difficulty in selecting officers for forces at coaling stations and harbours generally connected with naval operations, than it now finds in providing officers for coastguard duties, superintendents of ports and dockyards, and commandants of marine artillery, or light infantry, at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Chatham. Then as to the unpopularity of harbour and garrison service, I see no argument that can be advanced in respect of it which might not be urged with equal force in respect of all employment which does not come under the head of active service. I hold to the creed that British officers and men will do their duty in whatever position they may be placed. It is only necessary that the dignity of garrison work should be recognised, and the merits of men employed in it properly rewarded. The defence of naval stations has not been unfruitful of glory in the past, and will not be in the future. Lord Heathfield's defence of Gibraltar is not the least glorious of our achievements in war; and did not Napoleon himself first make his mark at Toulon?

Then I shall be told of the obstacles that must arise from the probable unwillingness of the army to abdicate so many of its functions, and of the navy to assume them in its stead. In answer to this I would first state broadly that the two services exist for the benefit of the British Empire, and not the British Empire for the benefit of the services. I cannot myself see wherein the army would



lose either value, efficiency, or prestige. Certainly it might for a time lose importance, owing to the reduction of its numbers and the preponderance which would be given to the navy by the increase of the numbers under its control. But, as I have already said, *England is primarily a naval power*. It is therefore no more than right and reasonable that the navy should have the pre-eminence. The navy should be the career for Englishmen as the army is for Germans. I am far from implying that military considerations (I use the word in its broader sense as covering operations both on land and sea) can ever assume the same importance in commercial England as in martial Germany; but it should be our object to secure the cream of our fighting talent for the navy. It was so a century ago. Look at the rise of five such men as Rodney, Howe, Hood, Duncan, and Nelson, within twenty years, to say nothing of Jervis, Keppel, Collingwood, Troubridge, and Cochrane. Yet Wellington and his generals were still left to distinguish themselves on land. The army, I repeat, would, in my opinion, gain rather than lose by the change, if for no other reason, because it would be freed from the trammels that now impede it owing to the calls made upon it by the navy.

As to the unwillingness, and some will doubtless add the incompetency, of the navy to take over the duties I would assign to it, that, I believe, is merely a matter of education. My experience of officers of the royal navy is, that the proportion of inefficient among them is beyond comparison smaller than in the army. I believe that there are plenty of heads in the royal navy good enough to comprehend, ordain, and execute the augmented duties that would thus be thrown upon the service; and I am confident that in the end the administration of the naval department would be far easier, simpler, and more efficient than at present, owing to its increased liberty and self-containment. Any change in the direction I have indicated should be made gradually, so that the naval department would grow by successive steps to the proportions assigned to it. A beginning, for instance, might be made by providing garrisons under the control of the naval department, at Pembroke, and the sea-defences of Plymouth, at Hong Kong, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, and Mauritius. The extension of the system could follow in due progress until, as far as the British Isles and imperial coaling stations were concerned, it would be complete. It should also be considered how far the proposal should apply to the colonial forces. As the main work which these last would have to perform in Australasia<sup>1</sup> would be the defence of such places as Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, and Wellington, it would tend greatly to the efficiency of that defence, and would be in other respects most desirable, that the troops hold-

<sup>1</sup> In Canada and South Africa the chief ports are garrisoned to a considerable extent by imperial forces. It would be for consideration how far these countries would require special treatment.

ing these and all other such places should be under the control of the naval department, *i.e.* of the admiral commanding on the station. Such an arrangement could, of course, only be made with the consent of the colonial authorities, but I suggest it in order to show the ultimate limits to which the proposed organisation would attain.

Lastly, there is the question of expense. To meet isolated objections—such, for instance, as that the marine is a more expensive article than the linesman—would be beside my present purpose. This difficulty, with many others, would, of course, have to be overcome. But I should prefer to rest the claims of the system which I suggest on a broader basis. I am confident that its adoption would be productive of economy through its intrinsic values of unity and simplicity. Nothing, it is well known, is more conducive to extravagance than the uncertain allotment of duty, division of responsibility, and departmental friction, evils from which the two services have long been, and still are, suffering, to the prejudice of their own efficiency and the detriment of the British tax-payer. The truest economy consists in obtaining the best possible return for a given outlay; and I venture to claim this, or at all events a nearer approximation to it, than we have yet accomplished, as an advantage that will be gained under the reform which I propose.

In conclusion, knowing that exception may be taken to my proposal on the mere ground of novelty, I may briefly advert to the practice of our neighbours in respect of naval defence organisation. In Germany the defence of the coast is entirely in the hands of the navy. Several reasons were given for the transfer of the protection of the German seaboard from the army to the naval service; notably, because the guns of the coast fortifications are similar to those of the navy; because naval officers would be better able than military men to judge of the manœuvres of hostile ships; and because men inured to nautical pursuits were better calculated, than purely military men, for the care of works for defence against naval attack.

In France and the French colonies generally, the garrisons of sea-fortresses consist of marine troops under the orders of the Minister of Marine; and the defence of the coast is entrusted, not to military, but to naval officers.

Surely, if Germany, with an enormous army and a comparatively small seaboard, finds it expedient to entrust her coast defence to the navy, it is far more expedient for us, who are an island State, essentially a naval power, and possess, in addition to our many home ports, naval stations scattered all over the globe. And yet what do we find? Let us quote a foreign authority on this subject also.

The coast defence of Great Britain (writes Lieut. Colwell, of the Intelligence Department of the United States Navy) is notably the most inefficient of any of the great European powers. Owing to the divided control, lack of co-operation, absence of digested schemes for mutual support, and the mixing of naval and

military duties, the defence is unwieldy in its administration, unprepared for sudden work, and labours under the disadvantage of placing military men outside their legitimate sphere of action.<sup>2</sup>

Thus, once more we return, this time at the leading of a foreigner, to our 'unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs.' It is in the hope of remedying it that I have ventured to commit the foregoing remarks to paper. It is, as I well know, impossible to put forward any scheme of reorganisation without appearing to tread on some one's toes, so I shall only add that what I have written has no personal bearing whatever. I retain all my pride in my old profession, all my respect and admiration for my old chiefs, all my feeling for my old comrades; but I cannot conceal my conviction that, after all, the army is only of secondary importance. Not until the navy has swept the seas can the army get to work abroad; not until the navy has been overpowered is there serious work for the army at home. We are essentially a naval power.

WM. F. DRUMMOND JERVOIS.

<sup>2</sup> *U.S. Reports, Naval Intelligence Department*, June 1888, p. 25.

## *SHUT UP IN THE AFRICAN FOREST.*

If you take a straight line between Yambuya on the Aruimi, and Kavallis on the Albert Nyanza, divide that line into five portions and measure off four of these from the Yambuya end, you will have arrived at the approximate locality of Fort Bodo.

The objects of this fort or station, in connection with the Emin Pasha relief expedition, are probably well known to most of those who will read this article. It will, I think, suffice to say that every conceivable art known to white man or black, that could be adapted to the circumstances, was employed in making it as strong as it could be.

The position of our home of eight months was long.  $29^{\circ} 27' E.$ , lat.  $1^{\circ} 20' N.$ ; its height 3,500 feet above the sea.

The native name of the village and surrounding district is Ibwiri. But to arrive at the names of the numerous tribes around us would seem a hopeless job. Each collection of villages in this part of the forest belongs to a sultan or chief, whose rule is despotic. In the course of one good day's march you will find two different languages. Thus, if you were to start on a Monday morning from a certain place whose people spoke a certain language, you would camp that night perhaps at a village whose people could barely talk intelligibly with those you had left in the morning, and on Tuesday evening you would find yourself amongst others to whom the language of Monday morning meant nothing. The people of each of these central villages called themselves tribes. The nearest term for the people who originally resided at or near the fort would be Wasongora.

On the 26th of April, 1888, I found myself back in Fort Bodo, wearied and worn down to a skeleton with the march through the forest to and from Ugarrowas station, 220 miles west of the fort. It was on the 22nd of December, just eight months later, that we set fire to and destroyed our home in the forest.

To make this little account of our experiences of life in this fort in the forest intelligible, some description of its internal structure must be given.

The general form of the fort was as that of a tortoise, so placed

as to command the ground on every side. Two high towers at the north-west and south-east corners or angles gave extra command, and enabled sentries to look down upon the standing crops of corn, &c., on all sides. Two other towers, with platforms eleven feet high, gave flank defence to the north and south faces. Whatever dead ground there might be was rendered useless to an attacking party by means of stakes, &c., cunningly concealed after the fashion of the natives of the country to the west of us.

We had inside the boma, or stockade, four large clay houses as quarters for the Europeans; cook-houses, granaries, a magazine and storehouse, and one house for our head man (a black). The two granaries together had a capacity of eleven tons, and were raised twelve feet off the ground, to secure them from rats and other thieves.

A circle of 280 yards radius, described with the flagstaff of the fort as centre, would just about cut the edge of the forest on all sides. Thus we had a clearing of about eleven acres with the fort as centre, situated in the depths of this enormous forest. To the east lay the nearest open country, five good hard marches.

To the west, forest down to the banks of the Congo, 630 miles distant.

To the south, forest for three months' march;—and to the north I doubt if anyone can tell its limit—at least 200 miles.

Try then to realise our position. It seemed to us as if we were in a different world to that in which we had lived most of our lives.

There was nothing in common with our existence and that of people in other parts of the world, except perhaps our own natures. Every single article of food that we ate was to be planted, reaped, and gathered within 500 yards of our houses—fuel, water, clay and leaves for houses, poles, ropes, everything necessary for our daily life was found in the same small circle.

Waiting for your dinner at home is not, I think, generally considered a lively pastime; but to plant your crops, weed them, reap and gather them, and not till then get your dinner is decidedly unpleasant. It is calculated though to give you an appetite for your dinner when it does come.

Luckily for us there were the native banana plantations in the immediate vicinity of the fort to draw on, and our diet for some time consisted of this excellent fruit (*vide* reports of travellers). Our ideas on the subject of bananas were that, when nothing else could be got, they were good eating; but that after several months of bananas roasted, fried, baked, raw, stewed, and worked up into puddings, it was quite time to cry 'Enough!'

The strength and composition of our little garrison was as follows:—

Europeans . . . . .	from 2 to . 3
Zanzibaris . . . . .	from 50 to 60
Soudanese . . . . .	from 3 to 5
Madis . . . . .	5
Natives from various parts of the forest, from 15 to 30	
Total . . . . .	70 to 103

At times when the main column passed through, the numbers would be swelled by some hundreds, and one could count no less than twenty-two different languages.

Ki-Suahili, the language of the East Coast of Africa, was the general language, and by this time everyone had become proficient in it. The three Europeans were Nelson, Parke, and myself. We had on an average for the eight months a force of forty-eight rifles to defend the fort from attacks. In addition to this was our Maxim gun always ready, but fortunately never used. The work of planting, building, keeping up the parapets and stockades, grinding flour, sentry duties, and the active defensive, had to be done by this little force. Any person who has been in a somewhat similar position will fully understand what this means.

For the last six months of occupation not a single friendly word was exchanged with an outsider. We were a little world in ourselves, and preferred to remain enemies with the Wasangora to a treacherous friendship, to result perhaps in the capture of our stronghold and the extermination of our garrison. Those natives that were caught in skirmishes were led at once to the guard-house, and there examined. After getting out of them all we could, they were cautioned, arms confiscated, threatened with punishment if caught again, and released, being chased into the bush by men armed with switches. They were not allowed to see our numbers, or the inside of the fort. To none did we give presents.

The best method of getting an insight to our daily life will perhaps be to give extracts from my journals:—

*Saturday, April 28th.*—N. has had bad fever all day; temperature up to 106° this afternoon.

The old heron (Katonga), which was left a prisoner when I left for below, has disappeared. Some say he heard his comrades calling near the stream and went off to join them. Most probably he was eaten by a Zanzibari.

It will be a very strange life this. Here we are cooped up in our own little surroundings, with our trials and cares to grin at and bear as elsewhere. An army corps might be within twenty miles of us and we should not know it. There is now not a bite of European food in the place; even tea is a thing of bygone days. To work hard and wait patiently for things to develop is all we can do. On all sides are the Wasangora, who sneak into our plantations and play havoc with our food-supplies. We are constantly exchanging shots

with them, but I do not think a friendship with them advisable; they are too cunning. Herds of elephants seem to hover around us too. They are extremely partial to banana stalks. In four months after the Manyuema drive natives away from their villages there is not a single banana-plant standing. Elephants complete the work of the slave-raiders.

We are about the toughest-looking crowd I ever saw. Our boots are of local make and smell horribly; every article of dress seems to require chronic patching; needles are scarce articles, the Manyuema having begged, borrowed, or stolen most of these necessities. Candles and soap are unknown, and ink is becoming scarce. I possess *one* small lead pencil when the ink gives out.

*Monday, 30th.*—Men out cutting poles and materials for new houses; others working up clay. The new granary should hold six tons of corn, so that with the old one we shall be able to store about eleven tons. The beans are a failure, owing to insects, though planted in three different spots.

Natives getting bold; sent out Rugga-Rugga (literally raiders, but in this case patrol), saw the natives, who decamped, leaving their baskets. A favourite amusement of these people now seems to lie in placing sharp-pointed stakes freshly covered with poison on the paths through the bananas. It takes a sharp eye to see them.

*Tuesday.*—Claying up my new house. N. has a quarter of an acre of healthy-looking tobacco-plants (native seed) doing well. Huts in this country must have steep pitches to the roofs; we have no grass, so have to use leaves. After a week's hard work on a roof it is riling to see the way the wind lifts the whole thing off and deposits it half-way across the square.

*May 9th.*—State of garrison, 60; men with rifles, 59. Set out another quarter of an acre of picked tobacco-plants; started squad of fifteen with billhooks on hillside near the creek at clearing scrub.

*Sunday, 13th.*—Killed the big white goat; first day of Ramadan, no books to read. (Mr. Stanley afterwards left his books here, two months later, and the enjoyment we got out of them may perhaps be understood.)

I pass on now over the first two months when the column came through from the Nyanza, and left on the 16th for Yambuya. Our duties were now increased by the addition of many sick men suffering from ulcers, &c., and food became more scarce, owing to frequent tornadoes which destroyed our crops.

In the meantime we had made salt, beer, and banana jam, to add to our comforts. The supply of ripe bananas procurable having given out by the end of July, we had to 'write off' the beer and jam from our diet-list.

We have some amusing characters among us, though perhaps sometimes the amusement afforded by them is not always intentional on their part. Mufta Saramini, having been sent into the bush with some men to cut poles, climbed a tree to get at a nice dry limb of firewood some distance up from the ground. He got at last half-way out towards the end of the limb, and commenced chopping the limb on the inside, or the side nearest the trunk, he sitting outside; when he had nearly finished cutting through the wood the limb he was sitting on broke off, and limb, billhook, and man came all of a heap to the ground. He decided ever after this to cut outside when sitting on a limb. For many days the mention of this was the signal for roars of laughter from the men.

My supply of ink is nearly finished; I have added water so many times that it now resembles picnic lemonade in strength. I will try the Arab plan of making some more from burnt husks of rice.

One often forgets that on every side of us are our enemies, and that we are liable to attack at any moment; of course, when our men meet the Wasongora in the bush, it is bullets *versus* arrows and spears. There are now no inhabited villages within fifteen miles of the camp, but bands of natives constantly come in and raid our shambas (plantations); we generally track them and have a scrimmage next day, just to show them we are not asleep.

Tracking is a science: some have a natural quickness and aptitude for it; others are of no use at all at it. The keen way, for instance, in which Farag Ala can follow up a native track is wonderful; the slightest sign is noticed by him. The only other art that resembles tracking is 'finding your way about in the bush.' A clever bush native near his own home, acting as your guide, no matter how much you may have twisted and turned, or gone up hill and down dale, when asked where camp is, will instantly say 'There,' and point out the direction. He knows where his home is, just as the wild bee does; he has mentally and instinctively been carrying on a 'traverse,' carefully noticing the angles of deflection and the distance travelled over; this he has plotted in his mind, and when asked where he is, he reads the map he has made on his brain, and lets you know the result. It is fatal to interrupt a tracker by unnecessary speaking. If doubts are cast as to the skill of the leading man, and he feels that he is not trusted, most probably confusion will follow.

With the seeds P. has brought back from Emin Pasha, we should be able to do something; there are peas, onions, balmias, and two or three others which as yet we fail to recognise.

\* *June 19th.*—At work on garden and N.'s house, men getting leaves from the forest for the roof of latter all day. Our garden has now assumed quite a respectable shape; we have four large, raised beds, and the whole is secured with a strong fence. Our ideas of planting the different seeds disagree considerably; all we know about



it has been gained in early life. We planted the onion-seeds in different 'styles' as experiments; as for the peas, there are so few that this first crop is planted to get seed for another; we shall not eat any of the first at all (we afterwards found it took forty-three days to get peas developed sufficiently to eat).

Stanley's dog 'Randy' died in the night; he absolutely refused food; it was pitiful to see the way he tried to follow the column.

*Sunday, 24th.*—Sunday is always a trying sort of day here; we do no work, and as a result, it is a plot-breeding day among the men. Sentry duty is the only necessary one that is performed; strangely enough, the natives seemed to find this out, and generally chose Sunday evenings for their excursions amongst our crops.

Our calf (from the Nyanza) got into the beans this morning; it took some time to get him out, and we discovered he had been feasting on the bean-tops for some hours, and had wrecked our melon patch. If I had possessed a rifle ready loaded, I feel sure he would have been made into veal on the spot.

We had for some time after this two donkeys, which had been presented by Emin to Stanley. They at first did very well, but after two months at the fort, began to pine and get thinner every day; these donkeys caused us more trouble and anxiety than any dozen natives. Though we told off men to look after them, and built a yard, and tied them up, somehow or other they would break loose and sail wildly through our fences into the melon patches, wrecking and crushing everything in their way. All hands would then turn out to catch them; they generally managed, though, to destroy considerable portions of our valuable crops, before getting them in. We spent two whole days once, in making a yard for these beauties, and the first night we put them into it, they ate the vines off, and kicked away the whole concern. This and poor food gradually took it out of them though, and at last one day, amidst cheers, I told the men to slaughter and eat them; we all had a share in the feast, but it was rather difficult to get rid of the thought of their red skin and generally fly-eaten appearance, even when they were made into stews. This was our last meat for 135 days; after this, neither N., P., nor I had a chance to get anything in the shape of flesh between our teeth, and not till we moved forward towards the Albert Nyanza did we once more revel in goats and fowls.

*July 1st.*—My birthday; perhaps the next one will be in England; I hope so. Killed the calf to-day, poor thing; she had been sadly on the wane, so to 'save her life' we cut her throat. Another day, and she would have died naturally. She had a strange fashion of going to the creek for water, and then falling down; several times we found her lying in the water, and had to beat her away with sticks. I think it was pleurisy that was the matter, but the meat was good.

Fevers had been playing the mischief with us; fever is a subject of endless conversation to those who have it; it is our 'shop.'

Medical books are greatly at fault, I think, when they say that people (white), suffering from fever in tropical countries, should abstain from eating much meat. To prevent violent fevers and consequent feebleness, keep up your system by meats. With vegetable food no white man, doing hard work day after day, can keep up his system, unless it be perhaps a vegetarian from childhood. He who keeps up his strength can stand the burning away consequent on fever. He who eats cereals only, loses simply pounds in weight with each attack. We always noticed that the greater our strength the less fever we had; our systems could throw off the malaria better. Fifteen days of bad food meant with us a fever. Once get rid of this, and built up, you stand a chance for another lease of life. White men, used to beef all their lives, cannot suddenly give up even a portion of that nourishing article, because they come to Africa or another such country, especially when they march eight miles per day for twenty days or so.

*Tuesday, 3rd.*—We had another exciting time of it last night: about 8 P.M. the ants came in millions (we had these invasions usually once a fortnight).

Silently, deadly, and irresistibly move these battalions; out of the forest, down, into, across, and up the ditch, through the boma (wood stockade), across the square, and into every nook and cranny conceivable they swarmed. The first notice (they generally came at night) would be a loud yell from some of the men. 'Look out!—Siafu!' There would be no more sleep that night. After experience gained, we found it the best plan to clear out of our houses, rush into the square, and build rings of fire round our persons. To put on one's clothes was to get bitten by dozens all over one's body, unless they had been first thoroughly smoked over a fire. Every now and then yells and curses told how a lazy one had got caught in his bunk. The sides of the huts, the roofs and floor, were simply one seething mass of struggling ants. They were after the cockroaches, mice, and insects that had taken up their abode in the roofs. Now and then squeaks of young mice told their story. As fast as the ants found their load (generally a cockroach) they would make off down the hill in long lines. Luckily they never touched our granaries; they seemed to prefer animal food. Towards morning there would only be a few thousand lost ones, aimlessly tearing about, apparently looking for the main body which had just decamped.

Usually these raids on us were made after a rain-storm; many of them came into the fort already staggering under loads; these appeared to wander about till the others were ready.

Next day not a cockroach could be found in the place, so that the

ants did us a service in ridding us of these pests. The rats had decamped also, and did not return for some days.

We have seen outside the fort armies of red ants two and a half days long—i.e. they would take two and a half days passing a given spot. During the day the march would be incessant, every one marching at his very best; towards night they would huddle up in a seething mass, and if disturbed scatter in all directions.

The width of the stream of ants would be about two inches generally. On the flanks of this were the soldiers, fully twice the length of the workers. On our approach these big chaps would run out and up our legs like lightning. No birds, but of one sort, seemed to trouble them; these were little fellows about as big as sparrows and of a dull grey colour.

6th.—P. weighs 154 lbs., N. weighs 150 lbs., S. weighs 155 lbs. Abedi weighs 110 lbs., Mafta weighs 95 lbs.

Abedi has grown like a lion of late; his clothes are a sight to behold; I fancy his present appearance in a London street would awake a certain amount of interest in the passers-by. During meals I have occasionally to order him to take up a 'hitch' in his waistcloth for decency's sake. I was reading Allibone's quotations to-day, and asked him if he thought I was studying my Khoran; he answered, 'Yes, master.' 'Are all the books we white men read Khorans then?' 'Why, yes, of course.' If simplicity exists anywhere it is this; fancy anyone taking a strong yellow-back for a Khoran!

If, in describing any bird or animal to the boys—say a swan, for example—one asks, 'And are there swans in Zanzibar?' 'Oh yes, telé (many).' 'How many, Abedi?' 'Oh, the Sultan has one in a cage, or Mohammed Bin So-and-So keeps one tied up with a string,' is the inevitable answer. You cannot get round a sharp Zanzibar boy in that way; fancy a swan tied up with a string. If you pursue the subject further you will probably learn that the swan builds its nest in high cocoa-nut palms, or does tricks, or something equally clever.

As for Farag Ala we have never yet stumped him in his strong point, natural history. There is no use telling him his stories are not founded on fact. The four-eyed story is his great weakness. 'In my country there is a large red and black bird about the size of a kuku (fowl); this bird is only seen when a man dies, and then comes and sits on his grave; he has two pairs of eyes, one in front, and one pair behind his head; with one pair he can see by day, and the other he uses at night. For three days and nights the bird keeps watch over the body, lest the Sheitani<sup>2</sup> should come and steal it. After a fit of violent screaming he flies away and is seen no more. He, Farag Ala, has seen the bird, and has also seen giraffes sleeping at night with their heads resting in forks of trees.

<sup>2</sup> Devil.

The contents of the moon seem to tax his unusually original brain. He makes the bold statement that hyænas are fond of dancing, and will sneak up to the villages while the men are dancing, and then next night can be seen far out on the plains indulging in wild antics similar to those of the natives themselves.

*Saturday, 14th July.*—It is very strange how one is forgetting all the tunes one ever knew; all the 'airs' of 'Patience' have completely left us, and we only remember now such things as 'Bonnie Dundee' or old waltzes that we have heard hundreds of times. 'Grandfather's Clock' still remains in all its original purity; I doubt if fifty years would drive that out of us. Our men are getting more restless day by day as the time goes on; we are looking for Jephson and the Pasha to come, and then all of us will go on to the Lake. How the Pasha will revel in the beetles and bugs about this place. There are enough to stock ten British Museums. In the huts too, there are selections to choose from, but perhaps not quite of the kind the Pasha would derive much amusement from. We constantly find ourselves talking to each other in Kiswahili; being with the men all day and working with them encourages this, of course. All work is done in Suahili, but now and then we would break out into English expressions to encourage the men. 'By the Soul of the Prophet' and 'By the shade of your grandfather's brother' are but unsatisfactory expressions.

*Saturday, 4th August.*—Last night an elephant came into the plantation; it was pitch dark. I could just make out a black mass, and blazed away into the centre of this; as usual he made some passes and then bolted straight for the bush. He worried a patch of forty yards by twenty of green corn and trampled down some of the beans. I hope there are no more of them.

Finished the roof of Emin's house, claying up N.'s cook-house, weeding paths, repairing stockades, and various jobs. P. thinks Emin and Jephson will be here in ten days. I give them a fortnight; perhaps they will not come at all, who knows? P. and I had a thorough look at the crops and talked about home; we both agreed that a good ham and some bread wouldn't go bad just now. Stanley away just fifty days to-morrow. I find discontent among several of the men; it is deep. They want us, I fancy, to abandon this place and march on to the lake, which means thirty men to carry seventy-five loads and fight too.

Bootmaking and tailoring going on. P. is by far the best boot-maker of the three of us, he is so patient and makes small stitches. Abédi is a fundi (master) tailor and has made me a pair of trousers out of Emin's cotton cloth.

*August 9th.*—Last night the sentries reported natives in tobacco plots. Sneaked into the tower with P. and listened; remained till 10.30; no result. People do not know what listening for natives is;

you cannot see in the dark or smell, so you must listen. Were they near in the darkness the slightest move on your part might be fatal; all you can do is to keep absolutely silent; those who cough or sneeze had better stay at home. One hour is all we expect a man in the towers to listen, it is too fatiguing for more. We knew natives were near the forts on five occasions; in four cases they were heard, in one a fire-stick was seen.

• 16th.—Two months since Stanley left for Yambuya; he has already established communications with the Major. I wonder if Abdullah and the couriers ever reached Barttelot. All three of us are now wearing boots of our own make; they do very well about the fort, but would not be up to much on the march. Anamari's ulcer is growing at a terrible rate. P. thinks he will die. Khamis Feredi, who came from Ugarrowa's, is worn away to a shadow; he will have to be carried should we march. P. has a bad leg.

19th.—Eleven men on the sick list. Ulcers are increasing despite the utmost care. Rissassi is down with one.

21st.—Anamari's ulcer is terrible; from almost the kneecap down to the toes is simply one poisonous mass of decaying flesh. To fight against this with meal porridge is hopeless. P. is untiring, though ill himself. Last night the same gang of Wasongoro who bagged my green tobacco returned with the object of getting more; they found us ready. About 10 P.M. the sentry came to my window and whispered 'Washenzi!' (natives). I went up into the tower and in the dark could only make out their approximate position; they were thirty-five yards from the ditch. The two sentries and I laid our rifles on the ledge of the tower, and at the signal from me blazed away and pumped up more cartridges into the Winchester and got off four rounds each. In the dark we could hear them scatter and make for trees; in three minutes twenty men were up, armed, and out through the gates, and the natives fled howling into the forest; we found two dead. It was their intention to try and set fire to us, as we found fire-logs close up to the fence. They would never have dared to carry logs simply for light and warmth so close to the fort. The men killed were villainous-looking specimens, with filed teeth (all the tribes here are cannibals). One was shot in the head and the other in the chest. We picked up bows and arrows and three spears; these had been laid down to pluck the tobacco more easily, I fancy. It will be a wholesome lesson and teach them we are awake at night as well as in the daytime.

Weeding big corn-field, stumping men's yard, others fencing main road. Ali Jimba and Yusuf Bin Osman rewarded with 5s each on arrival in Zanzibar, for their cleverness last night. They tell me that for a quarter of an hour they had heard the natives before warning me.

Thursday, 23rd.—Our pumpkins not doing well; they blossom,

but no fruit forms. The feeling among the men against remaining here is increasing. Jephson should have been here by now. I have tried my best to make things as easy for the men as possible; not a case of flogging has occurred for over a month, and the most impartial justice is given them. Never have I been in such anxiety in my life. What if Jephson is *too late*! Food is not over-plentiful; for the last gale here wrecked our bananas. The feeling among the blacks is that the 'there' is better than the 'here;' it is always the same story—<sup>a</sup> with the safari ya zamani (former caravan) there was plenty of food, viazi, ndizi, maziwa, ngombi, potatoes, bananas, milk, cattle, &c.; with this there is nothing. I remember once getting so sick and tired of this that I was determined to catch a Zanzibari named Abdullah, who was always relating highly coloured stories of a former safari. 'Abdullah,' I said, 'you have seen more food and fiercer natives, more cattle, longer marches, and bigger men on other safaris (caravans); tell me now, have you seen more starvation than on this one?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'it's true we have sometimes starved, but on one safari I was on, long, long ago, we had'—and so on. I refused to listen; even in starving the 'thero' was better than the 'here.' (This was the same man who, months later in the open country, when we had cattle, sheep, and goats by hundreds, flour, bananas, beans and potatoes by the ton, being spoken to by one of the Europeans who was impressing on him how much better this life was than that at Fort Bodo, said, 'Yes, master, it is splendid; every night I have a full stomach; but "ah" at Fort Bodo there was *kuni télé*' (plenty of firewood).)

This place has few attractions for the men, and as long as they play fair, they cannot be blamed, poor chaps; some of them had tasted cattle and goat meat on the plains and sigh for it hourly.

*August 28th.*—Jephson has had ninety-four days to go round the stations with Emin; he will not come. Something is the matter, or he would have been here long before this. The following words show great similarity:

*Dwarf (Monbutti).*

- (1) Mbua
- (2) Mquali
- (3) Njoka
- (4) Mino

*Zanzibar.*

- (1) Mbwa—a dog
- (2) Mshale—arrow
- (3) Nioka—snake
- (4) Meno—teeth

*31st.*—This day will ever be remembered by us. Last night we had a terrific hurricane, destroying nearly every roof in the place, and mowing down our corn and bananas like nine-pins. Heavy bits of bark from the trees were blown right into the Fort, and for some hours it was unsafe to go out of the houses. It is heartrending; the work of weeks is undone; for the huts it does not matter, but our crops, put in with so much labour and time, are almost completely destroyed. The bridge was washed away.

*September 3rd.*—Khamis Feredi died to-day; we buried him in

our little graveyard ; there are six there already. Waiting, waiting, it is terrible : cooped up in a place of this sort, the tendency is to become cantankerous and narrow. It requires everything good in one to meet the daily work patiently and cheerfully ; there is very little left in one by nightfall.

4th.—At work again on those interminable roofs ; the gales simply play with our efforts ; we are putting heavier logs over the leaves this time ; and I hope it will work well. Ali Jimba came to me this evening, and said the men had deputed him as their spokesman. I told him to bring the chief with him (Khamis Pari), and I would listen. He said that food was getting scarce, Jephson had not yet come, and that we should all die here like rats ; and proposed that we should move forward to the Lake. I said no, for several reasons : if we moved forward with the loads, we had only thirty-three carriers ; and we have six sick men who must be carried in addition. The result would be double trips, and two camps to defend every day. The natives would cut us up ; we had struggled with the Pasha's ammunition through 120 days of forest, it would be insane now even to risk it. 'Go back and reason with the men ; tell those who wish to know more, that we Wasungu (whites) will explain. Lakini si fanya vibaia (don't do bad things), or there will be trouble.'

5th.—I explained more fully our reasons to the men, and was pleased to find they could be rational. We had thirty-three men who could fight. Even if we reached the lake, Bubarika (Jephson) is not likely to be there ; he is still in the north or he would be here long before now. Kabba Rega's Wanyoro are prowling about on the plains, and every round of ammunition will fall into their hands. (With Zanzibaris, reasoning must be part of the every-day discipline ; when it comes to a direct order, then that order must be obeyed.)

10th.—Mohammed the Soudanese from Cairo, and his boy Fadul Moula have not come in ; they have been out now two days ; they must have been looking at their fish-traps, and got speared by natives, or lost their way. Sent a party out to look for them.

11th.—Turned out eighteen men to scour the woods for the missing men ; fired rifles from the fort at every hour. If caught by the natives their fate will be an awful one, first tortured and then eaten ; no signs of them by evening ; blew the horn till 9 p.m.

Read part of Montague Kerr's book *In the Far Interior* ; it is consoling in a weakly sort of way to read of other people's troubles. Come, Jephson ! for Heaven's sake, come !

12th.—P. has hard work with the ulcers now. The gales have cut down our crops, and there is less food for the men, and ulcers will break out as the result of weakness. Morning and evening every man gets his medicine, and has his limbs washed. Carbolic acid and permanganate of potash are our chief ulcer medicines now. We detected a man to-day, with Arab<sup>1</sup>(dawa) medicine on his sores. He

had a small bit of paper bearing texts from the Khorān neatly written by Morgan Morgarewa, our scribe, tied over his sores. I see now why he borrowed the paper.

12th.—Took Choush Mohammed's and Fadula's names off the roll; total garrison now fifty-three. Wonder what they are doing at home?

*Tuesday, 18th.*—Have fits of sleeplessness. When one starts thinking at night of Emin, where Stanley and Jephson are, and the ammunition, in twenty minutes all is a hopeless muddle. Again one starts thinking until nearly crazy. The only thing then to do is to get up and smoke. Oh, the comfort there is in smoking!

19th.—We are all burning to know what is going on in Europe. Is there a big war? is the Queen still alive? We feel ourselves in a separate world, where we are dropped with just so much knowledge and can gain nothing new. Books we have, but it is men that we want—white men. This evening we discovered that we knew of and were in the habit of eating thirteen different grasses or green stuffs. 'Grazing' is poor fun. We resolved, should we ever reach England alive, to patronise 'eating-houses,' not 'cafés.' Flour mills, sugar refineries, fish markets, cattle fairs, these are what we shall affect if we ever get out. Fancy a beef-steak now!

And so life went on, thinking and working and waiting, day after day watching for attacks, now and then sending out parties to punish bold natives. The elephants nearly broke our hearts at times; the men—hungry, impatient, and brooding—filled up any little gaps when we were getting too lively. Ulcers and fevers kept P. going daily with his knife, tweezers, and medicines. I doubt the capacity of my pen to give any idea of our thoughts as the months went on.

Like schoolboys waiting for the end of the term we ticked off the days on our calendars. We pined for news of the outside world, for newspapers or letters; the months were rolling into years since we had heard from civilisation.

It took fifteen men three days out of the week at last to keep off the elephants; even these seemed different to other elephants, for they invariably charged. Each successive fever wore us down in weight and strength, and on the corn (porridge) we could not build up; the foods we could enjoy months ago were now mere emetics. What if Stanley never came, could we get to the Nyanza with our weakened condition in numbers?

Three hundred yards or so from our doors lay the forest, black and unending, and deadly it seemed from the fort.

I trust that those who read this will kindly remember that though to report circumstances may be easy, to relate them intelligibly is difficult. I again take extracts from my journal up to the time Stanley returned to the fort on the 22nd December.

We had made corn and banana flour, boots, clothes, steel needles,



awls, mats, baskets, salt, umbrella-frames, and many other articles; the eyes of the needles being our great puzzle. The men were encouraged to make fishing creels, and catch the small fish in the creek below the fort. We had given them plots for gardens of their own, rebuilt most of their huts, and encouraged them, by having 'fixtures,' to become more attached to their daily life.

The men who could write Swahili were teaching the others. Every idea we could seize upon to interest them was furthered; we told them stories of Ulaya,<sup>3</sup> and they in return related adventures in different countries of Africa. In time we collected drums and had singing and dancing—certainly not very spirited dancing, but still it passed away the evenings.

*September 28th.*—All hope of J. coming has been given up. Stanley due in two months and twenty days; elephants, as usual, charged the men not five hundred yards from the fort. We fire blank at them now, but they charge at the noise. Instantly a man fires he clears out like lightning; fires and horns are the safest way of frightening them. We had eighteen fires going this morning and evening, and besides set fire to several old dry trees. I saw seven elephants this morning; they don't seem to mind Remington bullets much, but just cock up their trunks, let out two or three wild screams, and come straight for the sound of the rifle.\* Intibu was crushed under a sapling; but the elephant did not apparently see him, or he would have been certainly killed.

Weights: P. 148 lbs., N. 138 lbs., S. 143 lbs.

*October 3rd.*—Had our first Mbiringani out of the garden. I don't know what the English name of this is, perhaps egg-fruit; it tastes like wood. Sent the boys out for their bananas; luckily they came across some natives, who decamped and left their baskets full of colocasia roots. Farag Ala owns up to having 'fired in the air;' he saw no one to fire at.

P. says Souidi will die; he was hit in the pleura with an arrow and can hardly breathe.

*7th.*—N. and I started tent-making: we cut up the clumsy old tent and are making it into two smaller ones; mine will simply be a small *tente-abri*. The best tent for this country is one that can be pitched easily and quickly, strong, and with a good fly; it should be low, or every now and then will be blown away. The men continue to get fair hauls of fish in their baskets; it helps them on wonderfully; they call anything of this sort (Kitiweo) relish.

Abedi wants to know why white men leave their homes and come out to countries like this, where the food is poor and the natives bad. I told him that we liked to know what sort of people lived in these countries, and, thinking to impress him, said that perhaps some day the white man would build a railway across this

\* Eurype.

continent. Had he ever seen a railway? Oh, yes, the Sultan has one! (It is a derelict tramway out to his plantations in Zanzibar.)

*Tuesday, 9th.*—Caught the sentries on the granaries asleep or rather dreaming; they invariably answer on being charged with sleeping, 'Hakuna ku lala bwana, macho tu' (Not asleep, master, eyes only); that is, they could hear and see, but had their eyes shut. A Zanzibari has a very odd expression, 'kulala macho'; we have no equivalent; it means to sleep with one's eyes open—always to be on the *qui vive*. If by themselves almost all African natives sleep 'macho' (with eyes open). It really means they hear or see nothing until some one in the camp is stabbed by the enemy and yells out; then there is a wild seizing of arms and loosing off of rifles. It is most difficult to make natives like the Zanzibaris into good sentries; to listen for hours without talking to each other is a sore trial to them. We have fires for them in the towers and they are allowed to smoke if they like. I do not think the practice of shouting out their post numbers at certain intervals a good one; it teaches sentries a false security, and the natives soon learn what it means. (For actual sleeping on post the first offence is twenty-five strokes, extra duties and up to fifty strokes for second offence; fines of five dollars and ten dollars, paid in Zanzibar, in addition, if caught a third time.) P. has fever of a bad type.

*11th.*—When all hands were at work Msengessi Wadi Idi was shot by some natives close to the fort. He was brought in, but died in fifty minutes. The arrow merely pierced the flesh and muscles; death, then, must have resulted from two causes (in which P. concurs): (1) from apoplexy brought on by fright and nervousness. (2) From the poison on the arrow, which was a wooden one. No blood-spitting took place; and the lungs were uninjured. We all feel depressed. Msengessi was a regular character in the place; he had a first-rate idea of gardening, was cheery, ready for work, and contented. His death adds to the already depressed state of the men. P. held no post-mortem, as the man's comrades did not fancy the idea.

The Wasongora bowmen are deadly shots up to sixty yards or so, when they get a long aim; their bows and arrows are beautifully made.

*13th.*—P.'s state gives N. and myself great anxiety; it is bilious, malignant fever, and remittent, that he has got; we have no fowls for soup for him, no meat for broths, no sugar to make things tasty, no condiments or tea even; preparations of Indian corn and banana flour in the shape of gruel are what he is now eating; his condition is serious, 104° and 105° will take him down to nothing if it keeps up.

\* *14th.*—P. crawled out of his hut and lanced Khamis Pari's leg. I never saw so much filth come out of a sore before; intense relief was the result, and Khamis gave a deep grunt of satisfaction. The Mon-

butti (dwarf) ate about two pounds of snake meat throughout the day; the Zanzibaris, as a rule, won't look at it, but accuse one of their number of having eaten some secretly in the night. He said he wanted it to make oil of!

15th.—The Wasongora never chew or snuff tobacco, but only use it in pipes. I never saw a genuine native of the interior chewing tobacco. Our men are very fond of it in this way, and add lime made out of shells to it, as it bites better with this.

I collected 120 words of the dwarfs' language.

16th.—Moved P. into Emin's hut, he is very bad. The elephants are wonderfully bold; it will mean starvation if we cannot keep them back. It is at night that they do most damage; they are so cunning and quiet about it we rarely hear them, and find it out to our cost the next morning.

17th.—Off after elephants; made over twenty fires up for the evening, and set them going at 6 P.M.; they will burn till 11 P.M. Saw four elephants and blazed away; only one charged, but we ran and got away. One print in the mud, a straight up and down one, measured  $22\frac{1}{4}$  inches from front to rear; this is the biggest one I have seen yet.

19th.—Sadi died this morning; N. buried him in the graveyard. Six fires going to N.E. for elephants. No elephants crossed the line of fires of yesterday. Elephants reported in corn; went round and found nothing.

P. has bad nights, he is frightfully yellow; quinine does him no good.

25th.—Juma Uledi again up for stealing corn, fell-in the men, had Juma flogged, and threatened to make a prison if this went on, and keep offenders in it, as they could not be trusted loose.

Put new roof on Water Gate Tower.

The driving rains and wind have played havoc with the four-acre field. It was our last hope; it is yellow now, and prematurely so.

P.'s temperature is up to  $104^{\circ}$ : it is real bilious remittent fever; he has been ill three weeks. We have twenty-three rows of peas coming on and looking well. Issued rations as usual; sixty days without meat; it is killing P. slowly.

November 2nd.—Making needles from spare steel wire of Maxim gun, drilled the eyes with small drill in tool-case. In Tennyson's *Amphion* to-day, I read:

And I must work through months of toil  
And years of cultivation,  
Upon my proper patch of soil,  
To grow my own plantation.  
I'll take the showers as they fall,  
I will not vex my bosom;  
Enough if, at the end of all,  
A little garden blossom.

This is *our* experience :

With hail-storms wild and native gangs,  
With elephants twelve feet high,  
A chronic state of dreadful pangs  
Proclaims that we should die.  
A thousand rations scooped up clean,  
More 'grazing' for us all ;  
We plant again with hopes to glean  
• Perchance again next fall.

6th.—P. is better, Mohammed Ali's ulcer is increasing, his foot looks as if it must drop off soon.

*Saturday, 10th.*—Had another probe for my arrow ; P. discovered it and took it out with his tweezers. It has been in me fourteen months and twenty-three days ; it was an ordinary wooden poisoned arrow just like the natives about here use, but had become eaten away from long presence in the tissue. It was the rib that saved my life. Boys caught some more fish. Our rice has been in the ground just four months ; it will be another fortnight before we can eat it.

22nd.—Made some arrow-poison. P. and I have specimens of the ingredients ; we followed the dwarf's directions.

24th.—Tried poison on a native dog. P. shaved the hair of his back, and made a slight incision with his knife and rubbed the poison well in, covered the wound up with canvas, and put him in the old cook-house. By evening the dog was drowsy and stupid.

26th.—Stanley away five months. The dog died at 1.45 P.M., just 28½ hours after the poison was introduced ; he drank no water.

There are six ingredients in the poison : four kinds of leaves, a bark, and a small dark brown bean. This bean is poisonous if taken internally.

30th.—The dry season is now on us. The crops don't look at all well. N. weighs 138 lbs. ; he is over twelve stone in England.

*December 7th.*—Picking the rice ; yield 125 per cent., or 125 cups to every one cup planted.

8th.—Found a native camp 7½ miles S.S.E., and in it a brass rod metako, which must have belonged to Boryo, the old chief of West Ibwire. In days gone by we had given him two of these.

*Monday, 10th.*—Boys again saw the lion ! Abedi's eyes like saucers when relating about it ; most probably it was a leopard. The heat is intense. Our latitude is 1° 20' North. Have got fever.

14th.—Anniversary of our first reaching the Albert Nyanza.

• *Wednesday, 19th.*—Repairing roof of Water Gate guard-house ; putting leaves on granary.

• *Thursday, December 20th.*—About 11 A.M. we heard shots, and soon after Stanley and the advance of the column were seen 350 yards down the west road. The whole garrison turned out amidst yells, and

we gave them three volleys. For half an hour or so we asked each other dozens of questions and got no answers. We heard the terrible news of Bonalya, and half an hour later Bonny came in. All got a grand blow-out of our hardly gained corn, and there was a boisterous dance in the evening.

It was six months since Stanley left us, and altogether we had spent eight in the fort. We were able to say, 'All's well' at Fort Bodo.

Three days later we moved towards the Nyanza, and burnt the fort to the ground amidst cheers.

There is a large bottle containing a letter buried near the spot where the flag-staff stood. Some Remington rifles lie buried nine yards N.N.E. from it, and we left the steel shield of the Maxim gun lying on the square.

Will a white man ever find these?

Months and months later, as we rolled along through Usagara, and neared the blue waters of the Indian Ocean, round the camp-fires at night was the story of our life at Fort Bodo repeated again and again.

And when, at last, we actually caught sight of the sea with its fringe of cocoanut palms, and heard the wild volleys of cheers from our black boys, there was not a white man amongst us but felt the blood rush up into his face as each thought that he had helped, in a small way, to bring his men through the forest, and across the plains of Africa, to their homes by the sea.

W. G. STAIRS  
(Lieutenant R.E.)

## VELASQUEZ AND HIS KING.

THE painting by Velasquez recently added to our national collection is a veritable treasure. It is so fine a specimen of this master's work, that at the time of its completion the painter's king, patron, and friend, Philip the Fourth of Spain, paid it an almost unique compliment.

Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, afterwards knight of the Order of Santiago, and so forth, the subject of the portrait, was appointed admiral of the fleet of New Spain in the year 1639. Don Adrian was about to leave Madrid to repair to his station, was going, one may vaguely say, to the Spanish Main, when it occurred to Philip, the artistic king *par excellence*, that if by any of the mischances of warfare Don Adrian should chance to be—expended, it were well that the picturesque aspect of the man should be put on record. And so, on the very eve of his departure, the fulminant admiral was commanded to repair to that apartment in the royal palace that Velasquez used as a painting-room. There he stood, as we see him in the picture, the painter portraying him with rapid and infallible brush, the king using his pass-key to the studio and coming in frequently to watch the progress of the work. It will help us to realise the scene if, before sitting down to study the admiral, we wander into the room where the king's own portraits by Velasquez are hung, and take in the impression of that strange, pale, bright-lipped face with the fixed eye of leaden surface. A weird story was current in Philip's lifetime about that immovable gaze of his. He was born on a Good Friday, and, it is related, acquired through that fact a measure of second-sight. Whenever in his dominions a murder was enacted, the apparition of the victim's corpse appeared lying in silent appeal at the king's feet, and, deeds of violence being of frequent occurrence under his feeble rule, the artist king made a practice of fixing his eyes, that they should not stray where they might encounter such sights.

The admiral stands before us a stately and dominant figure, obviously a man to be obeyed; he is planted on his feet firmly yet very lightly. James Howells, writing home from the court of Philip the Fourth, and describing the typical Spaniard, says, 'He walks as if

he marcht,' and we see in this and other portraits of Velasquez the aptness of the phrase.

The painter, wielding deftly his long-handled brushes, seemed, it is likely, to Don Adrian well enough in his subordinate way. The distrustful scowl that Velasquez has fixed upon his features was probably occasioned by the king.

- For the blonde, white-handed, artistic monarch of Austrian descent, who only discerned in the unfrequent victories of his armies subjects for the pencil of Velasquez, was an object of bitterest scorn to many of those whom he essayed to rule. And such swarthy dons as this admiral used to mutter as he passed them, 'God send us soon a king of our own colour!'

The portrait being finished and the admiral having left Madrid, Velasquez dismounted his painting from the easel, and placed it on the floor in a corner of his room. Philip coming into the studio shortly after addressed himself to the picture as to its original, and roundly rebuked Don Adrian for lingering in the capital when he should have been on his way to his ship. The compliment was doubtless intentional, and not the result of a mistake. Philip no more expected a reply from the portrait than Michael Angelo expected Donatello's Saint George to stir when he exclaimed 'Cammina!' Yet it was at the time considered a mark of extraordinary esteem in a monarch of Philip's phenomenal imperturbability. Of Philip, be it remembered, it was asserted with a gravity that rivalled his own, that during a life of sixty years he smiled precisely three times. He was twice married, and, in sheer humanity, for even a Spanish artist king is human, he could not have given his brides less than a smile apiece. Perhaps the third smile was smiled for Velasquez; it may have accompanied the complimentary assurance that he had mistaken the admiral's portrait for the admiral's self.

A Spanish biographical notice of Admiral Pareja tells us that he lived and retained his command to a good old age. It details the successive honours that Philip bestowed on him, but leaves us to glean elsewhere records of how the Cromwellian admirals, Blake and Montague, battered and burnt his ships of war, and diverted rich cargoes of silver from his protection to the uses of the English Commonwealth.

In the year 1623 a formal seal was, as it were, set on two of the world's greatest reputations. Hemings and Condell gave to the reading world their great folio of Shakespeare's plays, and Velasquez, at the age of twenty-four, was appointed painter in ordinary to King Philip, then eighteen years old.

Until then, except for the rapid maturing of his powers in art, the career of Velasquez had been singularly uneventful. The drawings he made as a boy were of so striking a nature that his parents foresaw his career, and he began early to study painting. Once he changed

his master, but this, as his biographers say, mattered the less seeing that his master was Nature. His second instructor became his warm admirer, his lifelong friend, and his father-in-law. In 1622, soon after his marriage, Velasquez visited Madrid, and there painted a portrait. The king he could not gain access to. Philip, having but recently ascended the throne, was still occupied in trying to reign.

Next year Velasquez came again to Madrid, and again painted a portrait. This, on the very evening of its completion, was by the instrumentality of Olivares, the prime minister, submitted to the king, and from that night the career of Velasquez was assured.

Philip, with the prevision of genius, had discerned that his own part in life was to be the model of Velasquez. He set the painter at once to work on a great equestrian picture of himself, and promised him that no other should ever limn his royal features. This promise he kept—almost: a trifle of five portraits by Rubens, about as many by various hands—what were they in the career of a monarch who was *always* having his portrait painted? It has been remarked of Philip that it was greatly to be desired that he should have kept his marriage vow with anything approaching the approximate adherence that he gave to his promise to Velasquez.

If it may be said of Velasquez that he was the greatest of portrait painters, equally may it be asserted of Philip that he was the greatest of sitters for portraits. That sphinx-like imperturbability, that pale enigmatical personality of his, of which we can hardly tell whether it fascinates or repels us most, were accompanied with a motionlessness of demeanour that facilitated the labours of the pencil. The outward Philip resembled rather the portrait of a king than a king. At the Council table he would sit for hours, his eyes fixed, and moving no feature except those 'vermeil-tinctured lips' of his. He would sit through entire comedies awake, and yet without the slightest perceptible motion, a royal but depressing ornament to an auditorium.

Of this aspect of him there is a striking instance on record. In the year 1831 Olivares, on the occasion of a royal birthday, designed a singular spectacle to gratify the taste of his artistic monarch. The great square, the scene of many bull-fights, was, for once, to present the similitude of a Roman arena with its combats of strange and savage beasts: lion, tiger, and camel, an animal of every kind procurable. They were collected from the far places of the earth, were starved to fighting point, and, before a vast assemblage of spectators, were turned together into the ring. Cruel as the scene would seem to us, to the Spaniard of that day it was comparatively humane, since no human life was risked. It must be borne in mind that the bull-fight of that day was not fought out by professional hirelings. The *jeunesse dorée* were at that time the heroes of the arena, and not unfrequently they met their death there.



The distracted animals fought with desperation, and tore and roared and butted and bled to admiration. It was just being repeated from mouth to mouth that witty Quevedo had described the scene as the contents of Noah's ark mixed with *Æsop's* fables, when the whole assembly began to thrill with a strong and unanticipated sensation of interest.

One of the combatants is specially distinguishing himself—a bull of Xarama: a bull with gleaming wicked eye, with a mountain of a neck, clear-cut horns and little feet, as nimble as a stag's; the very type and symbol of Spanish sport—a perfect love of a bull. Bravo Toro! He bellows defiance and the tiger springs at him, his claws gripe the mighty shoulders. See! he is shaken off—through and again through his vitals go the gleaming horns, and the tiger is thrown away quivering and clutching. Bravo Toro! Victory and pain intoxicate the bull; he gallops round the arena sparing nothing. He pushes the remnants of life out of the dying, he drives his horns angrily into the forlorn carcasses of the dead. Now he stops, and, breathing heavily, looks on all sides of him, his limbs quivering with excitement and wrath. His once velvet coat is shaggy with sweat and blood; the ivory white of his horns is deeply dyed with crimson. Bravo Toro! Bravo, bravo!

Philip gravely rises, a kingly thought within him. The bull has deserved well. The bull shall be royally rewarded.

Shall he lead a pampered life in royal park and stable, where the artist eye of the king may dwell from time to time on his sublime proportions? Better than that.

Shall he return to the meads of Xarama, exempt for ever from the summons to the fatal ring; to lie and chew the sweet meadow grass at his leisure, or plash shoulder deep in the cool river? Better even than that!

Philip speaks a word to a courtier, and a gun is brought to him, the long-barrelled weapon we know so well in the paintings of Velasquez. Philip puts it to his shoulder and shoots, with the accuracy of a Commodus—or a Ravenswood. The bull staggers, falls on his knees, and then rolls over stone dead.

All men saw the deed, and yet, it is related, so impassive was the aspect of the king that, when he had put the gun aside, it became impossible to believe that it was he that had fired the shot.

Besides that of posing eternally for Velasquez, what purpose did this strangest of kings serve in the general scheme of things?

This: there are types of character so dear to the fancy of man that Dame Nature has to gratify her child by realising them for him, and among these the artist king is one of the most fascinating:

Both before and since Nature has sketched the type; in Philip she realised it. Ludwig of Bavaria was not an important factor in European politics. King Renée with his handful of high-sounding

titular possessions, yet 'not so wealthy as an English yeoman,' held what he was permitted to hold on sufferance of his powerful neighbours. Had he left the lute and pencil and essayed to govern in earnest, he had not probably reigned so long. But when in 1621 the artist Philip ascended the throne, he was at the head of an all-powerful kingdom, and it was said of him: 'Truly to give the Spaniard his due, he is a mighty monarch, he hath dominions in all parts of the world, both in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (which he hath solely to himself). So the sun shines all the four and twenty hours of the natural day upon some part or other of his countries, for part of the Antipodes are subject to him.'

And Philip was artist to his slender white finger tips. He was a highly-skilled draughtsman and painter, occupying his royal pencil chiefly on religious subjects and landscape; once, as we shall see, he laid a brush on a painting by Velasquez.

He was an actor too, taking part in the then popular amusement of playing comedies, of which only the situations were settled beforehand, the performers supplying their own words. He wrote much, and in many kinds; piles of his manuscripts are still stored in the Royal Library of Madrid. His most important literary effort was a tragedy on the subject of Essex, the favourite of our Queen Elizabeth. He loved the society of poets, delighting in the swift exchange of thought with such men as Lope de Vega or the sublime Calderon. Nor were his accomplishments limited to the arts; our own Duke of Newcastle, that great authority on equitation, pronounced him to be the best horseman in Spain. He was also a skilful sportsman: indeed he seems to have done nothing ill except the governing of his kingdom, and that he rather neglected than misguided. Coming to the throne at the age of sixteen, it was natural that he should be in some measure dependent on his prime minister; and, as Philip's preference for art over statecraft increased, the government of the kingdom drifted more and more into the hands of the ambitious Olivares. Olivares had conceived the project of making of Philip's a monumental and historical reign; and, more than once, he tried to get him generally known by the surname of 'the great.' But, as battles were lost and provinces came to be alienated, the title was referred to only in an ironical sense. Philip the Great, it was remarked, was like a ditch a-digging, the more you took from him the greater he became. The intellectual side of Philip made a great impression on Rubens, who observed of him that his kingdom would be much better governed if he would take the trouble to govern it himself.

\* A deep vein of melancholy ran through the character of Philip, and, when this quality of him was in the ascendant, he was wont to retire to the great chapel in the Escorial where the kings of Spain are buried, and to his own allotted niche in it. There, sitting as

still as he would one day lie, he would listen to the solemn music of the Mass.

Amongst those who frequented the Court of Spain, whilst Velasquez was still busy over his first portrait of Philip, the English dress and the English accent were here and there conspicuous. England, unconscious of growing influences soon to trouble her own peace, was planning to secure the peace of the whole world by an alliance between her royal house and that of Spain.

One Friday night in March 1623, at the Earl of Bristol's house in Madrid, a message was brought to his lordship that two gentlemen from London, Mr. Thomas Smith and Mr. John Smith, desired to see him. Coming hastily out the Earl recognised in Mr. Thomas Smith, who stood in the hall with a portmantle in his hand, King James' favourite 'Steenie,' then Marquis of Buckingham. When too-curious eyes had been removed from the scene, and Mr. John Smith of London, who had stayed a while in the dark on the other side of the street, entered the house, the astonished Lord Bristol discovered him to be Charles, Prince of Wales. Every corner of Madrid buzzed next day with the news of a great man's being newly arrived from England (some maintained it was King James himself), and the closed coaches that passed to and fro between the palace and Lord Bristol's house raised expectation to the highest.

On Sunday following (writes James Howells to Sir Thomas Savage) the King in the afternoon came abroad to take the air with the Queen, his two brothers, and the *Infanta*, who were all in one coach; but the *Infanta* sat in the boot with a blue riband about her arm, of purpose that the Prince might distinguish her. . . . And now it was publicly known amongst the vulgar, that it was the Prince of Wales who was come, and the confluence of people before my Lord of Bristol's house was so great and greedy to see the Prince, that to clear the way Sir Lewis Dives went out and took coach, and all the crowd of people went after him. So the Prince himself a little after took coach; wherein there were the Earl of Bristol, Sir Walter Ashton, and Count Gondamar, and so went to the *Prado*, a place hard by, of purpose to take the air, where they stayed till the King passed by; as soon as the *Infanta* saw the Prince her colour rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes a true index of the heart.

Howells, the prince of racy letter-writers, gives us a vivid picture of the Spanish Court at that juncture; in which we catch glimpses of Charles, whom the Spaniards declared to be so gallant a wooer that he deserved to have the *Infanta* thrown into his arms the first night he came, waiting for hours in a coach to see her pass by, or, Romeo-like, climbing an orchard wall to have private speech with her; of 'Archy,' King James' court fool, jesting with the *Infanta* and her ladies, or capping some allusion to Spanish victories with a bitter reference to the fate of the Armada; and again of Lope de Vega turning graceful verses on 'Carlos Estuardo.'

It is nearer to our subject to record that Charles entered the studio of Velasquez, and that the painter sketched in a portrait of the

prince, which, however, was never completed,<sup>1</sup> though Charles was so pleased with the painter that he made him a present of a hundred crowns. It is interesting to remember that in the same year with Velasquez was born Vandyke, who was to paint many portraits of Charles; curious to think that in the same year was born Oliver Cromwell, who also in the fulness of time was to have much to do, with Charles.

Philip found in his proposed brother-in-law a prince after his own heart, for Charles' taste in art was as exquisite as his enthusiasm for it was keen. He was, even then, forming a gallery to which Philip, in a fit of fraternal enthusiasm, added three magnificent Titians. The matrimonial negotiations falling through, and Charles quitting Madrid with some suddenness, these were left behind. Probably the portrait by Velasquez remained incomplete owing to the same haste.

About a quarter of a century later we find the picture gallery of Charles causing Philip some heart searchings. The King of England had fallen on the scaffold at Whitehall, his exiled son had received sympathy from Philip, and Lord Clarendon was entertained as English Ambassador at the Court of Spain.

That there was little love between the English Commonwealth and the King of Spain we may gather from the following extracts from Cromwell's speeches:—

Why, truly, your great enemy is the Spaniard. He is a natural enemy. He is naturally so; he is naturally so throughout, by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatsoever is of God.

That (Spain) is the party that brings *all* your enemies before you. It doth: for it is now that Spain hath espoused that Interest which you have all along hitherto been conflicting with—Charles Stuart's Interest.

It must have been painful to the feelings of a Catholic Majesty to have dealings with regicides who regarded him as Anti-Christ personified, yet the Whitehall pictures were for sale! It cannot have been wholly pleasant to sympathise with an exiled prince, and at the same time to make arrangements to decorate your walls with the masterpieces of art which have been reft from his murdered father; yet pictures are pictures! To realise the artist king's temptations, we must remember that those gems of the Louvre Gallery, Titian's 'Entombment,' and 'Supper at Emmaus,' the exquisite 'Antiope' of Correggio, and the lovely 'Pastoral' by Giorgione, all came from the collection of Charles the First. Alonzo de Cardenas was accordingly sent as ambassador to the Commonwealth with direc-

<sup>1</sup> In 1847 Mr. John Snare, of Reading, announced to the world that a picture in his possession was the portrait of Charles by Velasquez. Of how he tried to prove this, and of the famous 'Velasquez Cause,' wherein the disputed work was valued by experts at various sums from 5*l.* to 10,000*l.*, all may be read at length in the numerous pamphlets Mr. Snare produced on the subject.

tions to buy as many pictures as he could. He purchased the 'Pearl' Madonna of Raffael for 2,000*l.*, and apparently about forty other pictures. It required, at any rate, eighteen mules to transport his purchases from the sea-coast to the capital, and Lord Clarendon had to be presented with a hasty and somewhat unceremonious *congé*, in order that he should not witness the Whitehall pictures arriving in Madrid.

In 1628, King Philip and his painter received a guest equally welcome to each of them in the magnificent person of Peter Paul Rubens. Great cheer was made for him by the king. It was said that he had never entertained any prince so gorgeously as he did the Flemish painter. Rubens, having come on a political mission to the king, had brought with him an acceptable offering of pictures by himself, and presently began to paint his portrait. For Velasquez he had valuable counsels. The Spanish painter's heart had, for some time past, been set on a journey to Italy to see more of the works of the great Venetians, and to behold with his eyes the frescoes of Michael Angelo, which, until now, had only reached him in the form of incomplete copy or inadequate engraving. Philip had not liked to part with his painter for the length of time necessary for this expedition, but it seems that the opinion of Rubens as to its importance decided him in its favour, and, next year, Velasquez set sail for Venice.

Had he wished it, his journey through Italy might have been almost of the nature of a royal progress, so profuse was the hospitality proffered to him by all dignitaries, from the Pope downwards. But Velasquez came to study painting, not to be fêted, and seems to have avoided lavish hospitality where he could, and to have begged leave when at Rome to be allowed to quarter himself in some less stately abode than the Palace of the Vatican. In Italy, as elsewhere, the chief events of his life were the pictures that he painted. At Venice we find that he studied and copied Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese: two copies from Tintoret, namely 'The Crucifixion' and 'The Last Supper,' he presented to his patron, King Philip. It is interesting to read that Velasquez did not acquiesce in the opinion, then general in Italy, as to the absolute supremacy of Raffael, and that he called Titian the first of the Italians. Still more so that he greatly admired that famous but little appreciated masterpiece, Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' and copied many groups from it.

Velasquez paid in all two visits to Italy. On the second occasion he was commissioned by his royal master to purchase, at his own discretion, works of art of all kinds. The great equestrian statue of himself with which Philip adorned his capital probably indirectly resulted from these visits to Italy. It was executed by the Florentine Tacca from a fine painting by Velasquez now in the gallery of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The most important painting executed by Velasquez towards the end of his career, and by some considered his masterpiece, was the large group at Madrid known as 'The Maids of Honour.' Into this painting Velasquez introduced a portrait of himself working at an easel. King Philip was minutely interested in the progress of this picture, and visited the painter daily during its production. At length, during one of these visits, Velasquez laid down palette and brushes, and declared the painting finished.

'Not quite,' said the king, 'one detail is lacking,' and taking up a brush he began to work on the portrait of the painter. With a few touches he sketched on his breast the cross of the order of knighthood of Santiago, one of the highest honours it was in his power to bestow.

The life of Velasquez was one singularly devoid of adventure, almost of event. He was born, he married, he came to Madrid and was well received by the king, he made two journeys to Italy, and he died. If there was much more than this to tell of him it has not been told, and the catalogue of his paintings is the most important part of his biography. Still, if the record is a slight one, the man it discloses is of an eminently pleasing and complete personality.

His close friendship with the whimsical king, which extended over a period of thirty years, and was seemingly unshadowed by any difference, except Philip's unwillingness to part with him when he wished to sail for Italy, suggests a quite exceptional discretion and loveliness in him. When the ambitious arrogance of Olivares became too much for Philip to bear, and the great minister was degraded, the court painter insisted on keeping up friendly relations with the man who had befriended him in early life, probably not without risk to himself of loss of royal favour. Though his powers were, from the first, admitted without question, Velasquez, when criticism came his way, took it with a modesty rare in any age.

'Some of the painters tell me,' said Philip to him one day, 'that your pictures are unequal, and that you only paint heads really well.'

'They are mistaken, Sire,' replied Velasquez; '*no one* paints heads really well.'

One of his signed portraits of the king received some rather severe criticism, and was pronounced a falling-off. Velasquez calmly painted the figure out, and altered the inscription to 'Velasquez *un-painted* this.' He died at the age of sixty-one, after a brief illness; the king's confessor attended him in his last moments, and his body lay in state in the gorgeous robes of the Order of Santiago. His wife, the companion of nearly forty years of his life, survived him only eight days, as though his strong and sweet personality had sustained her life.

King Philip, the model of innumerable portraits, lived for five years after the death of the painter. They were five years of disaster

culminating in the defeat of Villa Viciosa, by which finally the kingdom of Portugal was rent away from the Spanish monarchy.

A despatch containing news of this calamity was brought to the now aged king. Philip read it, and as he grasped its meaning the paper he held slipped from his trembling fingers, and dropped to the floor. Consciousness forsook him, while he lay in a kind of lethargy, and then the imperious king subsided into the supreme imperturbability of death.

H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

*LABOUR COLONIES IN GERMANY.*

OUR English poor-law system, with its substantial and beautifully clean workhouses, its vast resources, its careful management, and its numerous officials, is a most efficient machine, if its sole purpose be to shield the poor man, whatever be his character, from the extreme sufferings of poverty; but if there be any idea, as the name 'workhouse' would seem to imply, of training the ignorant and the idle in habits of industry, of encouraging them to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, of instilling into them some notion of the dignity of labour, of finding them, if possible, employment, and of endeavouring to assist the vicious to overcome the temptations which have dragged them into poverty, then I think most must acknowledge that the system has not answered its purpose. If this be the case, the sooner we realise the fact, the better for the nation.

Work is a divinely sent antidote for most of the evils of this life. Though it may not always cure, it seldom fails to alleviate. To crowd the poor together in workhouses, permitting them either to idle outright or else to pretend to work, instead of really aiding them to obtain their living by honest labour, is to run counter both to divine and natural law. 'If a man will not work neither shall he eat,' and Nature is a stern mother to her children and does not spare the rod in teaching them this wholesome lesson. It is as foolish for a nation as for an individual to run counter to natural laws, and though punishment may be delayed, it will assuredly come sooner or later. In England we are already beginning to feel the punishment. An army of tramps, many of them followed by wretched women and children straggling behind, perambulate the country to the national disgrace. Living by begging and petty theft, they pass from workhouse to workhouse without the smallest intention of either seeking or accepting work; they are parasites on the body politic, demoralising and degrading all with whom they come into contact; careless of the future, for they know that when overtaken by the infirmities of old age, or those engendered by vice, the unions will nurse and maintain and finally bury them.

It is a mistaken system and ought to be changed. It is bad for the honest man who is really in search of work, for it is degrading



and in no way assists him to obtain the employment he so much desires—indeed it directly hinders him. No means are taken to provide genuine employment which would make a man feel that he was really working out his board and lodging, and that by diligence he could not only pay for all he had received, but that he could place in his pocket by the end of the day some honestly earned pence which would enable him next morning to start with fresh spirit in search of employment, and with a sense of independence unknown to the ordinary tramp. Instead of giving a man every opportunity of thus relieving the public purse by obtaining employment outside the workhouse, all who have taken shelter for the night in a casual ward are required to spend the early hours of the morning (the most precious hours for obtaining work) in the task of breaking stones, picking oakum, &c.

There would not be so much to be said if the work were useful, uniform, and always really obligatory, but those who have knowledge of labour yards are aware that the system differs, and that sometimes, especially in the country, there are no means of enforcing it; the man who exerts himself, and the man who only strikes a stone when the official is looking at him, are in such workhouses placed on the same footing as regards treatment: they are not paid for any extra work performed. In the metropolitan and in most workhouses, the casual who applies for admittance is bound to stay two nights and a day, and to pick four pounds of oakum or to break half a ton of stone—work which in the popular mind savours of the gaol. I have even heard lately of a workhouse where the casuals are required to work on the treadmill. When the hours of labour are over the inmates of the ward are permitted to leave sometimes, whether they have earned their food and lodging, or whether they have not, at an hour so late that it is quite impossible for them to obtain any work that day; they are given no midday meal, they are consequently forced to continue the old vicious habit of begging; and, having no money, tramp on until the next workhouse is reached, when the same dismal story is repeated.

The Germans have of late years been careful never to separate relief from work, and, in order to render possible the practical enforcement of this principle, have, under the inspiration and direction of Pastor von Bodelschwingh, of Bielefeld, established twenty-two so-called *Arbeiter-Colonien*, or labour colonies, in the country and two in towns, where men who are really desirous of obtaining work are received and given labour, for which they are paid at a low rate so as not to compete with the open market, after they have earned the cost of their food and lodging. The success which has attended the establishment of these labour colonies is remarkable, and the directors can point to numerous cases where men who had not worked for years have been restored to a sense of the dignity of labour, and have become honest and useful citizens. These institu-

tions combined with *Verpflegungs-Stationen* in every *Kreis*, or circuit, *Arbeitshäuser* in every province, and strict laws against begging have enabled the honest man to obtain work, and rendered tramping dangerous and unprofitable to the idle and the vicious. It is calculated that ten years ago more than 4,000 men and women were wandering about Westphalia without work, and as the average gains of these beggars may be calculated in food, clothing, and money to have been not less than one shilling a day, and probably a good deal more, it is clear that this enormous army of the idle and the dissolute raised a tax on their honest and industrious fellow citizens of over 73,000*l.* a year, a large proportion of which was consumed in spirits. In Berlin alone, in the year 1882, 33,000 persons were arrested for begging, and in Frankfort 9,000. According to German law begging is strictly forbidden, and every magistrate *must* punish the man who, having been brought before him, is proved to have begged, and if he is punished more than two or three times he is sent for a period of from six months to two years to an *Arbeitshaus*, where he is forced to work. The idle and the refractory are brought to their senses in these institutions by being obliged to perform a certain amount of work before food is given them.

To understand the system of German poor-relief, a short explanation will be necessary. Germany is divided into provinces, governments (*Regierungen*), and circuits (*Kreise*). The province of Brandenburg, for instance, contains two governments (*Regierungen*), at the head of each of which is a president, and each government contains about twenty circuits (*Kreise*) each of which is presided over by a *Landrath*. In every province, where poor relief is properly organised, is to be found an *Arbeitshaus*, and where necessary in each circuit (*Kreis*) a *Verpflegungs-Station*, combined with a *Herberge zur Heimath*. The *Arbeitshaus* is maintained by the province, the *Verpflegungs-Station* by the circuit, and the *Herberge zur Heimath* by voluntary contributions. The object of the *Arbeitshaus* has already been explained. The *Verpflegungs-Station* is an organisation for providing men travelling, without means of subsistence, in search of employment, with food and lodging, not necessarily in a special building; such assistance being invariably given in return for work. It is under the management of a committee nominated by the *Landrath*, consisting of one magistrate who must be a landowner, one clergyman, and one or two local tradesmen. It is the duty of this committee to keep a list of all employers in the circuit who need workmen, and to endeavour to find labour for those who apply at the *Verpflegungs-Station* for food and lodging. The *Verpflegungs-Station* provides each man with three meals a day, so that he has no occasion to beg, even should he fail to obtain work. The *Herberge zur Heimath* are temperance hostels established by independent local committees of Christian men, the management of

which is entrusted by them to laymen trained as deacons, or other persons of known good moral character. The object of these institutions is to provide decent accommodation, where the working-man wandering through the country in search of work may, under religious influences, free from temptations to drink, find a clean, comfortable bed, good wholesome food, and a cheery welcome.

It is the manager's duty and pleasure to be the friend as well as the host of his passing guests. He reads prayer, morning and evening, and does all he can for their spiritual as well as temporal benefit. He is paid a fixed salary, so that he has no inducement to encourage them to spend more money than is necessary. These establishments (the first of which was erected in Bonn, by Herr Perthes, in 1854) now number 400 throughout Germany. It is the desire of Pastor von Bodelschwingh to form the closest possible relationship between the *Herberge zur Heimath* and the *Verpflegungs-Station*, so that when a man in return for work performed at the latter is provided with a ticket for food and lodging, he may be sent to one of these hospices, and not to the ordinary public-house, as otherwise is often the case. Wherever the *Verpflegungs-Station* is not provided with a labour yard or workshop, there the pastor endeavours to establish one in connection with the *Herberge*, but no man is employed in the latter for whom private work can be obtained elsewhere. The *Herberge*, although managed locally, are under the direction of a representative committee for each province, and the *Verpflegungs-Station* and the *Herberge zur Heimath* have both their supreme central councils, which work hand in hand. They endeavour so to arrange that there shall be as far as possible only half-a-day's journey between each of these institutions. Every man visiting them is provided on payment of 1d. (or after the completion of 1d. worth of labour) with a document called a *Wanderschein*, containing 100 blank squares. On arrival at a *Verpflegungs-Station* or *Herberge*, a man travelling without means has to produce this document, and to show the stamp of his last resting-place, marking the date of his departure. Without the production of this document, properly stamped, he cannot obtain admittance. The stamp is a proof that the man has not idled on the road, has not refused work, and has behaved himself well. To prevent men from wasting their time or stopping to beg on the journey, they are required to present themselves at the *Verpflegungs-Station* or *Herberge* where they intend to spend the night before a fixed hour, which experience has shown to be the time required to traverse the distance on foot. This is easily calculated, as in every institution the men are obliged to start upon their morning's journey at the same hour. The time that the men who have no means are obliged to work out their food and lodging by splitting fire-wood depends upon the distance they have walked in the morning. Every man who cannot pay for his lodging must

spend nine hours in travelling and working. There remains one weak point in the above system. What is to be done with the man who desires remunerative work, but for whom the *Verpflegungs-Station* or *Herberge zur Heimath* committees have failed to obtain it? Pastor von Bodelschwingh solved this problem by the establishment of the Labour Colony, and since then the professional tramp has practically ceased to exist in Germany, and the *Arbeitshäuser* have had fewer occupants.

A magazine entitled *Die Arbeiter-Kolonie*, giving information in regard to all matters relating to the Labour Colonies, is published monthly, by the Central Committee for *Arbeiter-Colonien* in Berlin, and is printed in Pastor von Bodelschwingh's establishment at Gadderbaum, near Bielefeld. It has a circulation of over 3,000 copies, and I would strongly recommend any person interested in the subject of Labour Colonies to become a subscriber to the magazine, which can be obtained for 2s. a year. Graf Ziethero-Schwerin, the chairman of the above committee, informs me that in 'Friedrichswille,' the Labour Colony for the province of Brandenburg, permanent situations are obtained for about 15 per cent. of the colonists, and that 25 per cent. of those who have left are known to be doing well. Only about 5 per cent. turn out incorrigible idlers, and are handed over to the police. Though no positive information can be given with regard to the fate of the remainder, it is possible that a certain proportion of these should be included under the 25 per cent. It must not be imagined that the former are necessarily vicious characters. Drink is the almost universal cause of the distress into which these men have fallen. Many of them work admirably whilst in the colony, but owing to want of moral backbone they cannot resist temptation when it presents itself. They suffer from a disease only to be cured by long and careful treatment. 'Friedrichswille' receives about 12,000 marks (600*l.*) annually from the circuits (*Kreise*), 6,000 marks (300*l.*) from the province, and 3,000 marks (150*l.*) from voluntary subscriptions, and the establishment earns about 18,400 marks (920*l.*) from the labours of the colonists. It does not profess to be self-supporting. Last year its maintenance cost about 43,000 marks (2,150*l.*). As the labour of the 425 colonists only produced 18,400 marks (920*l.*), it follows that some 25,000 marks (1,250*l.*) had to be obtained from other sources.

On the 17th of August, 1882, Pastor von Bodelschwingh opened his first Labour Colony at 'Wilhelmsdorf,' near Bielefeld. Some months previously he had purchased a farmhouse and land situated in a wild, retired situation, some seven miles distant from the town. He chose this spot for several reasons. It was near to two churches, one Protestant and the other Roman Catholic; it was within reach of his own residence and philanthropic institutions at Bielefeld; it was situated in a secluded position, far from the temptations of a

town ; and the farm was to be obtained at a comparatively cheap price owing to the undeveloped character of the land, which was in great measure uncultivated and covered with heath and shrubs. Pastor von Bodelschwingh was fortunate enough to obtain the assistance of the Provincial Council, which undertook to make him an advance without interest of 2,000*l*. By means of this money, supplemented by voluntary subscriptions, he was enabled to purchase the farm, which he gradually extended, so that in 1889 he had acquired 1,500 morgen, or about 1,000 acres, at a cost of 6,000*l*. At the head of the colony he placed a deacon trained in one of his own institutions, who had studied agriculture and was a capital farmer, and having made all necessary preparations with the assistance of the inmates of some of his other philanthropic institutions, he let it be known far and wide that food, lodging, and moderate pay would be given to any man who chose to work and accept his terms. The colonists bind themselves to submit to the regulations of the establishment. They may stay as long as two years, but most remain from three to four months, by which time employment has been found for them. No money is paid direct to the men during their stay in the colony, but a debtor and creditor account is kept with each individual. During the first fourteen days a man is supposed to be learning his work, but after that time he is credited with 2½*l*. a day. Pastor von Bodelschwingh has opened a store on the colony where each workman can purchase what he likes, as long as his book shows a credit to his account, and whatever balance remains over is handed to him when he leaves. The whole colony is pervaded by the spirit of Christianity, for the pastor is persuaded that vice and weakness of moral fibre are the principal, if not the sole, causes of the degraded condition of the vast majority of these men, and that it is only by means of Christianity that they can be strengthened to resist temptation, and that a moral regeneration is to be effected. His splendid establishment at Bielefeld for the training of deacons and deaconesses supplies him with excellent material for this purpose, and the head of the colony can always command the active assistance in his labours of several of these devoted men and women specially detached for this work of love. Up to the end of September 1890, Wilhelmsdorf had sheltered and found employment for 5,400 colonists. About 3,200 of these were Protestants, 2,180 Catholics, and about 20 were Jews. Only 274 proved themselves unworthy of the assistance received by leaving the colony in a dishonest or improper manner, whilst situations have been found for 2,545. In all the twenty-two country Labour Colonies of Germany 40,000 had been received up to the end of June 1890.

On the 13th of December, 1882, four months after the opening of the colony, the late Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince of Prussia, in a letter accepting the position of patron, said :—

If the establishment at Wilhelmsdorf has succeeded, during the short time it has been in existence, in saving hundreds of morally shipwrecked men, apparently lost to society, and has won them back to work and to order, it may truly be said that it is an institution which deserves the sympathy and active support of all who have at heart the healthy development of the national life.

The colony has a very different appearance now from that which it presented when it was opened. Then there was no road by which it could be approached; now, in great measure through the industry of the colonists, assisted by the local authorities, a road has been made. The rugged heath and scrub have disappeared, and in their place are acres of land under excellent cultivation or laid down in grass. The visitor to Wilhelmsdorf, starting from Bielefeld, follows the main road for about an hour and a quarter, and then for the last quarter of an hour passes an opportunity of a private road through the property, until, after crossing a field for work, he finds himself before a substantial-looking building which accommodates an enlarged farm-house, behind which are stables, barns and piggeries, partly built by the colonists themselves. The building and its annexes have accommodation for 200 labourers, which on an emergency can be stretched so as to house 500. The *Hausvater*, or manager, lives with his family in the upper part of the house. Opposite to the entrance is an office in which the detailed accounts connected with the farm are kept; and next to this is the kitchen, the special domain of the manager's wife, who is assisted in her labours by two maids. Here everything is neatness itself, and the cooking utensils show by their brightness that the head of this department is determined to set a good example to the colonists in the matter of order and cleanliness. Next to the kitchen is the dining-room, where a simple service is held on Sunday for those who, owing to the bad condition of their clothes, or for other reasons, are unable to attend the neighbouring churches. On the occasion of my visit on a Sunday afternoon I found this room occupied by a score or so of men singing hymns, whilst the *Hausvater* accompanied them on a small harmonium. Outside the kitchen, all work, including that of the laundry, is carried out as far as possible by the colonists. Next to the laundry is the bath-house and disinfecting room. Every new comer is obliged to undergo a thorough process of cleansing, and almost all require an entire new set of clothing. The old clothes are disinfected by means of steam, cleaned, repaired, and handed back to the men when they depart. A few leave after two or three days, as the steady work and order maintained in the establishment are not to their taste. These, of course, receive no pay nor clothes. Others leave after a few weeks' stay on finding suitable situations. They are required later on to repay the colony the price of the new clothes they have received, but, as has been already said, the majority remain from three to four months. 'Pray and Work' is the motto of the colony. No one is allowed to

idle; each hour is marked out for work, prayer, sleep, and refreshment of body and mind. Pastor von Bodelschwingh is of the opinion that if he does not fill up every hour with wholesome work or needful refreshment, the devil will find occupation for idle hands and brains.

No one who enters the colony can escape work. Those who are too weak for field labour are provided with occupations of different kinds in the house, and the very feeble are set to easy tasks, such as housework, potato-peeling, &c. A farm of 1,000 acres cannot be worked without stock. This has from time to time been increased in order to furnish manure in sufficient quantity for the light sandy soil, and to keep pace with the increase of the acreage under cultivation. The colony possesses 8 cart-horses, 3 foals, 5 draught oxen, 23 mil cows, 200 calves, 130 sheep, and 78 pigs. About 200 acres of land are under cultivation, and 100 are planted. The value of the land under cultivation, work and accoutrements was purchased has been increased to £2,000 in the last two years. The colonists consist of almost all classes. When I visited them in October last I found several who had received a university education, including a theological graduate. It is marvellous with what ease the 200 men I found in the colony seem to be managed, especially when we remember the usual characteristics of the tramping community; and our astonishment increases when we are told that about half of this number have, at some time or another, received correction at the hands of the magistrates. In this institution punishments are unknown. Serious warnings and reprimand, and if these do not answer, dismissal, are the only means of maintaining discipline. The cost of the establishment amounted in 1888 to 3,011*l.* per annum, whilst the expense of maintaining each colonist per day was 53½ pfennigs, or about 6*d.* per day per head. For this sum coffee and bread and butter is given at 5 A.M., bread and butter at 8.30 A.M., thick soup (or meat two days in the week) at noon, coffee and bread and butter at 3.30 P.M., and soup with bread and potatoes at 6.30 P.M.

It having been found that drunkenness was the cause which had reduced half the colonists to destitution, and that in many instances the vice had taken such hold on them that, with the best desire to reform, the three or four months' residence in Wilhelmsdorf was not long enough to give them sufficient strength on leaving the establishment to resist temptation, Pastor von Bodelschwingh determined to erect a home on the property for inebriates, where these unfortunates could be specially treated and supervised. The asylum is in a farmhouse capable of holding thirty patients, situated in a retired position within ten minutes' walk of the colony. The inmates are employed not only on the farm, but in various hand industries, which, at Wilhelmsdorf, are naturally subordinated to the farm work. To see how these can be made the means of reclaiming the idle and the

dissolute, and of restoring the industrious man overtaken by misfortune to his former condition in life, I shall now invite the reader to leave Bielefeld, and accompany me to Berlin. Arrived at the German capital, let us take a look at another Labour Colony, this time a city one, established in 1883 by Pastor L. Diestelkamp, in the Reinickendorfer Strasse 36A. Although there are twenty-two Labour Colonies in the country, there are only two city ones—this, and another in Magdeburg. The object of the Berlin colony, as expressed in its statutes, is

to give suitable paid employment, without distinction of rank or creed, to men who are capable of work, but are without occupation; such work to be temporary, or as far as possible to be continued only until some other remunerative work has been found for them, in order to assist those who are seeking employment to improve their condition, and to offer them the opportunity of moral reformation.

Last year 2,388 men applied for work and lodging in this institution, but only 475 could be accommodated. The rest were given a meal, and their names registered with a view to admittance as soon as vacancies occurred. Of these 2,388, at least seven-eighths had lived for a longer or a shorter period in Berlin by begging, and a considerable number had passed through houses of correction. Each colonist on arrival is obliged to sign a paper binding himself to remain a month in the institution. At the end of that month he is at liberty to leave if he is not in debt to the colony, or he may remain longer should he so desire. As at Wilhelmsdorf, the colonists are provided with board and lodging, but here it depends entirely upon their own exertions whether they receive any, and if so how much, money per diem. At Wilhelmsdorf a man, after the first fourteen days, as long as he remains in the colony and does a fair amount of work, receives  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  a day; in the Berlin colony for the first ten days a man is supposed to be learning his work, and is credited with 85 pfennigs ( $10\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) a day, after which he is bound to earn 3 marks 85 pfennigs ( $3s. 10\frac{1}{2}d.$ ) a week, which experience has shown to be the average cost to the institution of his board and lodging. If the work performed by the colonist after the expiration of ten days, and which is given him by the piece, does not amount in value to the above-mentioned sum, he is warned, and if after three warnings his work still falls short of the proper money value, he is dismissed, unless some good reason can be given why he has failed to earn the cost of his board and lodging. On the other hand, any money which he earns in the week over and above the  $3s. 10\frac{1}{2}d.$  is placed to his credit. He receives no cash so long as he remains in the colony, but, as far as his credit will permit, he can purchase from the stores, at the cheapest possible rates, almost everything he can legitimately desire. Each colonist is provided with a debtor and creditor account book, showing clearly his financial position. This



book is audited weekly, and he is required to certify to its correctness by affixing his signature at the time of audit. Every colonist is required to possess two flannel shirts and one decent suit of clothes, and no money is placed to his credit until he has provided himself with these necessaries. An average workman can earn seven shillings a week after payment of the compulsory 3s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. It appears from the wages book that some of the colonists earn after payment of board and lodging, nine, ten, and even twelve and fourteen shillings a week.

No limit is placed upon the time a man may remain in the colony. There are two men now there who have spent a couple of years in the institution. Those who have been a month in the establishment and have conducted themselves well are permitted to go out and seek for employment, but they are required to be back by 5.30 P.M.; and are warned that if they return in liquor, or even with the smell of spirits about them, they will be instantly dismissed. With this exception, no man in the colony is permitted to go into the town unaccompanied by an official. Unlike Wilhelmsdorf, which receives a subsidy from the province, this institution is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions and by its own earnings. The income from subscriptions last year was 16,971 marks, or 848*l.* 11*s.*, whilst 45,259 marks, or 2,262*l.* 19*s.*, were earned by the sale of articles manufactured by the colonists. The entire income of the colony for the year 1889-90 was 232,526 marks, or 11,626*l.*, whilst the outgoings amounted to 230,562 marks, or 11,528*l.*, leaving a balance to credit of 1,964 marks, or 98*l.* It should be mentioned that last year witnessed an extraordinary expenditure: viz. repayment of loans, 34,406 marks, or 1,720*l.*, and additional buildings, 40,000 marks, or 2,000*l.* Total marks—74,406, or 3,720*l.* It will be seen, therefore, that if it had not been for this extra expenditure, a much larger sum would have fallen to have been placed to credit.

The following are the principal industries carried on in the colony, with the amounts earned in the year 1889-90:—

	Marks	£
1. Articles made out of straw, such as covers for wine bottles, bothouse blinds, mats, &c. . . . .	10,487	524
2. Carpentry . . . . .	11,782	589
3. Brooms and brushes of various kinds . . . . .	18,021	901
4. Cane-work, mats, &c. . . . .	2,156	107
5. Bookbinding . . . . .	19	1
6. Smaller industries . . . . .	2,791	139

In addition to the articles sold (and it may here be mentioned that the Emperor's palace is supplied with brooms and brushes made in the colony), all the work of the establishment is as far as possible carried out by the inmates, who this year have been busily employed in fitting up new buildings which have lately been erected for the accommodation of an extra number of colonists. The following list of

the occupations previously followed by the applicants for admission into the colony, as given by themselves on entry, is of interest.

*List of the occupations of men who have stayed for a longer or a shorter time in the Berlin Labour Colony between the 1st of May, 1889, and the 1st of May, 1890.*

Shopkeepers . . . . .	82	Musical instrument players . . . . .	2
Labourers . . . . .	69	Smiths . . . . .	2
Carpenters . . . . .	34	Screw makers . . . . .	2
Clerks . . . . .	22	Telegraph clerks . . . . .	2
Waiters . . . . .	18	Cloth cutters . . . . .	2
Tailors . . . . .	17	Architect . . . . .	1
Bakers . . . . .	16	Cloth dresser . . . . .	1
Locksmiths . . . . .	11	Sculptor . . . . .	1
Shoemakers . . . . .	10	Brewer's man . . . . .	1
Weavers . . . . .	9	Bookseller . . . . .	1
Chemists . . . . .	9	Well sinker . . . . .	1
Painters . . . . .	9	Miner . . . . .	1
Bookbinders . . . . .	7	Medical student . . . . .	1
Barbers . . . . .	7	Student of philosophy . . . . .	1
Teachers . . . . .	7	Chemist . . . . .	1
Brushmakers . . . . .	6	Wire polisher . . . . .	1
Turners . . . . .	6	Wire weaver . . . . .	1
Saddlers . . . . .	6	Ivory carver . . . . .	1
Upholsterers . . . . .	6	File cutter . . . . .	1
Gardeners . . . . .	5	Moulder . . . . .	1
Beltmakers . . . . .		Gold melter . . . . .	1
Landowners . . . . .		Publican . . . . .	1
Carpenters . . . . .		Lawyer . . . . .	1
Watchmakers . . . . .		Box maker . . . . .	1
Photographers . . . . .		Cadet . . . . .	1
Government officials		Pupil teacher . . . . .	1
Printers . . . . .		Landscape painter . . . . .	1
Coopers . . . . .		Sailor . . . . .	1
Theological students . . . . .	3	Miller . . . . .	1
Domestic servants . . . . .	3	Metal polisher . . . . .	1
Cooks . . . . .	3	Pin maker . . . . .	1
Masons . . . . .	3	Organ builder . . . . .	1
Potters . . . . .	3	Student . . . . .	1
Postmen . . . . .	2	China polisher . . . . .	1
Butchers . . . . .	2	Principal of a school . . . . .	1
Hatmakers . . . . .	2	Silk weaver . . . . .	1
Engineers . . . . .	2	Chimney-sweep . . . . .	1
Instrument makers . . . . .	2	Compositor . . . . .	1
Tinkers . . . . .	2	Actor . . . . .	1
Male nurses . . . . .	2	Stocking weaver . . . . .	1
Furriers . . . . .	2	Soap boiler . . . . .	1
Coachmen . . . . .	2	Silversmith . . . . .	1
Tanners . . . . .	2	Fisherman . . . . .	1
Lithographers . . . . .	2	Cloth weaver . . . . .	1
Mechanicians . . . . .	2		
		Total	475

It shows that all sections of the community contribute their quota to the army of social failures, and that it is an error to suppose that these are solely, or even principally, recruited from the labouring class.

I was assured by Herr Onasch, the Director of Pastor Diestelkamp's colony, that he is persuaded a large number who assert on entry that they are labourers, have in reality sunk in the social scale, and are ashamed to confess the fact, and that therefore to obtain a just estimate of the proportions contributed by different trades or social strata to the ranks of the unemployed, at least one-third, if not two-thirds, must be deducted from the number of those entering themselves as labourers.

It would probably be no exaggeration to say that the vast majority of the above 475 were the black sheep of their respective families, and that except for idleness, extravagance, or vice, they need never have been so reduced as to present themselves for admission at the door of the colony; and yet they must be considered as the *élite* of the black-sheep brigade, for it is now well known throughout Germany that no one need apply to a Labour Colony for assistance who is not prepared to work hard for his food, lodging, and pay. The majority of these men were evidently tired of the miserable life of idleness, vice, and dissipation which had reduced them to their present condition (some had already attempted to commit suicide), and were anxious to find their way once more back into the ranks of honest, industrious citizens. It is most satisfactory, therefore, to hear from the director of the institution that no small proportion of them have been reclaimed to society, and to their friends by the assistance, discipline, and training, combined with Christian treatment, received during their stay in the colony. Herein, to my mind, lies the superiority of the German Labour Colony over the English casual ward, for I doubt much whether a single individual has ever been morally regenerated by acquaintance with the interior of the latter.

Life in the colony is a busy one. Every moment has to be accounted for. It will assist us to understand the working of Pastor Diestelkamp's system if, in imagination, we pass a day with the inmates and see how they spend their time. Punctually at 5 A.M. the great bell suspended in the large dormitory is rung. Every colonist rises on the instant, washes himself, dresses, makes his bed, and on the first stroke of a second large bell in the courtyard proceeds straight to the workshops. A few moments later, and these ring with sounds of hammering and of sawing. In the kitchen the cook and his colonist assistants are busy preparing breakfast. In the office the accountant and his clerks are at work drawing up the morning's report. At 6 A.M. the courtyard bell summons the workers to the dining-room, where a nourishing breakfast of thick soup and bread is served. At 6.30 the manager enters the room. All present rise and wish him 'Good morning!' which greeting he returns. A hymn is then sung, and the Apostles' Creed repeated aloud by all, with the exception of Jews if any are present. The manager then offers up a short extempore prayer. Bibles are opened, and each

man in turn reads a verse out of the chapter of the day, which is afterwards briefly explained by the manager. The service is concluded by all repeating the Lord's Prayer aloud. A list of the colonists and the daily report is then handed to the manager, who, after exchanging a few friendly words, and shaking hands with those nearest him, leads the way to the workshops, where labour is recommenced under the direction of the foremen. One assistant has entire charge of the workrooms, and another of the kitchen, larder, bedrooms, sick-room, garden, and courtyard. From 9.30 to 9.45 the men break off, and two slices of bread and dripping are served out. At noon the bell rings for dinner and an hour's rest. During that time the colonists are allowed to read and smoke. At 1 P.M. work recommences, and continues until 4 P.M., when a quarter of an hour's rest is allowed, and the cook and his assistants bring in bread and coffee. On five days of the week work continues until 7 P.M., but on Saturdays the workshops are closed at 5 P.M., and the colonists have two good hours for patching, darning, and cleaning their clothes. From 7 P.M. to 9 P.M. the time is occupied with supper, recreation, and evening prayers. By 9.30 P.M. all must be in bed. Thus ends a busy day. The men are thoroughly weary with their work, and sleep soundly during the seven and a half hours set apart for rest.

On Sundays the colony presents an entirely different aspect. The workshops are closed, the noise of weekday labour is stilled. Those colonists who possess a decent suit of clothes are permitted, under the supervision of officials, to attend Divine Service in the churches and chapels of the religious denominations to which they belong. The remainder take part in a service at home conducted by the manager. Between 6 and 7 P.M. there is an evening service in the colony, which all, including the officials, must attend. A pleasant hour is spent between 8 and 9 P.M. in the dining-room, when the manager, his family, the officials, and sometimes old colonists, take tea with the inmates, and pass the time singing hymns, patriotic songs, &c., accompanied by music on the violin and harmonium. Often the more cultivated colonists recite on these occasions poems of a serious or amusing character. These poems are generally taken from the national school books. A brief service brings the Sunday to a close.

It is, of course, impossible to say exactly what permanent influence is exercised by the colony on the characters of the men who pass through its discipline. It is satisfactory, however, to hear that the police entertain a high opinion of the good which has resulted from Pastor Diestelkamp's work amongst the unemployed. A certain number of the men who have passed through his hands keep up their connection with the place by correspondence or by Sunday evening visits. Last year three men who had for years deserted their families returned to their homes; several who for a long time had had no communication

with their parents wrote and asked pardon for their misconduct, and were forgiven; and others who had quarrelled with their brothers and sisters were reconciled to them. One who had been in the colony, and had since obtained a good situation, brought his bride to introduce her to the director, and became a subscriber; a second sent some cigars as a present to the institution at Christmas, and a third gave a donation, proving that at all events in these cases the kindness received had not been thrown away.

The rapidity with which Labour Colonies have spread through Germany shows that public opinion in that country is persuaded that these institutions have proved themselves to be effective sieves, by means of which the honest, industrious man, driven by misfortune to seek work, can be distinguished and separated from the idle, vicious vagabond, who shuns all labour, lives upon the ignorance and soft-heartedness of society, and who by constant fraud and deception hardens the heart of the public, closes its purse, and is the enemy of both rich and poor.

The public conscience is so thoroughly alive to its duties towards these unfortunate classes, that we may rest assured this particular method of dealing with them, which has proved so successful in Germany, will not continue to be much longer neglected in this country.

MEATH.

## MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE LABOUR COLONIES FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER 1889.

Name and Date of Opening of the Colony.	Received		Arrivals										Departures																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
	Since opening		In this month		Ages						Family circumstances.				Religion		Total	In this month	Through the Colony	Self-obtained	Within four months	Through bad conduct	Returned home	At own desire	Incapacity for work	At the request of officials	Abandoned	Died																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																								
	Under 20	Up to 30	Up to 40	Up to 50	Up to 60	Over 60	Unmarried	Married	Separated	Widowers	Devo. civil	Protestant	Catholic	Jewish																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																						
1. Wilhelmshof. March 22, 1882 . . .	200	5,087	66	3	12	24	18	5	4	51	2	3	9	1	61	15	—	139	4,949	28	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	

\* A twenty-second colony has lately been established at Friedrich-Wilhelmshof near Bremerhaven



## *THE NEW ORFEO: AN APPRECIATION.*

THERE are two operas, now seldom put upon the English stage, mainly because they require singers of rare intellectual power to do justice to the principal parts, and perhaps in some minor degree because no great scenic effects, such as are supposed by the less astute managers to account for the success of Wagner's operas, are called for in their production. Yet nowhere in the range of art are greater masterpieces to be found, having regard of course to the state of development attained by the musical drama of their day. To the historian of public events the interval of forty-three years which passed between the production of Gluck's *Orfeo* and that of Beethoven's *Fidelio* is not a very long time, but in the history of music it is of great importance. The latest born of the arts has made up for lost time by rapidity of growth, and between 1762 and 1805 the changes in musical taste were even more radical than those which took place in social conventions. Yet in spite of this the two works, both of which, by a curious coincidence, saw the light in Vienna, have so many points of close resemblance that we are justified in thinking of them together. The plot of the one is exactly the converse of the other, and the sub-title of *Fidelio*, 'Die eheliche Liebe,' might with equal justice serve for *Orfeo*. In both the rescue of the beloved one is on the point of failing; the story of Orpheus has indeed a certain tragic element in it, for the husband's exploit is actually made of no effect by the mere strength of his love, and his powerlessness to obey the condition imposed by the rulers of the dead; were it not that Love intervenes, and miraculously restores the wife who has sunk at her husband's feet, slain again by his glance, the happy end could not be brought about. In *Fidelio* the entry of the *deus ex machina* is effected only just in time, but the wife's achievement is not unavailing.

As in *Orfeo* all is lost if the poet looks at his wife, so Leonora must not declare herself to Florestan, and though there is nothing in the earlier opera to correspond to the unspeakably pathetic incident of the 'Stückchen Brod' in the later, the emotions stirred are the same in both works. The fact that these emotions are among the highest that can be excited in the human mind, is but another link between the operas, and in the opinion of many susceptible persons,



it removes them far above all other musical dramas of whatever age. No parallel exists to the scene in which Orpheus seeks for Eurydice among the shades, except that in which Leonora examines the faces of the prisoners among whom she hopes to find her husband. The two works stand alone in yet another respect; that both of them have absolute dramatic truth as well as perfect musical beauty. Putting aside the works of Wagner, or the later composers who have followed his reforms, of what other opera can as much be said? As the principal parts in both do not differ very widely in range or character, there is a hope that when a perfect exponent of the one is found, her performance of the other character will not leave much to be desired. For the singer of whose remarkable interpretation of Orfeo a description is attempted in the following pages, it is safe to predict an equal success as Leonora.

Most fortunately, as it turned out, the 'puff preliminary' of the sisters Ravogli, two Italian ladies one of whom was said to have achieved success in Gluck's great work, had not been overdone, so that when they appeared, on the first night of the autumn season at Covent Garden, in the principal parts in *Aida*, the audience felt no unusual degree of disappointment on finding their voices a little overweighted by the large theatre. Sofia, the soprano, has a fairly well-trained voice, not of large volume or compass; she has several faults, notably in connection with her breathing, which some flippant persons declared to be more audible than her singing; though evidently accustomed to the stage she displays no extraordinary gifts as an actress. Giulia, the other sister, has a mezzo-soprano voice of very characteristic quality, of large extent and far more powerful than her sister's; it is delightfully sympathetic and sweet in tone, and her method of production is that of the great Italian school, though in florid passages her enunciation is by no means perfect, and she does not seem able to sing rapid scales smoothly. Both singers have a fine stage presence, but Mlle. Giulia's bearing is wonderfully dignified, and on her second appearance, as the page in *Les Huguenots*, she was found to possess the rare power of wearing male attire with no want of ease or grace, and as if she had never worn any other form of costume. With each appearance she gained confidence and the power of making her voice 'tell,' and therefore deepened the impression produced upon those who heard her. Just at the right moment for her success, on the 6th of November, the promised revival of *Orfeo* was given. Had the production been longer delayed, the public would have become accustomed to seeing Mlle. Ravogli in subordinate parts, and have gathered that she was fit for nothing else; had it come earlier than it did in the series of performances, public interest would scarcely have been aroused to such an extent as to bring together representative musicians of all classes, whose verdict is worth at least as much as that of professional critics.

Even at the beginning of the overture, it was evident that the band meant to do all that was possible to make the opera a success. Care was taken that Gluck's lovely music should lose nothing in the hands of the players, and though the composer's score was occasionally added to, the result was not in any way offensive or obtrusive. It need hardly be said that the French version of the score was used, as it always should be when the work is performed in a large theatre.

All hopes that the tasteful grouping and artistic costumes of a recent performance of great beauty and perfection of detail given at Cambridge in the spring, would be imitated in London, were at once dashed to the ground on the rising of the curtain. A chorus dressed in the conventional fashion which, many years ago, used to be contentedly accepted as 'Greek,' surrounded, or rather flanked in two stiff rows, a square canvas structure inscribed in gigantic letters running diagonally across its front, 'EURIDICE.' Tawdry artificial flowers embellished this apology for a tomb, beside which there stood a figure no more correctly attired than the choristers, but impressing every person in the theatre by the beauty of its pose and the expression of heart-felt grief in the face. A lyre of hideous shape, 'richly gilt,' in auctioneer's phrase, informed the less discerning portion of the audience that this was Orpheus, even without the help of those wailing utterances 'Euridice!' in which Gluck has used the simplest and most direct means of expressing the sorrow of his hero. The exquisitely sympathetic quality of Mlle. Ravogli's voice as she uttered the plaintive phrases by which the chorus is interrupted, and her wonderful facial expression, at once convinced all her hearers that the actress's previous efforts would be far surpassed by what was coming. The first scene is one of immense difficulty from the dramatic point of view, for Orpheus must wear the same expression, and must perforce repeat many of the same gestures, during no fewer than eleven musical 'numbers,' including recitatives and the repetitions of the lovely air in F major, in the course of which Gluck's curiously naïve imitation of an echo occurs. The singer succeeded in maintaining the reality of her interpretation throughout, and whether in the passion of grief or in the more lyrical lament, her performance carried conviction to all who saw it. The entry of Love, personified by a clever young Danish singer, Mlle. Otta Brony, who has a bright pure voice, undefiled by the common fault of the *vibrato*, leads to the splendidly dramatic recitative 'Che disse?' in which the disconsolate husband, now filled with a joyful wonder, resolves to try the adventure of regaining his lost Eurydice. As a dramatic close to the act, this recitative, followed, as it is in Gluck's score, by rushing passages for the strings, is unrivalled; Wagner himself has not had a happier inspiration. The conventions of the operatic stage, however, were too strong to be overcome by one stroke, even of the highest genius; and the regular patrons of

the opera would nowadays be as much scandalised by a recitative without an air to follow it as were their ancestors. Therefore, as on many former revivals of the work, the *bravura* air which was the only meritorious portion of a certain opera by one Bertoni, was interpolated. At once Orpheus became an opera-singer again; the inevitable feeling of anticlimax was produced; and criticism again came to the front and found Mlle. Ravogli's execution of rapid passages a good deal less perfect than her delivery of simpler and more expressive strains. A cadenza, originally written for Mme. Viardot, was introduced at the close of the air, in which the compass of Mlle. Ravogli's voice was displayed, to the amazement of the audience, who could scarcely believe the evidence of their senses when the singer attacked a high C without the smallest effort, producing a note of precisely the same *timbre* with the rest of her voice, and of the true mezzo-soprano quality. A certain amount of dramatic propriety was restored by the cadenza, which had little affinity with the stereotyped aria to which it was appended. When, in answer to the rapturous applause which greeted the close of the act, the singer came before the curtain, her unaffected gestures indicated that she took her reception by no means as a matter of course.

After so brilliant an opening, a comfortable certainty spread itself through the house that all the more effective and dramatic parts of the opera would be at least as well done as the opening, which contains all the difficulties and few of the amenities of the part. The chorus of Furies at the beginning of the second act was one of the most picturesque portions of the Cambridge performance. Grey figures, indistinctly seen in the dim light, flitted across the stage and, by keeping up an unceasing motion, made it impossible for the eye to dwell upon details that might otherwise have provoked mirth or disapproval on archæological grounds; the amateur singers threw themselves heart and soul into the music of the scene, and thus gave it a rare degree of vitality and force. In a London opera-house the brilliant lighting of the auditorium is seldom dispensed with; therefore, even when the stage is darkened, every figure in the chorus is still clearly seen, more especially when, in accordance with the traditions of their class, they express rage and emotion of all kinds by the simple process of standing perfectly still. The *figurants*, male and female, who were probably employed in order to give some animation, were, with some few exceptions in the male department, quite absurd in costume and demeanour. It is, no doubt, difficult to design accurate dresses for this act, but red cloaks with hoods and crutch-handled sticks are not particularly suggestive of Greece. At once the choral strains and the triple bark of Cerberus—another instance of Gluck's quaint realism—cease as, amid the rocks high up on the right of the scene, a form appears which not

even the limelight can make vulgar. As one absorbed in the music of his lyre, by which he hopes to move the infernal powers, Orpheus advances towards the Furies, playing with rapt mien, in earnest yet dignified supplication. 'Deh! placatevi con me,' he begins, and at first is interrupted by those solemn reiterations of the single word 'No!' which make this number one of the most stirring in all music. That the prompter's voice is too distinctly audible before each utterance of the chorus; that the singers are, without exception, absurdly dressed; that the intonation of the choir is by no means faultless—such drawbacks are all forgotten in the overwhelming force and intensity with which the principal part is sung. With a chorus really able to give expression to the meaning of the situation, the conflicting emotions of the Orpheus would be realised; even in the present surroundings, much was made of the scene by Mlle. Ravogli, who seemed as if doubtful of the effect of music upon the weird guardians of the gate, even while gradually calming them by its potent spell. The impetuosity with which she ran out at the instant when the Furies became appeased was a triumph of dramatic art. There was no waiting at the back of the stage to make a gesture or form an effective tableau; the singer was too much in earnest for that, and simply darted away at the top of her speed. Just before this point, by a happy inspiration, and with a certain antique simplicity of gesture, Orpheus mutely apostrophised his lyre, as if owning the power of music to calm even the messengers and ministrants of death. The music of the dance of Furies with which the act closes was so well played that the ludicrous inefficiency of the *corps de ballet* was hardly perceived. By dint of a good deal of red fire, and the conventional poses of the *première danseuse*, the act was brought to a conclusion in such a manner as to eradicate as far as might be the effect produced by the chief singer. But the worst exhibition in the way of mounting and accessories was yet to come. Possibly the ballet costumier had read a certain strange production that has lately appeared, in which souls are proved, to the author's satisfaction, to have visible shapes and contours, and in which the possession of a 'blue soul' is stated to be the attainment of a few individuals of high sanctity. For this, or for some other reason, the saltatory representatives of the happy spirits in the Elysian fields were attired in blue skirts of the usual stiff material, while the male part of the chorus were, for some mysterious purpose, clad in Roman armour. The part of Eurydice, even when enriched by the addition of the lovely song 'E quest' asilo ameno,' originally allotted to one of the blessed spirits, makes no great demands upon histrionic skill, and in this respect Mlle. Sofia Ravogli did all that was required. Her singing of the number just mentioned was agreeable enough, but it did not make much impression; all the

beauty of the succeeding air in C major, in which Orpheus expresses his wonder at all that he sees, and which gradually loses its lyrical calm as the remembrance of his mission comes across him, was brought out by Mlle. Giulia, who, nevertheless, produced her most profound effect in the scenes next following, where Orpheus seeks vainly among the shades for Eurydice. Twice he imagines he has found her; and the play of feature at each successive disappointment held the audience spellbound, although the two dancers whose features and hands are touched by Orpheus managed during the process to look precisely like very badly made Dutch dolls. At last Eurydice is led forward in a kind of mesmeric trance, all unaware of her husband's presence; her left hand is placed on the right shoulder of Orpheus. There is no need for him to pass his hands over her face; he knows it is Eurydice, and the light in his face tells us that he knows it, as, with expressive gesture, he draws her hand round his neck to the other shoulder, that he may embrace her without breaking the awful condition which denies him the sight of her. Shrouding her in his long cloak, the archæological incorrectness of which thus receives its strongest excuse, he leads her away. An instant passes after the fall of the curtain before the storms of applause burst forth, and signs are not wanting that a tribute more precious than flowers—the sympathetic tears of many of the audience—has been paid to a consummate artist.

The poet's hardest task lies before him, and in the next scene his heart is wrung by Eurydice's growing complaints of his indifference. Will she not divine the truth, and bear his averted gaze until the appointed time shall come? After two melodious duets, her lamentations begin again, and with the words, 'No! sposa, ascolta, se sapessi,' Orpheus rushes towards her, but checks himself—'Ah! che fò?' The little cry uttered by Mlle. Ravogli at this point was a detail which wrought its full effect, and prepared with the utmost success for the supreme moment at which the lover can no longer be restrained from gazing his fill at the recovered one. It cannot but seem strange that Gluck, with his wonderful feeling for dramatic propriety, should have chosen this climax for the introduction of the most lyrical song in the opera, the immortal 'Che farò?' but what is an insuperable difficulty to inferior artists, the placid delivery of this lovely strain at the most exciting moment of the play, is an opportunity for a great singer, and accordingly Mlle. Ravogli succeeded in singing it with perfect smoothness and repose, yet without ever losing her hold on dramatic truth. The result is due in great measure to the sympathetic *timbre* of the voice, and the expression given by her gestures and play of features. The action was as usual interrupted by an inevitable encore and the repetition of the song. It was pretty to see Mlle. Ravogli place upon the still form of Eurydice the single bouquet, one of very modest proportions, that was thrown to her. The lovely little passage in A flat in the

last recitative, just before the entry of Love and the restoration of the inanimate wife, was delivered with exquisite feeling. Perhaps the greatest blot on the performance as a whole was the arrangement of scenery by which it was made to appear that Love conducted the lovers, not to his own temple, according to the stage directions, but back to the Elysian fields, where the 'blue souls,' the Roman soldiers, and the other happy spirits, were again discovered, precisely as they were in the former scene.

Perhaps for the first time in our generation it was felt that the glorious impersonation of the principal character more than made up for all the ludicrous shortcomings in the accessory arrangements, and that the force and beauty of Mlle. Ravogli's acting and singing were enough to carry all her hearers away. Her voice may not be the perfect organ that we English are wont to erect into a fetish; the effect made by it is due less to its own beauties than to the rare gifts by which it is accompanied. At the same time, its freedom from glaring defects and bad habits is, of course, of the greatest possible advantage. Wonder has been expressed in some quarters that the sisters had never visited England before. This very tardiness, however, may have the effect of enhancing the success of Mlle. Giulia, whose maturity of style, nobility of action, and perfect ease in walking the stage, have probably been more successfully acquired in the safe obscurity of the Italian theatres, than could have been the case in a London experience.

It is beyond dispute that the new Orfeo belongs to the class of great Italian singers, whose line at one time seemed threatened with extinction. To find her peers, one has to go back to such illustrious names as Grisi, Alboni, Viardot. She has been justly described as a more poetic artist than the first, and she undoubtedly surpasses the second in dramatic gifts as much as she does the third in actual beauty of person and voice. Even the tiresome persons whose inconvenient memories of the 'palmy days' of the opera are a thorn in the sides of opera-goers of a younger generation, were obliged to admit Mlle. Ravogli's greatness, and it is only fair to say that they did so with less reluctance than might have been anticipated.

J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

*THE JEW AS A WORKMAN.*

THE renewed outburst of persecution, by which during the last few months the Jewish subjects of Russia have been assailed, has aroused in this country feelings of the deepest indignation—feelings in the expression of which Englishmen of every shade of religious belief and of all political parties have united. In terms of no superfluous politeness we have been told not to make ourselves ridiculous, but to mind our own business. But this question of the persecution of the Jews in Russia is emphatically our business. Experience has taught us that every fresh outburst of persecution in Russia is the signal for the departure to our own hospitable shores of large numbers of Jews whose existence in Russia has become, or threatens from day to day to become, one of absolutely intolerable hardship. For many of these exiles England is, no doubt, but a halfway house on their way to more distant countries. It is, however, impossible to deny the fact that there exists in England at this moment a considerable body of Jewish immigrants, the sole cause of whose presence here is the cruel treatment inflicted upon the Jewish subjects of the Tsar; and it seems certain that, if the persecution shall follow unchecked its relentless course, our industrial population will receive a further and in all likelihood a somewhat numerous accession of this foreign element.

It may be said that, if England desires to remain unaffected by the consequences of this Russian persecution, all that we have to do is to erect a legal barrier which shall effectually dam the tide of immigration. Into the question whether legislation such as this would be consistent with the honour, and is required in the interest, of England, I shall not enter. Far be it from me, myself a member of the Jewish race, to say one word that might in any way encourage the British nation, for the first time in its glorious history, to shut the door in the face of the victims of persecution. No less removed from my intention would it be to allow myself, led away by my natural commiseration with the oppressed Jews of Russia, to offer a factious and disloyal opposition to any measure which may be proved to be requisite for the welfare of the land of my birth.

In the meantime the Jew is with us, a factor in our social, and above all in our industrial, life by no means devoid of special inter-

est for the thoughtful observer. The purpose of these pages is to present a faithful portrait of the Jewish workman, as he is to be found in London and in others of our great cities.

These Israelites are engaged in a not very wide range of employments; many are cigar-, more are cigarette-makers; some are cutters and polishers of diamonds; others manufacture sticks for walking-canes and umbrellas; Jewish cabinet- and chair-makers are numerous; but the vast majority are occupied in one department or another of the clothing industry—as tailors, furriers, water-proofers, and boot-makers. The fact that most of our Jewish artisans have devoted themselves to the fabrication of slop coats or to the inferior branches of the shoemaker's craft appears to be due rather to the special circumstances of these workpeople than to any idiosyncrasies characteristic of the Hebrew physique in general. Most of the Jews, who have come to this country, have done so in order to escape from oppression; and the persecution of centuries has left its mark upon the refugees, few of whom possess more than a very moderate degree of muscular vigour. But the narrow chests and limp limbs of these unfortunates are by no means a fair specimen of the build and bulk of the Jewish race. Except when his vitality has been impaired by hardships of every kind, the Jew is a man of, at the least, average physical qualifications. The long, lithe, stalwart coolies, employed as coal-heavers and for other very heavy work at Aden, are Israelites. The Beni-Israel supply our Indian army with some of its best soldiers. The name of Mendoza, the Jewish pugilist, is illustrious in the history of British sport. Many of us well remember the magnificent proportions of Sir Moses Montefiore, and can point out among our own contemporaries Hebrews of most creditable robustness. Still, the fact remains that a very large proportion of our Jewish immigrants have been men for whom any form of employment involving severe muscular exertion was impossible. A second reason determining their Hobson's choice of a calling has been the circumstance that very many of these people were almost, if not completely, devoid of proficiency in any trade. Now, the only opening for a man too weak to perform 'coarse' labour and unskilled in any craft is to be found in those forms of manufacture in which, as is especially the case in the clothing industries, a highly subdivided method of industry makes it possible, by allotting to the newly-arrived 'greener' some fraction of the work demanding an absolute *minimum* of competency, to use up the waste labour that would otherwise have to be rejected as wholly without value for the purposes of production. If these have been the considerations that originally determined the channels into which Jewish industry flowed, it must further be remembered that one great cause which has tended to keep it in these channels is the difficulty which the Jewish workman, debarred by his religion from working on the



seventh day, necessarily experiences in obtaining employment except from a master of the same persuasion.

Enough of theory: let us inspect these Jewish workpeople in the flesh. We cannot do better than book for Aldgate Station, and ask our way to Petticoat Lane, taking care to inquire for this classic thoroughfare by its modern appellation of Middlesex Street. In the immediate vicinity of this centre of Jewish working-class life, there is held, every Thursday and Friday, a market which, by reason of its extensive scale, as well as of the peculiarities of both purchasers and purchases, certainly deserves to be reckoned as one of the sights of London. The eye seeks in vain for a single face of the Anglo-Saxon type. The regular oval of the Sephardic countenance reminds you of those Latin nations among whom the ancestors of these 'Spanish and Portuguese' Jews dwelt in bygone days; here the flaming beard of an Ashkenaz recalls the Teuton; there the prominent cheek-bones and the peculiar set of the eyes, no less than the long coat and high boots, make one mistake for a moment yonder gaunt 'greener' for a full-blooded Slav; there is much that is very English about that young man who pushes through the dense crowd on his way to the Board-school close by, in which he is a teacher. But, look again! in the features of each and every one of these people we behold, proudly predominant over all minor accidents of physiognomy, the unmistakable stamp of the Israelite. Let us pick out the wife of one of the Jewish working men—the wig, by which the Jewess upon her marriage replaces her own hair, enables us to distinguish between the busy matron and the giddy girl upon gossip intent—and watch her catering. As we go the round of the barrows we are surprised, not only at the abundant supply of fish, but still more at its variety. In addition to sea-going members of the finny tribe, we remark that the boards groan beneath a display of roach, dace, pike, bream, perch, tench, and other fresh-water fish such as no other market in England can rival, the demand for these delicacies of the Jewish *cuisine* being so great that the ponds and canals of Holland are called upon to furnish tons upon tons to this Whitechapel emporium. No people in the world either appreciate the value of fish as food as much, or cook it as daintily, as do these Jewish housewives. Of many an elaborate banquet have I partaken at Greenwich; not unknown to me are the trout of the Wolfsbrunnen at Heidelberg *blau gesotten*; I have enjoyed *fogasch* at Pesth, *royans* at Bordeaux, sterlet at Moscow, pomphlet at Bombay, and blue-fish at Boston; but seldom have I tasted anything better than the stewed gurnet set before me one Passover Eve by the wife of a Jewish working man in Brick Lane. Another highly remarkable feature of this Jewish market is the great amount of poultry on sale. 'Wonderful people, these Jews!' said a Gentile tailor to me, as we passed a poorly-clad Jewess with a chicken under each arm; 'they will live for days

on bread and tea, but, when their Sabbath comes, nothing is good enough for them.'

While the Jews eat fish and poultry far more plentifully than our working men, their consumption of beef and mutton is decidedly smaller. However, what they lack in quantity they make up in quality. For not only does the pious Jew—and the Jewish working man is almost invariably pious—altogether abstain from many kinds of food, but if in the flesh of beast or of fowl there be but the most minute imperfection, that meat, too, is rejected as *trifesh*. It is not too much to say that the Jews are the most 'clean-feeding' set of people in the United Kingdom.

That the Jewish working man is, in all cases alike, absolutely cleanly in his habits cannot with truth be asserted. Perhaps the tidiest of any workmen's homes in the metropolis are those of the Dutch Jews. But the Russian Jew—when he first comes here—is often abominably filthy; because he is a Russian, of course, not because he is a Jew. For the importance of cleanliness has, from the days of Exodus onwards, been fully recognised by the Israelites; and forms the keynote of many observances enforced in the daily life, and regulating even the most intimate domestic relations, of these very Russian Jews. Advising any reader wishful further to pursue this subject to visit one of the 'special Jewish 'baths of purification' (*mikvoth*), I go on to add that a few years' residence in this country, under the vigilant inspection of the sanitary officer of the Jewish Board of Guardians, and with the earnest exhortations of the Jewish visiting clergy constantly poured into their ears, effects a marvellous improvement in the habits of the immigrants. As to the Jewish working man born and bred in England, I can honestly aver that he is in every respect as nice in his method of life as other subjects of her Majesty.

The most serious allegation made against the Jewish workman is his supposed willingness to work at a lower wage and for longer hours than the Gentile. The Jew who is working at fourpence per hour or less will almost invariably be found to be of foreign birth. Possessing in many cases, when he lands on our shores, little or no skill in any form of handicraft, he is, in order to learn a trade, forced to work, at first for his keep, and then for a few shillings a week. By-and-by his earnings increase, until they reach the level of those of our English casual labourers at the docks, of our chain- and nail-makers, of our Sheffield knife-blade-grinders, and so on. Very often the average wages received by the Jew of this type, taking one week with another, will, even when he has been here twenty years, amount to only fifteen shillings a week. The reason is not far to seek. In trades so greatly affected by seasonal variations and by spasmodic pressure of orders as are those in which most of these men are engaged, an income sufficient to support a family could not be earned

by so incompetent a worker, except by working, when the trade is busy, for from fourteen to eighteen hours or even more out of the twenty-four. A few years of a life like this reduce the Jewish immigrant, in many instances, to a chronic condition of drowsy stolidity, utterly incompatible with the maintenance of anything like a reasonable speed in working—an average English workman being able with ease to perform in ten hours a task which would occupy one of these prematurely effete foreigners for eighteen. These poor fellows, in short, begin by ruining their earning power by overwork; and find themselves compelled, without any approach to willingness, to go on year after year toiling for the most beggarly pittance during hours of the most cruel length.

At the same time, it is, unfortunately, necessary to remark that a vast multitude of workers boasting the purest British blood have, until now, been 'willing' to work, often at a very low wage, for fully fifteen or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Many thousands of our tramcar and omnibus conductors regularly, some hundreds of thousands of our shop assistants frequently, work as long as this. Many of the bicycle-makers at Coventry put in about fifteen hours a day during the summer. Very many makers of fancy shoes in East London—I speak of men engaged on goods of the better class, none of which are made by Jewish artisans—are accustomed in the height of the 'sew-round' season to work day after day from twelve to fourteen hours. It is a common thing for English 'hand-sewn' bootmakers to devote, during many days of many weeks, to this extremely exhausting labour twelve or thirteen hours; and I am acquainted with some craftsmen with 'a good seat of work' who spend at the bench little less time than this from year's end to year's end, only taking a day off now and again when 'dead beat.' Toil for toil, I doubt whether the British puddler, working all the year round his twelve-hours shift, can properly be considered to take much less out of himself than the average Jewish tailor or bootmaker, who very often works much longer hours, but who invariably has a good deal of 'slack time.' Still, although the difference between Jew and Gentile in this respect is, perhaps, sometimes exaggerated, there can be no doubt that some Jewish workmen overtax their energies to an extent unparalleled among any class of Gentile workers. Many Jewish tailors have been accustomed very frequently to work during short spells of pressure for fifteen, sixteen, or even a much greater number of hours with scarcely a moment's break. In the workshops of the Jewish boot-finishers, before the recent strike, the normal hours worked during many successive weeks on the first five days of the seven were no less than eighteen. In another branch (the making of the lowest class of shoes) I have been in places in which some of the men (generally the 'sweating-masters' themselves) habitually worked even longer than this. I knew one man—and his

is not an isolated case—who worked eighteen hours a day during half the year as a ‘sweatee’ in the ‘finishing,’ and some twenty as a ‘sweater’ in the ‘sew-round’ branch during the other half. ‘What do you do on the Sabbath?’ I asked him. ‘Sleep from Friday afternoon until Sunday morning,’ was his answer. Small wonder!

That overwork so seldom kills these Jewish artisans is indeed marvellous. That it stunts their physique, blunts their mental faculties, and is very often responsible for disease of a severe type, no one who has ever heard the hacking cough resound through the overcrowded dens in which so many of these unfortunate Jews work, or who has remarked that horrible deformity the ‘presser’s stoop,’ will for one moment deny. But, although the Jewish workman can by no means be said to defy the laws of health with impunity, yet, on the whole, I believe that the extremest degree of overwork is less fatal in its results upon the Jewish than upon any purely European physique—a fact which, like the comparative immunity enjoyed by Jews in periods of epidemic disease, is no doubt mainly attributable to that scrupulous observance of hygienic conditions in relation to their food and to other important matters, which has been already noticed, and to their exemplary temperance, alcoholic excess being almost unknown among the Jews.

Apart from the question of the number of hours that the Jew—when under the stern compulsion of hunger—can work without killing himself, does the Jew, when under no such compulsion, seek to grab more than his just share of ‘the lump of labour’? Does he, in fact, voluntarily choose to do a great deal more than a fair day’s work? This is, obviously, a question partly of pace, partly of hours. That the Jewish workman very strongly objects to being hustled over his work is certain. I remember a Jewish machinist who, when I first came across him in Whitechapel, was employed about three days in each week, working never less than fourteen hours, and often more, in the day, and whom, later on, I visited in Boston, where he was working five days out of seven, but not longer than ten hours on any day. Bitter were his complaints of the forcing of the pace in the American workshops. ‘They drive you so here; it is work, work, work. They give you no tea, and they won’t let you smoke!’ Decidedly the Jews hate ‘wet shirts’ every bit as much as do the Gentiles. On the other hand, I should hesitate to affirm that the average Jew is as near as are many Gentiles to the point, at which the ideal of an eight-hours day for all trades is realised as the one thing needful for the salvation of the working classes. Conversing with a party of West-end tailors and tailoresses, gathered round the festive board on a recent Jewish holiday, I turned the talk in the direction of wages. They had no complaints to make. A machinist, for instance, employed on piece-work was declared to have earned twelve shillings in ‘a day.’ ‘A day of how many hours?’ queried I; and when I

hinted that fourteen hours was a longer time than a self-respecting workman ought to crowd into his working-day, my hostess cried with unaffected earnestness, 'Surely fourteen hours is not too long a day for a man.' She put a wealth of sarcasm into her last word; the presser (who already had a poor opinion of me, because I had guessed his wages at 2*l.* per week—a sum very much below the mark) smiled his approbation of his mother-in-law's *dictum* and his contempt for my feeble criticism; and the young lady, who earns a guinea a week at button-holing and felling, looked up with a significant sparkle in her eye, which suggested to me that she, in common with many other workwomen, whether of Jewish blood or not, thinks none the worse of herself for occasionally taking work home after 'Factory Act hours.'

While I am inclined to admit that the Jewish workman is, in many cases, less unwilling to work long hours than his Gentile neighbours, the idea that the Jews are willing to work for an inadequate remuneration appears to me totally without foundation. Of course, the very unskilled workman, be he Jew or Gentile, is often, unfortunately, obliged to take whatever wages he can get, however low. But there are plenty of Jewish working men who possess a high degree of skill, and who insist upon receiving a rate of pay as high as that of the Gentile workers engaged in the same industry. It is all very well to sneer at the Jewish tailor because he has no skill with his needle, and cannot 'make a coat right out.' But these Jews are, as I heard a Gentile manufacturer call them, 'true artists with the machine,' and the pressers work marvels with the iron. As to the rate of remuneration prevalent in the Jewish workshops, no one acquainted with the facts will deny that the best class of Jewish workmen can earn quite as good money as the Gentile tailors in receipt of the full wages fixed by the 'log' of the Amalgamated Society. Indeed, it is in a large measure to the recognition of this fact that what little ill-feeling exists among our working classes in regard to the competition of Jewish labour is due. The Gentile workers are, as it were, sheep pastured in tolerably fat meadow lands; for years past they have been aware of the presence in their neighbourhood of a number of goats, which, in some manner peculiar to those animals, have managed to pick up a living among almost barren rocks. All this time the feeling of the sheep towards the goats has been one of more or less contemptuous indifference. Recently, however, the goats have been grazing lower and lower down the mountain. In fact, the pet pasturage of the sheep has been, to a certain extent, invaded; and, as is natural, a protest is raised.

Take the tailoring trade: it was only when the Gentile tailors found that the best West-end shops were beginning to get their coats made by Jews that the outcry against Jewish labour was heard. So long as the Jew confined himself to his true mission, which was

to clothe the British workman (including the British tailor) more cheaply and better than any other working man in the world, so long might the Jewish operative toil his fourteen hours a day without a word of reproach being uttered by his English compeer. Nor does the English bootmaker begrudge the Jew those wretched portions of the trade of which he has hitherto possessed the monopoly. Undisturbed by any word of envy may the poor 'greener' turn out shoes sold at one shilling per pair (wholesale), wherewith on festive occasions the factory girl may encase her shapely feet, or carpet slippers even lower in price, a boon and a blessing to the tired artisan. And if the English workers may keep in their hands the 'lasting' (the more skilled and better paid part of the work), the Jews are heartily welcome to the exclusive privilege of 'finishing' the inferior descriptions of boots of all kinds. In truth, the outcry against the competition of Jewish labour is, for the most part, an invention of the aristocratic friends of the British working man, whose own opinion in the matter is that 'live and let live' is not a bad rule to go by.

The chief objection to their Jewish fellow-workmen that has hitherto been taken by the leaders of the English industrial classes is the alleged incapacity of the Jews for trade combination. From this reproach, however, the Jews have of late years done much to redeem themselves. Of the development of trade-unionism among the Jewish tailors, who both in Leeds, in Manchester, and in London have struck for, and have obtained, not unimportant concessions, there is no need to speak; but the story of the organisation of the Jews in the metropolitan boot trade is, in some respects, so remarkable as to demand a brief exposition. The manner in which the work has been given out by the manufacturers to 'middlemen,' or 'sweaters,' who themselves employed subordinate workmen, is well known. Now, the absolutely unique feature of the recent trade-union movement among the Jews is that, for some three years past, the unions both of the sweaters and of the sweatees have been engaged in a combination having for its aim the abolition of the sweating system. The middlemen have conspired to effect the extinction of the middleman. In all the history of labour I know of no parallel to this singular fact. Why were these 'sweating-masters' so anxious to abandon their relatively lucrative position as small employers, and to relapse into the ranks of ordinary workmen? According to one of their leaders fear played an important part in determining their conduct. 'If,' he said to me, 'we were to take work out during the strike, our lives would not be safe.' I have no doubt that this was an argument used by the heads of the middlemen's union in order to obtain the concurrence of some of their own class in the course which the general body pursued. But, even if this fear of violence at the hands of the Gentile strikers had been well founded (which it was not), the avoidance of all danger might easily have been secured without any necessity for

that active participation in their own abolition, by which these sweating-masters made themselves conspicuous. It is a fact well worthy of attention that the only man arrested in this strike for intimidating 'blacklegs' was one of these Jewish middlemen. A second reason given to me for the action of the sweating-masters was their desire to avoid the stigma with which they found themselves branded by the public, by whom they were held up to scorn as the cause of that deplorable oppression of the workers upon which the sweating inquiry cast so lurid a light. Among the first of the trade-unions to subscribe to the strike fund, when the dockers, in that memorable August of 1889, declared war upon the sub-contractor, was that of these Jewish sweating-masters. I recollect a talk I had with the deputation that brought this donation to the dockers' committee at the Wade's Arms; and certainly these Jews seemed to me to entertain a hearty sympathy with the strikers, and to be, above all, anxious to win for themselves a reputation among the working classes as men loyal to the cause of labour. When, in April last, the great boot strike, in which some 10,000 men took part, broke out in East London, one of these sub-contractors went to the manufacturer by whom he was employed (also a Jew), and begged him to yield to the demand of the unions for the abolition of the sweating system. 'I am convinced, sir,' said this sweating-master to his employer, 'that the maintenance of the sweating system is *Chillul Hashem*—a disgrace to the ineffable name of the God of Israel. Now, I am determined that this disgrace shall no longer rest on my head: on yours be it, if our attempt to put down this system shall fail.' The strike succeeded; the manufacturers were forced to agree to provide workshops of their own, in which all the men should be in their own direct employment. It is beyond question that one factor, which largely contributed to secure this victory, was the good faith and energy of the Jewish sub-contractors.

Of the part played in this strike by the trade union of the 'sweatees' it remains to speak. From the first, in all the preliminary skirmishes, the Jewish journeymen had shown the most marvellous constancy; and when the final struggle began in earnest, the unsavoury purlieus of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green witnessed a sight strange indeed. At the rendezvous in Brick Lane there gathered together the most curious set of human beings that it has ever been my fortune to look upon—sallow, blear-eyed, stunted forms, clad in all manner of quaint varieties of the most piteous shabbiness. At mid-day these poor wretches fell in; their calico banners were proudly unfurled; their band struck up; and some six hundred members of the Jewish Journeymen's Union started on their march through the slums. Singly, in twos, and in threes—like the rats of Hamelin—from all sorts of cellars, garrets, and hutches, the finishers still at work came forth, and joined the ranks amid the cheers of their comrades, until, after a few days, no less.

than a thousand was the tale of the insurgents. The 100% which, with how great self-denial may be imagined, the members of this trade-union had scraped together out of their most meagre earnings was soon spent, the more so, since in its distribution they generously invited the non-unionist workmen to participate. The public was appealed to for funds with very trifling success. But the Jewish tradesmen supplied food on credit to the value of 200%. Towards the end of the strike, indeed, everything—cash and credit alike—was exhausted. Still, these Jews fought on with the courage of the Maccabees; fought on, and at last won. Possessing some little personal acquaintance with strikers and strikes in many trades, I declare without hesitation that a better stand was never made by any body of workmen than by these unjustly despised scions of the Jewish race.

One very great gain that must accrue to the Jews, over and above any merely material advantages, from their co-operation with their Gentile fellow-workers in the labour movement, is the opportunity which they will thus acquire of appreciating and of emulating the special good qualities with which the British workman is so richly endowed. At the same time the familiarity, which our working-men will obtain with the ethical characteristics of their Jewish neighbours, will—I venture to think—not be devoid of salutary effect. The Jew has his faults, of course. It is sometimes said that small reliance can be placed on the word of a Jew. But all manufacturers who employ Jews assert that, if a Jew promises you to get a piece of work finished by a given time, he never fails you. Saint Monday counts no Israelites among his devotees; nor, fond as they are of family festivals, have the Jews as yet adopted the quaint custom—not infrequently followed by working-men of otherwise steady habits—of ‘having a birthday’ about once a month. As a workman, in short, the Jew is thoroughly trustworthy. For my own part, though I am far from declaring that the Jew is under all circumstances absolutely without guile, I can only say that I have been security for loans granted by the Jewish Guardians to Jewish working-men times out of number, and never once have I been called upon to pay a penny under a guarantee. The worst case of imposition by a Jewish recipient of charitable assistance which I can recall shall be set forth in all its heinousness. A girl, out of work and destitute, obtained admission to a home for fallen women on the strength of a statement, which she made, distinctly implying that she had given birth to a child. However, as soon as the committee had found her a place as scullery-maid in the house of a benevolent Israelite, she confessed that the baby was a myth. ‘You see,’ she told her mistress, ‘if the kind ladies had known I was an honest woman, they would not have helped me.’ When the hare is hard pressed, he cannot be reckoned upon to run quite straight; and if it be a fact that the Jew, hounded down, as he has been for centuries,



and as, in the countries in which the bulk of the race resides, he still is, by the most merciless persecution, is not always quite straightforward, this fact is certainly not very surprising.

By far the most serious vice of the Jewish workman is his love of gambling. I have known a man earning a good deal over thirty shillings a week, and who might have earned much more if he had chosen, come to work without either coat or boots, having pawned these articles and gambled away the money. And now, having made a full and frank confession of Jewish sins, let me turn to the characteristic virtues of the Jewish workman. That the Jew is temperate, frugal, industrious, and law-abiding is matter of common knowledge. Nor is it in the self-regarding virtues alone that the Jew shines conspicuous. The kindness of the poor to the poor throughout our British working classes is so great that, if I praise the Jews in this respect, I must expressly disavow the intention of disparaging any other section of industrial society; but the generosity of Jew towards Jew almost transcends the bounds of credibility. Many poor Jews, I verily believe, do not know what it is to say 'No.' The applicant cries 'Help me! .It will be a *Mitzvah*' (a fulfilment of the Divine commands). That form of entreaty touches the heart of the Jew with irresistible force. So confidently may the result of an appeal like this be reckoned upon, that, when a foreigner applies to the Jewish Board of Guardians to be sent back to Russia (the Board's resources are somewhat heavily taxed in this matter of repatriation), it is a common thing to tell the man, whose journey will cost, say, three pounds, that if he will bring one pound next week, he will find his ticket ready; the man will have, perhaps, half-a-crown of his own; the balance he will, it is certain, have no difficulty in collecting from his neighbours—artisans very often earning but scanty wages, who probably have no sort of friendship or even acquaintance with the object of their bounty, and who comply with applications of a similar nature almost every week in their lives.

It would be an endless task to tell all I know in regard to the generosity of the Jewish workman; but for a single crowning instance space must be found. Among the sweating-masters in the boot-trade one was always pointed out by the sweatee class as the man who, by employing an unusually large 'team,' made out of the labour of these subordinates profits of exceptional dimensions. One fine day this prosperous slave-driver, having lost heavily at cards, made away with a large number of boots entrusted to him to get 'finished,' and then fled the country. He had been a leading spirit in the trade-union of the sweating-masters, but had behaved very badly indeed to them; and his fellow-sweaters altogether refused to help him. Help was badly wanted, especially for his family, whom he had left behind without a shilling. Then the case was taken in hand by—of all people in the world—the sweated journeymen! In fact, the

ringleaders of the revolt against the sweaters, which was then gradually ripening, were untiring in their activity on behalf of the wife of this their *quondam* most notable and notorious oppressor and of his children, to the relief of whose necessities these poor workmen contributed sums which, regard being had to the circumstances of the donors, can only be characterised as magnificent.

The high standard of morality prevalent among the Jews in regard to the relations between the sexes is universally admired. I have been in and out of the homes of the Jewish work-people for over fifteen years, and only once have I come across an illegitimate child. The mother was a widow, miserably poor, who had hitherto seemed to me an exemplary person; for, while she herself always looked half-starved and most insufficiently clad, she evidently expended upon her three chubby, rosy-cheeked children every farthing that she could lay hold of. Her confidential account of her fall was that she had, from sheer spite, thrown herself at the feet of an admirer of a female neighbour of hers, a woman against whom she had a long-standing grudge. Here the impulse of passion was altogether absent; and, speaking broadly, I am of opinion that Jewish work-people have their animal instincts well under control. They marry at an age which we may consider too early; but it must be borne in mind that the members of the Jewish race reach maturity while still very young. In most cases the consent of the ecclesiastical authorities is obtained prior to the nuptials, which are occasionally deferred in conformity with a hint from the Rabbis that the ardour of youthful affection is not, of itself, enough to 'keep a fire in the kitchen.' The Jewish husband is a model of faithfulness and consideration. However hard he may be forced to toil in order to 'make two ends meet,' it is seldom indeed that he will allow his wife to work, the rare exceptions being found in childless homes, or in those of the sweaters, the spouse of the larger sub-contractor occasionally assisting in the superintendence of the workers, while those of some of the smaller fry fill up the time that they can conveniently spare from their domestic duties and from the demands of neighbourly intercourse by doing odd jobs in the workshop. A few Jewish married women may do a little trouser-finishing: I never came across one; and, having for the last ten years been treasurer of the East London Tailoresses' Union, I have a somewhat extensive knowledge of the trade. Shirt-making, sack-making, and that last refuge of the destitute, match-box-making, all these wretchedly remunerated forms of industry in which the wives of so many of our unskilled labourers are engaged, are unknown in the homes of the Jews. Most of the Jewish girls, who are employed in factories and workshops, seem to me to be working chiefly for pocket-money, while waiting for their 'young men' to have got on in the world to the point which makes marriage prudent. The most vigorous attempts have been made to get these

Jewesses to join the Tailoresses' Trade Union ; they come to a meeting in sealskin jackets, with veritable flower-gardens on their heads, and with big lockets on their necks ; but when you urge them to contribute to out-of-work or sick funds they laugh. 'What will you do if you fall ill ?' said I to one of these merry maidens. 'My *Chosan* (*fiancé*) will give me things,' was all the answer I could get.

It must not be imagined that, because the daughters of Israel are petted and spoiled by their parents, any undue degree of freedom is accorded to them. Many girls belonging to our working-classes consider that, from the moment that they are earning money, they have a right to be treated as completely emancipated from parental control. But the young Jewess is expected to render to the domestic authorities a strict account of all her actions. It is, however, to the future of his male offspring that the Jewish workman devotes the largest share of anxious consideration. 'He, who does not teach his son a trade, virtually teaches him to steal,' says the Talmud ; and the first and last thought of the Jew is, how to find for his son a suitable occupation ; if possible, an occupation far more advantageous than his own. The consequence is that (as has already been observed) in the lowest forms of Jewish industry it is comparatively rare to find any but foreign-born workmen. There are, of course, many English-bred Jews in the tailoring trade ; but these will usually be found to be men who learned their trade thoroughly in early youth, and are now skilled workmen, earning a day-wage of from seven to ten shillings. As to the boot-finishers, I remember asking the members of the Strike Committee of the Jewish journeymen if any one of them was born in this country : they were all foreigners. The son of their chairman is as sturdy a little Englishman as can be found between the Land's End and John o' Groat's. He did well at the Chicksand Street Board School, and says he intends to enter the Civil Service. The secretary of this trade-union has to support a wife and seven children on sixteen shillings a week ; his eldest boy, educated at the excellent Jews' Free School in Bell Lane, is a clerk in a commercial house. I know of a poor fellow who earned a scanty living by attending prayers in Jewish families—it is usual to make up the number of the congregation to ten by employing very needy Israelites in this manner ; this *Minyan-man* had four sons, of whom one took his B.A. degree, and is a master at one of the most important Jewish schools in the metropolis, while his brothers occupy well-remunerated positions in the City. Instances almost without number could be given of similar circumstances, proving the extraordinary faculty, which the Jewish race possesses, of emerging scatheless and with renewed vigour from the most terrible adversity. Here, indeed, lies the true *cachet* of the Jewish nature. Consider what, unfortunately, is happening day by day in all our great cities. The craftsman or labourer, who comes up from the country, is stalwart, ruddy, muscular, 'sound

as a bell.' His son is, by comparison, a stunted, sallow weakling. His grandson is, too often, fit for nothing but to hold horses' heads outside public-houses. To all the deadly influences of town-life the Jewish workman, condemned to pass his days in the foetid atmosphere of a Ghetto, has been exposed for centuries. It may be that the strongest alone have survived. Certain it is that, overwork and underfeed them as you will, the Jews steadfastly decline, as a race, to degenerate. For the 'greener' in the sweating-den there might seem to be no hope; yet from the breast of the Jewish workman hope is never for a moment absent. For himself the future may have nothing in store save the same joyless monotony of never-ceasing toil. But upon his offspring the Jew firmly believes a brighter day will dawn; and in the fulness of this faith does he find comfort in his deepest tribulations. Obstinate optimism, invincible persistency, these are the distinguishing features of the Jew, in whatever rank of life we may find him; and in no type of Jew are these characteristics so clearly defined as in the Jewish workman.

DAVID F. SCHLOSS.

*VERT AND VENERY.*

OF all the pleasures that are associated with Englishmen, whether they belong to the class of country gentlemen or of prosperous commercial citizens, none is so peculiar and yet none so widespread in this country as the love of planting.

English scenery of that special type which we call homely, and of which we are proud as only to be found in England, is indeed the production of many centuries of that conservatism which has spared the picturesque timber, and of that affectionate regard for the future which has made men delight to spend their money in imprinting on the face of nature their own taste in trees and shrubs.

I know of no other country where the same taste producing like results has ever prevailed. In other countries men of opulent taste have laid out great gardens, and as in France squandered fortunes upon parterres and gravel paths; but in no other country in the world has it been the delight of almost every man, who is collecting however humble a fortune, if it is but of some hundreds annually, to make for himself a home where he can expend his spare cash in the making and planting of a garden. Nor does this love of planting belong to any single period of a man's life; it may be indeed said to spring eternal in the breast of Englishmen. Old men, who can never see except through the vision of imagination the effect of their planting, when once they are possessed with the love of trees plant as gaily, with all their life behind them, as if they were just treading on the threshold of manhood. Much of the secret of social contentment and of the domesticity of the middle class is due to so many sharing the feelings of an old writer, who, to use his own words, 'never had any other desire so strong and so like to covetousness as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and a large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them and study of nature—

And there, with no design beyond my wall, whole and entire to lie  
In no unactive ease and no unglorious poverty.'

In books and gardens thou hast placed aright  
 Things well which thou dost understand,  
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand  
 Thy noble, innocent delight.

It is not everyone who can fulfil an ideal such as Abraham Cowley depicted in regard to Evelyn. The cool, sequestered vale of life may become a selfish isolation; nor, indeed, as a rule, is the enjoyment of woods and gardens ever so keen or so appreciative as to those whose imagination is kept alive by an active life, and to whom the voices of nature are always speaking through the contrasts of town and country—on the one hand, the busy thoroughfares of business and of action, and on the other, the peaceful dwelling-places of reflection.

Of late years, and in ever-increasing force, the picturesque has acquired not only an increased hold on popular regard, but a distinct monetary value.

Tokenhouse Yard has learnt to respect beauty as a marketable commodity of rare price. The dull and dreary levels of heavy land that used to grow big turnips and heavy farmers have been beaten in the commercial contest by the still more dreary wastes of virgin soil across the seas, that pour their golden stores into the English market. On the other hand, land which is pleasantly wooded, and can develop views rather than roots, finds a smiling reception among the wealthy purchasers of English soil. Yet, to do our ancestors justice, it must be borne in mind that this love of woodland scenery, which I think may be said to be a special characteristic of Teutonic people, is to be found in many early English ballads. The opening stanzas of 'Robin Hood and the Monk' are redolent of chase and woodland—

In somer when the shawes be sheyne,  
 And leves be large and longe,  
 Hit is full mery in feyre foreste  
 To here the foulys song;  
 To se the dere draw to the dale,  
 And leve the hilles leo,  
 And shadow hem in the leves grene,  
 Vnder the grene-wode tre.

Or again, in a most rare and exquisite ballad entitled a *Musical Dreame*—

Now wend we home stout Robin Hood,  
 Leave we the woods behind us.  
 Love passions must not be withstood,  
 Love everywhere will find us.  
 livde in fiede and downe, and so did he;  
 I got me to the woods, love followed me.

These early ballads are like the children of nature, bright, joyous,

direct. We fancy them set to music and sung in merry and hearty choruses by groups of country girls and lads.

They seem to form a necessary and fitting part of the rural life that England enjoyed under good Queen Bess, when men fought hard, lived hard, and thought hard; when beliefs were clear and simple, when life was practical and earnest, and free from that sense of mysticism and of intangible regret that has come in modern times.

Poetry these early ballads were—poetry from several points of view, especially as the expression of a deep love for nature, but how different in their tone from the subjective language of Wordsworth :

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills and groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves.  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquished one delight,  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.

And what is that sway? It is always solemn, ay, even stamped with the presence of divinity.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Nature to the greatest of all nature's poets has, beyond all other agencies, the most searching power to awaken the eternities of existence :

To me the meanest flower that blows, can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth poured out the genius of his soul in the midst of the Lake country with its restless beauty of cloud, sunshine, and colour. Worshipping nature, his idol was always present to his eye. He could be constantly learning its moods and admiring its mysteries.

Others have not been as fortunate as Wordsworth—others have had no external forces to touch the imagination—and yet the imagination has been touched. Inspired, illuminated by that wondrous instinct, common to Teutonic people, it has evoked some of the noblest passages in literature.

That this love of nature is an instinct born in us of all time, is proved in the curious experience that it is not always out of the scenery, or in the midst of delightful scenery, that poetical inspiration is evoked. Some of the finest descriptions of nature have been given to us by men whose surroundings have been entirely different, and the influence of a pleasing English landscape, of those rich pasture lands and expanses of mild undulating country, the Warwickshire home of Shakespeare and of George Eliot, did not prevent the inspiration of the highest tragic genius. Coleridge,

though born amid the sunny orchards and sleepy hollows of Ottery St. Mary, has given us in the *Ancient Mariner* some of the finest and fiercest descriptions of nature's cruelty and man's despair. Goethe, though born in the town of Frankfort, with all the traditions and instincts, one would suppose, of a town lad, has drawn mountain scenes such as no mountain poet has ever surpassed; and, to turn to contemporary writers, the marvellous atmosphere of mediæval Rome, its concentration of influence and power, its admixture of great ambitions and purposes with the most debased and passionate play of human desires, has been described in the second volume of *John Inglesant*, with the graphic force of an Italian student, by a member of a Quaker family and a manufacturer living in Birmingham. Just as in the language of Virgil—

Some trees their birth to bounteous nature owe,  
For some without the pains of planting grow.  
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,  
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground.  
From the same principle the grey willows come,  
Herculean poplar and the tender broom,

so there are some men who have implanted in them the natural appreciation of trees and tree-craft, which others, who have lived among them, never possess.

In early times, when houses were built of wood and all the ships were made of wood, and when wood formed the fuel for cooking and warmth, the cultivation of timber and the prevention of its waste were the subjects of very severe laws. From the time of Edward the Fourth there were enacted many statutes for the planting, securing, cutting and ordering of woods, copses and underwoods. By an Act of Queen Elizabeth, timber of twenty-two years' growth was exempted for a longer period from the payment of tithe, 'to render it complete and more effectual to their improvement.'

In the seventeenth century no farmer was permitted, in the Duchy of Luxembourg, to fell a timber-tree without his being able to show that he had planted another, and a custom existed at that time around Frankfort, spoken of as inviolable, under which the young farmer, before he had leave to marry, was obliged to produce a certificate of his having set a number of walnut trees.

Under the law of Edward the Fourth, wood in parks forms the subject of special legislation. Cattle and colts were not allowed to graze the woods till four years after a fall; and, to prevent the destructive razing and converting of woods into pasture, no wood of two acres, and above two furlongs from the mansion house, could be interfered with. In parts of Germany, where a single tree was observed to be extraordinarily fertile—'a constant and plentiful mast bearer'—there were laws to prohibit its being felled without special leave; and, in England, owners of woods within chases were for-



bidden, to use the phraseology of the time, to cut down timber 'without view of officers.'

The iron industry, dependent then as it is now upon the neighbourhood of fuel for its manufacture, flourished in the Weald of Sussex on account of the extent and amount of oak timber. In order to protect the timber from the exorbitance and increase of devouring iron mills, there was a statute made by Queen Elizabeth which prohibited the converting of timber-trees into fuel for the use of iron mills, if the tree were of one foot square and growing within fourteen miles of the sea or the great rivers. The King of Spain took similar precautions in the royal woods near Bilboa. It is mentioned that he had sixteen times as many acres of coppice wood as were fit to be cut for fuel for the iron works in one year, and that when any particular portion of coppice wood was going to be felled, an officer would first mark for ship-timber certain trees to be spared. In Biscay, again, every proprietor, under a law which was severely enforced, planted three trees for every one which was cut down.

The Norman Conquest introduced into England a race of kings who loved the chase as a pastime.

Because pigs multiply so rapidly swine's flesh became, during the early stages of civilisation, the principal food of the common people. The fattening of hogs upon acorns was considered so important a branch of domestic economy during the seventh century that King Ina enacted the pannage laws for its regulation. The many admirers of Sir W. Scott will remember the description in *Ivanhoe* of Gurth, the swineherd of Cedric the Saxon, and up to within a recent period large droves of hogs were fattened every year upon the mast of the New Forest, and collected every night, by the sound of a horn, by the swineherds.

William the Conqueror, in his passion for sport and for turning the forests into hunting grounds, ordained statutes to restrict the poor from fattening their hogs in them—a grievance that John had to repeal at Runnymede.

The Duke of Brittany, in a grant to the monks of the abbey of Fors in Wensley Dale of pasturage and grass in the adjoining forest, expressly forbids them to use any mastiffs to drive away the wolves, which afforded good sport.

To such an extent was the protection of the king's sport carried, that it became a less penal offence to kill a man than a stag.

Around the death of Rufus there will always hang a shadow of mystery. Its secret lies buried in the gloomy seclusion of Canterton Glen. And yet that Rufus fell a victim to the anger of an oppressed people is very probable. The New Forest does not mean the newly planted forest, but rather that William appropriated for his own selfish amusements a great tract of Hampshire woodland, including the old forest and many acres of ground cleared by the Saxon hus-

bandmen, and placed this extended area under the restrictions of forestal laws.

A forest in the legal sense is the right of keeping, for the purpose of venery and hunting, the wild beasts and fowls of forest, chase, park, and warren in a certain territory of woody ground or pasture set apart for the purpose, with laws and officers of its own, established for protection of the game. Deer, rabbits, and the like may be lawfully kept by any person in an enclosed place if preserved as 'property,' but the right to keep up animals in a wild state for mere diversion has been claimed at all times, as a matter of prerogative, by the sovereign.

Though a forest is therefore generally and originally a royal possession, it is capable, as in the case of Leicester Forest, of being vested in a subject, and in that case the grantee would have the franchise of a forest to its full extent, with all the appropriate courts and officers. Again, a forest is a right which its owner may have either in his own lands or in the lands of another. In this respect the right of forest differs from a right of common. The rights of common, issuing out of the soil, cannot exist in the same man who is general owner of the soil itself, and are consequently rights—as was decided in the case of *Lloyd v. Earl Powis*—which a man can claim to exercise only *in alieno solo*. A forest, on the other hand, is an inheritance collateral to the ownership of the land, and may be claimed by a man either *in proprio solo* or *in alieno solo*.

Lastly, the owner of a forest has a qualified property in the wild animals of chase and venery there found, so long as they continue therein. No other person can lawfully take them within the precincts of the forest or chase them therefrom and take them in other ground. But if a wild animal strays from the forest, it was decided in the twelfth year of Henry the Eighth that it ceases to be the property of the owner of the forest franchise, and will belong to the first taker.

Under the laws of Canute, which were undoubtedly analogous to the ancient law of the Scandinavian continent, every freeholder had the right, provided he abstained from the king's forests, of sporting upon his own territories.

The Norman kings extended the limits of the ancient forests by encroachment on the lands of their subjects and laid out new ones, as Manwood tells us, without any regard to the rights of private property. Above all, they established a most barbarous system of forest law, under which the penalty for killing a stag or boar was loss of eyes, 'for,' says the Saxon Chronicle, 'William loved the great game as if he had been their father.'

The tyranny of the Norman kings necessitated the *Charta de Foresta*, 9 Henry the Third, by which many forests unlawfully made were disafforested, and many abuses were reformed in the forests that remained entire.

An attempt to revive the forest laws was made by Charles the First, and courts were held, according to Hallam, by the chief justice in eyre, for recovery of the King's forestal rights. The rebellion put a stop to this as to many other unconstitutional manœuvres, and, by an Act passed shortly after, the extent of the royal forests was fixed according to their boundaries in the twentieth year of James the First, and no place was hereafter to be accounted forest where forest courts had not been held within sixty years before the first year of the reign of Charles the First.

The jurisdiction of forest courts is confined to particular localities and instituted to redress particular injuries, viz. such as relate to the king's deer, to the herbage, and to the coverts in which the deer are lodged. These courts consist of the attachment, the regard, the swainmote, and the court of the chief justice in eyre.

The attachment was held before the verderers of the forest once in every forty days; its jurisdiction was confined to receiving the 'attachments' or presentments of the foresters and keepers and to their enrolment; it had no power to convict or to proceed to judgment.

The court of regard was holden every third year for the 'lawing and expeditation of mastiffs,' which is done by the cutting off the claws of the fore feet to prevent their running after the deer.

No other dogs but mastiffs could be thus lawed and expeditated. Formerly no other dogs, except by special grant, were permitted to be kept within the precincts of a forest. By a grant in the reign of Henry the Seventh the dogs of the abbot and 'holy men' of Beaulieu were protected from this ceremony.

The swainmote was, according to Manwood, as incident to a forest as 'a court of pie-powder is to a fair.' It was held thrice a year before the verderers as judges, assisted by the steward of the forest, and the jury was formed out of the '*sweins*' or freehold tenants of the forest. Its jurisdiction consisted in inquiring into the oppressions committed by the officers of the forest; it had power to convict and fine, but the conviction had to be afterwards certified under the seals of the jury to the court of the chief justice in eyre, for it could not itself proceed to judgment, not being a court of record, nor could it award execution, for that was reserved to the chief justice in eyre.

The justice court, or court of the chief justice in eyre, was the principal court of the forest, and had to be held before the chief itinerant judge or his deputy. At this court all pleas were finally decided, together with any claims of franchise, all liberties that may have been in dispute, and any privileges that may have been challenged within the confines of the forest. This court was the high court of appeal in the trial of presentments that were enrolled in the inferior courts of the forest. Persons tried before the swainmote could appeal for trial ere, and when convicted, the chief justice could issue his warrant

to the officers of the forest to apprehend the offenders. This court was held in every third year, and it appears that its proceedings could be removed by writ of error into the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster, in order to rectify any matter of law or even any maladministration of justice.

Few records of these courts remain, but those who may wish to pursue the matter into further detail will find an account of the two last: one in 1635, at which the Earl of Holland presided, is preserved in the Tower of London; and the last of all, before Vere, Earl of Oxford, just subsequent to the Restoration, is preserved in the Chapter House at Westminster.

In the charter 'de foresta' of Canute, granted at a Parliament held at Winchester in 1016, we find an allusion to the three sorts of trials that were formerly used in England, and which, very probably, were employed against those who had offended against the forest laws. The *Purgatio Ignis*, under which the accused party was adjudged innocent or guilty in proportion as he could endure to walk barefoot upon red-hot ploughshares, or to grasp a hot iron in his hand that sometimes weighed a pound, 'simplex ordelium,' or three pounds, 'triplex ordelium.' This pleasing ordeal was humorously reserved, as a privilege of the nobility. Grafton's *Chronicle* mentions that Emma, the mother of King Edward the Confessor, being adjudged guilty of the death of her son, was led blindfold by two men to pass over nine ploughshares red-hot, which she did barefoot without any hurt. The other two trials, for men of servile condition, were, on the whole, preferable. You were either thrown into a pond or river, and if you could hold your breath successfully under water for some time, you were acquitted; or you had to thrust your arm up to the shoulder in a vessel of hot water, and if you could manage to do this without much bodily hurt, you were pronounced innocent. These weird methods of justice went with unconscious irony by the name of 'judicium Dei.'

Forests (which, as distinct from chases, had particular laws proper to themselves alone, and could punish any offence within their boundaries, not by the common laws, but by the law of the forest) had become, as might not unnaturally be supposed, very offensive to popular opinion. Henry the Third, in the ninth year of his reign, was obliged in a charter 'de foresta' to reduce the severity of their laws, and to decree that, from henceforth, 'no man shall lose either life or member for killing our deer,' but that he should be subject to a heavy fine or a year's imprisonment. Forests were then what Scotch forests are now, the domain of deer, and not of woodcraft. The ancient charter of the forest speaks of the hart as 'ferus regalis,' and Bartholomæus, 'De Proprietatibus Rerum,' speaks of him as 'the most stately beast which goeth on the earth, having a majesty both in his gait and countenance.' The early customs of the time speak in lan-

guage of the same strain. Some were of opinion that, let the age of a stag be what it will, he could not be called a hart until he had been hunted by the king. On the other hand, any stag that was six years old seems generally to have been called a hart, and if he had been hunted by the king and escaped alive, called a hart royal. If, in hunting, a hart was driven out of the forest so far that he was not likely to return himself, then, because he had made such sport, the king would cause a proclamation to be made in all the towns and villages around that no person should kill, hunt, or hurt him, and would appoint certain foresters to look after him till he returned to the forest. Henceforth he was called a 'hart royal proclaimed.'

Among some ancient records that were kept in the tower of Nottingham Castle there is an account of how, in 1394, King Richard did chase a hart out of Sherwood Forest into Barnesdale in Yorkshire, and, because he could not recover him, he made proclamation at Tickill in Yorkshire, and at several other places thereabout, that no person should kill, hunt, or chase the hart. In the time of Henry the Sixth a man was indicted for killing a hart royal proclaimed, and exception was taken to it that it was not set forth where, or in what place, the proclamation was made.

Forests were looked upon, first and foremost, as the hunting-grounds of royal and noble persons. Lord Abergavenny had St. Leonard's forest in Sussex; the Duke of Buckingham had the forests of Brecknock-hay and Causellay; Lord North had the forests of Weybridge and Sapley; and, within their boundaries, they were able, after the same fashion as the king, to punish offenders by forest laws above and beyond the common law of the country. In early legal phraseology a forest is described as '*silva sacrosancta*'; and the derivation of 'forest' is given in a treatise of the forest laws, that was published about the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as '*fera*' and '*statio*.' Again, it is stated that a forest differs from other places, which have woods and coverts, in being 'privileged for wild beasts and fowls.' These wild beasts or fowls were specified. The hart, the hind, and the hare are beasts of the forest; the buck, the doe, and the fox are beasts of the chase; the hare, the coney, the pheasant and the partridge are beasts and fowls of warren. So late as the reign of James the First, all the judges of England were summoned by the king to confer upon the question of forests. It is curious to note the change from earlier times, how the timber has ceased to be the principal object, and the trouble and anxiety is centred on the preservation of the game. The first resolution of the judges ran as follows: 'That the justices in eyre and the king's officers in the forest have charge of venison, vert and green hue, for the maintenance and preservation of the king's game, and of all manner of trees'—mark: not for timber, but—'for covert, and browse and pannage;' but that when there was occasion to fell woods in the

forest, or timber for the king's use, it must be taken and sold by authority, under the great seal, by the view of the forester, that it might not be taken in places inconvenient for the game. Acting upon this resolution of the judges, the Lord Treasurer of England and the Court of Exchequer was forbidden to fell any woods or coppices within any of the king's parks, forests or chases, except at fit times and by the view of such as have charge of the game.

It is, as I have said above, in Scotland that the word 'forest' maintains its sporting signification. In England there are decreasingly few deer parks. In a favourite residential county like Hampshire you can count them on one hand, and the wild red deer remain only in what Jefferies happily describes as 'Red Deer Land,' on the borders of West Somerset and North Devon. It is in that corner of England, and there alone, that we see something of the old England of forest and of chase. There the knowledge of vert and venery is the common possession of the common people. Modern influences have so far left that country very little changed. They have not as yet permeated the minds of the people, with their quaint traditions and superstitions, but have rather as it were passed over the moorlands like a breath of wind that merely scatters the leaves in the golden woodlands of the westerling coombes.

The passion which the pursuit of the wild deer can engender is curiously portrayed in the minds of Scotch stalkers, with their quaint charm of manner and their innate reverence for a fine stag. He is, indeed, to them a sacrosanct animal, worthy of the highest consideration; nor, indeed, is this feeling inexplicable. The stag, as Richard Jefferies says, seems the natural owner of the woods and the broad slopes of heather. They belong to him, and he steps upon the sward in lordly mastership. The land is his and the hills, the sweet streams and rocky glens; he is infinitely more natural than the cattle and sheep that have strayed into his dominions. For some indefinable reason, although they too are, in reality, natural, when he is present, they look as if they had been put there and were kept there by artificial means. They do not, as painters say, shade in with the colours and shape of the landscape. He is earth-born, and holds possession by descent.

It has been said by an old writer that there are many pamphlets, prodigious histories, and romances, invented by men's fancies, which abuse many noble spirits, and, in the reading of which much time is wasted and much wit dulled. These books, we are told, are more fit for women than men, for they will furnish them with strange stories and a few fine words.

As a contrast to the didactic writing of the eighteenth century, Moses Cook and others touched in their books upon trees, and that love of rural life which, while the common enjoyment of so many, had not found expression. I might perhaps mention an allusion

in a rare book printed in 1577, and containing an account of 'The Newe Founde World,' to a gum that came from Peru, and that, to quote the language of the book, was employed 'to purge them which have the goute.' This is interesting, as showing that the English buccaneers and adventurous Spaniards found the gout as great an enemy to their roysterous mode of life as it is now the statesmanlike disease of those senators who suffer for the excesses of their fathers. It is curious to note the strange theories about the merits of the smell of earth. Lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, commends the following of the plough, in fresh ground, to be very healthful for man. 'It is best,' says he, 'to take the air of the earth, new turned-up, by digging with the spade, or standing by him that diggeth;' and he refers to the health of a great man whom he knew, and who had a fresh clod of earth brought to him every morning as he sat in his bed, and would hold his head over it a pretty while.

This quaint prescription reminds one of the theory of the modern school of mystics, of whose views Lawrence Oliphant was a prominent exponent, that he who desires perfectly to attune his own nature to that which surrounds him can do so in no better way than by returning to a more primitive mode of life, and delving daily in mother-earth. Oliphant himself teamed as a common teamster through the rigours of a Canadian winter, and believed he derived from this and similar experiences a comprehension of and sympathy with the forces of nature, not otherwise attainable. To him, the sense of thus assisting in the fusing and recombining of the natural elements brought an exaltation of spirit that far outweighed the personal discomforts involved, and these can surely not have been light to a man of middle age and of delicate constitution, accustomed to all the refinements of European capitals.

Various excellent books contain fuller information than I can give as to the details of planting, but perhaps it would be convenient for me to enumerate some salient features. My space is limited, and I must try to compress much within small limits.

In planting you have to confront four different sets of circumstances:—

1. The degree of exposure.
2. The kind of herbage that covers the soil.
3. The nature of the soil.
4. Are you filling in, or are you making a new plantation?

As regards No. 1, (a) for sea exposure, the best trees to plant are the goat willow and the pineaster. Plantations of these trees were formed on the estate of Sir Fowell Buxton on the cliffs close to the Yarmouth Roads. The soil is poor there, and the pineaster prefers a poor soil, possessing as it does long bare roots which strike down to a great depth and render the tree independent of drought and

the casualties arising from a shifting surface such as often prevails near the sea.

Seaside planting in Great Britain is, as compared with France, of modern date. In 1789 Bremon tier, of the Administration of Forests, planted at the Gulf of Gascony, upon sandy hillocks constantly shifted by the wind and destitute of vegetation, pineaster seeds in conjunction with four to five pounds of broom seed per acre. The broom acted as nurses to the pineasters; and what was a hundred years ago dreary seaside sandhills are now extensive plantations of thriving trees that are the support of the inhabitants, who prepare from them resin and tar.

In a heavier soil near the seashore the Huntingdon willow and the Bedford willow will do well. Also the common sycamore, the Norway and scarlet maple, and the grey poplar, but none of the other varieties of poplar. It is advisable to protect the plantation against the first brunt of the sea breeze by a living screen fence of black elder. Among the low-growing shrubs which stand sea exposure well I might mention the sea-buckthorn, the snowberry, the evergreen barberry, and the German tamarisk.

(b) For exposure to the wind inland, the best trees for all soils are the beech, the Austrian pine, and the Scotch fir.

(c) For exposure in hedgerows, unless the situation is very high the best tree to plant is the elm. It will stand a good deal of wind, it can be transplanted large, and admits of being frequently lopped. In the lopping great care is required in shortening (not cutting to the trunk, or you injure the timber) the side or any branches that are near the leading shoot. Often the trunk is cleared of all the lateral branches to a considerable height, and the top branches are allowed to take just what form they please. Such treatment produces the directly opposite result to what is desired—namely, a broad umbrella which overshadows the field, and not a spiral tree.

(d) For exposure to frost, it should be remembered that the Insignis pine—a most decorative tree that flourishes on a loamy or gravelly soil—will not stand the frosts of the valley, but prefers high ground.

(e) For exposure to smoke, undoubtedly the best tree is the Western plane introduced into Britain about 1630 from North America. The sycamore will stand better than most trees the smoke and chemical works of manufacturing towns, and the fig-tree prospers in London. Rhododendrons, notably the common Ponticum, will live in smoke. A complete audit was made of the trees that in 1877 were growing within the boundaries of the city of London. It showed that there were about 1,200 established and thriving trees. Of these 520 were planes, 220 were limes, 202 balsam, black and other poplars, and 61 thorns of various kinds.



No. 2. Where you have ground covered with thick sedgy grass or with furze, it is best to plough the ground before planting. This does not apply to yellow clay moors such as abound in some parts of the West of England, but generally it is true.

Where, on the other hand, you have to deal with a heath-covered district, Scotch pine and larch can be planted with great rapidity upon the notch system, which is commonly practised in Scotland, and there is no necessity for the soil to be pulverised or prepared.

The heath, when it is of a moderate size, is considered to assist the growth of the young plants. It affords to them a natural protection, while its open stems do not retain moisture to rot the plants, nor do its roots injure them like thick tufts of grass.

On the other hand, where the earth is pulverised and deprived of the protection which the heath afforded, it absorbs an excess of moisture that causes the ground to swell during frost and to subside in open weather.

No. 3. The nature of the soil.

Strong clay produces the best oaks and the best silver fir.

A deep loam is the most favourable soil for the growth of the Spanish chestnut and ash.

The beech is the glorious weed of the chalk and down countries; the elm of the rich red-sandstone valleys. Coniferous trees prefer land of a light sandy texture (e.g. as at Dropmore, near Burnham Beeches); but as many desire to plant conifers on other soils I would mention that the following among others will grow on most soils (chalk included): the *Abies excelsa*, *canadensis*, *magnifica*, *nobilis*, and *Pinsapo*; the *Pinus excelsa*, *insignis*, and *Laricio*; the *Cupressus Lawsoniana*, *erecta*, *viridis*, and *macrocarpa*; the *Salisburia adiantifolia*, and the *Wellingtonia*. The most fast-growing in England of conifers is the Douglas fir. A specimen planted at Eggesford less than sixty years ago stands now 115 feet high. The girth of the tree, measured one foot from the ground, is 20 feet round, and the tree is estimated to contain 300 solid feet of timber. The Douglas fir is a beautiful tree with dark, spreading branches. It grows luxuriantly on the slopes of the hills, but will not stand exposure to the wind, and for that reason should always be planted in sheltered coombes with other trees behind it.

In moist and boggy land the spruce or the willow tribes succeed best.

In high, poor, and very dry land no tree thrives so well as the Scotch fir, the beech, and the sycamore.

No. 4. If you are filling in on the exposed side of a wood, fill in with the trees already mentioned according to the character of the exposure, but never fill in with a beech in the midst of a thriving plantation, and avoid replacing a tree with one of the same kind. The soil wants and needs change. Elms can be replaced by limes, chestnuts by fir, oaks by ash, and so on.

If a new plantation is to be made, your first consideration must be, Is it for profit or for pleasure?

If for profit, and your soil is not a very thin chalk (for a subsoil of chalk with a good loam upon it does not matter), nothing is so profitable as larch for your first crop, with oak and ash planted to succeed them. Beech, which kill all vegetation around them, should never be planted with other trees, but if planted for profit at all should be planted in woods by itself.

If for pleasure, mix your trees to afford variety of form and colour; mix masses of copper beech with masses of light green of the western plane; group oaks and beeches to convey that lovely undulating effect that is given by the wild woodlands of the New Forest. Add, as if with a pepper-box, bunches here and there of Scotch fir, and where the ground is irregular and rises to natural peaks, clothe it with silver fir, whose tall tops will stand out in solitary dignity against the sky and increase the sense of height; fringe the edges of your wood with lines of horse-chestnut—a mass in spring of blossom and in autumn of colour—and under these chestnuts and in nooks and corners thrust in some laburnum, that it may push its showers of gold out to the light and over the fence.

The knowledge that I have endeavoured to compress into this article has been a labour of love. In touching upon some of the quaint ideas that have clustered round vert and venery, upon some of the side-lights of woodcraft that I have dug out as quaint gems of oddity from rambles among old books in my library, I hope I may have awakened among my readers some sunny memories and associations of hours spent in the open air. It would be impossible within the compass of this article to enter, with any attempt at thoroughness, into the various methods of planting; but with this general piece of advice, in the quaint language of an old book, let me conclude, 'that those that are resolved to plant should make their ground fit for the trees before they set them, and not bury them in a hole like a dead dog. Let them have good and fresh lodgings, suitable to their quality, and good attendance also, to preserve them from their enemies till they are able to encounter with them.'

LYMINGTON.

## RANDOM ROAMING.

ENJOYING the happy privilege of living where the air is of the purest and the water of the best, I am in the habit of deriding those who 'assume that it is one of the necessities of life that a man should have an annual 'change.' Our fathers were not restless peripatetics, yet they were wise in their generation—wise and virtuous; they lived their lives in a dogged, robust, and useful manner; they did not live in vain; they did not pretend that they were subject to periodical attacks of lassitude; they did not pose as overstrained workers; they did not lackadaisically sigh for rest. We are of different stuff. We pretend, one and all, that we need change of scene and holidays. It is the fashion of the time and no more. Confess that it is a mere fashion, and I am prepared to grant that it is a pleasant fashion; but ask me to allow that going to the end of the earth is positively required by the average Briton because the average Briton is an overworked animal, and I protest against the hypocrisy of such an assumption, and obstinately assert that I, for one, am not overworked, and decline to move until you withdraw your plea of necessity, which I hold to be untenable and insincere.

And yet I confess I love seeing strange places, and visiting half-forgotten places that have always something new to teach, and I know too well how *borné* anyone becomes who never stirs from home. Only don't talk to me of the advantage of 'change of air,' for to such as we, any change of air is a change for the worse.

We had been reading Professor Burrows' charming book about the Cinque Ports, and a hankering came upon me to go and see the old towns with my own eyes. So we made a beautiful plan, and we mapped it out day by day, and we had it all set down in black and white, and we were going to spend nineteen days in researches of the most interesting and instructive kind. Canterbury was to be our base, and all the coast from Reculver to Beachy Head our land of pilgrimage. What were we not going to do and to see! Let it be confessed at once that our plans came to nothing: we did not even get to Dover, and we did not see Dungeness.

Alack! How beautiful plans do fade into nothingness! Some-

thing happens—and something happened with us. I have the great happiness of knowing two large-hearted brethren. Twins they are and never parted—great-hearted brethren, and broad-browed, strong and clear of brain, right manly and gentle and generous, and of widest sympathies, and their names are Walt and Vult. Perhaps you have read of two such brethren in Jean Paul's perplexing story. I am afraid young men do not read Richter now. Young men now are not in the mood for anything sentimental—they 'like incident,' so they tell me, and they 'never heard of Walt and Vult.' Richter's pair of brothers are dead, and have been dead for some two generations at least. But the brothers Walt and Vult who are my dear friends, are alive now; and long may they live to make the world better and happier by their influence!

One morning, just as we were preparing to carry out that carefully considered plan of ours, came a letter from Walt and Vult, saying peremptorily, 'We desire to see you, friend. Redeem your promise and let us know the Lady Shepherd [these are their very words], and we will show you something of Sussex.' It is pitiful to think of such weakness as we exhibited; but it seemed that some occult force was acting on us, a wilfulness stronger than our own wills prevailed, and actually next morning—yes, within twenty-four hours—we had thrown up all our plans and had started off without helm or compass, surrendering ourselves to the brothers Walt and Vult. When the train stopped, lo! we were at about the most prosaic town in the island of Great Britain; and the name of that town is Brighton. Until some ten years ago I had a bigoted aversion to the very name of Brighton—nay, a rancorous and vindictive hatred of the place. At four years old I had the measles—blame me not, ye critics! I had no option in the matter—I took the measles, or, rather, the measles took me; and being weakened by the malady, I was sent down to Brighton with my nurse—a very wicked woman—who had strict orders to give me baths in the sea. There was a wickeder woman than she, and that last woman derided me again and again, and resolutely plunged me in the brine. Dr. Johnson once observed that he never wished to meet a fool in heaven. What would he have said to meeting a bathing-woman in the Islands of the Blest?

The recollection of that sea-bathing gave me a fierce repugnance to Brighton for well-nigh forty years, until one day accident took me there, and I found the place better than I had expected—I had no longer any dread of meeting that bathing-woman on the shore. Now, as I grasped the hands of Walt and Vult, I felt that no great harm could come to me; I acquiesced in the situation, and was almost glad. Having arrived at Brighton, it remained to make the best of our opportunities. We realised at once that we had begun our holiday.

Wise men take a holiday with two ends in view, just as they take their meat and drink—and those ends are pleasure and profit. For myself, my notion of holiday-making is the getting of a maximum of new information and new impressions at the cost of a minimum of discomfort and fatigue. That means, that when I set out on a ramble I take it as easily as I can, and I keep my eyes and my ears open. It is all very well for young men to set out like Tartarin, bent on staggering across the crevasses and floundering over the snow. We middle-aged folk have got beyond that.

. . . stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien

did not find his soul satisfied with staring; he saw an old world behind him and a new world before. I know not how it is, but some of us in this age find ourselves possessed by an insatiable yearning not to speculate upon the future, but to get into touch with the past. Brighton has no past worth mentioning, yet it has something to boast of which the casual visitor rarely hears of, rarely visits. It has in its Museum perhaps the most complete, and certainly the most exquisite collection of chalk fossils in the world, and also a unique collection of pottery and porcelain. Both one and the other were made by the brothers Walt and Vult, or rather by brother Vult—the other brother not objecting. That unique collection of pottery was ‘made to illustrate the principle, or rather in development of the notion, that the history of a country may be traced in its homely pottery. I will not presume to describe it; but this I do venture to assert, that he who goes to Brighton without spending an hour or two in looking at those mugs and plates, and cups and saucers, and chimney ornaments, and pondering upon their significance, is not a man to be envied—in fact, he is a man to be pitied, as all men are who, having a good chance of learning a new lesson, throw that chance away. But if there is not much to see at Brighton, there is a great deal to see *from* Brighton, and for a week or so Brighton was our *base*. And what a joyous *base* it was! The talk was a perpetual feast after a day's expedition—Walt and Vult cutting in and in with noble entanglements, sometimes the whimsical brother taking the lead, sometimes the deep voice of the other vibrating with emotion, rising with enthusiasm, loud with indignation at some mention of treachery or wrong. And there was prattle of children too, such sweet prattle, and so clearly articulate withal. And there was so much to look at—such hoards of wonders in every corner, and such stories to tell! The treasures of that house are not guarded by grim lions suggesting terror and laceration, but by sculptured dogs, emblems of faithful love and nobleness.

‘Cinque Ports?’ said brother Vult. ‘We will go to Newhaven to-morrow; Newhaven supplanted one of the Cinque Ports.’ Not quite that; but one of the *members* of the Cinque Ports. Lewes.

Seaford sent two representatives to Parliament in 1300, and for centuries had contributed its quota of ships to the Royal Navy; but before the sixteenth century had come to an end, the river Ouse, which in its exit to the sea had made Seaford harbour, was forced by the movement of the shingle to find for itself another channel, and a new port arose which assumed the name of Newhaven, where the traffic to Dieppe now goes on with ever-increasing briskness. That there could be anything at Newhaven which was worth going to see was new to me. But where in this England of ours can you find a place that is not worth a visit, or that has not something to make a man find out how very ignorant he is, and help him to go home the better for his day’s journey? We had to stop at Lewes on the way. Lewes is a place of renown, but its glory is departed. Here William de Warenne, the great Conqueror’s doughty brother-in-arms and first Earl of Surrey, kept his state after his fashion, and here, it seems, he lies buried. Of the castle I forbear to speak. As to the glorious priory which the great Earl and Gundrada his wife founded here to the glory of God and for the furtherance of devotion and the contemplative life—the greater portion of it lies buried under the railroad; only fragments remain. The range of conventual buildings presented a frontage of about 400 feet, the church was 25 feet longer than Chichester Cathedral, 90 feet longer than the Conqueror’s church which he built for his Abbey of Battle, and exactly the same length from end to end as Lichfield Cathedral. The foundation of this priory was an event in English history, and the story is worth the reading. Read it, if you can, in Mr. Hope’s paper in the *Journal of the Archaeological Institute*, and there you will find all that is ever likely to be known about the fortunes of the house, its origin, its rise, its growth, and its fall. It was the first house of the Cluniac order set up in England. About these Cluniacs there is much to tell, but who will tell it to us? rather, perhaps, it may be asked, who will listen if one should try and tell it? But when your guide-book informs you that this house at Lewes continued to be the only Cluniac priory in England for the next 150 years after its foundation, do as I did to that ruddy but unblushing volume, and put a big note of admiration in the margin. Opposite the castle, on the other side of the railway, there stands a mound, clearly artificial; and the tradition goes that the monks of Lewes erected on the top of it a cross, and at certain seasons went in procession by an encircling path up to the top, and that there were stations here and there where special prayers were offered. I thought of that frightful mound in the city of Mexico and the bloody rites that were carried on there, and I thought of some other parallels; and then of the old Winchester practice of

'keeping hills' only abolished the other day, and I asked myself, can it be that here we have the site of some prehistoric *cultus*, and that here, ages ago, the conquering cross was planted upon

that opprobrious hill

Where, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,  
The children cried unheard that passed through fire  
To that grim idol?

But Lewes was only on the way: we were bound for Newhaven. Despise not Newhaven, my brethren. It may yet have a future—it certainly has a past. Despise nothing: *le mépris est le masque où s'abrite la nullité*, and very few of us can be 'splendidly null.' Said brother Vult, 'You must go and see the church.' Said brother Walt, 'We cannot bear you company: we cannot away with Philistines, clerical or other—you must go alone.' In some perplexity I obeyed. That church is worth a visit—emphatically worth it, for the wondrous little Norman apse and the beauty of its situation, and for something more. There is a tombstone there, and on it an epitaph. It is in memory of an old parishioner who was, it seems, of a jovial turn, and of whom it is recorded that *he knew his Hudibras by heart*. Distinctly Christian in its tone that epitaph can hardly be said to be; yet its concluding line is not without a lesson 'worth remembering, for it says of the dead to the living—

Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can.<sup>1</sup>

When I got back to my friends, brother Walt looked gravely at me; then it all came out. That clerical Philistine had actually attempted to remove that tombstone and utterly abolish it, merely because it did not express his views. The brethren Walt and Vult said 'No,' and they stopped that Philistine.

See where we are, and what we are coming to! That any man who is a tenant-for-life of his benefice should have the power—of

<sup>1</sup> In view of the many perils that threaten the monuments of the dead, I think it prudent to print this dreadful inscription. Here it is:

*To the Memory of THOMAS TIPPER, who departed this life  
May the 14th, 1785, aged 54 years.*

Reader, with kind regret the grave survey,  
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay.  
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt and kind,  
And dared to do what few dare—speak his mind.  
Philosophy and history well he knew,  
Was versed in *physic* and in surgery too.  
The best old Stingo he both brewed and sold,  
Nor did one knavish act to gain his gold.  
He played through life a varied comic part  
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.  
Reader, in real truth such was the man,  
Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can.

course he has not the right, but that doesn't matter—to cart away any monument, inside or outside 'his' church, on which there may be expressions at variance with his *views*—is that to be tolerated? Yes, it is tolerated, and it is done on the sly every year. Think of what might happen any day, if some wild-eyed fanatic should take it into his head to sweep away every monument in brass or marble or alabaster, on which he found the horrid legend, *Cujus animæ propicietur deus*; or that other legend, *Orate pro anima x. or y.* When will a voice be lifted up against this shame—a voice that can make itself heard?

That night I forgot all about the Cinque Ports, I dreamt only of wicked tombstones; and visions rose of an infinite procession of monuments passing in long array from world to world, reaching beyond the realms of this solar system of ours, and I could not read the writing upon them; and a whisper came to me which said: 'Is not our little, our very, very little planet full of sepulchres, whose story such as thou are trying to read, and trying all in vain?'

There were five great castles in Sussex—to wit, Arundel, Bramber, Knapp, Hastings, and Lewes, and to these we must add Chichester—of which anon. 'To-morrow,' said the brethren, 'we will go to Bramber.' Thither we went. People go up the Rhine and chatter about the castles on the river banks. They are toys to our Sussex castles. Every one of those five I have named was the home of an English chieftain for *centuries* before the mound on which it stood was crested with a wall of masonry or crowned with a keep after the Norman pattern. What we now call Bramber Castle is only the ruined keep of the great fortress which was constructed to guard the pass, four miles long by half a mile wide, through which the Adur makes its way to the sea at Shoreham. The platform rose 120 feet above the river, and was scarped down the sides so as to form a rounded area 560 feet north and south by 280 feet east and west. The ditch at the counterscarp level was 100 feet broad. Before the invention of gunpowder the place must have been practically impregnable by assault. Who threw up this mighty earthwork? Who and when? The Normans found it where it is. It was a *castle* when William landed, and Earl Guerd was its lord in the Confessor's time. There are, however, no signs of the Romans having meddled with it or cared for it, though the raised causeway that crosses the valley, formerly flooded by the sea, marks the course of a Roman road. It is probable that the stronghold at Bramber was the work of the English, as Professor Freeman tells us we must call those people who came swarming into this island when the Romans could hold it no longer. The Normans soon occupied the place, and William de Braose received it among his other possessions and built there the great keep with its huge walls of masonry nine feet thick,



of which but a fragment remains. In 1644 Captain Temple stood a siege there, fighting for the king. When the parliamentary forces got possession of it they blew up the place with gunpowder and left it as we see it now.

I have noticed that when a man of average intelligence once begins to yield to the fascination of ancient castles and earthworks, it is all over with him. I do verily believe that every stupendous earthwork in Dorsetshire, and every barrow in Wiltshire, and every great castle in Sussex, is haunted, haunted with myriads of pixies, and syrens, and gnomes, the ghosts of the men who raised those wonders. The unwary creature of flesh and blood goes among these tricky spirits at his peril. He is like Endymion, enamoured of the moon. Cynthia shone upon Endymion with a gleam of promise, but she was so very far away. Oh! how he yearned to know her better!

The dark ages of England begin, say, with the coming of Augustine. They stretch back, who shall say how far? into an illimitable past, ages before the time when Abraham migrated from Ur of the Chaldees. More light has been thrown upon these ages than is usually believed. Great men have lived—are living—among us who have here and there lifted the veil: men of genius, gifted with something more than ‘scientific imagination’—men who know how to pursue research and how to teach. We, the small men, feel we are no more than fumblers, but a delicious intoxication seizes us when we stand on the haunted and enchanted ground: the gnomes come round us, and a wild passion for fumbling takes possession of us—we cry with Ajax, foiled and darkened—

*ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσαν ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εὗαδεν οὕτως.*

I confess that the sight of Bramber drove me mad. Arundel I knew—Lewes had quickened my pulse—a complication of Roman fever and castle mania with kindred disasters had clutched me. Nothing was to be done but confess myself very ill and make the best of it.

Next day we found ourselves at the Devil's Dyke—apparently one of those enormous works which the Britons (not English this time, if you please) began to construct before the Christian era, but, for some reason or other, never finished. Below them stretched the vast forest of Anderida, north and west and east; behind them were their homes. They had an eye for coignes of vantage; they knew how to turn to account the physical features which were favourable for defence; the organisation of labour among them had been brought to astonishing perfection; but this island of ours was divided into a number of petty kingdoms, and Rome was one.

What room for speculation and surmising as one stands on that plateau; as one looks down into that tremendous fissure made by the action of water issuing from the chalk; as one thinks of that strip of coast, say only from Dorchester to Dover, swarming with rich and busy towns 'made ready for the spoil,' while yonder over at Boulogne—even then called *Portus Britannicus*—there was assembling that immense invading host, at least 50,000 strong, which was soon to cross the Channel; this time not to be beaten back, as had happened nearly a century before.

'Are there any remains of the castle of Chichester?' I asked. 'Not one stone left upon another,' was the reply. But the resistless masters of the world had been there, and thither next went we.  
 Chichester. From end to end of that Sussex coast we find the deep impress of Roman feet, the dent of the Roman heel, the imperishable work of the Roman hands. The very ocean shrank back before them. Nowhere in Britain has the coastline undergone such change as here. Once it seems that the tides came up to those massive walls which the legionaries raised to guard the city then called *Regnum*—a city which doubtless had been growing for ages with its great earthworks, its port crowded with ships, its temple or temples, such as they were, its warriors, its merchants, its courtiers, its statesmen, its party of home rulers and its other party of liberal-conservatives, just as men live now, *mutatis mutandis*.

Was it here that King Cogidubnus bore sway?—he who so soon made his peace with the awful ones, and whom the guild of the masons and carpenters of Chichester immortalised in that stone which they set up when the king gave them leave to build their temple to the goddess of wisdom and the great god of the sea, they finding the funds and a Roman settler giving them the land? That eloquent inscription may be seen at Goodwood now. The date of it? Well! the experts incline to think it may have been set up during the first twenty years of the Roman occupation. If they are right, it follows as a moral certainty that Cogidubnus, the wary and politic, must have dined with Vespasian and his son when they were learning the arts of war during those long years in England, little Titus in petticoats never having heard as yet of Palestine, or having any dream of setting up that arch of his at Rome where, bitten into the marble, there still front you the 'seven candlesticks' and those other spoils that came from the holy hill of Zion. My thoughts were so full of Rome—I had, in fact, so 'gone over to Rome' by this time, and I was so baffled in my vain attempt to make out what the castle of Chichester could have been like, though the mound, or part of it on which Roger de Montgomery built his keep, stands still *en évidence*—that I was in a bad humour when my friendly and most hospitable guide took me to the cathedral. Chichester seemed to me, in that ill temper of mine, a

poky place. . O friend of the deathless verse! why shouldst thou cry to us—

Prepare

You lovers, to know Love a thing of moods:  
Not like hard life, of laws.

It is not love alone that is a thing of moods, all our conscious life is but a thing of moods; and lifting up my eyes to that cathedral spire, and hearing from an old verger, 'the old spire didn't *fall*, sir; it *sunk down*, and I saw it sink, and it couldn't help it, poor thing, when they took away the great screen that in a manner had kept it up for hundreds and hundreds of years,' I was wroth, and fumed, and held my peace in sullen silence; but I thought, 'Oh, these restorers!'

In this perverse mood of mine it seemed to me that the most *interesting* object in Chichester was St. Mary's Hospital—the ancient *Domus Dei*. One man has risen up to write its 'story.' I will not do him the wrong, nor do myself the wrong, of trying to make short work of that most instructive narrative.<sup>2</sup> I cannot dwell upon that subject now, for life is short and art is long. But, whosoever you be that make a pilgrimage to Chichester, be sure you go and pay a visit to St. Mary's Hospital, and try and learn something about the gentle work that has been done there in a quiet, unpretentious way while the generations have succeeded one another, and give your vote with mine that these places may have some reverence shown them. I might almost plead for pity, for they cannot help themselves when the plunderers are strong.

'I think you will not do much at the Cinque Ports this time,' said brother Vult. 'He ought to do something better than that,' said brother Walt; 'it is the duty of every Englishman to make

Pevensey. a pilgrimage to Pevensey.' With characteristic docility we obeyed, nothing loth, and we found ourselves at Pevensey. Pevensey is a modern name. They tell us it means Peofn's Island, and that some 1,500 years ago a certain Peofn won it and held it. In earlier ages it was known as Anderida or Andredecester, and by some such name it was called when Julius Cæsar landed near it in 55 B.C. Then, it seems, there was a stronghold or fortress on this same rising ground, and the sea came up to it in long waves, crawling at spring tides over the great estuary, and barely covering the wide expanse of slime where the water was too shallow to allow the Roman transports to do anything but run aground. A century or so later the legions took it as their own, and turned it into the chief fortress of the 'Saxon shore.' Four centuries later the wretched Britons, left to defend themselves as

<sup>2</sup> See *The Story of the 'Domus Dei' of Chichester*, . . . by the Ven. Archdeacon H. P. Wright, . . . Parker & Co., 1885, and with it compare the author's other volumes on the *Domus Dei* at Portsmouth and on that at Stamford.

best they could, and hard pressed by the new swarms of 'Saxon' invaders, took refuge behind those tremendous walls, and they fought with desperate valour. Desperate indeed! Standing out from the mists of legend and tradition which hang about the story of that dark time, a single tale of slaughter has come down to us that could not pass away from men's memories. It has to do with Pevensey, or, as the chronicler calls it, Andredecester. It was in the year 491 A.D.

In that year, says one, 'began the kingdom of Sussex, which Ælla held right forcefully for long. . . . With a huge host he beset Andredecester, a city of most strong defences. There the Britons were gathered like bees, and day by day and night by night they beat back their besiegers. . . . But then at last, exhausted by long famine, they were all devoured by the edge of the sword, they with their women and their little ones, insomuch that not one single one escaped; and the foreigners destroyed that city, which was never afterwards rebuilt. Yet the place, as the site of a once most noble city, is shown to those that pass it by—a place of desolation.'

I love to turn to Henry of Huntingdon for more reasons than one; but chiefly because he was a country parson, and no monk, nor even a canon. To be sure he exercised archidiaconal functions, but that's another thing: he was a country parson for all that. Nevertheless the Rev. Henry was wrong in saying, '*locus tantum ostenditur desolatus*.' It is one of those slips of the pen which are frequent when a writer is quoting from some older document at his elbow. If he had written *ostendebatur* he would have been right. For Pevensey, as we have seen, was not left desolate for long; and when Pfeorn, whoever he was, got his island, with its Roman walls and citadel, he found it something very different from a dilapidated ruin, and it seems that it continued to be a place to have and to hold against all comers. Ah! but that depends upon the comers. Just a week before I saw this place I had sauntered into the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, and there, on the counterfeit presentment of the Bayeux tapestry which may be seen there, I read out, 'Mare transivit et venit ad Pevensel.' Who was it that came? William, Duke of Normandy, bastard son of that grim and frantic man whom they called—and called rightly, as it seems—Robert the Devil. What things had come to pass in those eleven hundred years since the scared Britons hereabouts had shrunk back dismayed at the sight of Cæsar's fleet—more than eight hundred ships, he tells us, were visible at one time—abandoning the fort which they dared not attempt to hold, and falling back for refuge upon the high ground behind them. Something of the same sort happened now again. Read all about it, if you will, in the monumental history of the Norman Conquest, written once and for ever.

It was not long before Pevensey became once more a place of strength. It was besieged again and again. In 1101 Henry the

First assembled his army here when his brother, Duke Robert, was preparing for another invasion; and the duke had to look out for a different landing-place. It 1309 it was a neglected ruin. Shortly afterwards it was looked to by Edward the Second. In 1399 Lady Pelham held it against all the force that Sussex, Kent, and Surrey could bring against her. Twenty years later, Queen Joanna, widow of Henry the Fourth, was shut up in Pevensey—they said she was a witch—another of the Pelhams keeping guard over her. What need to go on? The place is bewildering with its crowd of memories. As I looked down from these walls I seemed to hear the low ripple lapping below me, Roman and Saxon and Norman navies riding at anchor in the bay, and all the air throbbing with the shock of battle; and then came upon me that fine saying of Professor Maitland—‘the map of England, that most wonderful of all palimpsests!’

From Pevensey to Hurstmonceaux. ‘What a falling-off was there, my countrymen!’ A mere architectural freak of the fifteenth century—  
 Hurstmonceaux. a very splendid freak, I admit—a splendid example of what may be done in bricks and mortar. As such it is worth a visit, but it is horribly modern! It was built with money that came from across the Channel, as I gather. For Sir James Fiennes, the first Lord Say and Sele, got his reward for the part he played when the battle of Agincourt was fought; and honours—which in those days meant wealth and huge increase of income—were showered upon him, and he built this most pretentious palace, which his posterity found too vast to live in—the family was over-housed. What care I for a ruin that is hardly more than 400 years old? It is a place for picnics, and not a bad place either. ‘Who keeps up the gardens and grounds?’ quoth I to the damsel who took my shilling. ‘We do, sir. We hire it all and make what we can!’

What a picture Watteau could have made of a *fête champêtre* in that courtyard! Now we are expected to buy photographs, photographs, photographs; of which about one in a hundred remotely suggests a picture. At Hurstmonceaux the ground-plan hanging up in the gate-house is worth all the photographs.

Having made our pilgrimage to Pevensey, it followed as a matter of course that we should go to Battle. The Duke of Cleveland was

there, and the visit was a disappointment. A youth took us  
 Battle.

round—a party of some twenty or so—and all that he told us was wrong, a mere jumble got up by rote, after having invented his absurdities out of his head. He irritated me! The man was a kind of embodied whooping-cough, and would not let me look about me. He went on *hacking* out his nonsense till it was quite unbearable. Suddenly I broke forth into irrepressible laughter, for clearly, distinctly, there came upon me the memory of a showman at Horn fair, whose historic diorama I peeped through in my childhood, and paid

a penny for the sight. I hear the fellow now: 'The parting of Hector and Andromashee! Him to the right; her to the left! And you see the grand effect which the sun, the moon, and the stars has upon the face of the waters!' For sixpence you may buy a very fair little account of Battle Abbey. What excuse is there for that young man not getting up his lesson from that?

To have listened to the historian of the Conquest acting as showman upon that terrace, as I believe he once did, and as I am sure he could, would have been an event in one's life, even though the great man had, metaphorically, stamped upon one's toes with his iron heel and hammered his fad of 'Senlac' into you with the heavy mallet of stubborn reiteration. But when our little guide put himself into position and in a shrill falsetto cried aloud, 'There Harold set up his standard,' he waved his hand and boxed the compass after a fashion, looking round on this side and on that with a generous impartiality and with incomparably less decision than Mr. Bird-o'-Freedom Sawin when—peremptorily bidden by his dark-skinned lord and master to show him the Pole star, he

Pickt out a middlin' shiney one and told him that was it.

Somehow we were not in the mood to go into heroics at Battle. The rain came down, and we said, 'We'll come here another day!' So we will when that other fever comes upon us which is sure to come, and we have to prowl among nunneries and priories and abbeys. Next day we found ourselves at Hastings; no Walt and Vult to guide and order us, and no delightful home to come back to at eventime, with all its light and leading, and those merry children to romp with, if only an abominable catarrh had not forbidden the playing of the noble game of Great Ogre!

At this point once more I am impelled to utter my protest against the cant of the professional traveller, who is never tired of running down our English hotels and crying up those on the other side of the Channel. For comfort, for reasonable charges, for cleanliness, and obligingness [a most convenient word]—for scrupulous honesty from the dignified lady behind the window down to the boots—for all that goes to make a caravansery a traveller's joy, commend me to our English hotels.

We were roamers, as you have seen, and very random roamers. We hardly knew when we laid our heads upon the pillow where we should go next; but Hastings is still a Cinque Port (though Hastings. we had quite cooled down upon that subject by this time), and Hastings boasts of its castle, and up to it we climbed. Standing inside the inner ward of what I must call the old fortress, I felt as I never felt before how helpless anyone is who, without a competent knowledge of the dynamics of geology, attempts to read the riddles of the past. No wise man need be ashamed of his ignorance of most

things ; and if a specialist is arrogant and supercilious, that bump-tious specialist is not a wise man. But it is vexatious to approach a specialist with a problem which you have not knowledge enough to state in correct terms ; and at the edge of that cliff which overlooks the sea, I fretted myself with a desire to know how the rock got to be there and how it had acquired the shape it presents now. If there had been a competent geologist in sight I would have humbly taken him by the button ; but there was none, and as I continued ' nagging ' at the matter all day long, the very wife of my bosom snubbed me at last, saying severely, ' How foolish you are ! ' If you *could* hire a geologist he would only tell you that you did not know enough to have the thing explained to you !'

At Hastings, as elsewhere along this romantic land of Sussex, we are driven back again in thought to the dark ages. There is, to be sure, no sign of Roman handiwork ; but almost beyond a doubt the great earthworks, on part of which the castle ruin stands, were thrown up by those same Britons of whom we have heard before, and thrown up long before the Christian era. Nay, it may be before King Servius built his walls round Rome. When Aulus Plautius made his landing in A.D. 43, he does not seem to have troubled himself about the Regni and their Sussex kingdom. They seem to have submitted to the inevitable when the tide of conquest, that kept moving westward, placed them in a perilous isolation ; and the vast forest of Anderida, thirty miles deep, was between them and the northern world. The sea-board they could hardly now presume to think of calling their own. But four centuries pass, and the English—you *may* call them so if it makes you happy—came in, swarm after swarm. We have heard of them and of their doings at Pevensey ; and a generation or so later we find them at Hastings—comfortably settled there too, and coining money. Brother Vult can show you their coins, as he can show you the coins of Commius, Cæsar's friend, gold coins minted perhaps at this very Hastings in the century before wise men from the far East came following the star that led them to the manger at Bethlehem, what time had Herod trembled for his throne and slew the little ones. Did that mint continue all through those centuries ? or was it only one of those queer revivals which history is for ever startling us with ? Be it as it may, Hastings continued to coin money for another 500 years, from the seventh century down to the time of Henry the first at least, as the numismatists assure us ; and they can give us proof positive of that which they assert. The mound, at an angle of the inner ward of the castle, is beyond doubt an English work ; and when great William pushed on from Pevensey to Hastings in quest of food for his host he must have set eyes upon that mound, doubtless loftier then than now, perhaps crowned with a formidable stockade. The ruined castle, with its collegiate church, has of course a history. Becket, the martyred Primate, was Dean of Hastings long

years before he was Primate, and William of Wykeham was one of the canons of this church, which I suppose may be taken to mean that some part of the revenues of the Hastings house went to build the college of Winchester. If you are lucky enough to be able to buy Professor Freeman's *History of the Reign of William Rufus*, you are sure to find a great deal there about Hastings; not that I have read the book, for I am not one of the lucky ones—but because in the nature of things it *must* be there.

We had started from home intending to spend a week at Canterbury. That was out of the question now, but yet we could not leave it quite unvisited. So at Canterbury we found ourselves.

We go to  
Canter-  
bury.

There is no place or city in these British Islands that can for a moment be compared with Canterbury in the memories that it recalls—the heroic and romantic associations that are inseparably connected with it; the splendour of its present and its past; the magnificent succession of great men who lie there entombed; the almost unbroken continuity of its history. The chronicle of London read side by side with the memorials of Canterbury is a dull prosaic humdrum record, tame, commonplace, and rather vulgar.

There is only one man living who *knows* Canterbury—the all unpaid but not now unhonoured seneschal of the Cathedral, Dr. Sheppard. It is melancholy to reflect how much recondite lore, which can never be amassed again by any single man, must pass away when this grand enthusiast joins the majority. Books have been written by the score, and many of them good books too; but what are books to the living teacher's words?

The vergers of our cathedrals, as a rule, are excellent showmen; they are loyal to the glorious buildings in which they pass their days they get up their lessons well; but at Canterbury they are far superior to the average of their class. They seem to be notably intelligent, modestly inquiring, curiously on the alert to pick up any hint or any new piece of information, as if they expected to be learners even to the end. The truth is, they are conscious of the presence among them of a master for whom they entertain unbounded reverence. All that men know, he knows it—what he knows not is not knowledge. Submitting myself humbly to this guide, philosopher, and friend, through a great vista of light and shadow there passed before me, all in living reality, a long drama whose successive scenes were presented with surpassing vividness. But who could *keep hold* of it all? A kind of despair came upon me as I listened and as the pageantry moved on before my very eyes.

Those two days were days of sheer bewilderment, and what I heard and what I learnt and what I dreamt was sometimes present, and sometimes it was as if it had been, and sometimes as if it belonged to another world—a world not realised. In sheer perplexity, when I found myself alone and tried to bring back only a little, a very little,



of what the gifted seer had been bringing before me, I threw myself back into the days when there was no Canterbury, and actually a sense of relief came upon me when the symptoms of my Roman fever returned. For Christian Canterbury you may go to that beautiful prose poem by our great prose poet, and in following Dean Stanley's *Memorials* you will find enough to make the 'mother of all the bishoprics' a place to sojourn in and find a joy in for many delightful days.

But there was a time when there was no Canterbury—I mean when it was a very different place, and called by a very different name. If, as seems the fact, Cæsar's first landing-place was somewhere in Pevensey Bay, it was a strategic mistake, and he learnt his lesson from it. When he came next, it seems that it was in Kent, not Sussex, that he landed. In those days there was a British road that crossed the Stour by a ford, and at this point there stood an ancient British 'city' which went by the name of Durovernum. There is some reason for believing that even before the Christian era—it may be centuries before—the place had been the seat of some now forgotten form of worship—a sacred city in fact, where men offered sacrifices and had their mystic rites, and after their fashion praised and prayed. The Danejon is undoubtedly a British work, and round about it there might still be noted, two centuries ago, other mounds or barrows which may have been the sepulchres of dead ancestors, or may have been such 'high places' as we read of again and again in the most ancient records. By-and-by, when the Romans had won the land, at least three great roads converged at Durovernum, issuing from the three mighty fortresses on the coast—Richborough, Dover, and Lymne, for we will call them by their modern names. Durovernum itself was but a kind of outpost or dépôt, from which the road ran straight as a line to London. At that outpost some of the greatest of the world's great ones halted or sojourned—Cæsar, on his march to the westward; Claudius, a century later, as he pushed forward to win the laurels that had been plucked for him by another; and, in the same year, or the next, Vespasian, needy then, and bent on plunder, a rising general thirty-four years old, and with him Titus, his little son, born just three years before. When Agricola accomplished that memorable circumnavigation of the island in A.D. 84, Richborough, just twelve miles from Durovernum, was his landing-place too; and when, as we are told he did, Agricola put his soldiers into winter quarters, do you think he did not ride in to Durovernum to inspect the 'statio' through which he must have passed many a time before?

When, at the beginning of the fourth century, the Emperor Constantius Chlorus was organising his last campaign against the Picts, his son, the great Constantine, joined him at Boulogne, and together they sailed across the Channel, and together they must needs

have taken the road through Durovernum; and through it again the son must have hastened to take possession of the empire after his father's death at York (July 306). Before the century came to an end, the swarms of Saxons and Angles had poured in upon the Kentish people, and a cry arose for help; for the legions, it seems, were not as they had been, and the discipline of the army in Britain was weakened by continual drafts to supply the lack of men in the other provinces of the empire. For the last time Rome found a really able general to send to Britain, in the person of Theodosius, and at Richborough he too landed in 367 A.D., and with him came *his* son Theodosius, afterwards emperor; and on the road to London—can it have been under the very walls of Durovernum?—they smote the heathen with a great slaughter, and rid the land of them for a little while. I say he smote the heathen, for father and son were both Christians, and the son is he in whose days Christianity became in effect the established religion of the Roman Empire. Is it anything less than probable that in that very church which two centuries later Ethelbert gave to Augustine—that church which Bede expressly says had been built in old times, after the ancient fashion of the Roman Christians—Theodosius himself may have offered up his prayers to the God of battles as he made ready for the onslaught? Think of it! The south-western tower of Canterbury actually stands upon a portion of the Roman wall; and that old Roman church remains to this day the *core*, if I may say so, of the most magnificent and the most inspiring of England's great cathedrals. In the meantime, however, Durovernum had got to be called by another name—it was now known as 'Cantwarabyrig'—the stronghold of the men of Kent, peradventure memorable as the place where these Kentish men made another of those last desperate stands, and where the end was the same as at Pevensey—a wholesale and remorseless slaughter.

'Who can understand his errors?' says the psalmist. I confess I cannot account for mine. When I ought to have been leaving all these Roman emperors and their heathen surroundings quite out of view and out of remembrance, and only thinking of Canterbury as the holy place of Christian saints and sages, I must needs go on talking about the ages further back, as if I were a pagan or Heathen Chinese! But what could I do? For two days had I been sitting at the feet of a great master, trying to follow him as he poured forth from his vast treasure-house of knowledge that stream of romantic truth—so much more romantic and entrancing than any fiction—and it was as if I had been blinded by excess of light, as if I must needs retire into the darkness for a while if so be there might be any hope of attaining to clear vision of anything again.

From Canterbury to Portsmouth—that was our next move. We found ourselves in another world. It is not the ecclesiastical world,

but Portsmouth, too, has its splendid traditions, and heroes have gone forth from thence at whose names nations have trembled, and tyrants, as they heard them, gnashed their teeth with rage that was all idle. If here again we should be inclined to transport ourselves to Roman days, they tell me that even at Portsmouth we should find traces of their audacious engineering enterprises; but I know not—I know not.

While we rowed about that wonderful harbour—rowed, observe! just as the old admirals did—as Nelson did—not panting and puffing and fuming and smoking in a rickety steam-launch, as if we had been in an ignorant hurry and only wanted to get done with it—as we rowed leisurely along, our boatman, familiar with every mast and every buoy, and garrulously saving us even the trouble of asking questions, we were perfectly sure that the lotos-eaters had never known such conscious bliss as ours. They chaunted querulously; we were silent.

In that delicious October sunshine, with never a breath to disturb the quiet air, and never a ruffle on the gently heaving water, we gave ourselves up to the impressions of the moment. Imagination, even while we rowed bareheaded under the bows of the *Victory*, refused to rise to the occasion: she claimed, and she took, a holiday.

An attitude of somewhat haughty modernism characterises Portsmouth. There people have little taste for retrospection; all that has been is worth thinking of only so far as it may have led up to what is and what shall be. As to the great ironclads, and the monster guns, and the vast dockyard, *et hoc genus omne*, there is no need to speak of them; but there are two modern buildings, the one civil, the other ecclesiastical, which no visitor of Portsmouth should leave without inspecting. There are many public edifices elsewhere, which are larger and more pretentious; but for its admirable and carefully considered plan, its splendid site, its superb façade, and the surprisingly small cost at which it has been completed in a short four years, the Town Hall of Portsmouth may be safely pronounced to be the most successful municipal building erected in England during our time. And make what deductions you please for a tower which is a *fiasco*, and a chancel which needs much lengthening, the evil spirit of detraction will be startled out of you if you find yourself one Sunday morning standing up to praise God with that immense congregation, while the grandeur and magnificence of all the surroundings will impress you with the conviction that, take it all in all, Portsea Church is among the stateliest of our nineteenth-century churches; and you will think that man is to be envied to whom that great church owes so much of its splendour. Men like he may try in their modesty to conceal their names, but gratitude and pride in such a glorious possession as this will not suffer those who now gather within its walls to keep his secret.

Being, as you see, mere random roamers, it was not very wonder-

ful that, having got so far, we should take Winchester on our way home. If Canterbury stands first among English cities for the inspiring memories that it awakens, I think we must give the second place to Winchester. Here, again, we find ourselves driven back into a past that has to do with ages long before the Christian era. The Romans came and made the place their own; they called it *Venta Belgarum*. And after them the Saxons came and made it the 'capital' of Wessex, and they called it *Wintanceastre*; and here King *Kænwealh* caused 'the old church' to be built in A.D. 643. The Danes came in, about 200 years after that building of the old church, and they took the place by storm, and then for a while it was Danish ground. And then—and then—and then: what need to go on? There are traces of all these successive waves that have swept over Winchester if we have but eyes to see, and ears to listen, and hearts to understand. 'Brains, you mean!' No, my erudite and too algebraical critic! I do *not* mean brains. I mean what I say. My England! my England! who can know thee or understand thy glory or thy greatness if he lack the patriot's love for thee, and the patriot's burning loyalty?

In the old times, from which you may perceive that I find it hard to get away, a great Roman road ran from ancient Chichester to

Southampton, and hence, making a new departure, it started off in a straight line to Winchester, and thence went on to St. Albans (?) But at Winchester several Roman roads converged, and one of them, crossing the other at an angle, went through the country of the *Atrebates*, and, twenty-two Roman miles from Winchester, it reached their chief city, which then was known as *Calleva Atrebatum*, and now is known as the village of *Silchester*. The whole parish, I believe, belongs to the Duke of Wellington, and about the middle of it stands a farm of a hundred acres surrounded by a stupendous Roman wall ten feet in thickness and in some parts still twenty-five feet high. Outside this wall, on the north and west, there ran a tremendous ditch serving as a defence to a mighty outwork, and the great walls were pierced by four awful gates, each with its guard-house, and through one of these the great road to London led. The place had been once a great British fortress or *oppidum*; the Romans recognised its strategic importance, and they made it into a *city*, as, for convenience, we call such places now. For fourteen hundred years this mysterious *Calleva* remained forsaken—sometimes the haunt of wild beasts, sometimes a quarry out of which church-builders got their stone, and then at last, when corn was dear and farming was profitable, it was brought under the plough! A hundred acres! Two-thirds the area of Pompeii, not to mention the cemeteries and the amphitheatre outside the walls, and the *suburbs*, whatever they were and whatever may hereafter be found to have stood upon them. Five-and-twenty years ago the late Mr. Joyce, then rector of Strathfieldsaye, became con-

sumed by the desire to lay bare some portion of the foundations of the city, and at his own expense he set to work in earnest. No one man can to any purpose uncover the foundations of a city that extends over a hundred acres of ground. Mr. Joyce, however, made a great beginning; and first and foremost he opened out the whole area of the great *basilica* of Silchester, and left it as you may see it there to-day.

What is a *basilica*? Accept this as an answer. The *basilica* was the town hall of a city. That is enough for all practical purposes; and if my algebraical critic tells you that a *basilica* was something more, never mind what he says. The Town Hall of Portsmouth is a *basilica*; so is St. George's Hall at Liverpool. At Rome there were a dozen and more of them, just as in London there are a dozen and more town halls; and the time came when the Emperor Constantine turned several of these *basilicæ* into Christian churches, and, for anything I know to the contrary, he or his successors may have done the like with some of the *basilicæ* in England; and he might very easily have done worse. The *basilica* of Silchester followed the almost invariable plan in its construction; that is to say, it was a quadrangular building with a semicircular apse at each end. The length of the main building was usually about double its breadth, and it consisted of a nave with two aisles. The *basilica* at Silchester was 285 feet long; that is, it was exactly the same length as the nave of York Cathedral!

This is that Silchester which the Society of Antiquaries has taken in hand to lay bare for us, if only we will find the funds. One royal-hearted gentleman has, for the last ten years or so, been devoting himself to throw light upon *village* life in Britain during the Roman domination, and most strange and instructive are the results arrived at. But there is not to be found, all the world over, another so heroic an antiquary as General Pitt-Rivers. You might as well look for a second Newton. Such men stand alone: they *must* stand alone. What is wanted now is that we should pursue our researches into the life of the British *towns* in Roman times; and in this long-buried city we have all the materials lying ready for intelligent investigation. What may we expect to find at Silchester? Money? Yes! even money. In the great Chronicle, under the year 418, there stands the following very curious entry: 'In this year the Romans gathered together all the gold hoards that were in Britain; and some they hid in the earth, that none might hereafter find them, and some they carried with them into Gaul.' The late Mr. Joyce was no worshipper of Mammon, nor in his digging did he go very far; but he tells us that the number of the coins he found in the course of his researches was 'perfectly surprising.' They dated as far back as Caligula (A.D. 37), and they went on in an unbroken series for nearly four centuries, down to the time of Arcadius, when the Romans abandoned the island. That is a tempting bait for the sons of cupidity; but I am not so very,

very sure that treasure-hunting would be found a paying quest; and if we seek for our reward in coin or coins, I fear we shall not be able to show a satisfactory balance-sheet. No; we must expect to find something better than that.

We shall find that those British folk, though they built houses and theatres and baths, and a great deal else, did not quite adopt the fashions of their masters: that their houses were not as they were in the warmer climate of the south; that they had their own methods of making themselves comfortable; that they had to provide for the long winters; that they did not live so much in the open air; that perhaps they did not affect the public baths so much as people did at Rome; and it may be, too, that they had temples and religious rites of their own, which were dying out and being replaced by the better way. Even Mr. Joyce found a seal and a ring which indicate that the Christian faith was not unknown at Calleva; and what if it should turn out that a Christian church was standing there when the Teuton Longheads dashed in with a yell through the gate that proved too weak to resist their terrible assault, and the doomed city from end to end reeked with carnage? But the work has only begun, and it must needs go on slowly, or had better be left alone. Happily it is in the very best hands. Mr. Hope is, of course, the commander-in-chief; but with him is associated Mr. G. E. Fox, a past-master in Romano-British lore, chivalrous, sagacious, indefatigable, a perfect draughtsman, and one, too, who can wield the scholar's pen.

It is impossible to conjecture, as yet, what a revolution may be wrought during the next few years in many of our views of the civilisation of Britain during the third and fourth centuries. As we stepped from stone to stone, walked along the pavements that had been buried for ages, saw the heaps of pottery, fragments of glass, broken tools and implements and weapons, which had been tossed aside as not worth preserving in the little museum—all the mere refuse of a few months' or weeks' careful labour—and as we stopped at this point and at that, while our accomplished guides led us on and on, the hours passed away; and when the time came for us to leave this city of the dead, eye and brain were fairly exhausted by the long tension at which they had been kept, though it was very hard to say good-bye!

As for you, ye trippers and picnickers of the light fantastic toe, and the taper fingers that cannot keep themselves from picking and stealing!—to you I say, Avaunt! Come not near Silchester! It is no place for you! For *you* the admission to the walls is one pound sterling per head, or five pounds for parties of six who bring with them a learned professor competent to act as their leader and instructor, and duly qualified to inspire some little awe.

There still remained two or three hours of daylight. We took the train to Reading, and came upon new surprises. I had got it into

my foolish head that of that great Abbey there had been utter obliteration. Some good angel took me to the door of the vicar of St. Lawrence, and in a moment the spell of an enchanter's wand was upon me once more. But if you think that I am going to let my pen run on about Reading, you judge me harshly. Under that magician's influence, after humbly learning from him for many an hour and many a day—after some patient tutelage—perhaps I could a tale unfold—but not yet, not now.

Our wanderings had ended. Next day we found ourselves at home again. The great maple at the gate had not yet shed all its golden foliage, the sun was setting, little children turned out to nod and smile at us, and one or two old folks came to their doors to look. Next day the church bells sent out their call. Come! Come! Come! Come! and we—the shepherd and his humble flock—lifted up our hearts together and rendered thanks to the Giver of all good; and one old horny hand grasped mine at the porch, and the owner of that hand said—and he meant it—‘*I am glad, sir! I am glad we’ve got you back!*’

How many worthy people are there within the four seas who have spent such a three weeks as we, or have had such a joyous roam as ours in this perfect autumn time?

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

## HYPNOTISM, CRIME, AND THE DOCTORS.<sup>1</sup>

To openly express an opinion on a case during a trial has rightly been held to be a serious contempt of court.

Hypnotism is virtually on its trial in this country, a jury of twelve medical men having been nominated by the psychological section of the British Medical Association to investigate the arguments against, and the pleadings for, its recognised introduction into the equipment of the physician.

As this action was the direct outcome of certain depositions laid by me before the British Medical Association, and as I was named as one of the committee, it would be singularly out of place if I attempted to discuss the merits or demerits of hypnotism before any tribunal save that of my professional brethren.

A point has been raised by Mr. A. Taylor Innes, however, in the *Contemporary Review* for October last, which is altogether apart from the question the Association has undertaken to consider, and so I feel justified in making a few comments on his paper.

The subject Mr. Innes discusses is, Should hypnotism be legally restricted in its use, and confided to the medical profession alone? But in the course of his paper he states his proposition in several parts, which I fancy it would be better to differentiate thus:

- (a) Should hypnotism remain in the hands of the ignorant?
- (b) Should hypnotism be legally restricted in any way?
- (c) Should hypnotism be confided to the sole care of the medical profession?

These three questions are by no means interchangeable; and though not for a moment insinuating that Mr. Innes confuses them in his own mind, I think he has hardly kept them sufficiently distinct for the general reader.

Here and there in his paper Mr. Innes falls into serious errors, which had better be corrected at the outset.

One of the most important points on which it is well to start with clear ideas, if we wish to arrive at correct conclusions, is the nature of hypnosis or the hypnotic state.

<sup>1</sup> This paper was written and in the hands of the Editor long before the recent trial in Paris of Gouffé and Bompard for murder.—ED. *Nineteenth Century*.



Mr. Innes defines this as 'a mere state of passivity,' and goes on to assert that it 'leaves the subject without defence against personal outrage;' that it is the 'sleep of somnambulism' and 'absolutely under the control of suggestion from without;' that '*the hypnotiser, or any other, who puts himself into relation with the subject, can make him believe, or feel, or do anything that is suggested to him;*' and, further, that 'a man in a completely hypnotic state at once obeys the suggestion to what injures himself, or even to what, if the actor was under his own control, we should all call a crime.'

On nearly all those counts I must join issue with Mr. Innes.

That hypnosis is a 'state of passivity' may go unchallenged, but when this is pushed to mean that all the subjects of hypnosis are 'without defence against personal outrage,' it is imperative that some one should call the statement in question.

Very many people who are subjects of hypnosis, and whose ailments are successfully treated by means of hypnotic suggestion, would immediately return to their ordinary condition if no further 'personal outrage' was offered to them than that the operator should make a noise in the room, or even walk lightly away from them; whereas the slightest violence, even a gentle pin-prick, would call forth, not only an arousing, but probably a sharp remonstrance.

Then, again, to say that the hypnotiser can make his subject 'believe, or feel, or do *anything* that is suggested to him' is altogether erroneous, and equally misleading is it to call hypnosis the 'sleep of somnambulism.'

Out of 1,012 persons tested by Dr. Liébeault (the recognised founder of the Nancy School) in 1880, only 162 passed into a state of somnambulism; and these figures are confirmed by one's everyday experience in England. I find it the exception, and not the rule, for my patients to fall into the 'sleep of somnambulism,' and I must emphatically state further, that, even of those who are somnambulists, only a very small percentage can be made to 'believe, or feel, or do *anything* that is suggested.'

In most cases of even advanced somnambulism, this 'anything' is too large an order, for, as Dr. Henry Maudsley points out, 'it is interesting to note that a hypnotised person will not commonly do an indecent or criminal act; the command to do it is too great a shock to the sensibilities of the brain, and, accordingly, rouses its suspended functions.'

The testimony of other reliable observers is the same; and I was able to demonstrate this point very satisfactorily in the case of a patient I hypnotised before the British Medical Association in Birmingham last July, and who could not be induced to do certain things, which were neither injurious to himself nor criminal, but which were simply distasteful to him; and this notwithstanding that he was in the most profound state of somnambulism, and was made

to believe, and feel, and do, *many things* which were suggested to him.

Further, Mr. Innes is distinctly mistaken when he asserts that 'the patient does not *usually* remember, on awakening, what happened during the sleep;' and again, 'not only does he or she forget what has happened—they frequently remember, when ordered to do so, what has never happened at all.'

To this I reply that the subjects who do not remember what has happened, on passing from the hypnosis, are relatively a minority, and that the number who 'remember, when ordered to do so, what has never happened at all' is still less.

I purposely avoid the word 'awakening,' for 'sleep' is quite a misnomer for hypnosis. A very large proportion of persons who are hypnotised do not sleep; in fact, they are even hypersensitive to all that is going on around them, though to a certain extent they are in a state of 'passivity.' They do not wish to move, or speak, or open their eyes, and are quite content to sit still while the hypnotist speaks to them or rubs their limbs, but the moment the sitting is over they can minutely describe every detail of what has occurred, and also give a clear account of their own feelings. Any attempt to foist on these patients a remembrance of 'what has never happened at all' would be a signal failure.

The instances cited by Mr. Innes as having happened in Scotland (the transformation of the golden-haired youth into the tottering old man, the young man who felt impelled to go to the bank where he had no business, and against his will, and the student who had to deliver the message in Thurso) do not at all weaken my statement. I readily accept them as authentic, because they can be repeated if one has leisure and inclination to search for suitable objects; but I must remark that such cases are exceptional, and must not for a moment be assumed to be average samples.

The very common belief, even amongst educated people, that such specimens are usual, has done much to discourage the study of hypnotism; and this is one reason why I am anxious to emphasise the fact that they are rare, instead of representative: many people dread to subject themselves to hypnotic treatment, for fear of being under the power of the operator.

Now it should be widely known that the number of persons in whom such post-hypnotic suggestions can be successfully made is very small. I recently heard a 'professor' state publicly that, though he had been giving mesmeric exhibitions for years, he only found about *one person in every ten* suitable for his performances (i.e. *semnambulists*), and of this ten per cent. it would be safe to predict that post-hypnotic experiments, such as those mentioned by Mr. Innes, would fail in a good many cases.

It should also be known to the public that post-hypnotic sugges-

tions, as now practised by medical men, are not of the senseless kind described by Mr. Innes, but are made the means, not of sending a man to a bank to play the fool, but of doing something useful, such as keeping a drunkard from going to a bar for the same purpose; not for making youth wither and shrivel into wrinkled senility in order that a roomful of yokels, or a London hall packed with the thoughtless fringe of society, may be convulsed with laughter, but in order that the man who, in the struggle to win the laurels of this world's races, or in the harder fight for daily bread, has already and before his time begun to realise what it is to go down hill, to feel the stiffness of premature age possessing his limbs, and to become conscious that the brain may lose its cunning and become a prey to morbid depression—may once more feel the hot blood of early manhood bounding through his veins, and once again recover the buoyant step, the high spirit, and the keen perception, and so renewing his strength, 'put off the old man,' in a physical sense, and receive a new lease of usefulness; in order that the martyr to insomnia, who is haunted with thoughts as to the best means of taking leave of a wearisome life, may sleep as a babe, and waken to find all the sombre things sunlit, and the world's face, which looked so sad, once more smiling.

These, and the like, are the post-hypnotic impressions with which the public should be acquainted, and I cannot but think that Mr. Innes would more surely help forward the science whose progress he has at heart by studying this side of hypnotism, and giving us the benefit of his experiences.

Of the theories touched on by Mr. Innes as to the action of hypnotism, I will say nothing here.

Much that is stated about the neglect of the study of hypnotism by the medical profession is perfectly true, and the criticism of the illogical reasons urged for such neglect is well merited; but is not some of the blame due to alarmist writers, who caused the public to look askance at any medical man who dared to identify himself with the 'uncanny' thing?

Soon after Dr. James Braid of Manchester (but a Scotch doctor, Mr. Innes will be glad to know) made his researches public, one finds a writer in *Eliza Cook's Journal* (1851), in noticing two little books connected with mesmerism, beginning thus: 'Is it safe to review these books, when a physician, high among his fellows, has been practically banished for believing in it [mesmerism], when it has been compared to sorcery, witchcraft, and magic, and a clergyman of eminence has preached and published a sermon, in which he says, "Mesmerism is a wicked invention of the devil"?' Such was the public attitude toward 'Braidism,' or what Braid first called 'hypnotism,' and unfortunately it crushed the medical men who were known to practise it, Braid amongst the number.

Even to-day a large section of the public is bitterly opposed to the investigation of hypnotism; but no longer can apathy be alleged against the medical profession as a whole, when an important section of its parliament declares that the subject should be 'considered by a committee of medical men, with the object of endeavouring to ascertain the true nature of its phenomena, and the value of its use in the treatment of disease.'

In referring to this resolution, it seems a pity that Mr. Innes, in his intense and laudable patriotism, should speak of 'the few distinguished medical men—from Scotland rather than England—who committed themselves to this inquiry,' for, as a matter of fact, the whole meeting, consisting of between two hundred and three hundred medical men, unanimously committed themselves to the inquiry, and amongst those who took a prominent part in the discussion one finds a fair sprinkling of the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock.

In mentioning some names intimately associated with past or present hypnotism, the name of Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey, of London, should always find an honoured place, for to his courage in publishing his *Psychotherapeutics* in 1889 is largely, in fact mainly, due the present forward movement in England.

And now to the propositions.

(a) Should hypnotism remain in the hands of the ignorant?

To this question I think the public will readily answer No, and the favourable comments on the Birmingham resolutions in nearly every daily paper, metropolitan and provincial, may be taken as a fair reflection of the popular sentiment. The medical profession having shown itself ready to investigate the subject, the ignorant will soon find the thing taken out of their hands. Here I might say that for too long the ignorant have kept the educated out of the field; for whilst I do not admit it as a valid reason for ignoring hypnotism, it has certainly been a powerful one, that there was great risk of being ranked with quacks and showmen if one avowed any knowledge of it.

(b) Should hypnotism be legally restricted in any way?

By this, I take it, is meant (1) should public exhibitions for gain or amusement be prohibited; and (2) should the practice of hypnotism be confined to any one set of people?

(1) As regards public shows, I have verified for myself in certain cases the suspicion that the so-called 'professors' who advertise their laugh-making, &c., work day after day, night after night, with the same set of tools; that is, the subjects who rush so eagerly on to the platform are regularly engaged at about four shillings a day, have been carefully selected out of crowds of applicants, and have also undergone a long course of training.

One of the subjects recently employed in London told me that, though he was a skilled workman, he had a regular job with a

mesmerist, and had been similarly employed in other towns, and even in foreign countries.

I cannot believe that many thoughtful people will be found to defend such degrading shows as those referred to, where nothing better is aimed at than to stitch tongues, and make the hirelings eat potatoes for apples and fight for candle-ends as fiercely as though sugar-stick was at stake. For men to be kept two or three hours a day in such a condition cannot, to say the least, be very beneficial, and the effect of such performances may be harmful to hysterical and weakly persons in the audience, and is certain to prevent people seeking relief from the legitimate use of the agency under discussion.

It seems to me high time for us to follow the lead of other countries, where such shows are prohibited.

Before passing on, however, I think it only fair to say that the showmen have unwittingly served a useful purpose, for they have, by persistently keeping the thing before the public, prevented its being forgotten.

(2) Whether any one set of people should have the exclusive privilege of studying hypnotism, or not, is a more difficult problem.

Having such an undoubted influence on disease, pain, crime, and morals, it seems to go without saying that the public generally, but the clergy, lawyers, and doctors in particular, should at least be familiar with the broad principles of hypnotism; but whether all should be at liberty to practise it is not so easy to decide at first sight.

If hypnotism were a concrete material, or an agent like electricity, the answer would be simple; but, seeing that it is a state essentially affecting the mind of another, and that no experiments of value can take place except where the subject is a human being (or, at any rate, a living animal—for horses, dogs, birds, &c., can be hypnotised), the question must be seriously considered.

At Birmingham, I urged that the use of hypnotism should be confined to '*authorised persons*,' and I see no reason for varying this contention, which would allow any man or woman, who satisfied the authorising body that he or she was a suitable person to work in the department, to obtain the required permission.

An analogous case is that of vivisection, which is so restricted that not even medical men dare practise it without first obtaining a license from the proper authority.

Mr. Innes, on the other hand, claims that 'everyone shall have freedom to investigate all the secrets and to exercise all the powers of nature and of mind, reserving to law the right *ex post facto* to punish the abuses of the liberty which it concedes.'

This is styled a '*most healthful general rule*,' and a '*fundamental principle of legislation*.'

But now, taking Mr. Innes' own data (which, however, I have

shown to be incorrect), does not his conclusion seem—shall I say—strange?

In effect, he asserts that it is the easiest thing in the world to extort a cheque from a subject without his knowledge; to outrage a woman without the slightest resistance on her part, and with little fear of detection; to bring false and maybe ruinous charges against an innocent man, and prove them by the aid of witnesses who swear to what has never happened, though they believe their evidence to be true; and, having told us all this, he argues that every criminal who preys upon society should be at liberty to investigate all the secrets and exercise all the powers of hypnotism, on the ground that, if any restrictions are placed upon such investigation and exercise, this ‘most healthful general rule,’ this fundamental principle of legislation, would be departed from.

But is it not a more healthful general rule, and a more fundamental principle of legislation, that the weak, innocent, and helpless should be protected from dangers which are known to exist?

Do the public wish to be robbed, violated, defamed, and ruined, in order that every unscrupulous person may investigate the secrets of nature and exercise all the powers of mind?

Much better, it seems to me, to guard as far as possible against such perils than to rest satisfied that the law will punish abuses *ex post facto*, especially as many of these abuses are, according to Mr. Innes, difficult of detection.

If, however, the investigation and practice of hypnotism be limited to those who are ‘authorised,’ the risk of abuse will be reduced to a minimum.

(c) Should hypnotism be confided to the medical profession alone?

This third proposition is the most delicate, for there is much force in Mr. Innes’ remark that for years the whole profession has ignored the subject.

Mr. Innes admits, in the case of poisons, that so soon as the medical faculty made a study of their nature and uses there was good ground for placing these agents in their care, and even allows that, when the profession makes a similar study of hypnotism, there may be some reason for claiming that they should have the exclusive right to the care of it also.

Has the profession, then, begun to inquire into the nature and value of hypnotism?

Take the test case cited by Mr. Innes—a case of murder or personal violence, and a defence that the crime was committed under hypnotic influence. Such a case is not at all fanciful, and I would not be surprised if such a trial were enacted at no distant date.<sup>2</sup> Only the other day, one of the leading London papers went out of its

<sup>2</sup> This article was written and in the hands of the Editor before the recent and notorious trial for murder in Paris.—*Ed. Nineteenth Century*.

way to suggest that a woman who was about to be tried for murder might have acted under the hypnotic directions of her husband.

Mr. Innes' question is: Given such a case to-morrow, are there medical men to be found who could be called as skilled witnesses?—men who can discriminate hypnosis from madness, hysteria, somnambulism, sleep, or lethargy; who can tell what proportion of healthy people in every room can be hypnotised; who can measure what control an operator may exert over his subject's imagination, will, and memory—how far he can produce post-hypnotic hallucinations; men who can, in the particular case of the prisoner, say whether he is capable of being hypnotised or not, and who can elicit the truth by means of the 'memory bridge'?

To all these questions I most unhesitatingly answer, Yes, there are medical men of repute in England who have so studied and practised hypnotism that they fulfil all the requirements of Mr. Innes' ideal skilled witness. As yet, it must be admitted, there are few such, but there are already enough to meet emergencies; and now that the British Medical Association has, at the instigation of these experts, taken a first step in the impartial and scientific examination of the subject, the public may rest assured that they will have skilled witnesses in increasing numbers.

And who so fit to study this serious subject as men whose whole lives are spent in fathoming the secrets of human existence; who are educated in the anatomy, chemistry, physiology, and psychology of mankind; who are familiar with the body in health and sickness; who watch the building up of a being before it is born, and who examine it when the breath has left the nostrils; whose one aim in life is to equip themselves with everything which can preserve health, prolong life, alleviate suffering, and eradicate disease?

But, after all, has the medical profession lodged any serious claim to the patent rights in this particular field?

There are men outside the profession who have for years been investigating from various points the mysteries of this science, and who have done good work and recorded valuable evidence.

Far be it from me not to welcome such scientists as fellow-workers; and it was with the express desire of fully recognising their services, that at Birmingham I suggested the confiding of hypnotism, not to medical hands alone, but to those of 'authorised persons.'

The medical profession is far too catholic to be churlish, and has never been backward in recognising and rewarding the help it has received from those outside its own ranks. We have not been slow, in the region of medical jurisprudence, to gratefully accept the co-operation and guidance of the sister profession of the law; in physiology, much of recent advance has come from those who were not members of our profession; in chemistry and bacteriology, the labours of such men as Roscoe and Pasteur have been freely and fully

acknowledged ; in electricity we have not been behindhand in availing ourselves of the genius of Edison.

And so in hypnotism, I am sure the medical profession will not demand, as Mr. Innes supposes, that all who are not medical men shall be 'warned off;' but if in due time they ask that the Legislature will enact regulations to prohibit public shows which are degrading and dangerous, and which have no useful object, and to limit the practice of hypnotism to medical men, and such other persons as can satisfy some duly appointed authority that their aim is legitimate,—I think such request will be considered reasonable, and both deserve and receive the hearty support of the public.

GEO. C. KINGSBURY.



## ANIMAL IMMORTALITY.

Is there any living existence in store for the lower animals after physical death?

The problem is an old one, and it has been answered in various ways. The belief in the survival of animal ghosts is still common to a large number of savage communities; though such ghosts, as a rule, seem to be only shadowy reproductions of the living animals, which grow fainter and fainter, till they die out of the ken of the rude thought which created them. But among the earliest philosophers of antiquity, as among the modern Buddhists, there was a strong belief in a more permanent continuity of animal existence, which rested on the theory of metempsychosis. Traces of this belief appear in the philosophy of Heraclitus. Empedocles and the Pythagoreans held the generic identity of human and animal souls so strongly that they condemned the consumption of animal food, and indeed the destruction of any animal life<sup>1</sup>: and the doctrine of metempsychosis is distinctly formulated in Plato's famous description at the end of the *Republic* of the vision of Er.

Early Christianity was too deeply concerned with the hereafter of the human soul to pay much attention to the eschatology of animals; and it was not till the seventeenth century that the question was brought into some prominence by the Cartesian theory that the lower animals were automata, and as such devoid of feeling, *expressly* on the ground that they had no souls. This view was readily adopted by the theologians of the age, who saw in it a path of escape from the moral difficulty presented by the existence of animal suffering. Pascal regarded it as a means of exculpating Divine benevolence from the imputation of purposeless cruelty; and Malebranche supported it, because, though opposed to reason, it was in accordance with

<sup>1</sup> Empedocles seems to have thought that the souls of men and animals were souls which had been banished from heaven for their offences, and doomed to do penance in some body of the lower earth. He describes himself as

φυγὰς θεῶν καὶ ἀλήτης  
ναίκει μαινομένῳ πύσσονος—

i.e., 'an outcast from godhome and a wanderer, a slave to raving strife.' Elsewhere he declares that he has been in turn 'a youth, a maid, a bush, a bird, and a dumb fish in the sea.'

faith. It will be seen that this theory assumed as a matter of course that animals have no soul; and this, too, is the prevalent opinion at the present day, so far as the idea of a soul is held to include the attribute of immortality.

Indeed, so long as the soul, with its nature and attributes, was treated as a subject belonging exclusively to theology, the question of animal souls or animal immortality could hardly be seriously raised. Obviously there can be no place for animals in the theological scheme of a future existence, with its tremendous issues of salvation or perdition. But now that philosophy and science have successfully claimed a voice in the matter, the conditions of the problem are considerably changed.

As soon as the Darwinian doctrine of the physical evolution of man from lower animal forms became firmly established, it was inevitable that the principle of that doctrine should be applied to his mental development. The controversy on this point is still at an early stage; but the evolutionist view is concisely expressed by Dr. Romanes, who asserts<sup>2</sup> that the minds of animals must be placed in the same category as the mind of man; and again (p. 10) that for the evolutionist 'there must be a psychological no less than a physiological continuity throughout the length and breadth of the animal kingdom.' Evidently, therefore, the question of animal immortality acquires a new and important interest from the fact that it is inseparably interwoven with the question of the immortality of man. It is quite possible of course to deny, as many scientific men do, the immortality of the human soul; and such a denial, whether correct or not, certainly cannot be conclusively refuted. But if we accept the immortality of the human soul, and *also* accept its evolutionary origin, how can we deny the survival in some form or another of animal minds? If mind and body perish together there is nothing more to be said. But if we regard mind as something more than a temporary property of the bodily organism, we cannot in the same breath affirm and deny its evolution. We cannot legitimately declare that man's mind has been evolved from a series of lower animal minds, but that the necessary continuity of the evolutionary process is broken at every joint by the extinction of each member of the series at the death of the animal to which it has belonged.

Clearly, therefore, on this view, animal minds must survive the physical death of the animal, and undergo a further evolutionary development. But how?

Before attempting to deal with this question specifically it will be well to clear the ground a little.

The objections to a future existence for animals as commonly understood are obvious, and, to my mind, unanswerable. The old doctrine of metempsychosis in its original form is clearly unworkable.

<sup>2</sup> *Animal Intelligence*, p. 7.

Our present knowledge of physiology forbids the idea that the mind of an animal could function in the body of a man, or that the personality of a human mind could be compatible with the physical life of an animal. Nor, again, can we suppose that the mind of a dead animal will persist in an eternal animalism; for, independently of any other objections, this idea would be quite incompatible with the progressive development which is the essential doctrine of evolution.

On the other hand there are some strong *prima facie* grounds for believing in *some sort* of future existence for animals.

In the first place it is plain that many of the higher animals closely resemble man both in physical structure and mental faculties. In some of the embryonic stages the two are scarcely distinguishable. With them, as with man, mental power, as a rule, varies concomitantly with the size and complexity of the brain, and the difference in the size of the brain at the meeting point between man and beast amounts to a few cubic inches only. The difference in mental power cannot be measured so precisely, but there is a corresponding approximation in this respect between the lowest men and the highest animals; and such difference as does appear is a difference rather of degree than of kind. And yet, according to current opinion, on one side of this division is immortality, on the other extinction. Eternal life for the bushman, eternal death for the fox terrier!

Again, it is difficult to understand, and perhaps more difficult still to justify, the awful waste involved in this supposed annihilation of animal minds. Whatever the precise nature of an animal mind may be, it is at any rate a force complex of great power and high capabilities. In many cases it does not fall far short of the mental level which in man we deem compatible with immortality. And if millions of such minds are annually destroyed (at any rate *as* minds) instead of being utilised, any belief which we may cherish as to an intelligent control of the universe must receive a severe shock.

We are thus confronted, on the one hand, by some strong reasons in favour of animal immortality, and, on the other, by the difficulty of conceiving a satisfactory method for effecting this. It remains to see whether some such method may not be found.

Dr. Weissmann, in his 'Essays upon Heredity,' contends that hereditary transmission is effected by means of certain cells which he calls 'germ cells.' In these germ cells the generative powers of the individual are centred, and they are endowed with the capability of reproducing in the offspring all the peculiarities of the parent body. In the case of vegetal and the lower phases of animal life, heredity is most prominent in the physical peculiarities reproduced. In the case of the higher animals, however, it is clear that the mental as well as physical peculiarities of the parent are largely reproduced in the offspring. But if mental and physical qualities are, as in these cases, hereditarily transmitted *together* from parent to offspring, why

are we bound to dissociate their origin? There is at any rate a strong *prima facie* probability that the origin of both is to be found in the germ cell, and consequently that the germ cell contains a mental element. There is nothing at all improbable in this; and indeed we learn on scientific authority that matter and mind are organically linked together in the very lowest forms of life known to us.<sup>3</sup> Moreover it seems clear that without the presence of mind in its simplest form, sentience, living matter would be an impossibility.

Without attempting to discuss the nature of mind, I will borrow from Professor Clifford, and call mind, in its elementary form, 'mind-stuff.' We must remember that the germ-cell is only potentially endowed with a faculty of reproducing the peculiarities of the parental body. It is not a complete animal in miniature, but something which is capable of becoming a complete animal. Accordingly the mental element of the germ-cell will consist, not of a complete mind, intelligence, or soul, but of a portion of mindstuff suitably adjusted to the structural possibilities of the germ-cell. In the subsequent development of the germ-cell its organic progress and unity will be dependent on the harmonious interaction of its linked elements of mind and matter. Its mental part cannot develop properly, because it cannot operate properly, in an imperfect or mutilated physical structure, as is shown by the mental effect of injuries to the brain. And in like manner the due development of its physical structure cannot proceed without an effective mental equipment to educe its possibilities and minister to its needs. The organism in all its stages will require an environment mentally and physically adapted to it, including of course the possibility of proper nutrition. And as the animal derives its physical nutriment from the matter of its environment, so we may suppose it to derive its mental nutriment from the environing mindstuff. The analogy moreover, may be carried a step farther. The higher animals are incapable of forming protoplasm for themselves out of inorganic materials, and depend ultimately for physical nutrition upon the formed protoplasm fashioned by the lower organisms of the vegetal kingdom. Similarly it may well be that in the higher animals the mental element of their nature is built up of the mindstuff structures of lower organisms whose physical life is over. The human soul is no exception to this rule, and we must regard it as being to a great extent a complex of lower animal mind-structures grouped into a higher unity. But inasmuch as at this stage *self-consciousness* appears, it seems impossible that the human soul can, in its turn, undergo any further grouping. This view then enables us to accept the belief in animal immortality, while it escapes the objections to that belief to which I have already referred.

<sup>3</sup> Romanes, *Mental Evolution in Animals*, p. 62. Darwin, *Movements of Plants*, p. 573.

Meanwhile, there is another side of the question to be considered. Assuming that this theory is a satisfactory account of the evolutionary development of animal mind, we have still to see whether it is compatible with what we know of the human soul. However probable the theory may appear from the animal side, it would be weakened or overthrown if it should appear unlikely or impossible that the human soul could be evolved on these lines. This possibility is contested on two grounds—the one philosophical, the other theological.

At first sight the philosophical objection seems one of some weight. The salient feature of man's soul does certainly seem to be his self-consciousness. We may define the human soul broadly to be that permanent something by which each individual's personality is constituted. But I think it is clear that we cannot extend this definition to the minds of the lower animals. The very essence of the human soul seems to be its self-consciousness—its apprehension, that is to say, of its own existence as a personality or ego. It is extremely difficult, and perhaps impossible to form an accurate idea of an animal's mind; but, so far as we can judge, it does not seem possible to ascribe any such self-consciousness to the lower animals. Consequently, the philosophical objection comes to this: since self-consciousness is a necessary quality of the human soul, such a soul cannot be composed of mind-structures which have not attained to self-consciousness. Upon this point, however, there is a good deal to be said.

In the first place, with regard to the ego, it is by no means certain that our ordinary conception of it is correct. We are accustomed to think of the ego or personality as something *totus, teres atque rotundus*, a complete indivisible unity, a supreme monarch without a rival.

Recent researches, however, have thrown considerable doubt on this view, and seem to indicate that the unity of the human consciousness is not one of its fundamental attributes; and the apparent monarchy begins to look suspiciously like a confederation.

Mr. Myers, in his article on 'Human Personality,'<sup>4</sup> clearly inclines to this view. On p. 639 he says:—

'We start, then, with the single cell of protoplasm endowed with reflex irritability. We attempt a more complex organism by dint of mere juxtaposition, attaining first to what is termed a 'colonial consciousness,' where the group of organisms is, for locomotive purposes, a single complexly-acting individual, though when united action is not required, each polyp in the colony is master of his simple self. Hence, we advance to something like a common brain for the whole aggregate, though intellectual errors will at first occur, and the head will eat its own tail, if it unfortunately comes in its way. . . . We rise higher, and the organism is definitely at unity with itself. But the unity is still a unity of co-ordination,

not of creation ; it is a unity aggregated from multiplicity, and which contains no element deeper than the struggle for existence which has evolved it. The cells of my body are mine in the sense that, for their own comfort and security, they have agreed to do a great many things at the bidding of my brain. But they are servants with a life of their own ; they can get themselves hypertrophied, so to speak, in the kitchen without my being able to stop them. Does my consciousness testify that I am a single entity ? This only means that a stable *cæsthesia* exists in me just now ; a sufficient number of my nervous centres are acting in unison ; I am being governed by a good working majority. Give me a blow on the head which silences some leading centres, and the rest is split up into "parliamentary groups," and brawl in delirium or madness. Does memory prove that I was the same man last year as now ? This only means that my circulation has continued steady ; the brain's nutrition has reproduced the modifications imposed on it by stimuli in the past.

*'My organism is the real basis of my personality ; I am still but a colony of cells, and the unconscious or unknowable, from which my thoughts or feelings draw their unity, is below my consciousness and not above it ; it is my protoplasmic sub-structure, not my transcendental goal.'*

The italics are mine.

If this view be correct, the self is not a separate entity independent of the organism in which it dwells, and its unity is really a product of its structure. Indeed not only the consciousness of self, but the quality of the particular self, depends on the relations—partly structural relations, partly relations of adjustment—between the cells or other units which compose the organism. Alter these relations and you alter the self.

In a subsequent article on 'Multiplex Personality' Mr. Myers carries the argument farther still, and shows that under favourable conditions the same organism can furnish forth a number of perfectly distinct selves. In the case of Louis the Fifth, which he quotes and describes at length, six perfectly different personalities are displayed by the same man, which, to borrow the language of his former article, may presumably be ascribed to the operation of as many separate 'parliamentary groups.' Moreover, the memories of the different personalities are kept quite distinct, and when a transition takes place from one state to another, the new consciousness reverts to the past with which it was linked in the last previous existence of the new state. Modern developments of hypnotism have made this phenomenon of double or multiple personality tolerably familiar ; and it is significant that sometimes, as in the case of Felida the Tenth, cited by Mr. Myers, the hypnotic state is 'morally and physically superior' to the natural state.

From this it seems not only that the ego for the time being is simply a resultant of the energies of the organism, and the structural conditions of their operation, but, further, that it is not necessarily the best ego of which the organism is capable. The same conclusion is confirmed by direct experiment, showing that when the lower

qualities are repressed by hypnotic treatment, a new self emerges in which the higher and better qualities predominate.

Practically it is the self in man, by whatever name we call it, which is commonly supposed to survive the grave; and if it were found that to each human organism there was but one self, unalterable and indivisible, it might be possible to regard this self as a complete something specially introduced into man independently of any evolutionary process. But when the reverse of this is found to be the case, when the same human organism is seen to be capable of manifesting a variety of distinct selves, each displaying an equally complete unity, the conclusion is almost irresistible that self is not imposed from without but springs up from within, and is a manifestation of the mind-structure of the human organism along the line, for the time being, of the least resistance.

If this be so, the difficulty is disposed of. Human self-consciousness need not be referred to any extraneous source, but may be regarded as a natural product of the orderly evolution of mind.

The theological objection to the evolution of the human soul also rests on the view that man's being comprises an element which differentiates it generally from any animal's being. This element is said to be the *πνεῦμα* or spirit, and man's nature is regarded as tripartite, being composed of body, soul, and spirit. This doctrine is thus laid down by Dean Alford<sup>6</sup> :—

To *πνεῦμα* is the SPIRIT, the highest and distinctive part of a man, the immortal and responsible *soul* in our common parlance; ἡ *ψυχὴ* is the lower or animal soul, containing the passions and desires which we have in common with the brutes, but which in us is ennobled and drawn up by the *πνεῦμα*.

The doctrine rests chiefly on this passage in the first epistle to the Thessalonians, which runs thus :—

And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.<sup>7</sup>

I think that most unprejudiced persons will consider this rather a slender foundation for such an important doctrine, and will agree with the Rev. C. A. Row, who observes<sup>8</sup> :—

The passage is a prayer for the complete sanctification of the Thessalonian converts, and their preservation in holiness unto the coming of Christ. It is therefore incredible that in such a prayer he (the apostle) should have intended to elaborate a philosophical psychology of man.

Moreover the usage of the two words *πνεῦμα* and *ψυχὴ* in the New Testament does not bear out the supposed distinction between

<sup>6</sup> 1 *Thess.* v. 23, note.

<sup>7</sup> The following passages are also relied upon, among others, in support of it Heb. iv. 12; 1 Cor. ii. 14, 15, and xv. 45-6.

<sup>8</sup> *Future Retribution*, p. 189.

them. It is clear from the instances collected by Mr. Row that while *πνεῦμα* and *ψυχή* have to some extent distinct meanings, their meanings continually overlap each other; and the two words 'are frequently used interchangeably to denote one and the same thing—viz. everything in man which distinguishes him from a mere animal.'

I will add one more criticism. If the *πνεῦμα* is, as Dean Alford says, 'the highest and distinctive part of man, the immortal and responsible soul in our common parlance,' all men must possess it: otherwise it would not be distinctive of man, but only of some men. It appears, however, from Jude 19, that some men do not possess *πνεῦμα*. The passage runs: 'These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the spirit;' the Greek of the last words being *ψυχικοὶ πνεῦμα μὴ ἔχοντες*, a perfectly clear and definite statement. Upon this passage Dean Alford has the following remarkable note:

'These men have not, indeed, ceased to have *πνεῦμα* as part of their highest nature, but they have ceased to possess it in any worthy sense; it is degraded beneath and under the power of the *ψυχή*, the personal life, so as to have no real vitality of its own.'

Comment on this explanation is hardly necessary, but it shows the desperate expedients to which theologians are driven to support this doctrine. To dispose of a troublesome by suppressing an all-important negative is a feat of exegetic audacity which is only rivalled by the Chancellor's device in Mr. Gilbert's *Iolanthe*, where he proposes to get over the difficulty caused by a law of Fairyland, prescribing death to any fairy who should marry a mortal, by inserting 'not' before the word 'marry.'

It does not seem, therefore, that this doctrine can be accepted as establishing such a distinction between human and animal souls as cannot be accounted for by orderly evolutionary progress. It is obviously a theological invention, practically unsupported by the scriptural authority on which alone it is professedly based, and hardly more discredited by the criticisms of its opponents than by the arguments of its friends.

At this moment, however, a certain interest attaches to the doctrine of the *πνεῦμα* from the fact that Mr. A. R. Wallace has lately propounded a sort of scientific parody of it. Accepting in full all Darwin's conclusions as to the essential identity of man's bodily structure with that of the higher mammalia, and his descent from some ancestral form common to man and the anthropoid apes, he nevertheless dissents from the view that the moral and mental faculties are also derived by gradual modifications from the lower animals. His grounds for this dissent are that some special faculties of man, such as the mathematical, musical, and artistic faculties, could not have been developed by variation and natural selection



alone, (1) because superiority in them would have been of no value to early man in his struggle for existence; (2) because, while the characters developed by natural selection are found in all the individuals of a species, and do not vary widely from a common standard, the special faculties above mentioned only exist in a small proportion of individuals, and the difference of capacity between these favoured individuals and the average of mankind is enormous. The evidence which he adduces in support of these reasons seems to me altogether insufficient to support them. I cannot, however, discuss it here, and I pass at once to the constructive part of his theory, which more immediately concerns us.

He very fairly admits<sup>9</sup> that the rudiments of these opening faculties are found even in low savages, and, as I understand, in some of the higher animals also. But he does not think that our present high development of them could have come from these rudiments alone. Accordingly he concludes (p. 474) that

these special faculties clearly point to the existence in man of something which he has not derived from his animal progenitors, something which we may best refer to as being of a spiritual essence or nature, capable of progressive development under favourable conditions.

The meaning of this is not very clear, but I understand Mr. Wallace to suppose that human spirit has been evolved *pari passu* with human bodily structure, but along a different line of development, and that at some apparently unknown point these two lines meet. He does not, however, offer any explanation of what he considers spirit to be, or of the conditions of this spiritual evolution, or of its subsequent contact with the products of physical evolution. Moreover, if, as he admits, the rudiments of the special faculties are found in man independently of any spiritual influx, it is not easy to see, on evolutionary principles, why the special faculties should not have been duly evolved from these rudiments without the interposition of spirit. To deny the evolutionary capacity of a germ because it is such a very little one is surely a strange argument for a man of science. Again, what is the position of the unfortunate savage before this 'influx of spirit' which is 'superadded to his animal nature' (p. 474)? Mr. Wallace does not regard him as an animal, for he describes him as a man. But at the same time he denies him the faculties which he calls characteristic of man, leaving him only with an animal nature. If the spiritual influx were supposed to take place at birth, the theory might or might not be sound, but it would be consistent and adequate. As it stands at present, however, it is a theory of the human soul which professedly does not extend to a large part of the human race. Mr. Wallace affirms his belief in the survival of man's soul after death. What then happens to

<sup>9</sup> *Darwinism*, pp. 464-8.

the soul of a savage who dies before the spiritual influx? Does it survive as a human soul, or does it meet the fate, whatever that may be in Mr. Wallace's opinion, of the soul or intelligence of an animal? *Quid* soul, it is clearly of an animal nature, the spiritual nature not having been superadded to it. On the other hand it is enshrined in a human body, and is also, I presume, a personality of some sort, for I do not understand Mr. Wallace to deny self-consciousness to these savages. Indeed he appears (p. 475) to regard 'sensation or consciousness' (the italics are mine) as identical with the Ego: in which case not only men but animals are self-conscious. As a matter of psychology it sounds rather startling to find sensation identified with consciousness, and with the Ego, but I do not attempt to criticise this further. I may point out, however, that even with regard to the animal elements of man's mental fabric, which Mr. Wallace apparently admits to be derived from animal progenitors, he gives us no information as to how this process of derivation is effected, nor does he make it clear whether these animal elements survive the physical death of man, or whether it is only the superadded spirit which is immortal.

Assuming then that my conclusions are justified, it is obvious that they have an important bearing on our relations to the lower animals. If man's soul has any part in the hereafter, the minds of animals, through him, partake in it also; and we must cease to regard them as being in the strictest sense mere beasts that perish. It may be said that, even supposing animal minds to survive physical death, they might serve to animate future specimens of the same race without rising higher. But there are some serious objections to this idea. In the first place it assumes a practical fixity of species which we know did not originally exist. Another difficulty is presented by the case of species which have become extinct, whose minds in this case would be left without any appropriate physical tenement. Moreover, the idea of the transference of an old mind into a young body of the same physical species is not altogether satisfactory. But perhaps the strongest argument against this supposition is furnished by the undoubted facts of heredity. It is clear that mental no less than physical peculiarities are hereditarily transmitted, and this precludes us from supposing that the entire mental fabric of an animal can be supplied by the introduction of a ready-made alien mind.

At first sight it may seem that this wider view of the destiny of animal mind should condemn all destruction of animal life—an opinion actually held, as we have seen, by the Buddhists and others.

I do not think, however, that this conclusion is inevitable unless it can be shown that the future of the animal is permanently injured by its physical destruction; and for this supposition I see no ground whatever. On the contrary, if we regard the physical death of an

animal, not as injuriously affecting its future, but as the necessary antecedent to its attainment of any higher existence, many of the objections to animal destruction disappear.

However, if the minds of animals after physical death are ultimately destined to a higher future, is it in our power to aid this development? Of course any influence which we can exert in this direction is necessarily confined to those animals with which we are brought into immediate contact. But something may be done to develop these, possibly in moral sense, certainly in intellectual power. With regard to moral education, I am fully alive to the danger of interpreting animal states of consciousness by reference to our own. In ascribing vanity, sympathy, jealousy, and so forth, to a lower animal, we have nothing whatever but analogy to guide us, and we can never be certain that we are not pushing this analogy too far. At the same time it is impossible to disregard animal expressions of emotion; and, as Dr. Romanes points out,<sup>10</sup> if we are to interpret them at all, we can only do so by reference to a human standard. On the whole, it seems difficult to escape the conclusion that some of the lower animals exhibit emotions analogous, at any rate, to affection, sympathy, shame (as distinct from fear), and a certain sense of responsibility. Where these qualities appear, it is usually in our power to foster and promote their growth, and thereby to elevate and develop the animal's character. Again it is certainly in our power to abstain as far as possible from rousing the lower emotions, such as jealousy, rage, and the like, which cannot but impede the animal's moral development. On the side of inhibition the scope of educational treatment is necessarily more limited. Punishment, or blame, which in this case we must suppose arouses the fear of punishment, is the only means at our disposal for repressing undesirable conduct in the lower animals; and as these cannot be expected to appreciate its educational purpose, punishment is simply a non-moral appeal to their terrors. It is not, however, without its value as a developing influence, since the suppression of a bad habit, by whatever method it be effected, means the removal or mitigation of an obstacle to the animal's progress.

But when we come to treat of the intellectual development of the lower animals we tread on firmer ground. To take some special instances, the elephant, the dog, and even the horse show themselves capable of a high degree of training. The attainment of this requires an amount of mental application which can hardly fail to produce an increased mental complexity. Probably most of the ordinary actions of an animal should be ascribed either to instinct or to reflex action. But to acquire the accomplishments of the trained animal, something like reason must come into play. The creature's life is widened by the widening of its receptivity to new stimuli; and in short, if judged

<sup>10</sup> *Animal Intelligence*, pp. 8-9.

by a mental standard, it becomes a higher animal. Nor, so far as it appears, need this be accompanied by any diminution of its happiness. Animals constantly seem to take pleasure in their tricks or their duties, and a disciplined dog, for instance, certainly conveys the impression of enjoying a larger and happier existence than one whose education has been neglected. Of course where the education has been harsh or cruel this conclusion does not apply; but such an education usually defeats its own end, by deadening the intelligence which alone makes education possible.

In the case of those animals in which our relations are more distant, the difficulty of exerting any developing influence upon them will vary directly with the gulf between us and them. But our conduct towards them should be guided by the same principles whenever an opportunity of applying them occurs.

In the days when such science as existed was the mere handmaid of theology, it was natural that the idea of animal immortality, being discountenanced by religion, should have gained little recognition from science.<sup>11</sup> But this state of things exists no longer. So far from this subject being forbidden to science, it seems to me that science is bound to justify her latest doctrines by investigating it. Evolutionists almost unanimously proclaim the continuity of mental as well as physical evolution. But while the physical evolution of man through the lower animals, from some still lower form of life, is studiously investigated and freely discussed, on the subject of man's mental evolution the authorities give us little but vague generalities. In those evolutionists who believe that mind, even in its highest known forms, is only a property of specialised matter, this silence is legitimate. For them the mind of man and animal alike is a product of physical growth, and perishes with physical death. But those who believe in the survival of the mental part of man are surely bound to reconcile their exclusion of animal minds from a survival after death with their doctrine that man's mental evolution, no less than his physical evolution, is a continuous ascent through lower animal forms. The spirit of ancient theology which regarded the universe as existing solely for the benefit of the earth, and the earth as existing solely for the benefit of man, is not yet dead, but lurks in many dark corners of the human mind, like the Kobolds which are supposed to haunt the recesses of the German home. It was this anthropocentric habit of thought which inspired the furious opposition to Darwin's theory that man's physical ancestry must be sought in the lower animals. Science in this matter has proved too strong for prejudice, and Darwinism has

<sup>11</sup> Quite lately it has met with some theological support. The Rev. J. R. Illingworth, writing in *Lux Mundi*, says (p. 115): 'Again, what are they [animals]? Had they a past? May they not have a future? What is the relation of their consciousness to the mighty life which pulses within the universe? May not Eastern speculation about these things be nearer the truth than Western science?'

won a general acceptance, at which its opponents may murmur, but which they cannot deny. The battle, however, is not yet over, and the next struggle will rage round the intellectual ancestry of man. There is every reason to be confident about the issue, but it is idle to suppose that the fight will not be severe. The repugnance to admitting an animal origin of man's mental equipment will be fully as strong as the repugnance evinced to admitting a similar origin of his bodily structure. And I venture to think that it is chiefly this repugnance which has driven a man of such brilliant attainments as Mr. Wallace into so impotent a theory of the human soul.

But be this as it may, it is clear that before the issue can be decided, the question of animal souls must come to the fore.

If we suppose man's soul to be immortal, it is clear that an immortal soul cannot be composed of mortal elements. Consequently, if the human soul is even partly an evolutionary development of animal mind, we cannot logically assign immortality to the one, and extinction to the other. If, on the other hand, as Mr. Wallace and the theologians contend, man's soul consists of, or at any rate comprises, spirit, or something else which does not come to us from animal progenitors, we may fairly ask for some evidence of the existence of this mysterious something. At present we have practically none. The *πνεῦμα* of theology, though vaguely described as 'the highest and distinctive part of man,' has no intelligible contents whatever that are not borrowed from the *ψυχή*. Much the same may be said of Mr. Wallace's spirit; for the special faculties which he refers to its influence are, as he honestly admits, to be found in a rudimentary form in man, at a time anterior to the addition of spirit to his nature.

Such is the problem which now awaits solution, and I have here attempted to indicate the lines on which I believe this solution must proceed. Bearing in mind that mental and material development advance, roughly speaking, together, the conclusion is well-nigh inevitable that both are processes of evolution *in* the individual organism, regulated and conditioned by the structural organism. If this be so, man's mind, as well as his body, is the product of an evolution from lower animal forms in a line of unbroken continuity; and consequently, if this human mind-structure is held to be immortal, it is impossible to deny immortality to the lower animal mind-structure from which it has been evolved, and out of which it is largely fashioned.

NORMAN PEARSON.

## *THE RIVAL COALITIONS.*

ENGLAND, we have been told, does not love coalitions. Be this as it may, England is not most assuredly of a disposition to love two rival coalitions at one and the same time. Now for the last four years the country has been wooed by two rival coalitions, both of whom contend that they and they alone are worthy of her regard and confidence. The time has come when England is in a position to form a judgment for herself as to the true character of the two candidates for her favour. What, viewed by the light of recent events, that judgment ought to be—what, indeed, in my belief it will be—is the question of the day.

It is now close upon six years, or thereabouts, since the oldest in date of the rival coalitions came into existence. It was in the early months of 1885 that Mr. Gladstone first became a convert to Home Rule—or, to speak more accurately, that he first made public the fact of his conversion. According to one of the numerous and inconsistent statements he has made on this subject, the leader of the Liberal party had for some time entertained grave searchings of conscience as to whether a union of hearts was not preferable to a union of governments. Every man must fairly be credited with knowing best what is passing in his own mind, especially if his mental construction happens to be of an abnormal character. But the Irish Nationalists have a right to complain that if the above theory is correct the outward action of its author should have remained for so long a period in such flagrant contradiction with the inward working of his mind. It may have been right on Mr. Gladstone's part to dissemble his love for Home Rule; but its partisans may ask with reason why it was necessary to carry dissimulation to the point of kicking them downstairs. As Prime Minister Mr. Gladstone was the champion, the advocate, the upholder of coercion on the ground that the maintenance of the Union was the first duty of British statesmanship. Yet, according to his subsequent confession, his faith in the paramount character of this duty was all along of so feeble a character that it was upset by the result of the Irish elections in 1885. As long as Mr. Parnell's following mustered only 51 votes on a division, Mr. Gladstone felt it his duty to

suppress the agitation for a repeal of the Union by all the resources at the command of the British Empire. As soon as Mr. Parnell obtained the control of 60 votes, Mr. Gladstone arrived at the conviction that to repeal the Union had become the duty of England. It is a curious example of undesigned coincidence that Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule should have occurred, or at any rate was made public, at the exact period when the support of the Home Rule vote became essential to the maintenance of his party in office. To the great majority of his followers the Premier's sudden change of front on the subject of Home Rule was a complete and an unwelcome surprise. With the doubtful exception of Mr. Morley, I should question whether there is a single one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues who, up to that time, had even contemplated the repeal of the Union as coming within the domain of practical politics. The Liberal party had heretofore repudiated the charge that they were prepared to repeal the Union as an aspersion on their patriotism. But when Mr. Gladstone, rightly or wrongly, determined to coalesce with the Irish Nationalists, the coalition was accepted, I grant reluctantly and unwillingly, by the bulk of the party which he had led so long.

The acceptance of the Home Rule platform on the part of the Liberals gave birth to the second, in matter of date, of the two rival coalitions. This matter of date is not unimportant. It was only after the Liberals as a body had coalesced with the Home Rulers, and only because they had so coalesced that the Liberal-Unionists made up their minds to combine with the Conservatives. It is difficult even for party virulence to offer any explanation for the Liberal-Unionist secession beyond the plain and simple one that the seceders, with or without reason, felt it their duty to take sides with the upholders of the Union. By so doing they sacrificed their political prospects, they endangered their political future, they severed themselves from party ties and party traditions. By coalescing with the Conservatives the Liberal-Unionists had almost everything to lose and nothing to gain beyond the maintenance of the Union. This much any honest antagonist must admit; and this much, I, as a friend—a too candid friend as many of them think—am only too glad to place once more on record. It should also be stated in common fairness that the terms of this coalition were alike creditable to both of the contracting parties. The Conservatives undoubtedly secured through the adhesion of the Liberal-Unionists a majority strong enough to defeat the Liberal-Parnellite coalition, and thus to ensure the continuance of their party in office. But in order to secure this adhesion they had to curtail their own independence of action and to forgo many of the advantages which the Conservative party might naturally have expected to accrue to them from the fact of a

Conservative Government being in power. To Conservatives and to Liberal-Unionists alike the duty, if not the sole recommendation, presented by the coalition lay in the fact that it afforded the best chance for the preservation of the Union.

Such, briefly speaking, were the credentials under which the two coalitions presented themselves to the country. An atmosphere of suspicion and discredit surrounded the Liberal-Parnellite coalition; the good faith and loyalty of the Liberal-Unionist Conservative coalition were beyond dispute. But in public as well as in private life it is not always the most respectable and respect-worthy candidate who proves the most successful wooer, and no man with a head on his shoulders can, I think, fail to see that during the period which had elapsed since the two coalitions sprang into being the former had, till a recent date, gained ground, while the latter had lost ground. Nobody is less disposed than I am to attach importance to bye-elections, or to believe in political calculations based upon the fact that one party or the other has gained or lost votes in a local contest. Still, when one successive bye-election after another goes one way, it is childish not to admit the significance of the occurrence; and nobody can doubt that up to a recent date the Gladstone-Parnell party had added to its strength whenever a vacancy occurred in the representation of Parliament.

Why this should have been so is not, I think, difficult to explain. The great mass of the electorate has never, I am convinced, taken any keen interest one way or the other in the question of Home Rule. The whole question of the relations between the component parts of the United Kingdom lies above the heads of half-educated masses, to whose hands, wisely or unwisely, we have entrusted supreme political power.

The Gladstonian assertion that the British working man is actuated by a burning desire to do justice to Ireland is only less silly than the contention which finds credence with some of my Unionist friends, that the British working man has any intelligent appreciation of the constitutional arguments in favour of the maintenance of the Union. I believe if you could fathom the average opinion of the lower and more numerous strata of the British electorate on the subject of Home Rule, you would find that it comes very much to this: that the Irish are a bad lot all round, and that if Home Rule will keep them quiet, let them have Home Rule, and be hanged to them. But there is amongst the great mass of Englishmen—and I regard this as the most hopeful feature in the whole situation—a desire to leave all matters they do not understand, and feel they do not understand, to the decision of the leaders in whom, wisely or unwisely, they place their confidence. Mr. Gladstone still commands the confidence of the masses as distinguished from the classes; and the chain of argument which commends itself to the ordinary British Liberal elector



on the subject of Home Rule is, I fancy, very much as follows. Mr. Gladstone knows much more about Home Rule than I do. Mr. Gladstone tells me Home Rule is safe and right for England as well as Ireland, and therefore I shall vote for Mr. Gladstone's candidate. There is, I am convinced, as I have said from the outset, one way, and one way only, by which the British electorate can be brought to bestir themselves actively in support of the Union. Conviction must be forced upon them that the repeal of the Union is a question of life or death to the country. Constitutional controversies, legal discussions, abstract arguments will never bring home this conviction. Example teaches where precept fails; and so long as the Liberal-Unionists show by their action that, much as they may desire the maintenance of the Union, they are not prepared to sacrifice to it their party hopes, party traditions, and party prepossessions, they will fail to convince the public that they seriously believe the dismemberment of the empire involves the ruin of the country.

Whether this explanation is correct or not, the fact remains that so far the masses remain apathetic on the Home Rule question; and this apathy tells in favour of the Gladstonian coalition. Then again the Liberals have laboured, not unsuccessfully, to create an impression that a number of subjects in which the electorate do really take a personal interest are blocked and estopped by the Home Rule controversy. The electors are told that if they will only return Mr. Gladstone to power, he will settle the Irish difficulty for once and for all; and then Parliament will be at liberty to pass an eight hours bill, to impose a progressive income tax, to abolish tithes, to disestablish the Church, to repeal the game laws, or to carry out any other legislation on which the people are supposed to have set their hearts. Probably the electorate do not quite believe these professions, they have heard them before; but still a party which professes readiness to legislate in your interest is always more popular than a party which repudiates any such profession.

I am far, however, from asserting that the sole or even the main strength of the Liberal party lies amidst the masses who are incompetent to form an opinion of their own on any abstract subject. On the contrary, I believe the real backbone of the party is to be found amidst the small shopkeepers, the better class of artisans, the public which frequents Nonconformist chapels, reads low-priced newspapers, and pays rates. Now, undoubtedly the opinion of this public has been very materially influenced by the tactics of the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone, to do him justice, thoroughly understands the British public of the lower middle class, and has shown consummate skill in the way in which he contrived to persuade this special public that the Home Rule agitation, under Mr. Parnell's leadership, had become a purely constitutional movement, which could not be opposed without detriment to the cause of constitutionalism and

the principles of the Liberal party. No effort was spared by the Gladstonians, in Parliament, in the press, and on the platform, to create an impression abroad that Home Rule meant nothing more than the concession to Irishmen of the right of managing their own local affairs; that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues had seen the error of their ways, and shared the moderate views of their English associates; that civil and religious liberty would be absolutely secure under the rule of an Irish Parliament and an Irish executive; and that the idea of the empire being imperilled by the concession of Home Rule was an idle chimera.

Mr. Parnell contributed much valuable assistance towards the success of this attempt to delude the British public. His own utterances were studiously moderate and judicious; he did his utmost to compel his followers to preserve some sort of decency and some show of respect for British opinions and prejudices. He contrived, too, to impress the English Liberals with a conviction that he sympathised with their views on English legislation, and would do his utmost, if Ireland were only granted local self-government, to secure the success of the Liberal cause on both sides St. George's Channel. In this tragi-comedy of errors no actor—not even the Grand Old Man—played his part better than the Uncrowned King.

Moreover, Mr. Parnell profited by the errors of his opponents. The Parnell Commission, as Lord Randolph Churchill went out of his way to warn his late colleagues, was a gigantic mistake. Its composition was faulty: its procedure defective: its decision was unsatisfactory. There is no good in denying the fact that in popular opinion the sentence of the court was considered as tantamount to an acquittal of Mr. Parnell on the charge to which the public attached any serious importance. It is all very well for Unionist advocates to explain that if you read between the lines you will see that the verdict of the Court was not proven rather than not guilty; and that the conviction of other parties to the suit of offences of lesser gravity must fairly be placed against the acquittal of their leader on the main indictment. But the rough instinct of the public never draws, and never can be expected to draw, superfine distinctions. After all, boycotting and outrage are very different things from deliberate and cold-blooded assassination; and when the Pigott letters were declared by the court to be forgeries, the public lost sight of all minor issues, and decided in its own mind that Parnell had been cruelly maligned. Legally, of course, the judgment of the court must be taken as a whole, but practically the weight of the opinion expressed by Sir James Hannen and his colleagues on questions of legal evidence is far graver than that of their opinion on questions of political expediency. Thus Mr. Parnell benefited for the time by the reaction of feeling which the British public always exhibits in favour of a man who has been unjustly attacked. Because the leader

of the Nationalist party was declared not to have written a letter, as the *Times* had asserted, expressing sympathy with the Phoenix Park murderers, popular opinion jumped to the conclusion that all the other charges against him were equally groundless, and that he was a sincere and high-minded patriot. This judgment was endorsed by the Liberal party. Mr. Parnell was entertained as an honoured guest by the National Liberal Club; he was presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh by the burgesses of the stronghold of Midlothian; he was invited to Hawarden, as the friend and colleague of the Liberal leader. It is not too much to say that up to a very few weeks ago the patriotism, moderation, and public spirit of the member for Cork were received articles of faith amidst the whole of the Gladstonian cult. Personally I never shared the belief; but until the other day the general impression amongst the Liberal-Unionists as well as amongst the Radicals was that if a general election were to take place the Gladstone-Parnell coalition would carry the day.

Now all this is changed. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone are at daggers drawn, and the coalition which the latter constructed in order to secure the return of the Liberals to office has broken into pieces. It is not my place, even if the limits of space permitted, to enter upon the question of the moral gravity of the offence committed by Mr. Parnell against the sanctity of the marriage tie. I am bound to say that personally I am unable to see how the fact of Mr. Parnell entertaining lax ideas as to the obligations imposed by the seventh commandment disqualifies him from being the leader of a political party. If purity of private life is to be considered an essential condition of public service, I cannot but ask myself how many public men have at any time or in any country been entitled to occupy leading positions. Supposing I were convinced that Home Rule was a good thing in itself, it would be a matter of absolute indifference to me whether the politicians by whom the boon was conferred were or were not worthy of competing for the Monthyon prize. A most elementary knowledge of mankind suffices to show that men who are honourable and trustworthy in every other relation of life are too often regardless of strict morality in their relations with women. It always has been so; it always, as I believe, will be so; and a commonplace intrigue between an elderly politician and a lady of mature years is not a matter which fills me with surprise or dismay.

Moreover, if the Irish are fitted to rule themselves, it follows logically that they are competent to choose their own leaders. At the outset the Liberal leaders were disposed to take this common-sense view. It was for the Irish to say whether the disclosures in the O'Shea trial had destroyed or impaired their confidence in Mr. Parnell as the leader of the Home Rule cause. It soon became manifest that the Irish, if left to themselves, had not the slightest idea of dismissing Mr. Parnell from public life because he had formed an illicit connection with the

wife of a friend. They may have been right, they may have been wrong, in so deciding. But the matter was one entirely for their own decision ; and if the Liberals had been wise they would have held their peace. When all is said and done, when you had consorted with Parnell, associated with Davitt and O'Brien, consented to act with the Healys and Harringtons, and had made yourself the apologist of boycotting, the champion of the Plan of Campaign, the eulogist of the Nationalist cause, you might have overlooked the fact that the Uncrowned King was not a Joseph Andrews.

Happily for the Unionist cause Mr. Gladstone came to the conclusion that Home Rule was not a strong enough cry to carry the Liberal party into office, if handicapped with the discredit attaching to the hero of the fire-escape. In this I am not clear he was altogether mistaken. It was not so much the moral offence of which Mr. Parnell stood convicted which outraged English public opinion, as the incidents with which that offence was connected. There is adultery and adultery. A man may be too fond of his neighbour's wife without forgetting his claim to be considered in other matters a man of honour, whose word can be trusted. But the revelations at the O'Shea trial showed Mr. Parnell to have little or no respect for even higher obligations than those imposed by the marriage vow. The whole evidence disclosed an amount of sordid deceit, deliberate falsehood, and brazen effrontery inconsistent not only with the respect of others, but with self-respect. No man after reading the O'Shea case, whatever his opinion may have been as to the conduct of the different parties to the suit, could avoid the impression that the co-respondent was not a person to inspire confidence in any relation of life. The impression may have been unjust ; it is possible, if Mr. Parnell had chosen to tell his own story, he might have placed a different complexion on the facts. But in face of his persistent silence, it was impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the Nationalist leader was not a man to be trusted.

If the outcry against Mr. Parnell had been confined to a condemnation of his conduct on moral and religious grounds, I believe Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues could safely have ignored the agitation on the ground to which I have already referred, that the question of the personal fitness of their leader was a matter for Irishmen to decide for themselves. But the outcry extended far beyond the area of Nonconformist circles. The Liberals in their later Home Rule campaigns had laid great stress upon the contention that Mr. Parnell was an honourable, trustworthy, patriotic man, genuinely devoted to constitutional principles, sincerely anxious to promote a cordial understanding between England and Ireland ; and that Home Rule could therefore be accorded with safety to the sister kingdom now that her destinies were entrusted to such a man as this. The contention, illogical as it was, did undoubtedly carry weight with the

constituencies, and induced numbers of the more thoughtful Liberals to acquiesce in a proposal which in itself was distasteful to them. In consequence, the discovery of what kind of a man Parnell really was fell like a bombshell into the Liberal camp. How far the leaders were as surprised as their followers is open to doubt. Mr. Gladstone himself always reminds me of the pictures in the French Salon which are marked 'Hors concours.' Their authors having attained all the distinctions the craft has to bestow, the works bearing the phrase 'Hors concours' are not subject to the same rules as ordinary pictures, are not judged by the same standard, are not liable to the same criticism. In a similar way Mr. Gladstone is politically 'hors concours.' If we are told that Mr. Gladstone knew nothing whatever about Mr. Parnell's relations with Mrs. O'Shea, I and the rest of the world accept the statement as only one additional anomaly in a character we are precluded from discussing. But to ask us to believe that men of the world such as Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley were astonished that they found out Mr. Parnell was no better than he ought to be, is to try our credulity too high.

In the whole of our modern political annals there will be few pages more unpleasant or more discreditable to all parties concerned than that which will have to record the collapse of the Gladstone-Parnell coalition or the receipt of the letter in which Mr. Gladstone insisted on Mr. Parnell's retirement. The incidents, too, are too recent to require recital, the passions excited are too keen for any judgment to be fairly passed at present on the exact degree of culpability attaching to the various parties implicated in the downfall of the Liberal Home Rule confederacy. This much, however, may be fairly said, that no one of the leading personages can come out of the mess without more or less of discredit and disgrace.

As to Parnell himself, he stands condemned by his own records. His character for moderation was a pretence; his desire to reconcile England and Ireland was a sham; his alliance with the Liberal party was a fraud; his admiration for Mr. Gladstone was a deception. With almost sublime effrontery he has explained how he intended to jockey the Liberal party, who, as he perceived, intended to jockey him. The Liberals, he declares in fact, only went in for Home Rule in order to get back into office by the Home Rule vote, and if they had got back purposed paying off their debt by a fraudulent composition. To baffle this design, he professed a confidence he did not feel, and made use of the Liberal alliance in order to delude the British democracy into repealing the Union while they imagined they were only granting local self-government. The contumely that he has poured on Mr. Gladstone, the scorn with which he has attacked his former colleagues, the animosity he has displayed towards England and her statesmen, speak for themselves and require no comment.

Nor is it possible to feel any respect for the seceders, who at the eleventh hour deserted Mr. Parnell, and constituted themselves the champions of the alliance between Home Rule and Liberalism. We have been allowed to see behind the scenes, to realise something of the personal animosities, the sordid jealousies, the ignoble rivalries, which animated the Irish Home Rule party. It was by force of superior talents, of iron resolution, and by a contemptuous assertion of his own right to rule, that Mr. Parnell kept a semblance of order and decency amidst his Irish following. In public, they were lavish in adulation of his genius, his patriotism, his elevation of character. In private they plotted and intrigued against him, and longed for the day to come when they could free themselves from a domination they resented even more than they feared. After all, be his faults what they may, Mr. Parnell stands out a head and shoulders above his followers. The brain to think, the power to keep his own counsel, the will to follow out his own purpose, the faculty to create and lead a party, were his and his alone. If Home Rule, even for a time, was adopted as the cry of a great English party, the result was due to Parnell alone, to a member of the English landlord garrison in Ireland, who had espoused a cause which under native Irish hands had always been associated with ignominious failure.

Indeed, as the Unionists have all along contended, the Home Rule movement in its latest development is now shown to have been the creation of Mr. Parnell. His were the hands that pulled the strings, and this fact must surely have been known to the English Liberals who identified themselves and their party with the Parnellite cause. If they did not know this, they were destitute of ordinary political intelligence. If they did know it, and knowing it acted as they did, they are guilty of complicity with the system of crime and outrage and deceit, by which the Home Rule cause was upheld under Mr. Parnell's leadership, if not at his instigation. From this dilemma there is no escape. The Liberals, with Mr. Gladstone at their head, stand convicted of having taken up Home Rule in order to secure the Irish vote, and of having agreed for party purposes to sacrifice the integrity of the United Kingdom; and, what is more, they are shown to have done all this on the faith of a compact with the very politician whom they now denounce as utterly base and untrustworthy.

The collapse, therefore, of the coalition which gave rise to the Liberal-Unionist secession is complete and signal. Never has a more righteous Nemesis befallen a more unrighteous desertion of public duty. But it would be premature to assume that the safety of the Union is assured because the two branches of the coalition have split asunder. Mr. Parnell has appealed from his Irish colleagues to the Irish people. The appeal has failed, at any rate in as far as Kilkenny is concerned. Sir John Pope Hennessy, whom

Mr. Parnell first nominated and then repudiated, has been returned by a very large majority over the unknown candidate, whom the deposed leader had put forward in his place. It is probable indeed that Mr. Parnell's defeat, or at any rate the magnitude of this defeat, is due to the action of the local clergy. It is natural enough the Irish priesthood should take sides against the member for Cork. In the first place, Mr. Parnell is a Protestant; in the second, he has been guilty of an offence which ministers of religion are bound to condemn; and, above all, his influence has undermined the authority hitherto exercised by the Irish priest over the Irish peasant. The order has gone forth that, in the interest of the Church, Mr. Parnell must be deposed and the direction of the Nationalist movement replaced in the hands of men amenable to the control of the priesthood. The whole might, power, and influence of the Catholic Church in Ireland will be at the service of Mr. Parnell's opponents, and if the priests are half as powerful in the other parts of Catholic Ireland as they have proved themselves in Kilkenny, Mr. Parnell will have to yield. On the other hand, it is obvious that Mr. Parnell has on his side the population of the towns, where priestly influence is less powerful than in the country; and of the young men of Ireland, even in the rural districts.

It is a curious commentary upon the assertion the Gladstonians were so fond of making, that Mr. Parnell was the champion of the constitutional cause, and was in consequence an object of hatred and suspicion to the partisans of violence, to find that as soon as he began his Irish campaign the first men to rally round him were the representatives of the Clan-na-Gael, of the Fenians, and of the dynamite party. Apparently he had never lost their confidence; and, judging from the language he has employed since he shook off the trammels of the Gladstone connection, this confidence was well deserved. Dauntless courage and an utter absence of scruple go for a long way in every electoral conflict, and in Ireland even more than elsewhere; and it is still on the cards that Mr. Parnell may defeat the priests and patriots combined, and reappear once more in Parliament as the accepted leader of the Home Rule party.

If, on the other hand, the Kilkenny defeat should be followed up by similar defeats at other impending bye-elections in Ireland, I suspect that public opinion in that country, which in all countries, and especially in all Celtic countries, declares itself on the winning side, will pronounce judgment on the late leader. Exit Parnell. So far so good. But I own I see no cause to congratulate ourselves on the fact that instead of one Parnell we shall have a dozen of Healys, Redmonds, Harringtons, O'Briens, and Tanners to deal with. Mr. Justin McCarthy is not the man to lead a party composed of such materials, every member of which holds himself to be qualified to rule. Tacitus says somewhere, about the rival candidates for the

Imperial throne, that it was impossible to determine their relative depravity by any test save that the one who secured the crown was certain to prove the worst. In much the same way Mr. Parnell's ultimate successor, if he is to be definitively deposed from the leadership, will be found to be the most extreme, the most unscrupulous, and the most hostile to England of all the candidates for the succession. Whoever he may be, he will play the same game, will bid for Liberal support by the promise of the Irish vote. So long as the Liberal party remains under its present leaders, and is governed by its present creed, that its first duty is to turn the Conservatives out of office, such an offer, by whomsoever it is made, is certain not to be rejected.

It seems to me, therefore, that the Unionists will commit a fatal error if they conceive that the cause of the Union is no longer in danger because Mr. Gladstone has fallen out with Mr. Parnell. The Liberal party has no chance, under present circumstances, of getting back to office independently of the Irish vote. This is the dominant fact of the political situation. The inference is obvious. It would be difficult for Mr. Gladstone to form a fresh coalition with Mr. Parnell; but even for this his fertility of resource is amply sufficient. In the event, however, of Mr. Parnell being replaced by any of the leaders of the Nationalist party, there would be no difficulty at all in bringing about a reconciliation between the Gladstonians and the Home Rulers, the only difference being that the former would have to pay a higher price, and would have to commit themselves definitely to a much wider measure of Home Rule than that which they originally contemplated.

Under these circumstances the Unionists are in no position to lay down their arms. Personally, I am only confirmed, by what has occurred within the last few weeks, in the conviction that the best chance for the preservation of the Union lies in a fusion between the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists. As, however, this opinion of mine is not yet shared by the Liberal-Unionists, there is no more to be said. In politics, as in other games, one can only play the cards in one's hand, and if the hand we have to play only contains a coalition *ad hoc* between the two wings of the Unionist party, we must make the best of it. Most assuredly, the card in question is a far stronger one to-day than it was a few weeks ago. The coalition between the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists has stood the test of time, and has so far defeated the anticipations of those who foretold its inevitable collapse. The policy of the Government which the Liberal-Unionists have supported by their votes is one of which they have no cause to be ashamed. It has restored the reign of law and order in Ireland, it has upheld the interests and honour of England abroad, it has given satisfaction to the country by its domestic legislation.



Thus, what is more than all, the Liberal-Unionist secession has been justified by the result. The last two months have afforded the British public an object lesson, by showing what Home Rule would have meant in sober earnest if Mr. Gladstone's Bill had not been defeated by the action of the Liberal-Unionists. The country knows now the nature of the Home Rule movement, the true character of the man by whom it was led and worked, the terms on which the coalition was concluded between the Liberals and the Nationalists, and the objects which both parties to the convention had in view. We have learnt, too, from Committee Room No. 15, what an Irish Parliament would have been in fact; and who and what were the men to whom Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues would have handed over Ireland bound hand and foot had it not been for the refusal of the Liberal-Unionists to sanction so ignoble a compact. Of the two rival coalitions, one ends in disgrace and failure, the other survives in honour and success. If this fact can be brought home to the public mind, the Unionists have every cause to be grateful to the unconscious and unwilling instruments by whom this result has been brought to pass.

EDWARD DICEY.



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## *CARDINAL NEWMAN'S SCEPTICISM.*

SCEPTICISM is a word designating, I suppose, properly, the attitude of mind which declares truth to be unattainable. It is commonly applied to those who declare particular truths, and especially theological dogmas, to be unattainable. No one doubts that Cardinal Newman accepted with perfect sincerity the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and was, in that sense, the reverse of a sceptic. It seems to me, indeed, that he never fairly looked the sceptical arguments in the face; and it is partly for that reason that he permits himself to use certain arguments against opponents who partially agreed with him, with apparent indifference to the results to which they might lead in the minds of common antagonists. Scepticism, in the common sense of the phrase, was so far from his ways of thought, that he generally assumes that to call an argument sceptical is to give it a practical refutation. The question remains open, not what did Newman believe, but what did his arguments properly imply? Some of his early disciples deduced from them what he would have called sceptical conclusions. An argument, according to Boyle's familiar illustration, is like a crossbow; because, unlike the long-bow, which corresponds to testimony, it has a force independent of the arm that wields it. But it has also the peculiarity that it frequently goes off backward. The man who expounds an idea is like the man who fires a mine: the explosion may have consequences quite unintended by him. It is, therefore, legitimate to ask whether Newman's reasoning was sceptical, and, if so, in what sense. I shall try to suggest an answer by examining a line of argument, which is expounded in some significant writings.

I will first take a remarkable paper, which appeared as No. 85 of the *Tracts for the Times*<sup>1</sup>—a set of eight lectures on 'The Scripture Proof of the Doctrines of the Church.' The argument is a simple one, and, as he says (p. 3), 'what is familiarly called a kill or cure remedy.' Protestants profess to prove their doctrines from the Scriptures, and from the Scriptures alone. If, then, they believe doctrines not provable from the Scriptures, they must either abandon, or assign some other ground for, their beliefs. If, for instance, they reject Apostolical succession, they must also deny 'the Godhead of the Holy Ghost'—neither doctrine being explicitly stated in Scripture. For reasons assigned, Newman rejects the 'Latitudinarian' or anti-dogmatic doctrine, as 'once for all, untenable,' and holds that we must either take the Anglican ground, that the doctrines are given in Scripture, but only given in an indirect or covert way; or the 'Romanist' ground (as he then understood it), that some doctrines are added on the strength of tradition. This argument, intended to put Protestants in a dilemma, is moulded to some extent upon the 'Analogy' argument of his favourite bishop, Butler. Butler answered the statement of the deists, that the God of Christianity was unjust, by arguing that the God of nature was equally unjust. James Mill, admitting the analogy, refused to believe in either God. Dr. Martineau has said, for similar reasons, that Butler wrote 'one of the most terrible persuasives to atheism ever produced.' So Newman's 'kill or cure' argument is essentially that God has either revealed nothing, or has made revelations in some other place than the Bible. His argument, like Butler's, may be as good a persuasive to scepticism as to belief.

Newman argues at length, and with undeniable power, that we cannot depend safely upon the Bible alone. What, in the first place is the Bible? It is not one book; it is 'a great number of writings, of various persons, living at various times, put together into one, and assuming its existing form as if casually and by accident' (p. 30). He compares it to a collection of writings of a philosophical school, not intended for publication, with many gaps, repetitions, and apparent contradictions, and requiring careful investigation before the implications could be discovered. The 'captious spirit' (he says elsewhere, p. 75) would ask what made these *many* books one book, and would answer, 'the printers.' He declares of himself that 'though the Bible be inspired' (which he fully admits), 'it has all such characteristics as might attach to a book uninspired: the characteristics of dialect and style, the distinct effects of times and places, youth and age, of moral and intellectual character.' How, again, do we know what is really part of the Bible? The writers of

<sup>1</sup> Though anonymous, it is ascribed to Newman by the authorities, e.g. Burgon's *Twelve Good Men*, i. 491; the internal evidence is conclusive, and Newman adopts several passages in his work on Development (1st edition), pp. 88, 143, 160.

the New Testament never claim to be inspired (p. 11); we infer their inspiration solely from the fact that it was written by the Apostles, and 'from the Old Testament being inspired.' The separate evidence for many parts of this miscellaneous collection is very slight. The New Testament,' he says (p. 80), contains twenty-seven books of varying importance: of these fourteen are not mentioned at all till from eighty to one hundred years after St. John's death . . of the other thirteen, five are quoted but by one writer during the same period.' The Epistle to the Hebrews, though accepted in the East, was not received in the West till the time of St. Jerome. 'There is no doubt, indeed, that this important epistle is part of the word of God. But why? because the testimony of the fourth and fifth centuries, when Christians were at leisure to examine the question thoroughly, is altogether in its favour' (p. 78). Or, to take the Old Testament, we are told that the book of Esther (p. 81) is not quoted in the New Testament; it is not admitted 'by two considerable Fathers; ' it is to all appearance a common history, it has no prophecies, no specially religious character, and contains things which shock one. We receive it, however, because we have good reason to believe from tradition that Christ included it when 'he spoke of the prophets.' Similarly we accept the 'Song of Songs' as divine and 'as a continued type,' though we are nowhere told so in the Scripture, because tradition informs us that in our Saviour's time it was included under the title of 'the Psalms,' and Our Saviour in St. Luke's Gospel refers to the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms. The strange weakness of the evidence in these and other cases is dwelt upon, it should be said, as proving that we have stronger evidence for some Church doctrines, such as the Eucharist (that is, for the early belief in those doctrines), than we have for parts of the Bible. But in any case it is hard to see how 'proof' could be weaker.

Granting the authority of the Bible, what does it prove? There is not, he states (pp. 9-12), a single text in favour of infant baptism. St. Paul nowhere urges so important a duty upon parents. There is no text allowing us to take oaths; 'the words of Christ and St. James seem plainly the other way.' We admit the practice only because St. Paul occasionally uses words equivalent to an oath. The Holy Ghost is nowhere expressly called God (though we infer his Godhead from 'parallel passages'). The word Trinity is no more in Scripture than the words Altar, Absolution, and Succession. The doctrine of original sin depends upon one or two texts, or 'implications.' The doctrine of the Atonement may be regarded as figurative by those who explain away the doctrine of the Eucharist. The doctrine of Justification by faith *only* is never declared; but we truly infer that there is a sense in which it may be held, 'though an Apostle (St. James) has in so many words said the contrary.' If, then, conclusive evidence is requisite before we believe, what is left?

At first sight (p. 12) we should retain the doctrines of the 'Divinity of Christ, the Unity of God and the supremacy of Divine Grace, and our election in Christ, and the resurrection of the body, and eternal life and death to the righteous or the sinners, but little besides. Shall we give up the divinity of the Holy Ghost, original sin, the inspiration of the New Testament, united worship, the Sacraments, and infant baptism?' If we do we shall soon find difficulties as to the divinity of Christ and other doctrines, which, though more clearly expressed, are still open to 'specious objections.' Difficulties will be raised about the word 'everlasting' as applied to punishment, and so forth.

He urges (in the fifth lecture) that the reticence of the biblical writers may be due to their 'simplicity' and 'depth,' which led them to mention facts without comment and to use phrases inadequate to the occasion. So (p. 56) the writers of the Old Testament mention criminal actions without blaming them; nay, it seems, sometimes praising them, as in the case of Jael and Sisera. St. Luke and St. Paul mention the Lord's Supper as if it were a common meal, and their language would not of itself suggest the doctrine of the Eucharist. It may be urged that the tone of the New Testament is unsacramental, and the impression it leaves on the mind is not that of a priesthood and its attendant system (p. 58). Christ's words to the woman of Samaria, he has said before (p. 7), might seem to forbid all 'external religion;' and therefore, as he argues, prove too much even for the Protestant, and must mean something else. Finally, he says (p. 60):—

'The three first gospels contain no declaration of our Lord's divinity, and there are passages which tend at first sight the other way. . . . Is it possible that the Evangelists could write any one particle of their records of his life without having the great and solemn truth steadfastly before them that He was their God? Yet they do not show this' (although when we know it we can see it to be implied). . . . 'I conceive that the impression left on an ordinary mind would be that our Saviour was a superhuman being, intimately possessed of God's confidence, but still a creature—an impression infinitely removed from the truth as really contained and intended in those gospels.'

He remarks elsewhere (p. 75) that an 'infidel historian accuses St. John of borrowing the doctrine of the Eternal Logos from the Alexandrian Platonists.' As Newman does not state his own view, I cannot say whether he admitted this derivation. If it be true, the only evangelist who asserts (or implies) the divinity of Christ has found His doctrine in some uninspired source. Other arguments show the omission of most important points. He notices the difficulty of reconciling the statements about the resurrection. He argues at length that the admission of the Gentiles to the Church was signified 'covertly' in Christ's teaching; that His words need only have meant (though they did mean more) that the gospel was to be preached to the scattered Jews; and Gentiles to be converted to Judaism. He

says that the Apostles clearly understood the words in this sense. He adds (p. 56) that 'the whole subject of prophecy' might be here brought in. The famous prophecy in Isaiah liii. for example, refers primarily to a contemporary event, though it 'glances' at the great gospel doctrine. It can, therefore, be no 'proof' except to those already convinced. He concludes his lecture (p. 68) by saying, what no one would deny, that the early Church sanctioned the practice of finding 'very recondite meanings' in Scripture; and, moreover, that, like the Scriptures, it preserved 'a great secrecy concerning fresh doctrines, as the Trinity and Eucharist.' The whole argument, in short, falls in completely, so far as the New Testament is concerned, with the critical teaching of Dr. Martineau (for example) in his recent book on *Authority*. If the doctrines which he regards as 'covert' or 'secret,' or, in other words, not proved to exist, did not exist in point of fact, he virtually supports the belief that Christ was regarded as an inspired Hebrew prophet, and that all the sacramental and sacerdotal system was an aftergrowth, confirmed by nothing in the original documents. And of course the beliefs cannot be inferred from the reticence, though it may be otherwise proved that they were consistent with it.

In his last lecture, Newman makes a still further remarkable application of his argument. He notes passages in Scripture which to most men in this generation will appear at first sight strange, superstitious, incredible, and extreme. If, then, in spite of these difficulties, Scripture is nevertheless from God, so again, in spite of similar internal difficulties, the Catholic system is from Him also. The argument, he adds, comes to this, that none of us are in such a state as to warrant us in deciding peremptorily what is from God, and what not—not even apparent contradictions, or, it would seem, apparent sanctions of cruelty. He has already observed (p. 37) that Genesis contains two apparently contradictory accounts of the creation of man. The Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist is not as irreconcilable with the accounts of its institution as the second chapter of Genesis is with the first. He infers that the doctrine is not unscriptural, 'unless the book of Genesis is (what is impossible, God forbid!) self-contradictory.' This is a very convenient method of dealing with 'startling' statements. The accounts of the demoniacs are 'startling;' and if the Fathers are credulous for relating similar stories, the Evangelists too must be held credulous. If we were not accustomed to the narrative, we should scoff at the stories of Eve and the serpent, or of the devils entering the herd of swine, as 'fanciful and extravagant.' If Balaam's ass instructed Balaam, 'what is there fairly to startle us in the Church's doctrine that the water of baptism cleanses from sin? . . . Of this I feel sure that those who consider the Church's doctrine incredible, will soon, if they turn their thoughts steadily that way, feel a difficulty in the serpent that tempted Eve, and the ass that admonished Balaam.' The more 'men

of modern temper' think about the Deluge, the less will they believe it, and the same is true of Jonah and the whale. The stories about the pool of Bethesda, or about the virtue attributed to St. Paul's garments and St. Peter's shadow, will seem superstitious. They will be offended at many doctrinal passages: at St. Paul's 'spiritualisation' of the story of Sarah and Hagar; at Christ's condemnation of the rich; at the Star of Bethlehem; and so forth. We shall begin to pick and choose, point out that no reliance is to be placed on particular texts; and regard the publication of Christianity merely as an historical event, which modified human thought and society, not as something divine and independent of us (p. 99). 'This is what the age is coming to.' That is, we shall soon apply historical criticism to the Bible, and historical criticism will lead to mischief. The objections noticed may be briefly described as selections from Voltaire, Tom Paine, and the deists. Protestants used to say that the deists had been 'victoriously refuted' by the divines who dared not to meet argument by argument, instead of retorting 'Swallow this if you swallow that.' Now it is admitted that, on the ground assumed by both parties in that controversy, the unbelievers would certainly have the best of it.

The argument substantially asserts throughout that the Bible alone—and the Bible contains, of course, the whole original evidence—does not prove the facts or the doctrines maintained by the orthodox. It is right to say that it is stated in a form which sometimes leaves us in doubt as to Newman's own opinion. It is avowedly an argument *ad hominem*. Some shrewd objections are put into the mouth of the 'captious person' or the 'infidel historian'; and we are not explicitly told that he has really the best of the argument on the ground assumed by the Protestants; but only that, in point of fact, the Protestants will be beaten if he fights. Again, some positive reasons are suggested for believing that there were doctrines accepted by the apostles, but not explicitly stated in Scripture. Still the sceptical nature of the reasoning is manifest. Its whole pith and substance depends upon the establishment of the proposition that the evidence of the Bible is insufficient. Newman does not say, 'My proofs are as good as yours'; but 'Your proofs are as bad as mine.' Both require to be supplemented by some external guarantee. Believe in the doctrines for some other reason, and then you may find indications—so-called 'proofs,' such as those for the authenticity of Esther, which, in the proper sense of the word, are not proofs at all. His emphatic and repeated assertion of the doctrine of 'secrecy,' again, is virtually a concession of the point. To say that vital doctrines were 'concealed' in the Bible and by the early Church is to say that we cannot prove that they were held. By 'going below the surface' or into 'the deeps' of Scripture, we may get indications or hints that they were, or may possibly have been, held. But if these hints were clear enough to afford

any logical basis of proof, his dilemma would lose its whole point. 'Shut both eyes,' he says, 'or open both.' Believe everything or nothing. His own justification for believing everything was, at this time, his belief in the authority of the early Church. He soon found that some further guarantee was necessary.

His scepticism is equally shown by another doctrine upon which he insists frequently and emphatically, as it is, indeed, essential to his case. We, he says—speaking of the mass of uncritical believers—believe the Bible to be the word of God, 'because we have been so taught. A believing spirit is in all cases a more blessed spirit than an unbelieving' (p. 72). Sceptics admit that they wish they *could* believe. 'Nature herself gives testimony against scepticism, against doubt, against a habit (I say a *habit*) of inquiry, against a cold, critical, investigating temper, the temper of what are called shrewd, clear-headed, hard-headed men, in that, by the confession of all, happiness is attached not to their temper, but to confiding, unreasoning faith.' Inquiry may be a duty, as going out into cold and ruin may be a duty, as war may be a duty. It is preposterous to assert that free inquiry leads to scepticism and is yet right. 'What is right and what is happy cannot in the long run and on a large scale be disjoined. To follow truth can never be a subject of regret; free inquiry does lead a man to regret the days of his childish faith, therefore it is not following truth' (*ib.*). To the obvious remark that some beliefs contradict other beliefs, that believing in Christ is disbelieving in Mahomet, and that therefore 'belief' in the abstract cannot be called good or bad, he replies by arguing that true conversion is of a positive not a negative character, an addition to, not a destruction of faith. We are therefore expected to 'forestall knowledge by faith.' 'Let us believe what we do not see or know' (p. 85). And he concludes his lectures by declaring that he loves the Church, her Bible, her doctrines, and her rites, and therefore he believes. Is this assault upon 'scepticism' really sceptical, or the reverse? 'Faith,' said the schoolboy, 'is believing what we know to be untrue.' Newman asserts that 'belief' is a duty, and 'belief' in excess of proof. The argument is again put in the book on the 'Development of Christian Doctrine,' and there, as here, is an essential part of the argument. He quotes (p. 328, 1st ed.) Locke's statement that there is 'one unerring mark' of the love of truth for truth's sake, namely, 'the not entertaining any proposition more strongly than the proofs it is built upon will warrant.' To this Newman replies that calculation never made a hero, and he shows that the Church has always upheld the opposite theory. When Celsus accused Christians of saying 'Do not inquire, but believe,' Origen replied by admitting and defending the doctrine. He thought it better for men to believe without reason, and thus to reform, rather than to remain in their sins (a convenient assumption). The Fathers gene-



rally held that 'the majority were to believe first and prove afterwards.' Newman says himself (p. 327) that 'belief is better than 'unbelief,' that 'probable arguments are sufficient for conclusions which we embrace as most certain,' and 'that it has ever been the heretical principle to prefer reason to faith, and to consider that things are true only so far as they are proved.'

The statement involves some curious assumptions, but I need only ask how it invalidates Locke's assertion. If I love truth for truth's sake, must I not believe what I regard as proved? This is quite enough without saying that I believe *only* what is proved. If it is proved that a thing is probable—that is, *only* probable—why should I believe it to be certain? In a rather strange passage Newman puts the case mathematically: 'If we will doubt,' he says (*Tract 85*, p. 112), 'that is, if we will not allow evidence to be sufficient which merely results in a balance on the side of revelation; if we will determine that no evidence is enough to prove revealed religion but what is overpowering; if we will not go by evidence in which there are (so to speak) three chances for revelation and only two against, we cannot be Christians.' Apply this to any other case. I believe that the evidence for the curative powers of Dr. Koch's medicine is only three to two. I am fully justified, no doubt, in advising a consumptive patient to take it; but, if I tell him that his cure is a certainty when I know it to be uncertain, I am simply telling a lie. If I tell ignorant people everywhere that the cure is certain, I am lying systematically. If I tell them that disbelief is wicked, I am appealing to ignorance and prejudice on behalf of a lie. Why is it otherwise in the case of Christian doctrine? Calculation certainly does not make men heroes; it only saves them from being fools. But a hero is not one who disbelieves that there is a risk, but one who looks facts in the face and dares the risk. That the majority will believe on insufficient ground from prejudice—patriotic, religious, or personal—is undeniable. Is that a reason for telling them that they are acting rightly, and that they are actually bound to believe implicitly, when they can neither judge the direct evidence nor the claims to authority of the body which orders them to believe?

In truth, such conclusions as these are the natural corollary from the assumption that a belief in dogmas is necessary to salvation. That doctrine, so long as it was held, naturally led to the theory which places belief before proof. The belief in a creed has a magical influence, whatever the grounds of belief. Therefore it was right to burn unbelievers instead of arguing with them, if burning were the most persuasive argument. The early Christians, Newman tells us, were directed to avoid heretics, lest they should be unable to defend their faith; and so the sainted King Louis recommended his knights not to argue with an infidel, but to run their sword into his belly as far as it would go—a form of argument more satisfactory

to both parties. An amiable person to-day appeals to our prejudices or the (assumed) blessedness of believing. A bigot appeals to the stake or to hell-fire; each to something which is assuredly not reason to the 'clear-headed or hard-headed.' The 'paradox' as Newman calls it, the *reductio ad absurdum* as I should say, is that you are forced to supply argument by threats or cajolery. Believing in the magical effect of a dogma, independently of the grounds on which it is accepted, you are forced to the 'paradox' of punishing people for doing what they think right and what you cannot deny to be right, namely, believing what they hold to be proved. The acceptance of a creed is 'necessary to salvation,' although it is not necessary, as in fact it is often impossible, to intellectual honesty. This doctrine indeed is either openly abandoned or cleverly explained away by most men now, whatever their opinions. Its effect upon Newman is shown by his attack upon Latitudinarians. They actually maintain, he complains, that error is innocent; that a blunder is not sinful, and that God will accept a man who acts conscientiously whatever his creed. Hence they believe in free inquiry, though free inquiry is certain to dissolve dogma and so to make men unhappy. The Latitudinarian of course replies that he welcomes free inquiry because free inquiry is the sole test of truth; that to believe what is true will in the long run conduce to happiness, although the abandonment of prejudice and superstition may cause a temporary pain. Be honest first and happy afterwards. If dogmas can't stand free inquiry, let dogmas go. That this implies a disbelief in the transcendent importance of a dogma, is no doubt true. That it admits that Pagans, Papists, and Protestants may all be saved, is not only true but a welcome truth. But it no more proves that truth is regarded as unimportant than it is a proof that a man who holds, as we all hold, that medical theories must be settled by free inquiry holds that wrong opinions about medicine are not mischievous. Undoubtedly, too, it implies that incompetent reasoners will often go wrong. So, on any showing, will incompetent dogmatists. Blind acceptance of opinion is as favourable to General Booth, or Auguste Comte, or Mr. Bradlaugh, as it is to the Pope. In both cases, on any showing, we have to admit that error is common and mischievous. Does it follow that it is sinful? Newman holds 'Latitudinarians' to be sceptics because they reject dogma, that is, unproved dogma. Which is the real sceptic? The man who declines logical tests, or the man who admits them? Was Don Quixote a sceptic when he tested his helmet, or when he resolved to assume its strength? If scepticism means distrust of reason, clearly the man who most distrusts reason is the man who declines tests or who puts dogma first and proof afterwards. The alternative 'believe all' or 'believe nothing,' is clearly so far sceptical. It means

that, as proof is impossible, we may take our choice. It is saying *if* we believe, we shall believe. If you steep yourself in a prejudice, you will come to think it an indubitable truth. Who doubts it? and who can deny that your belief then ceases to be any argument for the unbeliever? Some other argument must be adduced to decide our choice before we can escape from pure and absolute scepticism. So long as we make belief the precedent and reason the consequent; so long as we say 'this is true,' and *therefore* there must be a proof of it, and because it is not proved by the Bible it must be provable by the Church, we are clearly in a vicious circle. We are sceptics because we substantially admit that each of two opposing theories is justifiable on its own grounds. Did Newman ever get out of the circle?

He escaped, of course, practically by accepting the 'authority' of the Church. To appreciate the real meaning of this, we must ask what is meant by 'authority.' Unluckily it has two meanings, not only different, but often so related that the greater the authority in one sense, the less it is in another. Authority, when I speak as an historian or a man of science, is a name for evidence. Authority, as used by a lawyer, is a name for coercion, whether physical or moral. Newman incidentally refers (*Development*, p. 149) to scientific authority in a sense which suggests the nature of the possible confusion. 'The whole school of physical philosophers,' he says, 'take Newton's theory of gravitation for granted because it is generally received, and use it without rigidly testing it first, each for himself, by phenomena.' If, he adds, phenomena occur 'which it does not satisfactorily solve,' they assume that there must be some way of reconciling fact and theory, though the precise way does not occur to them. What is the real state of the case? Philosophers accept Newton's dynamical theory (viz., that bodies moving under the influence of a certain force will move in a certain way), first, because Newton has given a demonstration of its truth; next, if they are not familiar with the demonstration, because they know it has been tested by mathematicians of every degree of capacity, mutually independent and thoroughly impartial, and yet that no error has ever been pointed out; thirdly, because Newton's theory forms part of a whole system of correlative and interdependent truths, which have been tested over and over again by every means that ingenuity can devise, and found capable of bearing all tests without a single exception. They believe also in another and distinct truth, namely in the purely empirical fact that the motions of the solar system are regulated by gravitation alone, because calculations implying the truth of that doctrine have been carefully and minutely tested by astronomers, navigators, men of science in many departments, and have explained all the facts. If, however, phenomena occur which are not thus explicable, they try first, whether the calculations are erroneous or not 'carried sufficiently far; or secondly,

whether there are not unknown data (such as the instance of an undiscovered planet) which require a modification of the previous calculations. If either process brings the new facts under the old formula, the fact that the planetary orbits are cases of gravitation is so far verified. But if a new phenomenon were not only unexplained but inexplicable by any such method, what would they conclude? Simply that some other force must be in operation, or that gravitation would not account for the phenomenon. If all this is covered by the words 'generally received,' Newman is right; if not, he has misconceived the nature of scientific authority. I may add, too, that if a man is not convinced by Newton and Newton's followers, but still holds that the sun goes round the earth, we do not call him wicked, but intimate, as courteously as may be, our own profound conviction that he is a fool. He is quite right, as an honest man, to dispute arguments which do not convince him; but our appeal is to the 'authority' of reason, not to the authority of force.

In most cases, of course outside of physical science, the evidence is far from demonstrative, and here we have to act upon probabilities or hypotheses. Newman, as we have seen, holds that probable arguments are sufficient for conclusions which 'we embrace as most certain.' That we often do so is undeniable. The question remains, 'ought we to do so?' Nothing is commoner than the generation of positive belief by the simple process of acting on the hypothesis of its truth. Nothing, probably, persuades a man of his orthodoxy so strongly as burning a heretic. I become convinced that a thing is true because, when certainty is unattainable, I have to act as though it were true. But this surely represents a fallacy against which we should guard, not a logical principle which we should accept. It is a clear explanation of half the superstitions and follies by which the mind is infested; and certainly it is a fallacy often encouraged by obedience to authority. Imagine it applied in a scientific question. If we are to believe the doctrine simply because it is 'generally received,' we should have rejected Newton even in a case where there was demonstration to the contrary. Or let us take the case of vaccination. We—the unlearned in medicine—have to take it on 'authority.' Now we should probably be right in acting upon the doctrine, if every doctor had examined it independently, tested it by experiment, and agreed that it was useful. Even so, remembering all the erroneous practices which doctors have sanctioned, we might still have some doubt, though we should act, *i.e.* be vaccinated, as though we had no doubt. But suppose that we acted on the authority of the College of Physicians. The 'authority' of reason would be diminished because we should then be obeying the vote of a majority, and all corporate bodies are notoriously liable to be swayed by considerations different from reason—by prejudice, party and professional feeling, and so forth. If, further, belief in vaccination were made a test

for admission to the College of Physicians, the 'authority' would be greatly diminished by the simple fact that their judgment was only the judgment of men already convinced. Finally, if the College were allowed to compel everyone to be vaccinated, and to burn everybody who attacked vaccination, 'authority' in the reasonable sense would all but vanish, while authority in the sense of coercion would be enormously strengthened. Substitute a Church for the College of Physicians, and baptism for vaccination, and remember that vaccination can at least be tested, while no test can tell us whether an infant is regenerated, and it is plain enough that while the Church may be able to enforce the practice and perhaps the belief, its 'authority,' in the sense of reasonable testimony, becomes a vanishing quantity. To believe 'on authority' is to believe because somebody else believes. That is reasonable if it is reasonable to hold that the somebody is right. The test of his authority, in scientific matters, is that he is qualified to investigate, that he agrees with other independent investigators, and that the truth, which has been subject to every possible test direct and indirect, is confirmed by and confirms other truths similarly established. When we cannot judge of the argument, the first and most essential test is the agreement of those who can judge, and, of course, their independent agreement. The evidence of witnesses is strong or weak, exactly as they are or are not really independent. If ten separate witnesses swear to a fact their testimony may be conclusive. If a club of ten people swear to a fact, affecting their interests, it is often worthless. Therefore the reasonable authority of a multitude of assertors varies directly as their mutual independence; whilst its authority, in the sense of power of enforcing positions or beliefs, varies directly as their mutual dependence. Reasonable authority again may be accepted because it appeals to tests, which we can appreciate when we do not appreciate the reasons. I believe that electricians know something, because I can see the electric light. We believe in one authority because it can always produce its vouchers: we cannot trust the other which orders us to accept its word without vouchers. If a banker resents a demand for vouchers because he regards it as an imputation upon his honesty, we know pretty well what to think of him, especially if we are 'clear' or 'hardheaded' men. The pathetic appeal for implicit trust is a highly suspicious answer to a demand for proof.

Now let us see what is the kind of authority to which Newman appeals. If it is the authority of reason, his appeal is to evidence: if to the authority of coercion, it may be virtually an appeal to something radically opposed to reason—in other words, it implies distrust of reason as the essential principle of scepticism. His argument in the book on 'Development' still takes the old form. 'You must accept the whole or reject the whole: reduction does

but enfeeble and amputation mutilate' (p. 154). The dilemma obviously involves a theory. Before I can press it for good or bad, I must show that two mutually exclusive theories are in presence. The obvious answer to such dilemmas in general is that there is probably some truth on both sides. This, however, according to Newman is to admit the eclecticism which infallibly leads first to heresies and then to infidelity. He therefore seeks to show that the Catholic doctrine is a unit, a rounded and complete system of interdependent truths which must be either taken or rejected. In Hobbes's homely phrase, a creed is like a pill, which must not be chewed but swallowed whole. Newman, therefore, meets the difficulty arising from the admitted absence of any system of doctrine in the original documents by arguing for the essential unity and harmony of the system of beliefs introduced in the Catholic creed and implied in its ritual and its constitution, and then arguing backwards and inferring that the creed was somehow latent even in the earliest period. This is shown by a description of the living ideas, which take root in a society, develop themselves in proportion to their native vigour and subtlety, produce an ethical code, a system of government, a theology, and a ritual which are all the legitimate product of the original germ. Some creeds have thus a general vitality, proved by their harmonious growth, while others represent mere compromises between opposing systems, and therefore contain from the first a principle of disintegration and ultimate death. He applies various tests, such as preservation of type, power of assimilation, logical sequence, and so forth, which, as he urges, are satisfied by the Catholic Church. This establishes a presumption that the development is legitimate, which becomes practically conclusive when we consider that there is no rival claimant for the same position. We are then entitled to neglect difficulties as astronomers (in his opinion) dismiss difficulties about gravitation, and to take for granted that they would be explained if we had the necessary knowledge.

Now, so far, unbelievers may fully agree up to a certain point. Nobody would deny that the Catholic Church has great vitality: that it has lasted through many centuries (though through a very small fraction of human history, and among a small minority of the human race), and that it may be regarded as a continuous and harmonious system of belief and practice. Comte, for example, has put the case as strongly as Newman, though with a very different conclusion. The suggested tests, in fact, go immediately to the vitality of the creed, and only apply to its veracity so far as veracity is implied by vitality. Now other creeds have lasted as long and had as many adherents as the Catholic; and therefore, *prima facie*, some other test is necessary, and the test which is the essential condition of scientific authority is entirely absent—the test, namely, of independent verification. Much of the creed is, of course, incapable of verification.

There is no conceivable means of verifying the Athanasian Creed. Yet there are some dogmas which might very fairly be tested. A divinely inspired book should give us true history; it might give us clear prophecies; it might, when it touches upon matters of physical science, give us accurate statements. The history, if true, should stand the test of exposure to 'hard-headed' inquirers. The method is admitted by Protestant writers—as, for example, by the gentlemen who have discovered that geology strikingly confirms the story of the Deluge. But Newman, as we have seen, was convinced that such methods had a direct tendency to scepticism. He limits himself, therefore, to the test of consistency and continuity of the creed, which by its nature is a negative test, and still requires more assumption before we approach to proof. The authority of which he is in search is an authority which need not look outside itself for proof, and is therefore independent of such verification.

Now, as Newman observes (p. 122), analogy 'in one point of view' tells against a revelation. Analogy is 'in some senses violated by the fact of a revelation,' though, once admitting a revelation, the mode of revelation is a mere question of degree. This is, in fact, a corollary of Hume's miracle argument. We cannot argue from the 'natural' order to that which is *ex hypothesi* supernatural. We must, at any rate, admit that wherever recognised 'laws of nature' are sufficient to account for an event, we have no reason to believe in 'supernatural' interference. Death on the cross requires no miracle; though miracle may be necessary to explain a resurrection. So far, therefore, as Newman appeals to historical facts to explain the growth of dogma, he is no nearer to establishing a supernatural growth. We understand the growth of sciences, of historical knowledge, of political and social institutions, without supposing the inspiration of Newton or Niebuhr, of King Alfred or Mr. Gladstone. Remembering this, it is curious to notice Newman's explanation of the growth of certain beliefs and institutions. In speaking of the papal supremacy, he argues (p. 127) that an infallible authority is necessary because if people once begin to reason, they will reach different conclusions—a clear avowal of scepticism. He obviously feels that it is such an avowal, and therefore explains (p. 128) that he does not deny the existence of 'eternal truths,' but only thinks that there are 'none sufficiently commanding to be the basis of public union and action. The only general persuasive in matters of authority, that is, when truth is in question, is a judgment which we consider superior to our own.' Unluckily judgments superior to our own are apt in this case to disagree with each other. Obviously, this is a guarded admission, but still an admission, that truth of the highest kind is practically unattainable unless dissent is silenced by authority. It requires a continuous miracle to secure belief in the truth. What more could a sceptic say?

The gradual development of the papal authority is explained (pp. 164–179) by the obvious need for it. The power was ‘dormant’ while the apostles were alive, because (apparently) apostles (St. Peter and St. Paul, for example), were always agreed. The necessity for a central power was afterwards felt, though its development was retarded by persecution; it grew as persecution diminished and became supreme when the empire became Christian. This, he says, (p. 170) is a theory to explain the comparative reticence of the Church, and to connect its words and acts with the antecedent probability of a monarchical principle in the divine scheme, and that actual exemplification of it in the fourth century which forms their ‘presumptive anticipation. All depends on the strength of that presumption.’ That is, if the institution of the Papacy was divine, we can see why it was not explicitly revealed. He shows very clearly that the development of the Papal power was analogous to various developments admittedly natural: to the growth, for example, of the British constitution, or to the inevitable centralisation of even the Church of England. ‘It must be so,’ he says (p. 171), speaking of the powers given to the see of Canterbury; ‘no Church can do without its pope. We see before our eyes the centralising process by which the see of St. Peter became the head of Christendom.’ It is impossible ‘to speak reverently, that an infinite wisdom, which sees the end from the beginning, in decreeing the rise of an universal empire, should not have decreed the development of a ruler.’ Adding the general probability that all true developments have been divinely approved, and the probability in favour of some infallibility, we may convince ourselves that certain texts about St. Peter and the keys, and so forth, had a meaning not obvious on the surface. Now if we were attacking instead of defending the Papacy, we should use Newman’s arguments, just as he accepts some of Barrow’s statements on the same subject. He simply shows that the rise of the papacy was perfectly natural, or even inevitable, under the known historical conditions, and strictly analogous to the rise of other institutions. Undoubtedly, if the original institution of the Christian Church was divinely decreed, all the consequences were implicitly decreed, and among them the growth, say, of the Eastern Church, which has preserved its faith without recognising the Papacy, or of the Protestant Churches, which regard it as a corruption. ‘All depends on the presumption’ that there must be a supernatural authority somewhere, and this depends on the purely sceptical assumption that truth cannot be preserved without a continuous miracle. Since no such infallible authority has been granted in other ages or to other races, or in any other branch of knowledge, what ‘analogy’ suggests that it is probable in this case? If we deny the assumption the whole argument at once becomes an explanation instead of a defence—a natural result of its sceptical nature. How the power thus constituted has



secured unity is shown in later chapters. Pope Leo the First, for example, with the help of the Emperor, forced the Council of Chalcedon to accept a certain dogma about the nature of Christ, and to admit that he was not only 'of' but 'in two natures,' although the dogma was not unanimously accepted by the Fathers, though some eminent saints had opposed it, and though the whole East had refused it as an addition to the creed. This, therefore' (p. 307), is the apostolic truth 'once delivered to the saints,' or so we must believe because we believe in an over-ruling Providence which has made 'special promises' to the Church: and because, moreover, students will find that it is in simple accordance with the faith of the Fathers. But the 'historical account,' he says, is that a dogma was forced upon the council after the most strenuous denial, on several occasions, in one of which six hundred bishops concurred, by the Pope of the day, supported by the civil power. The 'unbeliever' will hold that neither Leo nor the six hundred bishops, nor any other human being, could possibly know anything whatever about the question. In any case it proves that the Pope and the Emperor forced people to admit a certain dogma without any show of an appeal to their reason. That it was the dogma which fell in with the utterances of early Fathers seems to be regarded as a proof that this act was right. Anyhow it shows that coercion, and not argument, was the cause of its acceptance. Similarly all 'rationalising' tenets were crushed. Theodore of Mopsuestia, for example, was ill-advised enough to study the original Hebrew text, to protest against finding double meanings in Scripture, and even to deny that the Deluge covered the earth. Was he wrong? The answer to him is, that the Church suppressed his opinions. The Church (p. 324) has always used the 'mystical sense' of Scripture, and made it the very basis of the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity. Thus it can find a 'proof' of the divinity of Christ in the words 'My heart is inditing of a good matter.' 'It may almost be laid down as an historical fact that the mystical interpretation and orthodoxy will stand or fall together. The use of Scripture, then, especially its spiritual or second sense, as a medium of thought and deduction, is a characteristic principle of the development of doctrine in the Church.' In other words, doctrine has been developed by the aid of a process which, in any other case, would be too ridiculous to be avowed by any honest man. It is not surprising to find that some 'developments' seem to contradict the original statements, and that, for example, the 'second commandment may have been only intended for 'temporary observance' (p. 434), so that veneration for images is a legitimate development from prohibition of idolatry.

One other significant statement is enough. In the first ages (p. 407) there was 'no public and ecclesiastical recognition of the place which St. Mary holds in the economy of grace.' This was

reserved for the fifth century, as the divinity of Christ had been defined in the fourth. The Council of Ephesus then determined that the epithet 'Mother of God' might be rightfully applied to the Virgin. The discussions upon the divine nature had shown how highly a creature might be exalted without becoming God; and thus the Virgin became the 'subject of that august proposition, of which Arianism had provided the predicate.' What Arians said of Christ was really true of Mary. The acceptance of the doctrine by authority had been anticipated by the spontaneous and traditional feeling of earlier Christians, who had already used the epithet which seems monstrous to philosophers and blasphemous to theists.

Newman has already remarked upon the strange absence of any testimony to Christ's divinity in the three evangelists. The tone of the Gospels implies that he was 'supernatural,' not divine. He has spoken emphatically—though hardly with adequate emphasis—of a fact which, if it be a fact, almost implies a psychological miracle. Men have been walking, talking, eating and drinking with another man. They become aware that their companion was God Almighty. They write an account of their intercourse, and they happen to say nothing about it, besides occasionally implying the contrary. If ever we can safely argue from the non-impression to the non-existence of a belief, this is surely the case; and it certainly requires some very strong presumption to justify a theory of reticence. But we now find out that the Virgin is a similar case. Her position becomes quasi-divine, although it is not even pretended that there is a scrap of evidence for the theory in the original documents as known to us; nor any reason to suppose that any such evidence was accessible to the early Christians. Neither was the doctrine revealed by the infallible authority. The authority accepted an opinion which had grown up 'spontaneously'—that is to say, which had become common among a number of uninspired people, who apparently never even imagined that any proof was wanted. They believed, no doubt, because it seemed to them intrinsically probable. If so, the deification of Christ may have taken place by a similar process. The apotheosis of human beings is part of the normal phenomena in all active religions. Gods are still being made in India by the popular instinct, and promoted in China by government orders. It requires, then, no supernatural intervention to account for the growth of the Christian mythology. Nothing can be more in accordance with all that we know of great religious movements. There is, as Newman admits, no sort of proof that these doctrines were believed at first; they grew, as he points out, by gradual stages, by the spontaneous development of beliefs, and were then propped up by the theorising of acute reasoners, pledged beforehand to reach orthodox conclusions. When developed they were accepted by an authority which enforced them by the

power of a vast organisation, crushing all 'rationalism,' not by argument, but by its whole influence with the state and its own adherents. That, I say, is Newman's own theory—what claims has such authority upon belief? Does the 'authority' appeal to reason, or simply to coercion? 'Everything depends' on the *a priori* assumption that an infallible authority is probable—and, if resting upon the analogy of all other times, places, and departments of thought, we deny the analogy, the evidence vanishes. A man is virtually a sceptic when he admits that he has no argument which can be applicable to his antagonist's position. Belief then becomes a pure matter of choice. We fully agree that authority, and in particular the authority of the Catholic Church, is a most powerful 'persuasive;' but if Newman's view be true, it persuades by appeal to everything except reason, and peremptorily refuses verification, unless, indeed, verification is to be translated 'making true' that which is not true before. 'Believe all, or believe nothing' is the last word, and that is an intrinsically sceptical formula. Every proof of the development of the power of the Church is an explanation of the way in which its dogmas have been enforced in spite of reason. M. Renan and Newman are thoroughly agreed in asserting that the Church is pledged to certain doctrines and assertions of fact, and must stand or fall with them. They are also agreed that many assertions and dogmas cannot be proved and will be certainly disbelieved if we once try to test them. The difference only arises when M. Renan says that a body which is pledged to nonsensical doctrines, or impossible statements, cannot be infallible; and when Newman says that he will believe anything and everything without independent proof, if he is ordered to believe by the Church. Renan is no doubt a 'sceptic' in the popular sense that he rejects certain dogmas, received by a certain society; but Newman is the sceptic in so far as he declares that all free and independent inquiry must lead to the destruction of belief, and yet chooses to be 'persuaded' by the Church because he loves it. The most thoroughgoing sceptic is the man who has least confidence in reason.

So far, then, we are still in the vicious circle. Belief is the precedent and proof the consequent. The direct evidence is still admitted to be utterly inconclusive. We still have all the scepticism of Tract 85. The defects are cured by an authority which is clearly coercive; which suppresses rationalising by force; which admits of no independent verification; which, where it professes to assign proofs, makes them valid by the dogmatic assertion that they are valid; and which can only appeal to consistency and continuity. Consistency and continuity are only proofs of truth when the premisses are proved by deductions exposed to the searching tests which it peremptorily declines. The logical theory intended to justify this method is given in the *Grammar of Assent*. There we

may learn how it is possible, and even right, to express as most certain conclusions based upon probable arguments. No conclusion can be stronger in logic than the premisses from which it is inferred. Yet, if we once put faith before reason, it must be stronger. The ingenious and subtle dialectics of the *Grammar* show how the paradox is attempted. 'Assent,' he argues, is something different from inference, though it legitimately follows inference; and it differs in this way among others, that inference is conditional upon the premisses, establishing only the necessary connection between them, whereas assent is 'unconditional' (p. 165). Assent is thus an act, not a purely intellectual operation. It is a decision that I will believe so and so, rightly or wrongly. Another peculiarity which runs through the book is tersely indicated in the saying that if we wait for complete proof, we shall never act; to act, you must assume, and that assumption is faith. I can call this nothing but a sophistry; we can all act daily and hourly upon 'assumptions' or hypotheses, without for a moment believing them to be more than hypotheses. That I do what my doctor tells me, does not show that I am certain that he is right, still less that he is infallible. But these doctrines put together explain the drift of the book. If I have to act in a doubtful case, and all cases are more or less doubtful, I must assume certain doubtful propositions, e.g., that I shall live till to-morrow, and then act as if they were absolutely certain. If this be confused with the belief that they are certain, I believe a doubtful statement absolutely. Is this, then, justifiable? Once more we meet with Locke's canon (p. 152), that belief should be proportional to evidence. To what else should it be proportional? What other test can ever be proposed in regard, say to a scientific question, to Newton's discoveries or Darwin's theories? If there appears to be a preponderance of evidence on one side, how can I turn probability into certainty in the name of 'loving truth'? The very first test of scientific candour is to distinguish between hypothesis and demonstration. Why confound them in theology? If I believe more than the evidence for one alternative, I also believe less than the evidence for the other—whether the question be 'Is Darwinism true or false?' or 'Christ divine or human?' Newman replies to Locke simply by appealing to psychology—that is, to the fact (quite indisputable) that we often believe more than the evidence warrants; though it is equally very true that we often believe much less. He seems to assume that we are justified. The strongest case he puts is our belief that all men will die, which implies, he thinks, a 'surplusage' of belief over proof. We certainly believe the statement, and, as I think, on sufficient evidence. If so, the belief is logically justified. But if not, why be certain? Surely we ought to keep our ears open to some new discoverer of an *elixir vitæ*, if there is no conclusive disproof of immortality. Of the fact that most men, perhaps all men, are very far from believing on logical grounds, there

can be no doubt. If any doubt could remain, no book would go further to dispel it than the *Grammar of Assent*. Newman says again and again that assent is a personal act, that we are guided by every variety of prejudice and passion; and not only so, but that in most important matters it is impossible by any logical apparatus to secure agreement. By illustrations, from historical, or juridical, or ethical, or other inquiries, he shows admirably how little mere syllogisms can do. If I simply assert, for example, that I recognise my brother, I indicate perceptions 'of my own conclusive to myself, but I am quite unable so to analyse the causes or implicit reasons of my judgment as to convey any adequate appreciation of them to others. All this, the most original and forcible part of the book, is a direct argument for scepticism. You and I may be convinced, but you and I are altogether disqualified from convincing each other. As, moreover, you and I may have contrary 'certitudes,' the certitude is clearly no infallible test of truth. Therefore error is inevitable, especially on the questions most important for the conduct of life. The scepticism, indeed, seems to be excessive, because Newman seems to have (as already indicated) an inadequate perception of the principle of verification, and of the way in which a body of scientific truths may be mutually corroborated and exhaustively tested. What, however, naturally follows? It does not follow that I should never be certain about disputed points, for my convictions are beyond my power. I can be candid or uncandid; but of course my own estimate of evidence must be my own, and the intellectual operation is not properly part of the volition at all, though my volition may decide how much and how fairly I should reason. It does follow that I should be modest and candid. It follows, too, that I should encourage 'free inquiry' from all sides. It follows that I shall not impose my opinion by force or by illogical methods, but by fair argument; and that any authority which depends in any degree upon coercion is so far disqualified from being a legitimate authority as evidence. The mass of mankind will go by instinct and be only too ready to speak dogmatically. Human stupidity can be trusted to take care of itself. But the ignorant may be taught to be tolerant; to believe that there are good men in all creeds; and that when they cannot understand the proof of a doctrine, they should be content to be in doubt, and should only obey that authority which shows that it appeals to reason by declining to damn erroneous belief and condemning dishonest reasoning alone. That is, Newman's arguments tell directly for the Latitudinarian, who is so strangely accused of showing indifference to truth, precisely because he dares to rely upon argument.

In fact, however, Newman's conclusion is the reverse. We are justified in being dogmatic; in holding to our own certitudes so as peremptorily to reject all that makes against them; in being even 'intolerant' (of course in an inoffensive sense) of hostile opinion, and,

therefore, of pronouncing with absolute confidence upon matters—such as the authority of the Church—of which it is only certain that most of us know nothing, and those who do know something are irreconcilably at issue. This is the inevitable paradox which follows from putting belief before reason, and holding that salvation depends upon dogmas imposed without reference to reason. And the sole ground for maintaining it is, so far as I can discover, that people as a rule do actually defy reason, or that people may sometimes reach right conclusions on insufficient grounds. If logic finds fault (with the ignorant who come to 'right' conclusions on certain moral questions) 'so much the worse for logic' (p. 398).

Again, I do not see how scepticism could go much further. The application, in which occur the words just quoted, shows the natural result of the method. The ignorant people whom he approves in this passage are those who believe that God will punish sin. This is involved in his general argument for natural religion. The ultimate test of truth, he says, is in the illative sense (pp. 343, 352) and that reasoning instinct which outruns logic. Another test should surely be that the illative sense always tends to the same 'certitudes.' While arguing that certitude is generally 'indefectible,' and trying to minimise the difference between certitudes, he yet admits that men may reach opposite certitudes, and that a man of science may reject the book of Genesis with a certitude equal to his own in accepting it. In that case, his ultimate conclusion would be that he and they 'thought and reasoned in different mediums.' Neither could reach the other on any common ground. He appears, however, to solve the difficulty by finding the real basis of religion, and of a belief in God, in the conscience. The scientific sceptics may be dismissed because they are without the 'religious sense,' which discovers the moral governor from the conscience; and the modern world generally, because it has cultivated the intellect at the expense of the conscience. Thus he discovers in the conscience a sufficient proof of the doctrines of future punishment, of sacrifice, and prayer. To me, few things seem clearer (in spite of some characteristic failings of a wealthy civilisation) than the marked elevation of the moral sense in modern times, especially in regard to humanity. We are utterly disgusted by practices familiar in ruder social states. An improved humanity is marked in many more important things, and most clearly in the treatment of criminals. We have got beyond the old methods of barbarity and revenge; we admit that criminals should be treated so that justice may co-operate at least with social reform, and that penalties should be so devised as to secure the maximum effect with the minimum of suffering. If I may legitimately infer a God from conscience, he must certainly be, as Newman says, a just God. By 'just,' he apparently means simply a God who punishes sin. The word 'God,' as he truly says (p. 98), 'may mean anything or nothing.'

The question is, what God? Now conscience tells me, as it has been telling many others, that a God who deserves worship should be just in a wider sense than this. He should be at least up to the level of modern civilisation. A human legislature would be grossly unjust if it inflicted (assuming that it could inflict) infinite and endless torture, in such a way as to be least efficient. A judge would be grossly unjust if he let off a man because he had friends at court, and still more unjust if he let off a guilty man because he had punished an innocent man. Therefore, my conscience tells me that a God who is supposed to act in this way does not deserve worship. If there be a day of judgment, I don't want God to forgive me, but to be perfectly fair to me; I don't want Him to acquit me because He has punished His Son; I shall not try to propitiate Him by sacrifices, any more than to bribe a human judge; and I shall hope that He will remember that as He created me (more or less), He might have made me better, or put me out of the way of temptation. Briefly, the conscience of civilised men has revolted against precisely the doctrines which conscience is invoked to sanction. That, in fact, the conscience of civilised men has revolted against the doctrines of endless punishment and of vicarious suffering needs no proof. The only difference is that some thinkers deny the doctrines, and others prefer to explain them away. The deist commonplace was that priests had thriven by working upon the conscience. Newman preaches exactly the same doctrine, only that he believes in the efficacy of cures which they condemned as quackery. How are we to decide which is right? Newman allows or directs us, when once we have obtained a 'certitude,' to reject 'peremptorily' all the difficulties by which it is environed. If an opponent's certitude happens to be opposed to mine, the opponent is, on the same ground, entitled to reject peremptorily my version of the case. We thus again reach the deadlock of scepticism or an equilibrium between two contrary opinions. If, however, we repudiate the 'peremptory' method, we can reach a more positive answer, to which Newman's reasoning will help us. The doctrine of sacrifice is, as he declares, that of the primitive man in all countries. In other words, it is a 'survival' of a crude interpretation of facts. Mr. Stanley met among the cannibals and brutish savages of darkest Africa a race who had no religion except a belief in a shadowy and spiteful being who haunts caves and solitudes. They judiciously pacified him by supplying him with occasional dainties. They understood the theory of sacrifice, though their morals are not specially commended. Now when we appeal to 'conscience,' should we ask the cannibal, or (say) Dr. Martineau, who makes conscience the ultimate authority, to interpret its dictates? Christianity was valuable (as some people hold) not because it retained the primitive conceptions, but because it refined and limited them. Within limits imposed by the stage of belief from which it sprang, it

rationalised such theories, and a true development is reached when it explains them away altogether. In fact, the imposing 'unity' on which Newman insists turns out to contain heterogeneous elements. It is made up of a popular mythology accepted by the Church, and a philosophy forcibly run into the old moulds by generations of acute thinkers, who accepted the principle of faith first and reason afterwards, and were bound by the strongest of motives to get the orthodox conclusion from any premisses. The Church, as Newman says somewhere, made a slave of Aristotle, and he did them good service. But now and then, Aristotle, or the philosophy with which he was identified, took to playing the part of the blinded Samson, and the whole edifice collapsed. Follow philosophy, and you must abandon the anthropomorphic fancy and its attendant mythology. The Church, Newman tells us, set its face against such tendencies; it suppressed rationalising when it was strong enough; twisted it into superficial conformity afterwards; and finally secured unity by expelling all rationalisers whom it could not forcibly silence. When it, then, says, 'Believe all or nothing,' we can only reply that we will believe whatever is proved. We cannot believe a system which contains radical contradictions, which proclaims a just God and, at the same time, says that He always behaves unjustly. We can only succeed in believing, according to his own account, first, by an arbitrary assent given avowedly in excess of reason; and then rejecting peremptorily all reasoned opposition; and finally by putting ourselves at the feet of a vast organisation with great powers of 'persuasion,' which it uses to silence reason, to enforce belief in dogma as a duty, and to denounce as wickedness the inquiry for reasons. A conclusion peremptorily asserted in this fashion is simply scepticism afraid of itself. It orders us to believe because, if we don't believe, we shall doubt. That is virtually to admit that doubt is the legitimate and normal result of reasoning, which is, I take it, the essential characteristic of scepticism.

LESLIE STEPHEN.



*THE TYRANNY OF  
THE 'NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.'*

‘WITH malice towards none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.’

These words are quoted from an address of Lincoln's by Mr. Motley in a letter to the Duchess of Argyll. They should be his epitaph, says Mr. Motley, and goes on to ask who in the long roll of the world's rulers have deserved a nobler one.

Enthusiasm and reverence, if a leader would be powerful, are the sentiments his character should inspire. Determination, skill, courage, are qualities which appeal to the reason of mankind. But men are not led by reason alone. If what Spinoza said of laws be true—that those are strong which appeal to reason, but those are impregnable which compel the assent both of reason and the common affections—the observation applies with greater force to the law-maker, and to the leader.

For years after his death, the men who had followed him through the stormy years of strife could scarcely bear to hear Lincoln's name spoken. It is the quality of mind stirring strong feelings of this kind which those with a hard fight before them seek in their leader, if they be wise. In England, at the present time, of how many who lead or aspire to lead their fellow-countrymen in the turmoil of political warfare could the words Mr. Motley quoted be truthfully written?

Yet loftiness of character carries as great an influence with the English people now as at any time in our history, while any conspicuous want of it is fatal to leadership. In aristocratic forms of government intellect takes precedence of character. Aristocracies are perhaps not the keenest judges of what is called a good character. But the English democracy of to-day seems for the present inclined to accept the high standard required by their predecessors who occupied the interregnum between the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 and that of 1867.

The interweaving of morality with national politics has been a task congenial to the nature of Mr. Gladstone, and under his guidance the English-speaking races have made marked progress towards a higher civilisation.

But of late a disposition has shown itself among certain classes to insist upon closely connecting personal morality with the individual politician. Qualified, and with reservation, the sentiment is wholesome enough. But, pushed remorselessly to its logical conclusion, grave dangers hover round it, which must be clear to any reflective mind. In view of events, quite recent, the results of which no man can foresee, either in their direct or indirect aspects, some of these dangers and difficulties are worth consideration.

A man of Napoleonic daring, of immense resource, a tried and tested leader not only of a party, but of a nation, is ruined and his power destroyed by an offence against public morals. Had he broken the criminal law, the gravity of the crime, its place in the scale of crime, could have been better estimated. Judges—who fix punishments—are trained to the task, and perform it on the whole equitably. But there are offences which are not offences against the criminal law of the country. On the contrary. By the Divorce Act, adultery, which formerly stood on the borderland of crime, was by the voice of the English people placed among ordinary breaches of civil contract, for which by a civil action at law the aggrieved party could obtain relief and damages. Adultery, in short, was legalised by Act of Parliament. The Parliament which enacted that law has much to answer for. The change marked indelibly, and in doing so gave impulse to, the decline of orderly and decent family life in England. The old idea was that '*Nuptiæ sunt conjunctio maris et feminae, et consortium omnis vitæ, divini et humani juris communicatio.*' But by the Law of Divorce marriage no longer was 'a life-long fellowship of all divine and human rights.' It became a mere partnership—not, it is true, co-equal in all respects—and treated as the years rolled on with greater and greater levity. There was a period in Rome, Mr. Lecky says, during which law and public opinion combined in making matrimonial purity most strict. For five hundred and twenty years there was no such thing as a divorce in Rome. But as Rome declined morals declined, and divorce became so common that St. Jerome had heard of a wife who was married to her twenty-third husband, she being his twenty-fifth wife. There were, however, what some would consider compensations; for women, from being submissive wives, had assumed a position of equality with men, and great independence of opinion and manners. One of the loftiest of modern ideals is the 'emancipation' of women. Free divorce lurks behind. Everyone knows that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu for years advocated a bill to assimilate marriage to a lease of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, and was only vanquished by the reminder that in all such leases it is usual to insert a covenant to keep and leave in good repair. But the present law of divorce is so unfair as between rich and poor that, the principle once admitted, greater facilities cannot fail in common justice to be given, and a

day will come when emancipated woman will bring free divorce in her train, if she still wear one. As yet, however, divorce carries with it shame; and the seventh commandment, Lord Salisbury remarks, has, in the eyes of platform moralists, eaten up all the others. If injustice is sometimes done, it is of the rough-and-ready sort, because discrimination by the public between cases of adultery is too difficult. The sentence is a 'decree nisi,' granted without reference to extenuating circumstances. Any man who aspires to influence his fellow-men must take this risk into account—that, more than ever before, the house he inhabits and those he frequents are made of transparent glass. In earlier times a prominent politician, given that society approved his private acts, had nothing to fear on the score of morals from public criticism. Society, in the sense of people who went to Court, drew a clear and well-defined line between public actions and private vices, always providing that those vices were not unfashionable. The public followed suit. Private vices were ignored, but political immorality was not readily forgiven. George the Third drank water, but his people were as coldly indifferent to the fact (which in these days would possibly have counted as a set-off to his hatred of reform) as they were to the drunkenness of the King's Ministers. Had Mr. Pitt consumed even more port than he did, his policy would not have been any less popular; while, had Mr. Fox had all the moral qualities which distinguished Sir Robert Peel, his reputation could never have survived the turpitude of the Coalition. The monarchy scarcely bent under the weight of George the Fourth's private vices and his treatment of Mrs. Fitzherbert; but had his successor not yielded to the pressure of Lord Grey in 1832, William the Fourth might have ended his days at St. Germain.

When Lord Melbourne was acquitted, after a trial in which the Tories said it had only been proved that he had had more opportunities than any man ever had before and had failed to avail himself of them, it was known that, had the verdict been the other way, he would have resigned his office of Prime Minister. But he was a sensitive man, and probably an innocent one. There is no proof or suggestion that his resignation would have been forced upon him by the circumstances of the case. The Duke of Wellington and Mr. Greville were both of opinion that it would not. On the other hand, this same Minister was enabled to discard the services of the most trenchant Radical intellect in England at the time—to omit Lord Brougham, against whose private character nothing could be charged, from his Cabinet—without any better reason than he himself gave in replying to a speech of extraordinary power from the ex-Chancellor. 'My lords,' he said, 'your lordships have heard the powerful speech of the noble and learned lord, one of the most powerful ever delivered in this House, and I leave your lordships to consider what must be the strength and nature of the objections

which prevent any government from availing themselves of the services of such a man.'

But with the reign of Queen Victoria came a change. At first owing to her extreme youth, and afterwards owing to the nobleness of character so marked in the Prince Consort and herself, the tone of the Court gave to society a different fashion in morals. Of late years, the seclusion of the Queen, added to other circumstances which are patent enough, has caused fashionable ethics to lapse from the high standard of forty years ago. But society is no longer the arbiter of morals in politics. A new force has gathered strength, the force of the people's opinion. It might have been doubted by cavillers at democracy, having the French Revolution in mind, in what direction that force would be directed. Any doubt upon the matter has been set at rest by the events of the last twenty years. The ethical standard which finds favour with the people, both in regard to public and private actions, bears very favourable comparison with that of the oligarchy with whom formerly decision between this politician and that one rested.

It is difficult, without giving just ground for offence, to make this point clear by example. But there is no harm in pointing to the statesmen who, since the Reform Bill of 1867—since political power became vested in what are called the masses—have held the office of Prime Minister. Lord Beaconsfield was neither a gambler, a drunkard, nor a rake; while Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are both men, either of whom, so far as private morals are concerned, is qualified to be an archbishop. Indeed, it may be truthfully said that they both possess special aptitude for that sacred office. It would be rash to infer any objective advantage to a nation accruing from the circumstance that its ruler possessed every domestic virtue. The advantage is subjective, and lies in the effect produced upon the people by the contemplation of their ideal, or the non-contemplation of the reverse. For a Minister may be a saint in private life, and yet be cruel and a tyrant. M. Noel, writing of Danton, whom he knew, said, 'He is a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good relative, a good friend; and I leave you [his correspondent], who lay so much stress on good morals, to infer the consequences.' Yet Danton, powerful as he was, left much to be desired in his public capacity. There are examples, and many, some of whom could be named and others in more recent times best left unnamed, whose private vices were notorious, but to whom Englishmen owe it that their liberties have been duly maintained. To assume that domestic virtue is a necessary attribute to beneficent statesmanship is a superstition. It is a belief held on religious or theological grounds, but capable of scientific disproof. But, like some other superstitions, it is ennobling to those who cling to it, and, in certain stages of the world's progress, to destroy it might be fatally mischievous.

Among the Irish saints there was one, St. Colman, who possessed a girdle which would only meet round the chaste. To-day, in England, that girdle is labelled 'supreme political authority.' In Ireland it yet remains to be proved whether the saint's girdle has not lost its virtue.

But whether or no the capacity to make laws and prudently administer them depends upon keeping inviolate the seventh commandment, the English people are inclined to act as if it were so. Whether it is the view of the masses, or whether the masses, having no strong opinion on the point, yield to the pressure of the 'non-conformist conscience,' may for the present purpose be left unconsidered. The view that unchastity is a barrier to the exercise of power may be said, by recent clear proofs, to obtain in English politics. Disqualification on this ground not only applies to supreme leadership; the rule extends to the commanders of co-ordinate forces, to the chiefs of any group of men who aspire to act with the main body of a political party. It may before long be still further extended to individuals. Inquisition may follow, penetrating men's social armour, laying bare their private lives by questions on the hustings, and by attacks on the platform and in the press. Here again injustice, sometimes gross, may be done, for lynch law is the only form in which popular justice can be applied to morals. When their guardianship has passed from an ecclesiastical authority (the Church) to a lay authority (the people), one extreme in all human probability will have been substituted for another. If the Church treated with undue laxness the vices of one monarch, the people may treat with undue severity the immoralities of another. It is stepping beyond the region of likelihood to suppose that the monarchy could again stand the strain of fortunes lavished in play, of bankruptcy certificated by Parliament, of mistresses flaunting on the steps of the throne, of usury and buffoonery standing where men have been accustomed to look for culture and decorum. Another Charles the First would in these times stand a better chance of keeping his head on his shoulders than another George the Fourth would have of keeping his head within his crown. If kings must be careful, politicians will have to be no less prudent. Hitherto, in order to weaken a political combination or destroy a policy, apart from solid convincing argument, it was necessary to expose dishonest motive or corrupt method. But in future there will be strong temptation to use different weapons. After Wilkes was expelled from the House of Commons in 1769 he became the hero of the people, the incarnation of the great principle that a constituency was free to choose its representative and to be represented by the man of its choice, without veto from other constituencies and other representatives. His infamous character and notorious profligacy were ignored by his admirers. In these days there is no reason to suppose that this luminous principle

would have obscured from vision the character of the man ; and a modern Wilkes, whatever he might represent, would stand no better chance than an Irish politician, whom it is unjust to name in the same sentence with him, stands to-day. It would be useless to argue for a Wilkes on the ground of principle, against a powerful opponent like the *Times*, bent on destroying the man, and calmly ignoring everything but his hideous vices.

A modern politician must be careful of his environment ; like humbler mortals, he is necessarily a slave to it. If the tone of society under George the Third in which politicians moved was loose, they ran no risks beyond their purses and their health. But to-day the fierce light of the 'nonconformist conscience' has begun to play upon politicians, their pleasures, and the company they keep. 'The ladies,' said Horace Walpole, 'game too deep for me ;' and it has been said of that period that the eagerness of women in society to win at cards from their friends and acquaintances destroyed all pleasant and rational intercourse in London drawing-rooms. But in those days no one knew or cared whether the loser was the Lord Chancellor or Mr. Fox. When the Postmaster-General, Sir Edward Fawkener, had gambled away a large sum at White's Clubhouse, and some one observed, 'See how he is robbing the mail !' everyone laughed. But would the merriment ring quite so true if the anecdote were told of a Cabinet Minister to-day ? A game of faro could not then destroy a coalition. But a game of baccarat might to-day ruin a party. George Selwyn, when some one told him that a waiter at a club had been arrested for some crime, remarked, 'What a horrid idea he will give of us to those fellows in Newgate !' He probably did not really care, and it certainly did not matter, what opinion was formed of him and of the set in which he lived, by those 'fellows in Newgate,' or even by the other fellows who hung about the doors of the House of Commons to pick up scraps of oratory delivered in intervals of the business of dining and of play. But to-day the private habits of politicians are sharpened into weapons turned against themselves ; and a 'horrid idea' given of these to those 'fellows' in the gallery or in the lobbies at Westminster might lead to the wrecking of a Cabinet, possibly of a Constitution.

Mr. John Morley, in an essay of daring and unsurpassed analytical power, has pointed out that, although selfish oligarchies have not as a rule wanted courage, yet the cowardly French *noblesse* ran from the fury of the Revolution because they were an oligarchy, not of power or duty, but of self-indulgence. But it is also obvious, in retrospect, that the French nobles misread the signs of the times in which they lived, although years before they had been plain to Rousseau in France, and even to Lord Chesterfield in England. 'Blind and obstinate choice of personal gratification' might have been innocuous in the days of Madame de Pompadour ; persistence

in that choice thirty years later was not merely dangerous, but fatal. When levity of demeanour, even of the highest lady in France, broke out in incredible dissipations, in indiscreet visits, in midnight parades and mystification, and above all in insensate gambling, it was felt by grave politicians, oligarchs themselves, aware of the danger, that the storm when it broke could not be ridden out. Rank, beauty, or wealth have to pay the penalty of conspicuousness. Every action is known and open to canvass. To-day, as then, the poor are very poor, and the toilers have to toil hard. It may not be true, but it is believed now, as then, that the gaming-tables of the rich are replenished by the hapless drudgery and the painfully hoarded rental of the poor. Party men and politicians should be careful not to misspell—like the *noblesse* of France—the signs of the times in which they live.

Quite recently, to an Irish audience, it was asserted by their late leader that he owed his present position to a notorious evening journalist and Mr. Michael Davitt. What he meant was that he had been overthrown by the spirit of fanaticism which the former seems to have power to rouse. A terrible and furious passion for chastity, overwhelming all considerations of justice and expediency, which can thus be wielded by the pen of one man and flung against an individual to-day or a class to-morrow, might, if society survived, leave a fearful wreckage behind. The 'nonconformist conscience' may be ridiculed, but it is not narrower than was the conscience of Robespierre. It is, perhaps, not perfectly sane. It may be repellent to many of us. There is no one, as Mr. Morley once feelingly observed, in all the world with whom it is so difficult to sympathise as with the narrower fanatics of our own political faith. And the 'nonconformist conscience,' finding expression in the daily newspaper in these days of universal education, is a force to which the improvisations of Camille Desmoulins from a chair in a public garden are child's play. The power of the press is only as yet half-fledged. If Benjamin Constant could hold that the press is the mistress of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world, what would he say of the newspapers to-day? Their capacity to influence has grown with the capacity of the people to read them. It is far truer than when Balzac said it, that the press is *le peuple en folio*. Mr. Labouchere represents, very brilliantly, a certain school of journalism. If what the theatre was to the limited Athenian commonwealth the press is to England, then Mr. Labouchere is able to scourge with deadlier effect, as he often does with as great justice and humour, than Aristophanes. It so happens that Mr. Labouchere does not share the views of the Greek satirist in politics. But his methods are not dissimilar; and it is not inconceivable that he should ally himself, with all the fervour of scepticism, to the 'nonconformist conscience' in a crusade against vice, which happened to coincide with political

opinion, which he honestly thought baneful to his country. Greville had no doubt that political motive was the influence which made Lord Melbourne a defendant in an action for *crim. con.* 'Old Wynford was at the bottom of it all, and persuaded Lord Grantley to urge it on for mere political purposes.' The case was notoriously weak, and ought never to have been brought into court. But political venom was stronger than legal scruples. And if men in the position of Lords Wynford and Grantley, more than half a century ago, at a time when political passions were certainly not stronger than now, could sanction such methods of destroying a political adversary, what is to be expected of journalists, demagogues, place-hunters, impecunious Tadpoles and Tapers of every degree, banded together by common hatred of their political opponents, unrestrained by moral or social checks, confident that they have only to appeal to the 'nonconformist conscience' and to the virtuous impartiality of the before-mentioned evening journalist—impartiality beyond all question—to be sure of hearty response?

In discussing a matter of this kind it is difficult not to think foolishly, as Dr. Johnson used to say, and to clear the mind of cant. It is extremely hard to weigh carefully the obvious practical drawbacks against the possible moral gain.

Ask the first three men you meet on what ground they condemn the fallen Irish leader, and they will give you, in all probability, three different reasons. One will say that it was because reliance may no longer be placed upon his word or his good faith.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,  
The hazard of concealing;  
But oh! it hardens a' within  
And petrifies the feeling.

Another will say it is because of the breach of the seventh commandment, the enforcing of which is essential in the interests of family life and vital in the interests of society. The third, if he is a Nonconformist, and candid, will admit that his mind is influenced by St. Paul's clear precept to the Corinthians, that they were 'not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator.' 'I wrote unto you in an epistle,' St. Paul reiterates, 'not to company with fornicators.'

Mr. Frederic Harrison's position is different again; and no one can refuse assent to the propositions he has so clearly laid down. Comte's system, it is well known, rested upon the subordination of politics to morality, inasmuch as spiritual reconstruction of society was the starting-point from which he looked forward to regenerate political institutions. Mr. Frederic Harrison not unnaturally fails to see any spiritual side to the ludicrous and sordid details proved in the divorce court.



Suppose the evils which appeal so strongly to men of such different castes of thought are admitted to the full, even when it is open to doubt whether the evil of the punishment does not exceed the evil of the offence. It is an old belief that, if that be so, the suffering ultimately reaped will exceed the suffering prevented, and that exemption from a lesser evil will only be purchased at the expense of a greater.

In one of Mr. Herbert Spencer's works he quotes a dialogue between Mr. Palgrave, travelling in Arabia, and a Wahhabee, which runs somewhat after this fashion :

'The greatest of sins is to worship a creature of clay.'

'Doubtless,' said I; 'but what, then, is the second?'

'To drink the shameful (that is, to smoke tobacco),' he replied.

'But what of murder, adultery, and bearing false witness against thy neighbour?'

'God is very merciful,' said my friend, meaning that these are little sins.

'Two sins alone are not to be forgiven—polytheism and smoking?' I questioned; and the sheikh, with due solemnity, replied that this was so.

Perhaps no better example could be found of the labyrinths into which men wander when they attempt to substitute ecclesiastical formulæ for the common laws of the land.

That ecclesiastical formulæ may properly govern social rules of conduct is a different contention altogether. To exclude a man from associating himself with you on behalf of a public enterprise because he smokes tobacco is one thing. To exclude him from your private dwelling is a totally different thing.

The most ardent partisan can draw a distinction between what schoolboys call 'sending to Coventry'—that is, moral reprehension—and what Irishmen call 'boycotting'—that is, social ostracism. Sir Charles Russell could discern no difference in principle between them. That may be so. But he would not have asserted that there was no difference in degree. And difference in degree is the essence of the matter. An attempt was made to exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from Parliament and public life, in the teeth of his constituents, because his theological views and his views on the proper interpretation of the marriage service of the Church differed from those of the majority of prosperous, well-to-do Englishmen. Mr. Bradlaugh and his constituents—who, fortunately for themselves, or they might have recoiled from the fight, are none of them prosperous or well-to-do—stood firm. The struggle was severe. Passions ran high. The 'nonconformist conscience' was much exercised, but fortunately a sound Liberal principle of countervailing strength, because well established by tradition, was too powerful for bigotry and partisanship: Mr. Bradlaugh became a member of the House of Commons, which as a politician unquestionably he adorns. His success was followed by reaction so violent, that not only has Malthusian Atheism been received in the House of Commons with more than

civility, but it has been welcomed on Nonconformist platforms—notably and recently at Sheffield—with enthusiasm second only to that reserved for the leaders of the Liberal party. Reaction is the vengeance of Nature upon those who do violence to her. And when rational moral reprehension for breaches of moral laws tends to degenerate into grotesque persecution the moment for reaction is dangerously near at hand.

But it is thought that distinctions can be drawn between delinquents, and that while this man is declared impossible as an ally or confederate another may be tolerated. To differentiate between degrees of moral turpitude may be possible to a confessor, but for the public it would be an idle attempt. Imagine the ennobling charm of a controversy, conducted by rival divines, supported by rival orators and rival newspapers, as to whether or no some particular type of correspondent was or was not a suitable political ally. To pause a moment will be to conclude that, if the rule is to be enforced at all, its application must be universal. The risks must be faced, the evils encountered.

It has been said of sexual self-control that there is probably no branch of ethics which has been so largely determined by special dogmatic theology, and there is none which would be so deeply affected by its decay. If beyond the pale of the Catholic Church dogmatic theology with difficulty holds its ground, it may be worth while to endeavour to substitute healthy public opinion for religious anathema as a sanction for morals. Habit founded on reason may be the highest sanction which can be hoped for morals in the future. Morality stimulated and checked by fitful gusts of popular prejudice could not be said to possess any sanction at all.

Let it be assumed that, in view of the decay of dogmatic belief, public opinion requires to be strictly schooled and moral rules severely enforced, and that the voice of the people is to be substituted for priestly excommunication. But a day of temptation must inevitably come. Recently the conflict lay between the supposed interests of the Irish people and the strain upon the 'nonconformist conscience.' To-morrow, for the first party to that conflict may be substituted the material interests of what are called the 'masses,' or possibly of the nation. In some European struggle England may have to choose between taking her place alone against a powerful foe and accepting the assistance of an ally led by another Napoleon the Third, fresh from another Coup d'Etat—the good faith exhibited in its accomplishment finding apologists—and whose decorous life would perhaps receive the approval of Mr. Price Hughes. Would morality, guaranteed by public opinion, survive the shock of such a betrayal?

Or, to take another case. Suppose in some prolonged and hard-fought struggle for what are called the rights of labour an alliance between

the Liberal party and the party of Mr. Davitt is threatened by the private moral delinquency of some leader whose overthrow would imply the disruption of the confederacy and indefinite postponement of its objects: could Mr. Davitt rely upon the 'masses' to support an act of self-abnegation? And should he fail, again it may be asked, Would morality, resting upon its new sanction, survive the betrayal?

Among the precepts upon which the Liberal party has always placed reliance are to be found the following:

1. You are not warranted in going behind the choice of a constituency to which you do not belong, or of a party of which you are not a member.

2. It is contrary to public interest that any test, religious or moral, should be applied to a duly elected representative of the people.

3. A constituency is the best judge of its own requirements and its own honour, subject to the law of the land as administered by the judicial authorities. Yet to conspire together to refuse to act with a duly elected member of Parliament, sent up by his constituents to act with you for a common object, is practically to disfranchise the constituency.

In former times, men who, by whatever name they called themselves, stood on the ground which the Liberal party occupies to-day did not relish the interference of priests in politics. In Italy and in France this feeling is as strong as it was in England under William and Mary. The objection was a practical one, founded on experience. The difficulties of government, of transacting public affairs, were great enough already, and it seemed useless and mischievous to further complicate them. Besides, every political priest, whether he be Cardinal Mazarin or Archbishop Croke or a Mr. Price Hughes, smacks of the inquisitor. In the domain of morals, under ecclesiastical rules, inquisition and the confessional and excommunicatory powers may have their uses. In the domain of politics they are out of place.

If it takes a man most of his leisure time in life to look to his own morals, and to see that he not only presents a reputable figure, but endeavours to ensure that his parliamentary representative is of unblemished character and the party to which he belongs adheres steadily to the principles they profess, how can he decently undertake the like duties of his neighbours?

'I can say, in the simplicity of my soul, I love not, I love not—I say, I love not to rake into sores, or to discover nakedness.' Thus spoke Oliver Cromwell, whose conscience would perhaps stand comparison with that of any of his antitypes. When, on his deathbed, he prayed that his people might be 'given consistency of judgment,' he must have had prevision of the responsibilities they would some day take upon their shoulders.

The English people have hitherto chosen their leaders well. They

can be trusted to choose again without special glorification of individual men and without assistance from the 'Vigilance Society.' If they can find one 'without malice, with charity to all, with firmness in the right as God gives him to see the right'—one who indefatigably 'strives on to finish the work he is in'—they select him by an indefinable process to govern in their name.' If such a man is not forthcoming, they take him who approximates nearest to this ideal. The process seems to be one of natural selection, and the result will bear careful scrutiny. The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria will favourably compare with the rulers of any European nation over the same period of time. Sufficient to any group of men is the responsibility for their own leader, and the choice of him. It is a responsibility not lightly to be borne, and no test is too severe which they may apply to determine their choice. But, beyond this limit, prudence without malice, and charitable to boot, will restrain her ardour for virtue.

Every schoolboy remembers the justifiable circumstances under which Hercules shot the Centaur, and yet it was the Shirt of Nessus which compassed his death.

REGINALD B. BRETT.

*TURNERIAN LANDSCAPE—  
AN ARRESTED ART*

MR. RUSKIN has done many great things. More than any other man, he gave impulse, direction, and moral value to the art revival of his younger days, and his share in the influences which have made the fine arts what they are among us now, remains one of the noblest and most enduring kind. And yet, although he has assuredly quickened our perception and love of landscape beauty—although he has made all the world admit the genius of one supremely great landscape-painter, it cannot be said that he has made modern painters see nature as that great artist did, or follow where he led. Shakespeare, Verulam, Turner—by the last of this mighty triad Mr. Ruskin declared that the aspect of Nature—her brightness, mystery, and infinite abundance—had for the first time been revealed to us. Surely we might have looked for some great quickening of landscape art, and at least have been confident that the recognition of its poetical and spiritual power would not be forgotten, whatever strength might be spent in ardent study of the letter of its law. No such quickening did follow. Whatever impulse was given was merged in the general pre-Raphaelite one; whatever success was gained bore little or no affinity with the special quality of Turner's work. The progress of landscape art as he understood it has, in fact, been arrested since his death. It would almost seem as if it had been felt by his successors that those shining fields of light of his had never been really won, or that they were but dreams, and that the solid earth never dissolved, under any magic of light and air, into the 'unsubstantial fairy place' which he said it very often did.

Now a spirit of verification, due to a shade of doubt whether the genius of a great composer had not yielded itself too unreservedly to its own impulses, and so only just escaped extravagance, would have had much to say for itself, but we have little reason to believe that any such spirit animated Turner's immediate successors. They admired, but they did not study him, or believe in, or try to discover his principles of work. They did not seek for light or allow nature's resplendent colours to dazzle and perplex them. Time went

on, and it became apparent that landscape art as Turner, and a band of less distinguished artists both in oil and watercolour of his date, understood it had somehow lost its power over us, and that that which holds our affections now, however powerful, brilliant, or accurate, is different both in form and spirit.

Landscape-painting, however, is a name given to a large range of many kinds of work; and it may be well, before proceeding further, for me to say what kind I take to represent the central idea or principle of it, as distinguished from kinds in which, on the one hand, it is almost merged into the higher interest of figure-painting, and on the other, only just serves to animate what we may perhaps call the 'still-life' of picturesque nature.

Not that it matters much how we classify our pictures. One class will always gradate itself into another, and the rough division, according to the kind of objects which come foremost or occupy most space on the canvas, serves all practical purposes. Nor is it easy to do much more than this. Turner did not distinguish himself, as regards power of logical division, in the classification of his 'Liber' subjects. Certainly man and his works enter largely into pictures which we never think of calling anything but landscapes. In fact, nature without human interest is apt to be dull, and grand scenes of lifeless solitude are well known to be trying to any artist's power of picture-making. The enchantment of

Airy tongues which syllable men's names  
By sands and shores and desert wildernesses—

the wonderful sense of wizardry in perfect loneliness which these lines convey is beyond the range of the greatest painter of landscape desolation. And yet such desolation is, and doubtless always will be, painted as well as scenes in which human interest would seem to overpower every other. One quality, however, we feel, by a very little thought, to be essential to all forms of what we call landscape-painting in its highest sense—namely, a certain strong sympathy with natural forces and phenomena, those of light and atmosphere especially, which insists on having its own expression at any cost, as against all other elements of the picture. Figures, perhaps masses and crowds of them, man's handiwork and things belonging to man, boats, buildings, cattle, and the like, may almost fill up the picture, but they will be seen to form, as landscape materials, parts of a scheme which shows them all embraced in the mighty whole of nature, and all dependent on great natural forces, helped by them, overcome by them, rejoicing in them, or struggling with them, but never escaping from them. The drama of nature as a whole, including man, is surely wide and varied enough, and the scheme I speak of will have formed itself in the artist's mind according to the measure of his sympathies; but he will be no landscape-painter in the central meaning of the

word if it is not the life and power, calm, beautiful, or terrible, of nature which he makes really paramount in his work, and the strong affection which can do this will give its own life to the likeness of wildest glen or dreariest shore.

A landscape picture, most properly so called, is a representation of some passage of nature which makes us feel that the painter has used all means at his command to give form and shape to the feeling of beauty, or some other quality which that passage of nature has excited in him. Human interest may have contributed much or little to the power and character of that impression. The artist's shaping faculty will have accepted, arranged, or rejected, for the most and best part by feeling alone, and though there are cases in which the dividing-line between pictures which may be called landscapes and others which will be described and classed together as idyllic pictures, is almost lost, the hold which large, all-embracing sympathy with nature has kept in his mind, as expressed in the design or composition of his picture, will show, if we care for the distinction, to which class the picture belongs.

A good picture is a good picture in whatever class we place it, but the distinction is not without interest and importance for all that. Good landscapes, in the sense Turner, Cox, or Linnell gave the word, are few; very good ones, indeed, in other senses, are happily not rare. However much I rejoice in the latter, I regret the former fact, and certainly believe that the confusion between the landscape properly so called and what I venture to call the idyllic landscape is mistaken and injurious—injurious were it only for this; that it makes us lose sight of or feel comparatively small interest in the development and progress of the art first named. Other varieties of landscape exist, from the honest and most honourable study of a 'bit' of nature, to the transcript, done with an ability which excites our admiration and demands our gratitude, of one of her grandest scenes; but it is with pictures of the idyllic class and their allies that I wish to deal now. I maintain that, however important both in scale and in meaning, and however perfect in painting, the landscape portion of such pictures may be, that landscape portion is not felt, designed, and painted as it would have been if it had been brought into existence on canvas for the landscape's own sake; that the very ease with which in the hands of a great figure-painter, trained in all arts of design, the beauty and the poetical charm of landscape can be made to play up to the effect of some little passage of all-absorbing human life, is apt to make that master slow to believe in the difference between such a work and one in which perhaps 'only simple nature's breathing life,' or perhaps her fury, is supreme in the painter's mind, and his fellow-creatures are either 'weak things and slight,' or absent altogether. The difference, however subtle it may sometimes appear, is real, and calls for the use of different faculties

on the part both of the artist and the public. I will venture to use a large and fine picture by the late Frederick Walker to illustrate my meaning. I yield to none in admiration of his genius, but I do not consider his picture of 'Ploughing' a landscape, because it has not been composed and does not hold together as one. The bank of cloud behind the hill has no organic connection with the rest of the picture. Clearly it was not designed so that its special character, its contours, sweeping lines, and rich colour should be enforced by contrast or sympathy with every other line and colour within the frame. The landscape is a mere amplification of the ground which a picture of ploughing required; it is not knit up artistically with either sky or figures. Earth and sky were necessary to the story, so the effect, and that a poetical one, of gorgeous bank of cloud and thickly wooded hill is given; but only by their fair, straightforward presentment in form and colour. They are admirable, but the artist has not dwelt lovingly upon them in comparison with the ploughman and his team. There the full power of his genius is recognisable at once, in its work of recasting, shaping, selecting, so that every touch is instinct with his affection and the life and grace of imaginative truth.

Now the figures in Turner's 'Frosty Morning' are, I think, as large relatively to the whole picture as those in Walker's 'Ploughing'; but the 'Frosty Morning' is a true landscape. Its title tells us what the painter enjoyed and intended us to enjoy. His figures form part of a scheme which in colour unites them, cart, horses, and all, with the morning light, and in form with the leafless trees; with the line of distance—itsself cunningly linked to the hedgerow and cart by spaces and depressions—and with the lines of hoar-frost on the ground. It will be seen at once that this is done at the cost of perfect and elaborate likeness of figures and horses. They tell their story, we are content with them exactly where they are, but they would strike us as dolls and toy horses if every touch of them did not fit into the landscape design. Indeed, the shapes to which the stress of composition made Turner reduce the human form as well as that of many a less noble animal are often ridiculous if we choose to look at them apart from the rest of the picture; but that is just what we do not choose; and if we did, and possessed any true landscape feeling, we should only feel with Mr. Ruskin that we should be sorry to see them better.

I do not say that there is not, in landscape, room for the use of any amount of knowledge of the human form, and for the most consummate skill in suggesting that knowledge so that it shall be in perfect consonance with the landscape; but I do say that the instinct of a landscape-painter would never allow him to use it so as to draw away the eye from the delight of landscape forms, colours, and tones, and so to separate the figures in the least degree from them. On



the other hand, a figure-painter may—and if he is a great one almost certainly will—possess a keen perception of landscape beauty ; but his sympathy with human action and his reverence for the beauty which we feel to be nearest to the divine, will be too strong to admit of his sacrificing a hair's breadth of truth in face or limb. No truth can be wilfully forgone in that part of his story. His figures, therefore, cannot but be principals always. Even if they are set in an acre of landscape background, and that magnificently painted, the conditions of their realisation, such as their nearness to the spectator and their claim to have the full scale of colour and light pretty well all used up on themselves, are incompatible with any corresponding power being left for the landscape. The two stories cannot, in fact, be equally wrought out together. The landscape itself, it will be seen further on, can seldom get its own story told in the limited scale at our command. The figures, in fact, must be an incident in the landscape and painted as such, or the landscape must be used as a background, on whatever scale, of the figures.

It may be admitted, however, that a great master often distributes his genius and his sympathy in a picture so impartially that this imperative classification does not seem to hold good. It will do so, I think, if we care to analyse the picture, and mentally compare it with one by a master of equal rank, dealing with similar materials, but distributing them differently. Even the great painter of the most poetical and spirit-stirring form of our national life, while painting sea and the toilers of the sea to perfection, and rivalling Turner and distancing all others in the presentment of whatever natural setting his poem requires, does not often care to give us what Turner did always care to give—the harmonised fulness, from nearest rock to furthest gleam on dim western waves, of atmospheric effect. That effect would involve, to say the least, an approach to Turnerian indefiniteness of foreground—and the foreground (or forewater) holds the key of Mr. Hook's story, and is not to be tampered with. Again, it occurs to me at present to be in love with the procession of pretty, patient, dappled cows which, morning and evening as they go to or return from their pastures, occupy the long uphill street of a Border town with an old castle at the top of it. What landscape-man would not wish for such command over everything appertaining to the complete representation of these animals as Mr. Davis possesses and uses so well ? But Mr. Davis himself, if he saw them treading their way leisurely upwards, stopping each, with unfailing accuracy, at her own owner's door (doors which tell of old Border ways and raids), and saw also the castle-keep all tawny-gold in the blaze of sunset, would have to choose between the complete representation of animal or of sunset beauty.

Turner's cows are useful or beautiful chiefly as recipients of sunshine or types of repose. Their anatomy is of the rudest, their

modelling of the least elaborate sort. They are but imperfect parts of a perfect whole. No landscape, however simple in subject, quiet in tone, and uneventful in effect, admits, so to speak, of all-round realisation; but a poetical-landscape painter is bound to deal with every truth which suits his imaginative purpose, and the moment that light and colour and that quality of perfect relation between them which we call 'tone' have become essential to that purpose, then the interdependence of every part in relation with the whole, and the delicate portioning out, conscious or unconscious, of the most subtle means of effect, become vital to him. Now we are all familiar with what is called 'power of composition,' and, to speak plainly, are accustomed nowadays to look down on it a little; but it is this power, when it is the outcome of great intellectual force and intense feeling, which is the landscape-painter's special gift. The nature of the facts he has to deal with and his love for them will lead him to cultivate it to the utmost. His truths are always relative—they live only in the constant oppositions, balancings, and interchanges of subtle influences of lines and colours. Great figure-painters have lived who have shown their command of all artistic gifts, but it is equally true that there are great figure-paintings in which the graces of composition have been but lightly esteemed, and intensity of dramatic insight and marvellous technical skill make us quite content to do without them. The colour of a saint's robe, or of a fish-wife's petticoat, in a figure-painting may be more agreeable to the sense if it is of this tone than of that, but the likeness of stuff of some sort is equally obtainable either way. In landscape things are otherwise. The true look of a bewitching piece of sunlit distance cannot be given at all unless the instinct of the artist has worked into his scheme of colour in some other part of his picture the very touch of colour with its own relative truth which can make that distance look both intense and delicate with ethereal light. But what the subject bids him seek in this way becomes the strongest delight of the landscape-painter. Colours, textures, masses, shadows, sparkles of light are the notes of his music; the harmonic faculty becomes supreme, for it is only by its action that the range of truths which poetical feeling demands is really capable of being used at all.

Now the landscapists of the last generation, from Turner down to the humblest drawing-master, took this view of their art, and studied nature in accordance with it. They liked fine bursts of atmospheric effect, and grand views with associations of romantic interest, on which to exercise their powers of picturesque arrangement and inventive design. In many cases, it may be confessed, they made a little knowledge go a long way. They trusted to skill in grouping their incidents and ordering their lines and masses, and knew—at least Turner did—how to cheat or rest the eye by artistic 'nothings' and vague spaces, which satisfied without detaining attention. There came a day, how-

ever, not very long ago, when it was discovered that nothing but genius could make the arts and artifices of 'composition' endurable. Turner, Cox, and several others were left unshaken on their thrones, but there was a strong disposition for a time to assign the highest of these thrones to Cox in right of his greater simplicity of composition, and charges of unreality and hollowness were taken as proved against the works of not a few artists who had once shared public favour with the really great composers of their time.

And now it is a question whether that mode of regarding and studying nature is not in danger of passing away from us altogether. What with photography and realism—what with great figure-painters putting their whole strength, and their figures too, into landscape—and great landscape-painters bent on either scientific exactness or realistic power, and young ones in love with the needlessly wilful imperfection of the impressionist blur—that old-fashioned way of landscape has a bad time of it in the studio, however much it may be honoured in the auction-room. It will, however, surely survive, and return with increased power, but with harder conditions for the artist. The work to be done to make it live once more as an adequate expression of nature-worship—and it lived as such no long time ago—is immense. Any artist, to whom it was given to approach the fulfilment of that task, would be bound to acquire and use an amount of knowledge far greater than what was sufficient for most of his forerunners. He would certainly be bound to verify Turner's knowledge before daring to use any of the various systems, schemes, or artifices which that mighty master had invented for his expression of it. Nor would any landscape-painter of the past, not even Turner himself, stand to him in the relation in which Claude stood to Turner. There has plainly been too great a break in studio traditions. There is no longer an ideal type of subject and composition within the lines of which direct rivalry or imitation can spend itself. We are really further removed, as regards any such ideal, from Turner than he was from Claude. The aspirant of to-day will find, however gratefully and reverently he studies the ways and works of famous men who loved nature before him, that his love is different from theirs, and must be told in his own way.

Let us look at the difference more closely. We suppose him to be an imaginative painter—*i.e.* one to whom the shifting scenes of nature are what the facts of human life are to the poet or dramatist. The literal truths in both cases stand in the same relation to the poetical creation, although, no doubt, it is less easy to see how the downright likeness of anything in paint can be called a work or a flight of imagination, than to recognise the imaginative quality of a character given to the life by words. But the imagination of an artist of any kind is a more greedy faculty than we are apt to suppose. It keeps its subordinate faculties, when it is strong itself, well at work in search of materials for its own spinning. Its seeming capriciousness is not inconsistent

with the keenest desire to get all the knowledge it can about whatever it is pleased to fasten upon. Shakespeare's imagination, we all know, used up a marvellous quantity of knowledge in respect of legal terms and technical subtleties, which critics have gone so far as to attribute to the possible training of some country lawyer's office. Now, in our art of poetical, I might almost say dramatic, landscape-painting, so far as the stir and passion of nature are concerned, is there any set, group, or kind of natural aspects, from the wavering reeds of the stream to the splendours of storm and sunset, in which any young artist, endowed with a really strong, and therefore imaginative, landscape-painting instinct, and not untouched perhaps by the enthusiasm of natural science, would not feel that we were far indeed from having as yet used the full resources of nature's representable truths to set forth her inimitable beauty? Nor would that feeling conflict in the least with due veneration for artists who had used to noble purpose whatever knowledge they had been able to win. Men like Cox and Constable worked hard and well, but, if the phrase may be allowed, it was but a rough-and-ready likeness of nature which they set themselves to win. It was only by Turner that refined and studied expression of all subordinate parts, in fit measure of subordination, was sought for throughout the picture as vitally contributing to the impression of the whole. But our admiration will not alter the fact that Turner never painted a green tree and Cox never drew one of any kind.

In truth, to speak plainly, hardly any landscape-painter has been educated as such, or trained in the practice of his art and the acquisition of his subject-matter, from as early a beginning and with as close and persistent study of models as most figure-painters have been. They have generally struggled into their business as they best could. Turner's training was exceptionally fortunate. He had a figure-painter's training—perhaps the very best he could have had up to a certain point; he had had an architect's before that, and he was at his own proper work, with fully disciplined powers, in Yorkshire dales, when he was but twenty-two years old. Linnell painted portraits until late in his career. David Cox is said in his youth to have worked at a forge, or some craft which was more favourable to strength than to delicacy of hand, and, later on, at scene-painting, which was not especially favourable to delicacy of form or colour. Genius profits by its imperfections as well as triumphs over them, and we cannot imagine a wish that so grand a master of breadth and tone should have been one whit other than he was; but I can well recollect a certain fine summer's day, by a silver-bright stream, when he told me (it was in his later years of course) how glad he would have been to possess the fineness of hand which would have made it worth his while to try to deal with the exquisite jewellery of the 'lichened boulders and the dance of the ripples among them.

Of course, our Admirable Crichton of landscape must be equipped at all points and endure to more purpose than that short-lived hero of the schools. Outdoor study of any worth is a weariness of the flesh and a trial of the spirit beyond a point which is very soon reached by most students. Of course, too, the special landscape-drawing instinct must be there. I have often noticed how signs of great ability shown in sketching any indoor thing waned or disappeared altogether out of doors. Now, a fairly good study of form and colour in the most uneventful conditions of light and atmosphere admits of much patient strength being spent on it; a really successful one of nature in sunlight involves the exercise of all the virtues of the stoic ideal, and that by a student with a temperament such as we often read of in Shelleyan biographies as one of quivering sensibility. Still more is this the case if a picture in the highest sense is aimed at. The materials, the simple natural facts, if the artist wishes to build up his effect from them in obedience to his feeling instead of letting them 'sort themselves' in haphazard suggestion or prosaic enumeration, require a most varied, difficult, and ingenious amount of collecting. They cannot be brought into the studio. They cannot be set in a particular light, but must be caught when they so choose to set themselves. They must be waited for by—instead of, like other models, waiting upon—the artist. Practically an hour or two a day, for a week or two in the year, is as much as they will favour him with. The next chance of getting them 'to stand' must be waited for until next year. This is literally true as regards the worshipper of the sun. What training can be too good for the student who lays himself out for a lifetime of dependence on such Protean things!—such mere glimpses of swift Oreads sporting visibly!—such mere foam-globes on the river of nature's abounding and unresting life? Given days of halcyon calm, the 'pereunt et imputantur' of the old All Souls dial is writ large on every grandly shadowed mountain side and forest glade. A sketch! a blot! an impression! what an amount of knowledge, far over and above the little which a record of that kind can be made to carry, is required before the artist can play with his facts, group, modulate, accentuate them at his will, with a calm artistic conscience and unclouded memory, so as to come at last to make the shows of things suit the desires of his mind! And yet no truly imaginative landscape-painting can be done on conditions other than these!

I have spoken of representable, not imitable, truths. Truths of the latter kind are few indeed in landscape, and even fairly representable ones do not fill up its whole range. It differs from other forms of art in this respect chiefly, that its highest efforts deal with natural appearances, which, in their full unison, are capable of suggestion only. Even if we put the sun itself and its reflected image

out of the question, the illuminated landscape cannot have its two most important sets of truths—namely, its colour and its light—reported of truly, each in its own artistic scale, in one and the same picture. Insistence on one set or the other, compromise, renunciation of all defined form, equivalent sensation, trick of some sort, if the plain word be preferred, is a pleasant compulsion from which no landscape-painter can escape. Artists are apt to deny this fact, while they are unwittingly using every day some old-world compromise by which it is eluded; or they see, study, and care for nature herself only as a magazine of conventional subjects; or they limit themselves, not unwisely, to those effects—and they are among the grandest—in which nature is merciful, such as grey days, wet weather, last rays of sunset; and, above all, they eschew that crux of colours which is the bravery of summer woods. That colour they refused to see so long that they almost came to regard it as non-existent. The few who in these latter days have sought to make harmony with our poor earthy colours out of the transcendent brilliance of sunlit summer-green foliage have, perhaps, had moments when they thought Sir George Beaumont wise in his generation for refusing to see any such thing as green in nature. We are not told that his views were altered by the Cremona fiddle which Constable placed on the verdant lawn at Coleorton. If the ‘sky is blue fire,’ what shall we say of the colour of thin-veined translucent green leaves, relieved upon masses of darker leaves, all aglow with deep lustrous colour also? ‘Leave the brightest leaves pure white if you like, or translate them into pure yellow,’ says the greatest of chiaroscuroists by his practice, ‘but do not be guilty of the far greater falsity of black and brown in those darker leaves.’ Gainsborough’s toy, with its landscapes painted on the sides of a glass box and a lamp inside, showed that he at least felt the difficulty of landscape light and colour. It is one which we have somewhat forgotten now. Perhaps our impressionist friends are aware of it, and are feeling their way to deal with it in a rough fashion of their own.

And it is surely time that some new ways and means and some new kindling of the true spirit of landscape, which shall use old means, with the difference of increased knowledge of nature as well as of means, should arise among us. The art has been somewhat hardly used. The very essence of it has been ignored. Its value has been slighted. The reasons of its temporary decline or arrestment have been unperceived. Thirst for new knowledge, a disposition to test all conventionalities, and a feeling of overshadowing difficulty in the face of the new knowledge, have been some of the not ignoble causes of its present state on the artist’s side. As for the public, they have been, perhaps, a trifle too fond of photography and not sufficiently on their guard against its influence in pictures, and,

above all, artists and public alike have been charmed with admirable work, which was good landscape undoubtedly, but not altogether of the kind which appealed to the sense of imaginative composition as I have endeavoured to describe it. I hope to be forgiven, certainly, by my brethren in art if I have tried to indicate what I take to be a still higher kind, and to note some of the circumstances which I think have checked its course since the time of Turner, Cox, Linnell, and others, in whose hands it attained what, I think, still remains its highest form.

ALFRED WILLIAM HUNT.

## *THE CRUSHING DEFEAT OF TRADE UNIONISM IN AUSTRALIA*

THESE colonies have now (the 15th day of November) been for exactly three months the scene of the greatest 'struggle between capital and labour' that our generation has witnessed, and Victoria has been its cock-pit. The strike deserves a place amongst the decisive battles of the world, on account both of the size of the armies engaged and of the magnitude of the issues involved and, as I believe, settled. I will try to put before English readers a clear account of its causes, its incidents, and its results, with as much fairness as one of the combatants may. It was a curious chance that one who moved the resolution which ended the London Dock Strike of 1889 should land at the port of Melbourne three days before the declaration of hostilities in this greater conflict. I may think myself fortunate in having been present at Labour's Austerlitz as well as at its Moscow.

Imagine a society in which there is hardly a man whose father did not work for his living with his hands; where there is practically no leisured class, and the comparative absence of poverty does away with the need for a Poor Law; where there is universal suffrage and payment of members, and every politician trembles at the labour vote; where, in the towns, economic conditions have established, and powerful trade-union organisations maintained, eight hours as the nominal working day, and, from eight to ten shillings as a customary daily wage; where the agricultural and pastoral districts clamour for labourers in vain, though they offer three meat meals a day and a wage which will allow any single man who does not drink to excess to save 20*l.* a year; and where, if the whole of 'the resources of civilisation' were unreservedly at the disposal of property, they amount only to 600 police (mostly Irish) in a city of half a million inhabitants, and a standing army of 400 artillery-men in a colony bigger than Great Britain. Then suppose that the leaders of the trade unions deliberately enter on a conflict with employers; have their orders unquestioningly and loyally obeyed by the whole of the federated organisations of a continent; are permitted



to levy, without publishing acknowledgments, pecuniary tribute on the richest working-class population in the world, in addition to obtaining 15,000*l.* from Great Britain; and are able to put enough pressure on half-a-dozen politicians to make them change sides and wreck a ministry. Conceive that, after three months' fighting, these leaders are unmistakably and avowedly beaten on every point at issue. Then you will have a fair idea of the remarkable defeat which has just befallen in Australia 'an army of lions led by asses,' and of which the effects, good and bad, will inevitably be impressed upon the labour movement wherever the workman looks upon trade unionism as the means of his deliverance from the land of bondage.

As not infrequently happens, the real causes of this strike have been little noticed either by the combatants or by their critics, more attention being paid to the trifling points which evoked a declaration of hostilities than to the serious matters which created the situation. I have no hesitation in saying that the *casus belli* was the intention of the federated unions, declared months ago, to establish the 'non-union wool boycott'—that is, to compel shearers who were unwilling to join the Shearers' Union to do so under pressure from their employers by getting the maritime unions to refuse to load or carry any bales of wool that had not the stamp of a sheep station known to be worked under Union rules. It was this proposal of the shearers' and seamen's unions to play into each other's hands which drove the pastoralists and shipowners to combine; and as the shipowners happen also to represent the majority of the coalowners of Australia, you had at once the three largest and richest interests of the country compelled by the instinct of self-preservation to put their backs against the wall and fight for life. Minor interests, which had suffered a great deal of unnecessary harassing from the unions whose balance of judgment had been entirely upset by a long series of unquestioned successes, joined the combination of the larger capitalists. In other words, the workmen, having brought enormous pressure to bear through the federation of their unions upon single employers, forced the latter to comprehend that combined action is a game two can play at. It is important that this be borne in mind, for it is sought to show that the first aggressive action was taken by the employers' side—namely when the Shipowners' Association refused to consider the grievances of the marine officers so long as these were 'affiliated' to the Trades Hall Council and therefore in alliance with, and, when it came to counting votes, in subjection to, the unions of seamen, they are supposed to command. That incident was indeed the first act of open warfare, but it could never have taken place had not the larger question looming in the background shown that issue must be joined in a few days on the 'wool boycott.'

To well understand the folly of the decree which therefore is really

responsible for the crushing blow trade unionism has received, one must understand the position of the shearers throughout Australia. The gathering-in of the season's wool-clip is far and away the most important single industrial operation in Australia. It is shorn from the millions of sheep in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, which pick up their living from the scanty herbage of 'runs' that sometimes contain 4,000 square miles in one holding. The ordinary staff on such stations is very small, but, at the approach of the shearing season, the owners summon ten, twenty, or fifty shearers, according to the capacity of their woolshed, and these men get through from eighty to one hundred and twenty sheep a day for three or four weeks at one station. The work is hard, entailing considerable physical exhaustion, but it is well paid. The wages vary from 20s. per 100 sheep with lodgings provided, to 13s. 6d. per 100 with board and lodging. The men are mostly drawn from the 'selectors' and the sons of small farmers, who are glad to pick up from 12l. to 30l. by a few weeks' work and thus obtain the means of purchasing, stocking, and improving their own small holdings. A small proportion of the men devote themselves almost entirely to shearing, and, commencing at Queensland in the north, travel down the continent for six or eight months of the year, riding from station to station. They mostly own a couple of fair horses. It will be seen that such men, accustomed to the free, independent life of the bush, possessing the means of locomotion, having often a holding from which they can obtain a sufficient, if hard, living without seeking employment, and obtaining, when they do shearing, wages which in six weeks exceed the yearly income of the agricultural labourer in Dorset or Essex, and which, if used with moderate care, will in a short time make them wealthy men, can hardly be regarded as the most suffering victims of capitalist oppression. Such men could never have been persuaded to form a union without some just cause. It was given about three years ago by the short-sighted greed of a very few pastoralists who threatened to reduce the rate of shearing at a time when the wool market was rising, and who, where they supplied the men with food, charged them exorbitant prices for bad stuff, making thereby an illicit and utterly dishonest profit of as much as 100 per cent.

The dissatisfaction that followed was, in a period of revival of trade unionism, seized by a Mr. W. G. Spence, who had shown marked ability as an organiser in consolidating the Amalgamated Miners' Association. It is one of the most extraordinary achievements within my knowledge that this man should, inside of three years, have organised the majority of these pastoral nomads over a territory larger than Russia in Europe into the Amalgamated Shearers' Association. But in doing so he made, or let me say allowed to be made by his agents, one fatal mistake.

The extent to which the capitalist in Australia has been at the mercy of the workman is almost inconceivable to the English mind, and has no parallel in Ireland. The other day there was a dispute, happily settled by conference, at the Broken Hill Silver Mines. The 7,000 men were 'out' and in a sullen mood, and for the protection of millions of property there were just fourteen policemen.

So with the pastoralists: the bad seasons up to 1888 had left them involved with banks and loan companies, so that failure or even delay in getting their wool-clip, worth tens of thousands of pounds, meant irretrievable ruin. Thus they were not likely to raise difficulties, even had they not as a body shared, as they do, in the general Australian belief that trade unionism is a good thing for all classes. But the agents of the Shearers' Union were not all wise men. Though in nineteen cases out of twenty they could have had their way by using reasonable civility, they resorted to bullying. Now, the pastoralists are not at all like the *rois fainéants* of British industry. As a rule they are men who have fought a good fight with nature, and those who have not gone under are pretty certain to have a full share of the pluck and determination which has made 'the name of Britain trebly great,' and of which the possessors are apt to resent bullying in an awkward manner. In many cases where the pastoralist resisted their bullying, the shearers camped out on the roads in sparsely-populated districts, waylaid non-union men who were going to do the work, and compelled them to join the union. This sort of thing may be very successful for a time, and it was. But the union forgot that just as one volunteer is worth two pressed men, a trade society that turns itself into a press-gang by its very success gets to resemble more and more closely a regiment recruited from potential deserters, and it is not good to order such regiments to lead forlorn hopes. By such means the proportion of woolsheds shearing under 'the union agreement' became very large. Then the culminating act of folly was perpetrated when it was decided to compel the non-union men to come in by appealing to the carriers, wharf labourers, and seamen, to 'taboo' every bale of wool that did not bear the mark of a union shed. This suicidal proposal originated, I understand, in Queensland. Its parent, if he can now be found to own his brilliant idea, should be pensioned by the capitalists of the world in order that he should devote all his time to incubating similar schemes calculated to wreck the hopes of labour.

How came it that this proposal was accepted by the trade councils of all the colonies? Among them are men of experience in such matters, and some who have been driven to emigrate by the failure of strikes based on similar miscalculations in the old country. Why was no warning voice raised?

There one touches the inherent weakness of democracy. There are always in the crowd men who bid for power on the principle

of the company-promoters who buy properties on the chance of floating them. If they float, they can pay. If not, they can go bankrupt with a light heart, for they have nothing to lose, not even reputation, and a dozen insolvencies may not prevent success on the thirteenth attempt. There are always in the crowd scores of enthusiasts, generally quite sincere, and invariably cursed with 'the flow of words and constipation of the intellect' which mark the man of warm heart and ill-balanced judgment. These men, who in other walks of life would buy shares in companies for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, try a 'system' at Monte Carlo, or send wedding presents to Mr. H. M. Stanley, are hardly less a curse to the labour movement than the designing demagogue, for they give him his power. There is authority for the assertion that the world has suffered much from the union of high abilities and low desire in the few, but it might be argued that there is even more danger when the many have high desires and no ability to distinguish between means of their gratification.

The argument would be interesting, but does not concern the present narrative; for nothing can be more certain than that the leaders of the strike in Australia have exhibited the lowest order of both desire and ability. One of them in Queensland, named Morrisson, was accused of having applied for the post of public executioner by a member of the Legislative Assembly, who called for a return of the applicants in order to prove his point. Rather than face that inquiry, Morrisson resigned his position in the trade unions. When abilities that are insufficient to gratify their owner's desire to become common hangman are devoted, for a consideration, to furthering the brotherhood of man, and suffice to raise their possessor to the front rank amongst labour leaders, the brotherhood of man seems a long way off.

Yet we should not be too hard on the enthusiasts. They are the salt of the earth. If they did not prove by exhaustive experiment that nineteen out of twenty of the supposed paths of social progress led to destruction, it is to be feared that practical men would never have the courage to try the twentieth. Nevertheless, enthusiasm is a luxury which must be sparingly indulged in even by wealthy countries. It has cost the Australian workmen close on a couple of millions in wages in these three months.

The leaders and their followers warmly welcomed the suggestion that non-union wool should be boycotted. No one pointed out the insuperable difficulties in the way of this bold scheme. If anyone had had the temerity to do so, the enthusiasts would undoubtedly have solemnly adjudged him to be either knave or fool, and he might never have got into Parliament. So the preparations went gaily ahead. The maritime unions at all the ports gleefully assented to handle no wool tainted by the touch of non-union shears, and

the trade councils of the different colonies promised their support to the scheme, which a series of undisputed successes in minor quarrels presumably led the unions to think quite feasible. On the 5th of July last it was stated by the officials of the Shearers' Union, that the union comprised less than half the shearers in Victoria, but that its membership was steadily increasing. These two statements, which I have no reason to disbelieve, prove, first, that the 'wool boycott' was an attempt by a minority of the shearers to coerce a majority; and, secondly, that if their officials had had the sense to leave well alone, the vast majority of shearers would, in a short time, have joined the union.

This action led the pastoralists to combine for their own defence. The strength of their combination may be judged from its finances. They now propose that each member of it should pay a yearly subscription of 1*l.* per 1,000 sheep, and agree to pay, if need arises, 5*l.* per 1,000 sheep into a Defence Fund. No steps have yet been taken to press pastoralists to join, but they have spontaneously sent in their names in such numbers that, on the above basis, the income of the union will be 80,000*l.* a year, and its Defence Fund 400,000*l.* Almost the first act of this powerful combination was to send for Mr. Spence in order to arrange a peace. His terms were that the boycott would be countermanded if the members of the pastoralists' union were pledged to employ none but union men—that is, either to dismiss non-unionists or compel them to join the Shearers' Union. The pastoralists refused these terms, and everyone was fairly warned that the arrival of the first bale of non-union wool at a port would be the signal for the commencement of a pitched battle. The employers made their preparations: the labour leaders made none, other than speeches of the *à Berlin* pattern.

Meanwhile the storm in the shipping trade was brewing. So long ago as the 3rd of June, at a dinner of the Employers' Union (at which Mr. John Hancock, the then President of the Trades Hall Council, was present as a guest), the chairman of the Shipowners' Association, Mr. E. E. Smith, made a speech which showed unmistakably that the patience of the shipping companies was exhausted. But the warning was unheeded. Owing to suicidal competition and the scarcity of labour, the Seamen's Union had been enabled to obtain many concessions—so much so that the burden of the complaint of the marine officers had been mainly, not that they were being paid too little, but that the seamen under them were often getting a higher wage than the second and third officers. Yet the Seamen's Union contemplated a demand for yet another rise in wages which was to be formally made on the 25th of August.

Early in July, Captain Sharpe, of the s.s. *Corinna*, belonging to the Tasmanian Steam Navigation Company, dismissed a man named P. Magan, who was the delegate of the union on that vessel. Cap-

tain Sharpe said that he dismissed Magan 'in the interests of his employers,' not knowing or caring whether he was the union delegate or not. It is said that the quarrel was literally 'a storm in a teacup,' and that Magan complained of the quality of the tea supplied. It is certain that in the first instance the Seamen's Union accused the chief steward of obtaining Magan's discharge, and that when the Stewards' Union successfully defended their man, the Seamen's Union sought to make Captain Sharpe the victim. This they did in a letter which is worth reproduction in full as an excellent example of 'the way not to do it:'—

FEDERATED SEAMEN'S UNION OF AUSTRALASIA,  
Sydney: 8th July, 1890.

Dear Sir,—I am instructed by the members of the above Society to state that we intend to have our delegate, P. Magan, reinstated on board the *Corinna*. If he is not reinstated by the return of the ship to Sydney the crew will be given their twenty-four hours' notice. We intend to protect our members from being victimised by chief stewards and others, and intend, at all hazards, to have P. Magan reinstated.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM MUSTO,  
President and Acting Secretary.

Captain Sharpe, s.s. *Corinna*.

These are brave words, but, like all applications of the *sit pro ratione voluntas* demand, ill-advised when there is not sufficient power to act up to them. The agents of the company replied that Magan had been discharged 'because a change was considered advisable in the company's interests; but there is no objection to his joining one of the other vessels of the company.' This reply will, in the mind of any reasonable man, clear the owners of any suspicion of desire to victimise Magan. But the Seamen's Union called out the crew of *Corinna* and forbade its members to ship in any vessel under Captain Sharpe.

It was while the steamship owners were smarting under this arbitrary treatment that the Marine Officers' Association demands for higher pay came before them. On the 24th of May the marine officers had affiliated with the Trades Hall Council. This affiliation meant, if it meant anything, that the officers would support the seamen and the seamen the officers in any quarrel that either had with the owners. When they discovered that this affiliation had taken place, the Steamship Owners' Association refused to consider the claims of the marine officers until they withdrew from their alliance with the men under their command. On this being made known, Mr. Hancock (who, as President of the Strike Committee, must be held mainly responsible for its blunders) said 'he looked upon the letter from the Steamship Owners' Association as an insult to the Council.' This was on the 25th of July, and on the same night the Secretary of the Trades Hall Council reported that he had received

from twenty trade unions intimation that on an average over 10 per cent. of their members were unemployed—a fact full of significance to all who know the causes of failure in strikes. Some days were spent in fruitless negotiations, but the shipowners, while admitting the case of these officers deserved consideration inasmuch as their salaries were low in comparison with those of the seamen,<sup>1</sup> though high in comparison with those demanded by plenty of officers who applied to them for employment, declared that the officers must decide once for all whether they were going to be the servants of the steamship companies or of the Trades Hall Council. ‘Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die.’

On the 15th of August the Marine Officers’ Association, having received assurance that if they held by the Trades Hall Council all the unions affiliated thereto would stand by them, gave the Shipowners’ Association notice that, unless the demands were at once conceded, its members would leave the ships at the expiration of twenty-four hours’ notice required by their agreements, and the strike began. On that evening at the Trades Hall, a committee of finance and control of the strike was appointed, with full power to make all arrangements. Mr. Hancock, who was appointed its president, said he ‘would have the shipowners taught a lesson as to what labour could do when it was firmly banded together’—a threat which he has carried out in a sense he did not then expect. The marine officers came out of their ships: they were at once replaced. Then the seamen refused to sail with non-union officers, and where seamen were obtained the wharf labourers refused to load or unload. Similar actions took place in the capitals of the other colonies, which are all seaports. So far the strike fairly paralysed the shipping trade, but was confined to it.

I must now be pardoned if I speak a good deal of myself; but since the strike leaders have, for want of a better means of diverting attention from their own blunders, accused me of being the cause of their failure, it is clear that I must have been a factor in the result, and I have no desire to evade any responsibility for what I did.

I arrived in Melbourne on the 12th of August, and was, of course, in absolute ignorance of the dispute. On the 22nd I was invited to attend a meeting of the Trades Hall Council, and was warmly received. On the 26th, by which time I had learnt a little about the origin of the quarrel, there was a large meeting called by the

<sup>1</sup> I have been enabled, by the kindness of Messrs. Huddart, Parker & Co., Limited, to examine their pay-books and extract the actual amount paid on recent voyages to a dozen men chosen at random. I find that, for a period of thirty days, the lowest wage paid to any of these twelve men was 7*l.* 12*s.* 2½*d.*, and the highest 9*l.* 13*s.* 10½*d.*, the average being 8*l.* 8*s.* Fresh provisions are supplied, and the following is the crew’s bill of fare. *Breakfast*: Porridge and molasses, one hot dish and potatoes; coffee or tea. *Dinner*: One hot dish and potatoes (plum pudding, soup and vegetables twice weekly); tea. *Supper*: Cold meat or one made dish and potatoes; tea.

Employers' Union to lay their case before the public. I attended, and was immensely struck by the (to English ears) extraordinary moderation of the speakers and the alarming enthusiasm of the audience. There was no sign of bluster, vacillation, or anger. The demeanour of the spokesmen was that of one who has his back against a wall. I went away with the conviction that my friends at the Trades Hall who had applauded Mr. John Hancock when, in the first report of the Strike Committee, he said that a few days would suffice to bring 'a handful of pigheaded employers to their senses' had 'caught a Tartar,' and that it was the South Metropolitan gas-stokers' strike of 1889 over again.

I procured a file of the *Age* newspaper, and determined to read the lengthy reports of strikes, labour disputes and trade union meetings from 1886 up to date, in order to be fully advised of all the facts of the situation. This task was as great as would be the reading up of the Irish question for a similar period in a great London daily. I had not half completed it when I was called upon to address a mass meeting of some 50,000, convened in Flinders Park by the Strike Committee, on Sunday, the 31st of August; but I had seen enough to impel me to warn my audience, with all the emphasis I could command, that while they were perfectly justified in refusing to work with non-unionists or to handle non-union goods, they would not be justified in physical interference with non-union workmen.

During the next few days, I had finished my reading and made up my mind that if the working class in Australia were to be saved from a crushing defeat that would surely have disastrous effects in Great Britain, some one must speak out very plainly. I therefore published, on the 6th of September, my view of the case, some kind of summary of which was telegraphed to England. The statement, though very long, was reprinted in full in the leading journals in all the colonies, and fully discussed both in the press and on platforms. Though I had only been just three weeks in Australia when it was written, not one of its facts has been disputed nor one of its conclusions upset. But it advised a surrender of some of the impossible claims of the Strike Committee, and its acceptance would have been an admission that I knew more about their own business than they did.

The four most prominent members of the committee and the secretary of the Trades Hall informed me they could find no fault with the settlement I proposed, but preferred to fight it out on the chance of getting better terms. So they did fight it out for another two months, with the result that my forecast was fulfilled to the letter—that they have had to surrender unconditionally, have caused enormous loss, principally to the working class, have wasted all the money sent from England, have lost their prestige, have welded the employers into a solid and irresistible force, and have destroyed the possibility of even intercolonial federation of labour for ten years. The reader may find



some difficulty in understanding why I should be blamed for having caused the failure of the strike. Those who have experience of working men may enlighten him.

The strikers might have got out of their difficulty without my assistance had they been careful, but they advanced from folly to folly. One of the most glaring blunders committed was with regard to the gas-supply. Some coal from the ships in harbour was unloaded by non-unionists, and on its arrival at the gasworks the stokers debated whether they should strike. They were all union men, and for the space of three hours discussed the question, finally resolving to place themselves in the hands of the Strike Committee to do exactly what was thought best with them. This misplaced confidence apparently awoke no sense of responsibility in their leaders, who ordered them to strike work. For two days there was a little difficulty about the lighting of the streets, and men going to work were assaulted in the neighbourhood of the gasworks. But this step had set public opinion dead against the Strike Committee, for it showed that these gentlemen were willing to cause their fellow-citizens any amount of inconvenience without cause. It was, in fact, an act of war directed against those who had previously been non-combatants, and who, not unnaturally, accepted the challenge. Consequently, when case after case of intimidation and assault was proved, and the streets round the office where the gas company was receiving applicants for work became blocked by an unruly mob, the public warmly applauded the Government for issuing a proclamation against riotous assembly, and showing that it meant business by calling out the mounted rifles (a sort of militia), by summoning to the city the small permanent force and serving out ball cartridge to them, and by enrolling special constables. These steps had a magical effect, and Victoria was the only colony in which no serious breach of the peace occurred. Plenty of non-union labour was immediately available for the gasworks, and the supply was never seriously interfered with. The Strike Committee vented their wrath in abuse of the Government for taking steps to prevent the disorder which the strikers themselves pretended to deprecate, and the comic element was supplied at the Trades Hall by the more enthusiastic and thoroughgoing advocates of the boycott scheme, who tried in vain to persuade the strike leaders that they should show their consistency by deliberating in darkness rather than use the gas made by non-union labour.

Every link in the chain of labour having thus broken when the slightest strain was put upon it, it was decided to try and stop the coal-supply and thus stop not only the gas but all industries dependent on steam, including the railways belonging to the people themselves. Australia is supplied with coal from New South Wales, mainly from the neighbourhood of Newcastle. Hitherto there has

been no working arrangement, and not even regular communication, between the labour parties in the different colonies. It was decided to hold an inter-colonial labour conference, and as the Employers' Unions were to meet, in order to decide on common action, in Sydney, that city was chosen as the scene for the conference of labour. This conference succeeded in getting the coal-miners to stop work, to which move the employers replied by telegraphing to Japan and England for supplies of fuel. It sat for twenty-one days and played its last card by issuing an appeal to the shearers all over Australia to come out on strike so as to destroy the wool-clip (valued at twenty millions). The fatuity of this step will be seen when it is remembered that less than half the shearers were in the union, and that many of these had been coerced into joining it. The appeal was therefore entirely unavailing against pastoralists who had discountenanced the union, while it caused grave inconvenience to the pastoralists who had employed union labour. Thus at one stroke this edict turned those who had been the best friends of the Shearers' Union into its bitterest foes, demonstrated the numerical weakness of the union, and cut off the main source of supply of strike funds. It was allowed to remain in force long enough to prove that there was very little force in it, and then withdrawn amidst a tempest of ridicule, during which the labour conference disbanded.

It was after this disbandment that a man named Edwards, in Sydney, without any consultation with or authority from the other colonies, telegraphed to England for a loan of 20,000*l.* on the grounds that this would ensure success. Ten times the amount would not in any way have influenced the result, and the loan could at most only have postponed for a couple of weeks the inevitable day when the strike leaders must be called upon by a hungry mob to account for their stewardship. I conceived it to be my duty to inform the recipients of Mr. Edwards' appeal that the loan could by no possibility repair the effects of the wanton mismanagement of the strike, especially as I foresaw that the money would be required for better purposes at home very shortly. I knew, further, that the workmen who would subscribe the money, should it ever be raised, would do so under the false impression that the large sums sent to the dockers last year were contributed by the Australian trade unions. Now, the balance-sheet issued on the 20th of November, 1889, signed by Messrs. Hancock and Bennett, the president and secretary of the Trades Hall, shows that of 20,887*l.* remitted up to that date by them to the London dockers but 5,817*l.* came from the trade societies, and the remainder from the general public, which, in the present instance, was as strongly opposed to the Trades Hall as it is in favour of high wages and any kind of trade unionism which will bear the test of argument.

When I first proposed to myself to take up the labour question

seriously, a wise man, whose advice I did not take, recommended me at least to lay to heart a passage from Defoe which I think I can yet remember word for word: 'If I might give a short time to an impartial writer, it would be to warn him of his fate. If he will venture on the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him make war upon mankind, neither to give nor to take quarter. If he speaks of the vices of rich men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law. If he tell of their virtues, when they have any, the mob attacks him with slander. Let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.'

When the Labour Conference at Sydney disbanded, 'the game was up.' Various acts of violence took place, especially in the mining districts, but the miners, who had never been quite clear what all the trouble was about, sent their president, Mr. Thompson, from Newcastle to Sydney to make inquiries. He was informed that it was thought desirable that the miners should continue to refuse to hew coal indefinitely in order to spare the strike leaders the humiliation of an avowal that they had made a mess of the whole business. On his return to Newcastle the miners, curiously enough, took the view that their own stomachs were of more importance to them than the fine susceptibilities of men whom they were rude enough to accuse of selling them, and elected to return to work under an agreement never to strike again to support a 'boycott.' There was a good deal of distress in Sydney, and the president of the late Labour Conference, Mr. Brennan, who accepted an invitation to the farewell banquet to Lord Carrington, was, on his next public appearance, assaulted by the men he had led up a blind alley. The *sauve qui peut* was sounded. The Marine Officers' Association severed its connection with the Melbourne Trades Hall by a letter drafted for them by Mr. Hancock, who immediately abused them publicly as 'traitors' and 'renegades' for having formally sent in his own letter to the Strike Committee. Finally, on the 13th of November, Mr. Hancock informed a large meeting of the trades in Melbourne: 'The strike is at an end, and they could make the best arrangement that they possibly could with their late employers. (A Voice: Thank you for nothing.)' So reports the *Evening Standard* of that date.

I have said that this strike has settled certain questions which are being discussed pretty eagerly in Great Britain. It has conclusively shown that the most gigantic federation of labour, unless it is handled with a greater strategic ability than is at present available in Australia, will break like an egg against an ironclad when faced by the resolute opposition of employers who are also federated. It has shown that, difficult as it is for employers to sink their rival interests against a common enemy they will do so, and receive public support in the most democratic countries, so soon as labour makes a demand which the public holds to be arbitrary or unfair. It has shown that a com-

munity composed of men of British descent draws the line very firmly at demands based on the idea that any power outside Parliament should coerce a man into striking, and has no sympathy with methods forbidden by law. The bitter experience of Australia will indeed have been wasted unless the obvious deductions from this failure are drawn in other countries.,

H. H. CHAMPION.

*THE SCOTTISH RAILWAY STRIKE.*

To oscillate between two great social difficulties—the wants of the employed and those of the unemployed—seems to be part of the fate in store for us for some time to come. Two years ago, Trafalgar Square was thronged week after week by a multitude which, swelled though it was by the predatory and chronically unproductive dregs of the populace, did in a large measure represent enforced idleness resulting from a long period of restricted trade. It was among these that the professional agitator then found a ready audience; neither the lily-handed demagogue in search of notoriety, nor the man from the ranks in hopes of making a better thing by organising labour than by taking his share in it, was backward to reap the harvest of tumult. The scene is changed now, but the principal actors are the same; the tide of trade has filled again in our favour; there is work to be had once more by most able-bodied men—still we hear the old familiar denunciation of capital, and the same orators are complaining as bitterly because there is now too much work as they did because there was then too little.

There are new features in this, but it is not all new. Strikes are infinitely more effective than of yore, by reason of more rapid communication between trade centres, of household franchise, and of the effects of education; but still more as the effect of the legislation which culminated in the Employers and Workmen Act, 1875, abolishing criminal proceedings for breach of engagement, and enacting that no action which could legally be done by an individual should be deemed contrary to law if done by a combination of men in a trade dispute. They have also become more serious in their effect, in proportion to the vastly greater volume of wealth locked up in trade, and the interests involved have multiplied with the numbers of workmen. But so long ago as 1762 we may read of Sir Horace Walpole's dilemma when the works at Strawberry Hill were brought to a standstill by a strike among carpenters.

'Last Saturday night,' he wrote to Sir Horace Mann, 'my workmen took their leave, made their bow, and left me up to my knees in shavings. In short, the journeyman carpenters, like the cabinet makers, have entered into an association not to work unless their wages are raised; and how can one complain? The poor fellows

whose all the labour is, see their masters advance their prices every day, and think it reasonable to touch their share.'

The year which has just passed away has been remarkable in this country for temporary ebullitions of discontent among disciplined forces such as the Guards and the Metropolitan Police. Another body of men wearing the Queen's uniform—the postmen—also joined in a strike, although it involved the forfeiture by many of them not only of their employment, but of the prospective advantage of pension possessed by members of the established Civil Service. But it was reserved for the closing days of the year to find the whole railway system of the North thrown into confusion, threatening, in the thick of the heavy holiday traffic, to bring the passenger service to an abrupt standstill, in effect putting a complete stop to the movement of mineral and goods for more than a week and enormously delaying it for more than a month, and mulcting not only shareholders, but traders and manufacturers in all parts of the country, in a sum which defies calculation. As the firstfruits of the New Unionism this movement deserves more than passing attention. It was not only the public who were taken by surprise; one of the most remarkable features of this strike was this, that neither the directors of the companies nor more than a fraction of the men in their employment were aware what was imminent until it was actually taking place.

Compared with the conditions of other branches of labour, those affecting railway servants seem exempt from some of the elements usually conducing to a strike. The men are not, as in other trades, liable to be thrown out of work by a reduction of hands, consequent on contraction or cessation of business; on the contrary, the continual expansion of the railway system since its commencement has caused a corresponding increase in the number of men employed, so that a man has only to behave himself to feel practically sure of his situation. The pay must be reckoned good; compared with that in agricultural districts, it is such as to make competition for service on a railway second only to that in the police. There is also, undoubtedly, an *esprit de corps* among the staff of each company, engendered by rivalry with other companies and fostered by wearing distinctive uniforms. Above all, while railway companies do not earn the mammoth profits which a favourable turn of markets sometimes brings to private firms, thereby placing the workman's emolument in unpleasant contrast with the employer's gains, the directors are known to be charged with the management of funds invested not chiefly by what is vulgarly known as the 'capitalist,' but in great measure by persons of narrow means and modest savings.

• What, then, were the warnings of what was imminent, by giving heed to which, as has been repeatedly asserted, directors might have averted or, at least, been prepared to meet the crisis? What justification can the organisers of the strike plead for inconvenience,

danger and loss inflicted on the community? And how is a recurrence of the calamity with every passing fit of discontent to be avoided?

For more than a year the managers of the Scottish lines have been receiving letters from Mr. Henry Tait (formerly in the employ of the North British Railway Company, and now secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Scottish Railway Servants), setting forth certain grievances of the men and claiming to be heard in conference on their behalf. The boards of the three principal companies replied that their managers were prepared to receive and inquire carefully into any complaints that might be made to them by their own men, represented by delegates from the different grades of service, but they refused to receive an outsider, representing men in the service of other companies besides their own. This reply, however, did not satisfy Mr. Tait and the Amalgamated Society, and as the refusal by the companies to treat with an individual not in the service of any one of them has been the sole point directly at issue and the immediate cause of all the commotion, it will be further considered presently. Meetings of the society were held during the autumn, at which the replies of the managers were read and condemned. Early in November it was resolved to test the feeling of the general body of Scottish railway servants, by inviting those who were in favour of a strike to place their resignations in the hands of Mr. Tait, who, if he had received those of a majority of the men, was to have forwarded them to the companies, thus giving the managers ample notice and enabling the men to strike, as proposed, on Christmas Eve, without being guilty of breach of contract. But, at a meeting of the union held at Carlisle in the beginning of December, Mr. Tait, so far from holding a majority of resignations, was only able to report having received those of a small minority. He spoke with some bitterness of the insignificant results of the agitation, and declared that, under the circumstances, a strike was out of the question.

There is some mystery about what happened during the next few days. There can be no doubt that strenuous exertions were made by the executive and the hotter spirits in the Amalgamated Society to obtain a larger number of resignations signed and sent in, but no outward sign was given of what was coming. On Monday, the 22nd of December, there fell a bolt from the blue; the morning papers announced that the men were out. The movement set on foot by Mr. Tait and his colleagues seemed to have escaped from their control. It was, at all events, contrary to the advice that Mr. Tait is reported to have given, that more than half the railway servants of Scotland deserted their duty without warning on that and the following day. But it is impossible to believe that he was not aware of the mine that was to be sprung upon the managers. Without even a show of hesitation, he endorsed this gigantic breach of contract, and threw himself into the task of bringing the whole traffic of

the country to a standstill. Strong pickets were told off to guard approaches to engine-sheds and signal-cabins; others were despatched by such trains as could still be run to call out the men in country districts. Many of the companies' servants who had no intention of striking were surrounded, as they went singly or in twos or threes to their work, by strong pickets, and were intimidated into returning to their homes.

These measures were so far successful that on Christmas Day Mr. Tait was able to announce, probably without much exaggeration, that four-fifths of the men employed on the Scottish lines had joined the strike. The immediate effects will not soon be forgotten by those who experienced them. The passenger service was dislocated; trains were despatched at long and irregular intervals; the block system, on the working of which the safety of travellers so much depends, had perforce to be given up, and the general difficulty and discomfort was intensified by the heavy fog and intense cold which prevailed. The mineral and goods traffic was completely stopped; for the first time in her history Glasgow was brought to the brink of a coal famine, and ocean-going steamers were unable to put to sea for want of fuel.

It must be admitted that directors and managers were taken by surprise. At the close of the week preceding Christmas they had made no preparations for a revolt among their men. They had been warned that discontent had been diligently fomented among them and that they had threatened to come out on strike, but the result of the Carlisle meeting had been to postpone it till enough resignations should come in; these resignations would have given managers the fortnight's notice they were entitled to by law, and there would have been ample time to engage and train new hands to the duties of subordinate, but indispensable, posts. They cannot justly be charged with want of forethought because they were not prepared for a general defiance of the law; to maintain this, implies that it is the duty of a railway manager to have in reserve a trained staff, always ready to fill places vacated under a conspiracy; and we are not yet so completely under the thrall of the New Unionism to render such a precaution reasonable.

In considering what justification these men, as a body, had for breaking their contracts and throwing into confusion the whole trade of the country (their intention was to paralyse it completely) in order to call attention to their grievances, it is necessary to bear in mind that, as soon as the strike took place, managers were inundated with applications for the vacancies caused by desertion, and only two considerations prevented their being filled at once. The chief of these, of course, was that those who volunteered were untrained in the service; the other, that managers were unwilling to close the doors against their old servants returning. But the fact that there



were far more applicants for employment than vacancies to fill seems to show that the service cannot have an evil reputation for hardship; and it should not be forgotten that the directors had all along and repeatedly invited a statement of grievances from the mouths of their own men. If further proof is required that the conditions of service are not intolerably harsh (and nothing short of this would justify breach of contract), it is found in the staunchness with which the older hands remained at their posts. Mr. Tait induced the Amalgamated Society to make it a point of honour that the managers should treat with him. Now this is much the same, on a large scale, as if the grooms in a gentleman's stable, being dissatisfied with some conditions of their service, were to insist on negotiating with their master, A. B., not directly or through the coachman, but through an independent gentleman, C. D., from a neighbouring town. However considerate and anxious for their welfare A. B. might be, it would not be to the credit of his judgment if he consented to this, all the less if C. D. represented the Amalgamated Stablemen of the county, and threatened to call out A. B.'s stablemen on strike unless E. F. agreed to give a better quality of beer in his servants' hall, or G. H. gave up taking his daughters to balls which involved his coachman being kept out of bed.

This may seem a frivolous illustration, but it is really a parallel case. What business have the directors of the Caledonian Railway with the way the North British treat their servants? and what right have men employed by the Glasgow and South-Western to refuse to deal with their employers except through an agent who has got himself appointed by the servants of all three companies? The directors of a railway are responsible to the shareholders for the management of their property, to the travelling and trading public for an effective service, and to the State for the punctual transmission of mails. How can they discharge their duty if they admit the principle that Mr. Tait can forbid its being discharged on any one line, unless and until the terms of employment on *all* the lines meet with his approval? The men have a perfect right to combine for their own protection, and, as a last resource, to strike, if redress of their grievances is refused; they were wrong in judgment in being persuaded to a strike when redress had not been refused, and they put themselves doubly in the wrong by acting illegally in leaving their posts without warning. To urge upon the directors to submit their position *at this stage* to arbitration, as has been suggested by dozens of well-meaning persons, is to ask them to court a similar verdict to that passed upon an American judge under circumstances narrated in the Memoirs of the late Earl of Iddesleigh.

A man came into court and called the judge a d——d fool. The judge threatened to commit him for contempt of court. The man begged to refer the question to the arbitrament of the jury. The judge consented; whereupon the

jury decided that his referring to them proved he *was* a d——d fool, and gave their award accordingly.

As to the means by which the strike was begun, it has already been said there is some mystery. But there is none as to the way in which it was extended and, when it began to fail, was kept alive. In the early days of it, pickets of twenty or thirty men might have been seen surrounding an engine—coaxing, arguing, threatening the driver and fireman. They visited the homes of men who remained at work and terrified the wives with descriptions of the treatment awarded to ‘blacklegs,’ till the poor women added their entreaties to the influence of the picketers; and it requires both moral and physical courage of no mean order to withstand such a combination. One instance of the system, out of many that could be described by railway managers, is provided by the following letter addressed to a general superintendent:—

I beg leave of liberty to let you know that, as block-telegraph signalman at ———, I left off duty, or, rather, was taken off duty by pickets sent from Glasgow, on Wednesday, 24th inst., about 1 p.m., who came boldly into the cabin and demanded that I should leave off my work at once. I gave in to them for fear of personal violence, as they were very bold a step I very much regret taking, as I do not belong to the Union, and I do not believe in it either; but of course traffic was all suspended on the branch before I left off, but I was quite willing to go wherever I was asked, or to take duty in any cabin wherever my services might be required, and I am still in the same mind yet. I would have stated that to Mr. ———, our agent, only I was afraid of being laughed at, and of personal violence in the event of him making it known. The papers of 25th inst. stated we had joined the strike, which I make bold to deny, as I have no intention of doing, nor did not do. I only regret I did not write you sooner on the matter, as I might have been of great service at this time, but I am quite willing to shift to a junction cabin on the ——— route, anywhere near ——— or ———, as I have a family and can get no work for them in this part. . . . I wait your convenience for an early reply.

Meetings were held nightly in Glasgow and Edinburgh, at some of which resolutions were passed pledging the strikers not to return to work as long as a single ‘blackleg’ was retained in the service of the companies. At a time when the strike seemed to be on the way to success, this resolution must have given many an anxious thought to the faithful fellows who stuck to their duty. The spirits of the strikers present at these meetings were sustained by telegrams read to them by Mr. Tait and his colleagues, often in flagrant contradiction to the real facts of the case. (One specimen of hundreds of these false messages may be given. On Tuesday evening, the 30th of December, at a meeting in Edinburgh, a telegram was read out from Hurlford, an important mineral depôt, ‘Not a man at work; all true.’ The fact was, that eighty-six men had resumed work at Hurlford that morning. At the very moment when Mr. Harford, of the English Railway Servants’ Union, was promising these deluded men that if they held out a few days longer success was certain, for

70,000 or 80,000 English railway men were going to strike in sympathy with them—at that very moment the strike was practically at an end on one of the three companies' lines.

During the first fortnight the behaviour of the strikers was generally peaceable, so far as that is consistent with the intimidation practised by pickets. Overt acts of violence, such as assaults on men at, or going to, work, stoning of signal-cabins and passing trains, did no doubt occur, but were generally discouraged. Attempts to wreck trains by placing obstructions on the lines or by jamming points show that among railway servants, as among other bodies of men, there exist individuals of demoniac cruelty and selfishness. But on the whole the men seemed anxious to keep within the law, though they had violated it in the first instance by striking without notice. This feature in the movement cannot be traced to any influence visibly exercised by the principal advisers and organisers of the men. Mr. Tait, it is true, though he entertained the nightly meetings with accounts of the enormous losses entailed on the companies and the public, and retailed with gusto every accident that happened through the inexperience of new hands, dwelt in his speeches on the importance of maintaining an orderly and law-abiding attitude. Not so his colleague Mr. Hodge, who at a meeting of strikers held in the Albion Hall, Glasgow, on the 14th of January, read a circular from Mr. Thompson, the manager of the Caledonian Company. 'Burn it!' shouted his audience; but Mr. Hodge replied that if they wanted to burn anything, they had better burn Mr. Thompson. Upon this a man in the audience attempted to speak; but the chairman, Mr. Hodge, insisted on silence, and the man persisting, he was hustled out of the hall. Mr. John Burns acted up to his reputation by urging his hearers 'to put more devil into the strike.' Advice such as this began to bear such fruit as was to be expected as the prospects of the strikers became less hopeful. The hint given to the men at one of their meetings 'to wear thick boots on picket duty' was immediately followed by a driver at North Berwick being brutally kicked on the body and head. When men proved staunch enough to remain at their posts in spite of crowds (often composed of women and girls), who pelted them with the odious epithets of 'scabs' and 'blacklegs,' and when threats of the most horrible description failed to deter these men from work, the pickets had recourse to violence. Of the fortitude required by a man determined to do his duty the following description of a scene which took place at Perth on the 14th of January may serve as an example:—

About seven o'clock a large body of the strikers, along with a contingent of the rowdy element in South Street, assembled in front of the house in Scott Street occupied by a Caledonian passenger driver, David Fenwick. Fenwick, who had just finished his day's work, went into a dairy below the house, kept by his wife. As the crowd were creating a great disturbance on the street, and being afraid that damage might be done, he went to the door. No sooner had he done so than

he was seized by the crowd, and, being divested of his jacket, was dragged along South Street, County Place, and York Place, and taken to the Waverley Hall, where the usual nightly meeting was being held. His entrance was the signal for an outburst of cheering, and Mr. William Martin, who was in the chair, wished to shake hands with Fenwick, who indignantly refused. He stated that the windows of the shop had been broken, and asked who was to be held responsible for the damage. The chairman stated that, as a way to settle the question, they would pay any damage that might have been done. A striker stood up and said that Fenwick should have come out like the other men; but Fenwick replied that he would please himself on that point. The strikers' committee, not being sure as to whether Fenwick would remain or not, took him to one of the side rooms, where much influence was used towards getting him to join their ranks. In the meantime, a crowd of about 150 persons had assembled at the hotel door, and Fenwick, who had assured the committee that he would strike if his fireman did the same, was received with groans and hisses on leaving the building. During the evening a window of a driver residing in Glover Street who had refused to leave his work was smashed, while one of the company's servants going to his duties had to get police protection from a band of men.

Nothing can be clearer from this and similar instances than that a movement which could only be kept going by such means was not spontaneous, and did not represent the will of the general body of workmen.

The firm attitude maintained by the boards of directors was, in reality, the most merciful to their men. Had they shown signs of flinching, the strike, in view of the wholesale intimidation practised, would probably have become universal. But from the first they announced their determination to close their lines rather than yield to the Union. They were nobly backed by their older servants, and instances of ungrudging devotion might be multiplied.

In one cabin at least, the touching spectacle of a signalman assisted in his duties by his wife might be witnessed. An aged station-master was observed by a passenger unloading heavy milk-cans from a cart at a country station. In reply to the observation that it was hard on him to have to do porter's duty as well as his own, he remarked: 'Ay, but the bairns in Glasgow mauna want their milk, puir things!'

Much has been said about the risks to which travellers were exposed by the employment of inexperienced hands to fill the places of the strikers. It is satisfactory to record that not a single passenger has received serious injury during this very trying time, and only one fatal accident has occurred on the whole Scottish system.

The patience of the public was, of course, severely tried by serious losses as well as by inconvenience and disappointment, but, on the whole, their attitude was one of forbearance. Had it been otherwise, the difficulties of the situation would have probably proved more than the directors could cope with. It is true that certain individuals, gifted, it may be, with benevolent feelings out of proportion to their discretion, or else having axes of their own to grind—clergymen of

the voluntary churches, town councillors *in esse* or *in posse*, members of Parliament with artisan constituencies, or candidates for parliamentary honours—did, either in person or by letter, sympathetically address the strike meetings, and showed that they either wilfully ignored or were wholly ignorant of the matter in dispute. One and all of these dwelt upon the tyranny of the employers who insisted on their men working such long hours. One individual—the lessee of a large hotel in Edinburgh much frequented by tourists—was specially strong on this point. It would be interesting to have a trustworthy return of the daily hours of labour performed by waiters in his establishment during the tourist season; and as for pay, it is well known that German waiters, who form the greater part of the attendants in these great hotels, are preferred to Englishmen because they work for much lower wages.

However, two blacks don't make a white, and it is no excuse for railway directors working their men for too long consecutive hours that some other class of employer may be proved to do the like. Excessive hours, even if compensated for by intervening days of rest, constitute an evil which it is the plain duty of railway managers to avoid as far as possible. That it is not altogether possible to avoid their occasional occurrence must be clear to any one who knows anything of railway work. It must always happen that trains may be delayed, it may be by a breakdown, or snow, or damage to the permanent way, or that the line cannot be cleared of other trains.

Take a typical case. A. B. and C. D., driver and fireman, go to their engine in the shed at 6 A.M. in order to take a cattle train to Carlisle. They have to wait in the shed till the line is clear, and it so happens they do not leave the shed till 10.30. By 2.30 P.M. they are at Carlisle. They have then been on duty eight hours and a half, but it would be small benefit to release them from it in a town where they have no home. They cannot leave with their train till, perhaps, 7 P.M., and are back at — at 11. A quarter of an hour 'leaving time' brings up the total of their day's work to seventeen and a quarter hours, for which, of course, they are paid. It is easy to see that they might have been delayed on the line even longer than this, but it is not so easy to point out how exceptionally long spells like this can be avoided.

The system of 'booking off' has been condemned as unfair. Driver, fireman, and guard of a train running to a certain town perhaps are actively occupied for only three or four hours, or even less, in each day. On arriving at their destination, it may be early in the forenoon, they are 'booked off' and their services are not required till the evening, when the train has to return. From the time they leave in the morning till the time they are released at night is perhaps fourteen or fifteen hours. It is claimed for them that they should receive overtime pay. But if each receives a full day's pay for the trip it cannot be said they are worse off than soldiers

or sailors. For the pay is good. Here is an actual case in point: On Sunday morning at 7.12 a train leaves A., arriving at B. at 7.40. It leaves B. at 9.15 P.M., reaching A. at 9.45. Between arrival at B. in the morning and leaving it at night the driver is 'booked off.' His engine is actually timed to run fifty-three minutes, allowing for shed time, leaving time, &c.; and supposing the connection to be punctual, he is not actively employed for more than two hours, and he receives as his day's pay 7s. 6d., equal to that of a subaltern officer of the Infantry. It will probably be thought that he is neither overworked nor underpaid.

In considering hours of employment it is necessary to bear in mind the difference between incessant and intermittent work. The driver and guard of a fast train must be incessantly on the alert, and, except in the case of mishap, such men invariably have short hours; but the driver and guard of the cattle train above mentioned, though they have long hours, do not take as much out of themselves in their long day as the men on the express in their shorter one. So a signalman at Clapham Junction must be as strenuously at work during his whole turn of duty as a miner in his eight hours' shift. Eight hours, or even less, is as much as a man in such a position should be called on to do; but there are many country signal-boxes where there are intervals of two and three hours between the passing of trains, during which a man may occupy his time as leisure, provided he is ready to attend to the signal bell. Twelve hours in such a box is a much easier task than eight in the other; all the man has to do is to keep awake; he can—many men do so—occupy himself with reading or even with a handicraft during a great part of each day. Disinclination to long hours is by no means universal on the part of the men. Probably little would have been heard about it had the companies been in the practice of paying for overtime on each day instead of on the aggregate hours of the week or the fortnight. Indeed, the main reason which prevents payment for overtime on the day is that men in charge of goods and mineral trains would be tempted to prolong their time on the road in order to secure overtime pay. But there is another and more creditable motive that tends to keep zealous servants at work for long hours—they are unwilling to resign their responsibility to others. I got into conversation lately with the station-master at —, and as the strike was in full swing at the time, the subject of hours naturally came up. It was then about 9.30 P.M., and I asked when he had come on duty. The reply was that his day began at 6 A.M., and he had been constantly at work since. To the remark that his hours were too long he answered: 'Oh, sir, the head porter relieves me at 6 P.M.—at least that is the regulation—but I never feel happy till I have seen the mail off at 9.30.' Here was no question of overtime pay, for this man is on a fixed salary.

Nevertheless, there is no denying that the Board of Trade returns prove conclusively that on some railways the only valid excuse for spells of duty exceeding twelve hours is wanting, namely, that every precaution is taken to avoid their occurrence. They are not exceptional but frequent, and reform, if not voluntarily adopted, will be enforced by legislation. Probably no member ever had a greater stroke of luck in moving a resolution in the House of Commons than Mr. Channing had on the 23rd of January. He had placed it on the paper during the autumn session, and in the interval the great 'object lesson,' as he called it, of the strike took place. It was natural that many hard things should be said in the course of the debate about directors. Few honourable members who took part in it showed any acquaintance with the practical difficulties of working a line; many spoke of directors as if they were only selfish capitalists, working solely for their own gain, and left out of sight the whole body of shareholders, who, at least, have a right to expect that managers shall be something besides philanthropists. Mr. Channing's supporters rejected the President of the Board of Trade's offer to appoint a select committee to inquire into the best manner of legislation, for which he admitted a case had been made out, and the resolution was lost. The Government stood absolved from any obligation to act in the matter; nevertheless a subsequent undertaking was entered into to pursue it to the end, the President of the Board of Trade repeatedly declaring that he 'meant business,' and it will be well if boards of directors take the admonition given in good part, even though they are conscious of having received scant credit for what has already been done. When the inquiry preliminary to legislation takes place, it will be satisfactory to the companies if they can show that the evils proved to exist have been remedied or are in process of being dealt with. In many cases provision for shorter hours cannot be made by the stroke of a pen: alterations and enlargements, requiring large capital outlay, will be found necessary to enable some of the lines to conduct their traffic without the probability of long delays; but if the disposition to deal fairly with the difficulty is apparent, neither Parliament, nor the railway servants, nor the general public, can ask for more.

Labour is, at best, a stern reality; the aspiration of Francis Bacon for a life of 'leisure without loitering' can never be realised by any but the fortunate few. Employers can aim no higher than to make the conditions of work such as a man in ordinary health can undergo without distress, and to pay him a fair wage for his exertions. Can any one take note of the railway servants throughout the country, converse with them and listen to their own account of their condition (at times when they are not agitated by interested persons), and come to any other conclusion than that, compared with other workers, they are fairly well off?

In one respect, indeed, they might be better off. The blot upon a great service such as this is, that there is no system of superannuation. A servant, having devoted his whole life to the service, grows old and can no longer work. He has no claim on the consideration of his employers. The blame of this, however, if blame there be, cannot be laid on the shoulders of directors. Nor are the men, taken individually, indifferent to the advantage of deferred pay. But any arrangement which tends to unite the men more closely to their employers is regarded very jealously by trade unions. If pension forms part of the terms of service, it is natural that a man will hesitate to sacrifice it by disagreeing with his employer. The essence of a pension is that it is a deferred emolument. Whether the wages or salary are lower in consideration of prospective pension, whether the pension fund is supported by deduction from wages (supplemented by subsidy from the employer), the result is the same—if the engagement is broken the postponed benefit is lost. It follows that if trade unions are to wield effectively the formidable weapon of strikes, they must be hampered by no pension system which makes the men unwilling to turn out. Thus the superannuation fund which was established many years ago in the London and North-Western Railway service, supported by deductions from 'salaries and wages, was put an end to some two or three years ago at the demand of the men, acting, no doubt, on the advice of their union managers. The fund was divided, and thus one of the most hopeful projects of true philanthropy received a heavy discouragement.

It is evident that if the directors of railway, gas, and water companies are to perform their double duty of serving the public with locomotion, light, and water, and of managing shareholders' funds (without which their concerns could not have been created), their servants must be under restraint to a degree not necessary in private concerns. The discharge of these duties—to perform which in the public interest the companies have been invested with a statutory monopoly—must not be exposed to the risk of a breakdown with every passing wave of discontent. The existing law is sufficient to enable private employers to settle disputes with their own hands; if they fail to do so, so much the worse for them, but the public does not suffer. But the Legislature which has laid duties upon public companies is responsible for equipping them with sufficient powers to carry them out. They are, in some degree, in a position similar to a public department; and their servants must differ from the workmen in a private concern in not being allowed to throw up their employment without sufficient notice to enable managers to engage and train others to replace those leaving it. This, of course, takes all the virtue out of a strike as a means of obtaining concessions from employers, for the essential value of a strike depends on its being sudden and simultaneous. To compensate the servants



of these companies for their loss in this respect it would be desirable to establish an independent authority to whom appeal should be had—say, in the case of railways, the Railway Commissioners (strengthened possibly by an addition to their number), whose duty it should be to arbitrate in all disputes as to hours, ordinary or overtime pay, and other matters affecting the service. It would not be the duty of such a board to hunt out or foment grievances, and their appointment would not depend for permanence on the existence of grievances and disputes. It has been truly said that no power could compel directors and men to refer their disputes to such a board or to accept its arbitration when given; but the existence of an independent and disinterested body, to whom the men could appeal from their employers, would satisfy them that their case had received impartial consideration.

Further, and equally necessary, is the introduction of that principle which has been found indispensable in every disciplined or partially disciplined force—namely, a system of deferred benefits. It has just been made universal in the police, as it has long been in the military and civil services of the Crown; and no other safeguard of equal efficiency against a breakdown—no other plan which would be so readily accepted by the men—can be devised, except a sound and liberal system of superannuation.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

## THE FATHER OF ALL THE GOATS.

It was not the search for forgotten sites or treasures of marble, a passion which tempts so many learned and enterprising men to visit Asia Minor, but the desire to hunt a rock-haunting ibex, dwelling on certain mountain ranges in that country, which took me there with two companions at the end of last October. Once only during the month which we spent in those regions did we leave this absorbing pursuit to pay a duty visit to the lime-laden waters, pink and white terraces, and earthquake-riven basilicas of the ancient baths of Hierapolis. These pages have, therefore, no higher purpose to serve than as a brief record of a hunting trip which I found very interesting, even though the results from a sporting point of view were rather inadequate.

The *Capra Ægagrus* is believed by naturalists to have deserved the title with which I have headed this article beyond any other wild type of goat. Mentioned by Homer as being abundant in the Ægean Islands, in some of which it still exists, its habitat ranges thence at the present day from the Ægean Sea, through Asia Minor and Persia, into Afghanistan, and therefore in close proximity to the most forward civilisations of ancient times. It is thus not surprising that the various breeds of tame goat, however modified by man, should in many respects 'favour,' as they say in the eastern counties, this ancestry. The scimitar horn curving over the back, the black shoulder-stripe of the old males, the beard, not worn by all species of ibex, are its most distinguishing characteristics.

As an old Turk put it to me—'Why do you come all the way from England to shoot a little goat not worth two medjids?' The truest answer would perhaps be that the old 'billy' of the species who is caged at the Zoo is a particular friend of mine. His high-bred appearance and pugnacious habits, and the fact that he is occasionally, when in his tantrums, chained up to avoid his damaging attacks on his prison—damaging, that is, to his own handsome head—perhaps first suggested that he was a gentleman of character whose acquaintance it was desirable to make. Be that as it may, a hunting expedition to obtain this goat had long been among my keenly desired projects.

By dint of pertinacious inquiry from the few travellers who have sought out the haunts of the animal I had an accurate general knowledge of the ranges where he must be sought. But this second-hand learning would not have sufficed if I had not been assisted on the spot. With such zeal did Her Majesty's vigorous representative at Smyrna second my projects, that one would think that my success was of international importance. Unfortunately for the extent of my bag, the limits of my absence from England—a rigid six weeks—precluded me from reaching the best ground, which is the chain of the Taurus forming the rock-bound southern coast of Asia Minor. Nearly a fortnight more of my scanty time would have been consumed in the to and fro of this journey, and the cholera creeping up that coast introduced an element of uncertain delay which I could not afford to risk. I had, therefore, to aim at the second best, which I knew to be a certain find. This was called the 'Maimun Dagh' or Monkey Mountain, a small but isolated range on the Aidin railway, and about 200 miles from the coast. I hoped that, once on the spot, I should be able to hear of alternative ranges inhabited by this goat, but, except to a very limited extent, this did not prove to be so.

The railway kings at Smyrna can do most things that they wish, and, thanks to their friendly co-operation, we reached Chardak, a station close to one end of the mountain, five minutes under the week from London, travelling *via* Athens; and the return journey by Constantinople was accomplished almost exactly in the same time. Here we were at one end of a precipitous range seven or eight miles in length. These cliffs rose abruptly from the plain to a height of about 1,500 feet, and at their base we pitched our camp. An angle in the rocks made an excellent fireplace, and a little cave a convenient cellar where we kept our supply of water. This had to be brought to us daily from the nearest village, five miles off, for the mountain was, at the time of our visit, waterless. In front, a narrow strip of plain divided us from the basin of a great salt lake ten miles long and five miles broad, or rather an expanse of white salt slime, for as we saw it, at the end of a long drought, but a fraction of its surface was covered with water, and that, whatever the weather of the mountain, was always as still as glass, reflecting the white cliffs of the 'Suut Dagh' or Milk Mountain, three leagues away. If there came a shower of rain, which happened later, it lay in a thin sheet of water over the whole area and transformed it for the time into the semblance of a bank-full lake.

In three places at the edge were swamps, where a scanty supply of undrinkable water oozed from the base of the mountain and was trodden into mud. For along this strip of plain was carried not only the newly opened railway, but an important caravan route, and trains of camels, donkeys, and bullock-carts with solid wooden wheels were continually passing. The harsh 'klonk-klonk' of innumerable wild geese and the plaintive notes of curlew and plover constantly arose

from these swamps, and to them also must have come the ibex for their only drinking place, for the whole face of the mountain was as dry as a captain's biscuit. On one occasion one of our followers saw some drinking there in broad daylight.

At sunrise a faint unpleasant odour always came up from these marshes, suggesting a liberal use of quinine; but we were assured that at this elevation—between 2,000 and 3,000 feet—we need not fear fever. While pitching our camp, we were engaged in clearing the projecting stones from the sites of the tents. One of my followers was busy over a particularly obstinate one with his heavy iron-shod alpenstock, and at length turned up, with much labour, a large living tortoise, which had buried itself there for the winter. It lay on its back, meekly kicking its legs in the air, while the Frenchman blushed up to the roots of his hair with surprise and disgust. Above, on the higher rocks, were great quantities of eagles and vultures. On one occasion I counted nine circling close to me, and high above them a great crane wheeling in similar fashion, with his long legs sticking out behind as the herons at home are wont to carry theirs. The vultures had a curious habit of diving straight into deep fissures in the cliffs and disappearing with a clumsy plunge of wings. Then they would waddle to the outer edge and stretch out their cadaverous white necks. Great quantities of partridges lived on the lower cliffs. During the heat of the day they lay close, and were perfectly silent; but about an hour before sunset they would all wake suddenly into life, as if at a given signal, and begin strutting and talking so that you might think it was No. 15 Committee-room.

Besides our three selves, my party comprised Celestin, my constant companion on such trips, who has appeared before in these pages, and Benjamin—both hailing from the Pyrenees. Our following, as happens on these trips, was rather a large one, and the commissariat required some foresight and generalship, for the country does not produce much that is acceptable to European palates.

Our cook, who was distinguished by the title of Hadji, having once visited Mecca, seemed to think that all further effort in life was unnecessary, and that Providence would send whatever it was fated that we should receive; but his manners, I must say, were beautiful, and he had a sweet, responsive smile. Omar, a fine young Turk from the neighbouring village, knew something about hunting, and I got very fond of him, though our communications were confined to dumb-crambo. During the whole trip I only encountered one Turk whose behaviour was rough. Indeed, he was a Yuruk. The genuine Turk had nearly always the manners of a courtier. This exception was Meflut, another hunter of repute from Chardak, whom we employed for certain drives, and whose whole manner expressed the rooted opinion that dogs of Christians were only fit to act as stops for the likes of him; but even he softened to the

diplomatic flatteries of F., who addressed him perseveringly as 'my pet lamb,' 'my sucking-dove.' My preconceived notions of Christian and Turk received a rude shock. Up here there were scarcely any native Christians, but nearer the coast they abounded. A more villainous-looking lot I never saw, but it was probably only the scum that gathered at the railway-stations, and one should not generalise in this way.

But I have still to describe the most important member of my staff. I had heard before my arrival that a 'retired brigand' had been secured for our service and protection. This description was literally true, but we had no reason to regret the selection. We picked up old 'Bouba' at a station on our journey inland; and so true to the character was his appearance and dress, including his embroidered and sleeveless cloak that hung down his shoulders, that as the train drew along the platform we 'spotted' him instantly among the crowd, most of whom could have played the stage-villain at a moment's notice. Whatever Bouba's crimes may have been—and they would certainly have filled a book—since his wind got short, and for other reasons, he had become a reformed if not a repentant character. We found him a solid and reliable person, and good company withal. A popular favourite throughout that country, his moral weight would certainly carry him in at the head of the poll if there were a School Board election. I never found out his real name—'Bouba' means father, and is simply a familiar term of affection, much as you say 'Grand Old Man.' He would sit all day smoking cigarettes in the tent, with a benign smile on his face, but any little emergency galvanised the phlegmatic *civitas* into an energetic leader of men whose word was law with high and low, and he never failed us. His Martini rifle was rarely laid aside, and he would without doubt have used it in our behalf if necessary. It would have taken him some time to use up all his cartridges, which he carried in an enormous belt right round his rather stout person.

When he got to know us pretty well I drew his story from him one night, with the assistance of the Greek station-master. He told it in a matter-of-fact style, without apparent regret, and at the same time without affectation or 'side.' It was confirmed by people of authority; besides, I never knew him to tell a lie. Very likely he minimised his little escapades.

'Why did you take to the mountains, Bouba?' He gave a fat chuckle. 'It was because of a woman. There was a girl that I was intimate with—I was very fond of her. A man came and took her away. I went after him to his house and struck him.' (He did not say what he struck him with.) 'Two days after he happened to die. Then the authorities tried to catch me, but I was always escaping out of the back-door and coming back at night. So when they found they could not catch me they put my father in prison,

and then my brother; and I thought I had better go quite away. I was for one year by myself about the mountains, picking up what I could get. I could not at first find any companions that were any good for that sort of work. Then came the time for the conscription. Many ran away to escape being drawn, so I got some good men. There were nine of us, and I was captain, but we had no guns. There was a forest with saw-mills. One of the mill-owners who was enemy to the other told me that this one had many rifles. We went to his house one night and demanded them. He said he had not got any. Then we made him sign a bond to procure them; and as the first mill-owner had told us wrongly, we compelled him to join in the bond—so it was quite fair to both. We got those rifles all right, and cartridges. I was a brigand eight years. I never killed any one for money; but if any one would not stop, or if he was going to give information to the authorities, of course we had to kill him. Once a man asked us all to his house to supper. Then he sent to the Governor to say that Bouba's party were there; but we heard a noise and got away. A fortnight afterwards we came back and slit his nose and ears.' (This he said in a tone of righteous indignation, and he would evidently like to do it again.) 'We used to stop merchants and camel-drivers, and the villagers gave us what we wanted because they were afraid. If a person had not anything we let him go.'

'What was the best catch you ever made?'

He grinned at this, and after thinking a bit said: 'We once stopped the Imperial Post and got 7,000*l*. Then they sent a large number of soldiers after us. There was another band of brigands—eleven of them. We helped one another, but did not generally act together; but this time we all combined. The soldiers came up, but we were behind rocks. We killed twenty-five of them, and not one of us was touched. We afterwards killed seven more.' For having won this victory he evidently considered that he had deserved well of his country. 'But,' I said, 'they surely couldn't have tried very hard to get hold of you!' 'Well, perhaps not always. I used to send money to the big officials, but the sergeants and people like that I did not care for. When we ran short of cartridges for the Martinis, I sent 50*l*. to a colonel in the army whom I knew, and he sent me a quantity of army cartridges. When the Government found they could not catch us, they offered a free pardon to all who would come in, and I gave myself up and was pardoned. I afterwards helped to hunt down the other brigands. Two of my companions were killed at this time; others died and some are still alive. After this another Governor was appointed, and because I would not give him money he put me in prison and charged me with slitting a man's nose and other things. I was in prison thirteen months, while the Governor was trying to get a case against me.

He found a person without a nose, but the man would not give evidence against me. He said he did not know how it had been slit, but he supposed he had been born so. This was because I had sent a large sum.' 'Ah!' said the station-master, 'in this country the man who is rich is innocent like one pigeon.' 'At last Mr. P. got me out.' He paused for a minute, and then finished his story with a sigh, in the same words as he had begun.' 'It was all folly, but I should never have gone to the mountains but for that woman.' The gentleman mentioned was connected with the Ottoman Railway. Bouba had made himself extremely useful to this company, and its engineers, in making their extension, owed much to his influence. In fact, he is *cavass* to the chief engineer now, and a highly respected character. No one would hesitate to trust him with a hundred pounds or any other sum, and a more suitable *chaperon* for young ladies could not be found. That is the story as he told it to us; and as others confirmed it, I have no doubt it is in the main true.

There does not appear to be any brigandage in that part of the country now, though the Agha of the village assured us with undoubting faith that there was a brigand about, whom no bullet could penetrate. This story had a foundation in fact, as we afterwards discovered, but it is too commonplace to be worthy of narration. There are undoubtedly epidemics of brigandage by which certain districts in Asia Minor are scourged from time to time, especially within reach of the scum of the large cities.

But to return to the goats. Given a broken cliff, scarcely any part of which was more than an hour's walk from our camp—for they inhabited only the steep side of the mountain—it will be thought that the task of securing an adequate number of specimens was an easy one; but, as my Pyrenean hunter, in whose company I have cut to pieces many pairs of boots, put it, after two or three days' experience, '*Le coquin est rusé comme le diable!*' The excellent eyes and ears with which the creature is endowed would not, however, have saved him from our scientific approaches if he had not been assisted by surrounding conditions. Not only are these rocks cut up into innumerable clefts and ravines, but they are covered by a thin forest of stone pines, noble trees of a pale green colour, not mean and disbranched like those of Italy, but driving great wedges of root into the rocks and spreading like Scotch firs into lofty and massive trees of varied outline. Between them a shorter and denser growth of cypress and deciduous barberry, now dying off in scarlet and orange. This covert, though not quite continuous, made hiding very easy for the ibex. Nor was this all. The rock is a kind of pudding-stone, and the round embedded pebbles constantly work out and lie in unstable banks, wherever the angle of solid rock admits of it. The least touch, and down they clatter, starting others. During the first fortnight, the drought and heat were

excessive. This not only drove the animals to the innermost recesses for coolness, but made the stones more resonant; and the air being dead still, the least noise travelled far. Even the fallen oak-leaves were so crisp and dry that they crackled like parchment. Like all animals that live in good covert, these goats have great confidence in its protection, and we saw them more often near the foot of the cliff, within hearing of the drovers on the highway, than at a higher elevation.

The best which I secured I killed within easy shouting distance of the railway. But this confidence is accompanied by exceeding watchfulness, and their natural alertness is indefinitely increased by the constant harrying of the natives. The bands, consisting of from four to ten, almost always, according to our observation, posted a sentinel, and more than one promising stalk was spoilt by this inconvenient precaution, the sentinel posted above having been previously invisible to us. On one occasion one of my companions observed that they had established a very complete system of reliefs. Each member of the band took its turn on a commanding rock for about ten minutes by the watch, standing immovable while the others fed below. At the end of that time he would go down, and another instantly mounted to the coign of vantage and took his place; but the most remarkable part of it was that the turns seemed to be taken in order of seniority, beginning with the kids, followed by the ewes and young rams—the oldest patriarch, who had by that time finished his meal, being last of all; but he shirked his duties, for he distinctly took a post-prandial nap. Another trick of theirs which I twice observed old *solitaire* males to be guilty of, was, if they saw, or thought they saw, anything suspicious, to mount a prominent watchtower, and, after a note or two of alarm and warning—a kind of cough which might spell the letters b-u-r-r-up rapidly repeated—calmly lie down and await events. Woe betide the hunter who, lulled into hope, then attempted a scientific stalk, for his labour would be surely wasted. I remember once to have nearly circumvented a buck chamois who thus flouted me. He saw the tops of our caps against a patch of snow before we saw him, and bounded away, but stood three hundred yards off whistling. Then he lay down, still whistling and watching. The fatal thing would have been to withdraw. It was necessary to give him something to look at. Leaving my hunter where he was, with instructions to keep his cap gently moving, I drew back with infinite precaution; then, making a detour, got within easy distance of my friend, still lying there and whistling, crept into a beautiful position, and missed him clean!

• But to return to our goats. The only method of hunting them practised by the inhabitants is to drive them to certain posts occupied by the guns; but though we were not above trying this and every method, and did stoop to conquer in this way when we got tired of the other, it is not interesting, and the more crafty individuals,



especially the old rams, will not be driven. We preferred stalking, and did so with great perseverance, and, for the reasons given above, with singularly little result—at least at first. The best chance was during the two hours following sunrise, and a similar period before sunset. We had therefore to be astir early, and the camp-fire shone red before we returned. The telescopes were in continual use during the day, though, as is the case in all timbered countries, I found a powerful opera-glass often more effective for spying corries where it was all-important not to show over the skyline. Notwithstanding the facilities for hiding, our industry with the glasses was rewarded by finding the animals almost daily, but the conditions above described generally defeated the stalk. That is to say, when we reached the spot the goats had moved, and even a slight change of position on such ground made ‘picking them up’ again before we were ourselves ‘spotted’ by the quarry exceedingly chancy work. In the end I thought that what the American *Still-hunters* call ‘sitting on a log’—in other words, lying *perdu* in a likely place—probably the most effective means; but for that I had not the patience.

Almost the best chance I had came in my way the first evening. We saw a small herd feeding near the base of the cliff, with some good bucks in it, and got down to the rocks above them in the last twenty minutes of daylight. Arrived within shooting distance, we could see a female and two kids feeding among the trees nearly perpendicularly below us, and were peering down the openings to try and make out the bucks, when suddenly one of the kids showed signs of uneasiness. Perhaps it was the cry of some partridge: more probably the little beast was sharper of eye than I gave him credit for, and the setting sun was shining full upon us. Then they began to move off, and for a moment I saw the bucks, distinguishable by their size and darker colour. I had my bead on one of them, but the shot was long and the light in my eyes. Surely, I said to myself, they won’t believe that youngster. Hoping they would stop, and that I should better my position, I withheld my fire. They did stop about three hundred yards off and fed again, but when we arrived they had disappeared, and, the light fading, we gave them up. That was a fair sample of our experience. I did not get another chance for a week.

Day after day we basked, and sometimes gasped, in the heat, climbed and tumbled on the loose stones and toiled with the glass, the sweet sun-distilled smell of the pines in our nostrils. I should be sorry to make the reader as weary as, to tell the honest truth, we became of ‘Maimun Dagh,’ and I will confine my narrative to a single day, the most fortunate which I had.

I had heard that some of the railway officials were going to have a drive, so I went up early and posted myself at a high elevation where I could command a good deal of the cliff. There I spied a band of

four, comprising two small bucks. They were quite quiet, and lay down in a good place, and I got quickly within fifty yards of one of the bucks. He went off with the rest at the shot, and Celestin, who followed what he thought was the track, could find no trace of blood, and declared that I had missed. As the shot was a perfectly easy one I could not think of any excuse to account for it. In a very depressed condition we climbed up to another high point and stayed there some hours watching. At last we saw two ibex coming away from the drive, and climbed down quickly on the chance of cutting them off; and now a wonderful piece of luck, the only one that fell to my lot on this trip, happened. While sitting and waiting I looked round and found we had returned to almost the identical spot of my first stalk. At that moment I heard stones rolling below, and looking over the edge saw my beast of the morning rolling over and over, quite dead. It was scarcely a score of yards from where I had lost sight of him. He appeared to have been dead some time, and it was the most extraordinary chance which led us back to the identical spot at the fortunate moment when his body rolled down, as we should never have seen him except for the movement of the stones calling our attention.

The beaters now began another drive the reverse way, and across the ground where we were. We lay low and let the men pass us, which of course they did without seeing us, then got on to a prominent rock to see what would happen—in fact, ‘stayed back for the rabbits.’ As I expected, the ibex kept coming back. It was curious to see them sneaking out of groves close to which a man had just passed. They knew perfectly well what was up. First came three within shot of me, but they were all small; then a female and a little one; then two goodish bucks with others, very low down. These last we were fortunately able to keep in view, and saw them lie down.

We got down and found a good place for a shot, whence I could see the biggest. It was a longish shot, but I was very steady. However, off he went like lightning, and Celestin again declared I had missed, neither could we find any blood. I could not see how many went away when they crossed the next ridge, but I noticed that they were a long time arriving there, as though something had delayed them. To this circumstance I attached importance, as wild animals always stop and look back if one of their number is missing; so we followed on their line. There was a little hollow behind some rocks below me which I thought worth climbing down to explore. As I peered into it my beast sprang away through the trees. I could only see a pair of legs, but of course I knew he must be badly wounded. Then we found—where the poor beast had stood and stamped the ground—another sign of a wounded animal. A few yards further there were spots of blood, and thenceforward we followed the track with extreme care. At last I saw him lying behind a bush. He

sprang away again, but I was able to give him a disabling shot as he ran.

These ibex are of a light brown colour, the males being rather darker than the females; but the oldest males undergo a complete change in appearance, becoming light grey with a clearly defined black shoulder-stripe, which gives them a very smart appearance. It is a sight to stir the heart of a hunter to see such a one sunning himself on some tower of rock, and, by way of morning exercise, bending his head to the ground and driving his sword-like black horns into some bush, of which he 'makes hay' in about two minutes. I only once got a chance at one of these grand old 'billies,' and that I muddled. We had taken refuge from a sharp shower in a cave, or rather shelf on the cliff, protected by a long overhanging rock. The rain drifted in, and Celestin carried my rifle to one end where it was more sheltered. We made a fire at the other end, and were sitting over it, when, with a fixed stare, Omar pointed with his finger over my shoulder. There, about a hundred yards off, was a splendid male ibex such as I have described, with black horns which curved back nearly to his tail. There are not more than two or three like that on the mountain. He was quite unsuspecting, and calmly moving down the mountain, on account of the bad weather I suppose. Risking discovery, I crept to the place where my rifle lay. Two trees grew across that end of the opening, and I could not shoot from there. Back I crawled, and sat down for the shot. He was slowly stalking down the rocks, but still within easy range. I levelled my piece, but at that moment a gust of wind blew the flame and smoke across my line of sight, and I could see nothing. The next instant he was round a rock and gone. I nearly turned sick with desperation. Of course we followed and tried to find him again—an all but hopeless task in the complications of this hill. In the course of the search we got wet through, and in trying to dry my coat over the fire Celestin burnt the back of it—my best 'go-to-meeting' one, as it happened; but I would give twenty coats to have got that beast.

That was not the only piece of bad luck which I had—far from it. Once in a drive I was posted on the edge of a ravine; there were eddies of wind about this gorge, and in the middle of the drive a puff in my back warned me that, if I stayed where I was, I might spoil sport. I therefore withdrew to a less exposed post a hundred yards behind. I had scarcely settled there, when two capital males came and stood within fifty yards of my first position. It was still a possible shot, but a long one, and intervening trees now made it necessary to shoot quickly or not at all. The cartridge missed fire. There was no time to change it, as they were just moving, but, hastily cocking the rifle, I tried the same cartridge again. That time it went, but wide of the mark—a miss, but excusable under the circumstances. They went up to F., who secured them both—

a capital right and left. These were the best two we got, and I fear I was envious.

The ibex were not the only animals that inhabited this mountain. On one occasion, a large yellowish creature sprang away and stood gazing at us. If I had not been slow and clumsy, he ought to have been stopped, but the form was dim among the trees, and hard to identify. Subsequently, Celestin got a glimpse of it through the glass, and pronounced it to be a leopard. I saw it again myself at a long distance, and thought the outline more like that of a hyena; it may have been a lynx. All three of these animals are found in the mountains. A few days later I found some small caves which the tracks showed to be frequented by this big cat, whatever he was. Outside one of these holes was an immense store of bones of camels, bullocks, sheep, dogs, and the shells of tortoises broken open. They must have been dragged 1,000 feet up the cliffs, and probably belonged to animals that had died on the caravan route below.

Hearing of a distant mountain said to contain ibex, which had the further advantage of being clear of forest in its upper part, and being by this time tired of 'Maimun Dagħ,' we struck our camp and journeyed thither. At the foot of this range was a charming village, with a copious stream, which sprang full-bodied from the living rock and worked numerous small mills, the splashing of which, and the greenery of the walnut-trees, were refreshing after our arid experiences. Every village has its guest-house, and this one was comfortable, and the Agha or headman hospitable. Indeed, that virtue, according to our experience, is universal among the Turks in the country districts. When any distinguished or very holy people are received as guests in the villages of the Turkomans, who must not be confounded with the Turks, I was credibly informed that the hospitality of these people extends to lengths which are surprising to our ideas of the inviolability of the harem. The Agha's friends were not less pleased than he to see the foreigners eat. The host likes not only to entertain the stranger, but to show off the latest lion to his friends. These Turks are themselves very abstemious, and our appetites seemed to astonish them. 'Heaven be praised! the Effendi wants more meat! What an appetite!' they said. Bouba's customary evening greeting, 'May your food sit heavy on you, my lords!' was another sign of this friendly interest, and not the brutal curse which it sounds like.

A word here may not be out of place about the various races which inhabit this land. Turks, Turkomans, Circassians, Yuruks, differ in their customs and modes of life; each race, generally speaking, living in villages apart from the others. The Turks, according to our experience, exhibited a more sincere and dignified, if less ostentatious, hospitality, and a more rigid observance of the Mussulman code of religion, than their neighbours. Of the Circassians not much need be said. They are thinly scattered about this part of the

country. Those we saw were a particularly sinister-looking lot, with none of their world-famed beauty. Nevertheless, their daughters are in demand, and, whatever the law, they habitually sell them. Our friend the station-master said he had had a commission to buy as many as he could at 15*l.* a head, and within a few days a girl of sixteen had been offered for twenty medjids; 5*l.* does not seem dear, but perhaps she had a temper. Even the Turks accept a very substantial present from their would-be sons-in-law, and the credit of a man with six daughters is always good. The Yuruks, who are the mountaineers and shepherds of this country, are said to steal their wives, but this must be a risky process. They are nomadic, and their black goat's hair tents are conspicuous; but the climate compels them to spend the worst months within four walls. Their flocks are protected by a large breed of white dogs, whose threatening attacks are rather alarming to a stranger; but I always found a stout stick a sufficient passport. They are sturdy folk, but their manners are rough. Thus, on leaving a Yuruk village, F. received a somewhat curt demand for his English saddle. As a contrast to this I may mention the polite request of the Turkish sheriff just mentioned, when we bade him farewell, that a barrel of wine of the country which we were leaving behind should be emptied to the last drop on the group. The Yuruk Agha would have scorned this self-denial, and would have made it the excuse for a drinking bout. I am afraid the Yuruks are responsible for the terrible destruction of the forests by fire. This is not accidental, but done of set purpose to improve the grazing. From some of our camps we could every night see two or three of these fires raging.

According to our hosts, no stranger had ever hunted on that mountain. They assured us there were plenty of *Kayeek* on it. Some Yuruks whom we met the next morning bringing wood down the mountain said the same, but when I showed them a picture of the ibex, I saw that they looked doubtfully at it. The fact is, the term '*Kayeek*' is used vaguely, and is generally applied to the largest horned animal in the district. We were assured that there was plenty of water on the mountain, but it took us four hours of stiff walking up a rough path to find the first sign of it. When reached, it proved to be a tiny mud pool no bigger than a soup-plate, from which the faintest trickle oozed away, losing itself in slime. Alongside lay a disused trough formed of a hollowed trunk, dry and cracked. It was unpromising, but this camp was so beautiful that it was worth an effort to make it habitable. By clearing out the little pool and puddling the trough with mud, we at length got a tiny trickle of clear water, enough for drinking, though not for washing. If we had gone farther, we should have found plenty of water, but not so favourable a camp. It was at an elevation of about 5,000 feet, and at the upper edge of a gorge or canyon, 1,500 feet deep, which

cuts the mountain in two. The position overlooks an extensive range of hills covered with stone pines, the finest trunks we had yet seen. Out of this forest rose, on either side of the gorge, lofty white peaks of limestone.

Having settled the water, we began collecting wood, and while so engaged a shout from one of my companions called me to look at a fresh track he had found. There was no mistake about it. It was that of a red deer, but twice as large as any red stag's slot which I had ever seen. This was indeed a find upon which we had not reckoned, for few travellers have had the luck even to see the big red stag of Asia Minor.

But duty before pleasure. I had come here for ibex, and must first ascertain if there were any on the mountain. That afternoon was devoted to a very careful search of the upper part of the mountain, and from the complete absence of tracks, a fact corroborated by a careful spy of an extensive area, we soon came to the conclusion that they were a myth. By the time I had satisfied myself on this point there was only an hour of daylight left, but I hurried down to a point which commanded a wide extent of the forest. Here I had scarcely opened my glass before I made out a stag and a hind feeding at the bottom of the valley below us. Celestin was greatly excited, having never seen any game larger than chamois and certain other rock skippers which he had pursued in my company. Everything seemed to favour the stalk. We got quickly down under the shelter of trees, and had arrived within three hundred yards when the hind started. The fact was, the wind, which had been blowing up the valleys all day, at sunset changed its direction. The stag had not yet caught the taint, and stood awhile. I could see that he was large in the body, but the light was too dim to make out his head. I tried a despairing shot, but the distance was too great and I could scarcely see the head. It was a bad chance and, alas! I never had the luck to get a better. Three times on the way back to camp I heard the roar of a stag, which, when heard on a still evening echoing through the great tree-stems, is a sound calculated to make a man impatient for the next morning. It was the fifth of November, which is late for these demonstrations, and, as a matter of fact, I did not hear it again after that night. If they had continued to give out such signals we should have done better.

It had been borne in upon us at midday that the arrival of the camels with our equipage that night was problematical, as these splay-footed animals do not travel well on mountain paths, and one of the party was sent back to bring on, by some means or other, something to eat and, if possible, some coverings. It was long past dark when we heard our messenger shouting, for he had missed the track and got entangled among the trees. Half an hour later he blundered into camp with old Bouba and a donkey laden with certain

necessaries, but we had little to cover our bodies that night, and not overmuch to put inside them. Bouba had to squat under the canopy of his cloak, which gave him the well-known bat-like appearance of a stage desperado, and explained with a grin that he was accustomed ten years back to that sort of shelter—that is before a paternal government interfered with his line of business. We filled our luncheon-bags with pine-shoots for pillows, but as they were gathered in the dark we did not find out, till we were too sleepy to remove them, that most of them had cones attached. C. and F. tried the same material for their beds, and their dreams were not peaceful. As an old campaigner, I pretended to instruct them in a better dodge, which is to dig and scrape a hollow for the hips. In theory it is admirable, but in practice beastly.

The next day was a blank, and the following one promised to be another. C. and I had long returned to camp. It was pitch dark and raining hard. Bouba was in a state of trepidation that F. and Celestin would spend their night in the open, and wanted to start search-parties. A good motherly old brigand was Bouba! In vain I assured him that my Pyrenean could find his way on any mountain in the dark. At last a loud 'whoop' proclaimed at once their return and the cause of the delay. When they stumbled into the red glow, drenched with the rain, this was soon explained. F. had slain the stag of stags. 'Mais que j'avais peur quand je l'ai vu!' said Celestin. He had made out with a glass from a long distance a single tine of a horn in a thicket of young fir-trees, but for some time was uncertain of its nature. Then the stag removed all doubt by rising and showing himself as he crossed an opening. In time they reached the place, but could see nothing till Celestin suddenly met him face to face in the thicket, and shouted to F., 'L'animal! Le monstre! Tirez! tirez!' but 'l'animal' was off, and this was easier said than done. For a moment he showed himself crossing the bed of a stream, and F. missed him clean. Now what did this polite stag do but cross the stream and calmly mount a knoll, where he stood fully exposed as long as you please at fifty yards. That shot told. The stag went off, but they soon found blood. Then followed a most exciting stern-chase for the best part of half a mile, the great beast labouring on through the thicket in spite of his deadly wound, while F. struggled after, in vain seeking a chance to plant a second bullet in a mortal place. It is to be feared that some that he attempted would have involved a shilling fine at Wimbledon. Once he measured his length—which is almost halfway between six and seven feet—in a stream and hurt himself so severely that I congratulated him afterwards upon having got a stiff knee for life, with which he would always have the most pleasurable associations. His cartridges were nearly exhausted, when a snap shot struck the back of the head, and the huge beast lay conquered. How noble a

trophy he had won the following figures will show, at least to the initiated. The head carried fourteen points, but one of the 'bays' had been broken in fighting. The length of the horn from the burr is  $43\frac{1}{2}$  inches, span inside the horn  $38\frac{1}{2}$ . No such stag as this, to the best of my belief, has been seen in Western Europe at least for many generations. The castle of Moritzburg, which contains the most remarkable collection of stags' horns in Europe, gathered during several centuries, can scarcely match it for length and width. I do not think the weight could have been much less than forty stone. This it was impossible to verify, but the foot and shank-bone attached weighs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., which is considerably more than double that of a good Scotch stag. F.'s initial could have stood for 'Fortunatus' on this trip. But, then, the last time we had been together, somewhere in the far north, the luck had been the other way.

The next night an incident occurred which shows how unsophisticated the *fera natura* are in this district. The Yuruk put his head into the tent and said there was a beast prowling about, might he shoot it? Half an hour afterwards he fired at and missed a fox. Undeterred by this, the depredator carried off in the night the whole of the venison in camp. The following day F. secured another stag, a much smaller one, the venison of which was placed for security in the centre of the camp. The fox again returned at dusk, and was shot dead by the camp fire, within five yards of us all.

Our host from the village below thought it a necessary act of hospitality to come up and remain at our camp during the whole time of our stay. Notwithstanding the rain, which here came down in torrents for two nights, he sat through it a picture of serene patience. His followers were not so well off, especially his black servant, for there was no room in the tents. Hearing talking in the night I looked out, and saw this wretched negro sitting in the drenching rain, and carrying on a loud conversation with himself to keep himself warm.

The big stag was our crowning success, and if we could have spared more time we might have repeated it; for, though the forest was fairly dense, they were not so wary as the ibex. As Bouba said, 'All animals are Sheitan (Satan), but these stags are not quite such Satans as those Satans of goats.' The fact was that these same 'Satans' were the object of my journey, and whereas up to that time we had done scarcely anything with them, I was very unwilling to return home beaten by a mere goat. We therefore, perhaps foolishly, left the red deer and sought out the goats again. That my *amour propre* was saved the following total bag will show. Seven ibex, two red stags, one wild boar (a very fine beast killed in a cane-brake on the plain). On our return to Smyrna, we found our deeds celebrated in the local Greek daily, a quotation from which shall conclude this article:



Ὅλῳι βεβαίως γνωρίζουσιν ὅτι εἰς μικρὰν ἀπόστασιν ἀπὸ τῆς σιδηροδρομικῆς γραμμῆς Δινὲρ ὑπάρχουσιν ἐν τῷ ἐσωτερικῷ ἀγριοὶ καὶ ἔλαφοι, πρῶτοι δὲ νομίζουмен οἱ Ἄγγλοι περιήγηται, ἔλθοντες ἐπὶ τούτῳ ὑποδεικνύουσι τὴν ὁδὸν εἰς τοὺς ἡμετέρους, τοὺς ἀγαπῶντας τὰ μεγάλα καὶ ἀληθῆ κυνήγια.

Which my last from school thus freely renders: 'There are wild goats and deer up there, and yet you slow-bellied Ephesians let these Englishmen be the first to show you the way to catch them.'

E. N. BUXTON.

*A JAPANESE VIEW OF NEW JAPAN.*

THE electric shock—perhaps the most violent and painful shock I ever experienced—effected by the telegraphic communication transmitted from Yokohama on the 19th of September last, aroused in me—a member of the most excitable nation in the world—the determination to take up my pen in her behalf. But the mental electricity induced was not sufficient to cause my pen immediately to throw its intense and sparkling light on the subject which excited my deepest interest, viz. the revision of the treaties existing between Japan and the Foreign Powers. I deemed it expedient to wait, though I did so very impatiently, until the power of steam should bring more detailed information from Japan respecting the anti-revision meeting which lately took place in Yokohama. From the newspapers, both native and foreign, and from the private letters which I have received during the last two months, I have obtained so clear an idea of what took place that there is no longer any excuse for delay. By means of that mighty instrument the pen I hope to throw such light on this vexed and intricate question as may excite the intelligent sympathy and goodwill of the British public.

Before entering into an account of the meeting recently held in Yokohama, let me briefly describe the condition of the country, and the circumstances under which the existing treaties were signed in 1858. Japan was then an obscure country, almost unknown to the rest of the world, and her government a now obsolete feudal system. The foot of man or horse supplied the place of mail-train, telegraph, and telephone; the back of beast or the shoulder of man was her only means of land transport; her people went about the streets armed with swords, and no sign of Western civilisation could be detected in her social or political life.

This state of things has so entirely ceased that we read of them as of ancient history. The very name of Tykoon—at that time the absolute ruler of Japan, and the man by whom the treaties were ratified—has been almost entirely lost in oblivion. Moreover, the style of expression and the coins which are mentioned in the treaties are so strange to the present generation that we have great difficulty in understanding it. In brief, the present treaties were signed when

Japan was in a state of ignorance and inexperience with regard to international intercourse. This being so, we need not wonder that the conditions and articles of the covenant are somewhat peculiar and unsatisfactory to the New Japanese.

The main points of the agreement may be summed up as follows: The Tykoon's government was required to open seven ports as markets for foreign trade, to set apart a narrow section of each of these towns in which foreigners might reside and trade, and to allow aliens the privilege of making excursions in any direction within a certain distance (about twenty-four miles) of the towns. Beyond these limits foreigners might not go, unless they obtained passports from the Japanese Government. All foreigners were to enjoy the privilege of exercising their own laws under the system of consular jurisdiction, and were not to be subject to the Japanese courts or laws. Still more distressing is the clause which prevents any attempt to increase the customs duties more than a fixed rate of 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, and forbids Japan to levy any duties on foreign goods not liable to duty already. By these latter clauses both her judicial and tariff autonomy is fettered to a great extent, and her national rights infringed. From these facts my readers may judge of the unequal and unfair condition in which Japan has been placed by the Foreign Powers. Still it is hardly surprising, when we remember what the state of the country was, that such a treaty should be considered suitable and advantageous to both parties. Happily, however, the treaty contains a clause by which both parties had a right to demand a revision of the document at the end of fourteen years, *i.e.* in 1872.

Thirty-two years have passed away, and in the interval our country has seen a great and glorious revolution, followed by a period of social and national progress which is unprecedented in the annals of the world. New Japan has risen in glorious majesty and splendour, fully justifying her claim to be called the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' yet her treaties with the Foreign Powers still remain as they were before she had seen the light of European civilisation.

Turning from the Old to the New Japan, the mind may well feel giddy to realise the amount of progress which has been made. In twenty-three short years her government has been transformed from a feudal system, first to a bureaucracy, and then to a constitutional administration, with a representative parliament. Her national constitution—the object perhaps of her greatest pride—grew and blossomed in the atmosphere of peace and prosperity, unaccompanied by the storms and bloodshed which have nearly always prevailed in the countries of the West during their national struggles for freedom. Her army and navy have been entirely remodelled after the European pattern, and equipped with all the latest implements of warfare, in place of her ancient swords, bows and arrows. A still greater change has been made in her laws and in the judicial courts.

The old Chinese system has been replaced by one thoroughly European, and, judging from results, our administration of justice would do no discredit to many a country in the West. Her police organisation also deserves the highest praise, the staff of the detective department being especially remarkable for their intelligence and morality. Education—the basis of all national greatness—receives the utmost attention. Every branch of science is being taught, and every kind of educational institution which has been introduced from the Occident has spread over the whole empire.

A few more details regarding her social and commercial improvement may be added to remove any lingering doubts as to the reality of our progress. The postal and telegraphic systems were introduced in 1872, and have been widely utilised. An official report which was issued about three years ago records that in one year 137 millions of letters, and over two and a half millions of telegrams, have been transmitted, with an annual increase of ten per cent. in both cases. The development of railways and of the mercantile marine, the building of lighthouses, the improvement of harbours and construction of docks, if they continue to progress at the present pace, will soon place Japan in a very satisfactory condition in these respects. It is a remarkable fact, and one deserving careful attention, that her foreign trade has doubled within the last ten years, and quadrupled during the last twenty years, whilst the growth of commercial and industrial enterprise has been something wonderful. Further, the members of New Japan, though proud of the position to which they have attained, are by no means satisfied to remain in their present state, but are ever ready to concentrate their energies on the improvement of any object which excites their national interest.

Truly Japan, like her celebrated Fuji Mountain, has suddenly sprung from the level plain to a celestial height, and is, like it, an object worthy of the admiration and wonder of the world, both for the beauty of its form and the rapidity of its construction. Though not yet equal to the Great Powers of Europe and America in every detail, Japan may be compared favourably with the rest of the civilised countries of the world, and is certainly superior to many of the countries in which the so-called Great Powers have not their extra-territorial jurisdiction.

Having once opened her eyes to the world, Japan soon became aware of the inequality of her national and commercial intercourse with foreign countries. Although an absolute independent State, her judicial and tariff autonomy, the principal right of a nation, is under the control of other countries, and her government is deprived of the sovereign power which should belong exclusively to it.

Realising these afflictive facts, the people determined, as any other nation worthy the name would have done, to remove the humiliating clauses from the international treaties. Other circumstances have

tended to strengthen this determination. The extensive improvements and reforms, and the various public works which have been inaugurated within the last few years, have naturally entailed the expenditure of vast sums of money, to obtain which heavy taxes had to be levied upon the land and other estates, as the terms of the treaties prevented an increase in the tariff dues. Moreover, constant complaints have been made by the natives, that the aliens take an unfair advantage of the protection extended to them by the consular courts to annoy and defy the Japanese people. For all these reasons the Japanese Government, in 1882, made an application for the revision of the treaties. But what was the result? The friendly relations existing betwixt Japan and the 'Powers' have been in a most critical condition ever since, and the result, instead of being an improvement in her condition, appears to be rather the reverse. In spite of the very reasonable, not to say humble, proposals of our Government, the negotiations for the revision have been delayed by many difficulties and impediments.

During the last eight years no subject has created more excitement and agitation in Japan, nor has any political measure so sadly embarrassed the Government, as this affair. The following illustrations will be sufficient to prove this. The proposals made by the Japanese Government on two occasions have failed to bring the matter to a satisfactory conclusion in consequence of the persistent opposition of the Foreign Powers on the one hand, and the dissatisfaction of the Japanese people on the other. Hence, the Cabinet has resigned twice in three years, and two Ministers of Foreign Affairs have been obliged to retire from office, one having been crippled for life by the attack of a political fanatic. So violent did the excitement become, that it was found necessary to pass the 'Peace Preservation Act,' whereby many political agitators were banished from the capital. And what is the cause of all these deplorable events? Simply the demand of an independent nation for the recognition of its rights by the other nations of the earth!

But things have changed of late. The policy of agitation has now been adopted by the foreign residents in Japan. It is reported that, in the beginning of last September, a certain Englishman, residing in Yokohama, received information—the source of which is shrouded in mystery—that 'Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs may be induced to concede the demand of the Japanese Government,' and this he considered to threaten serious dangers. On the 1st of September a notice, which, strange to say, bore no signature except 'By Order,' appeared in the foreign papers, inviting the foreign residents to attend a meeting at the Public Hall on the 11th of the month for the purpose of formulating and transmitting to Her Majesty's Government the views of the British subjects upon the question. It is stated that over three hundred persons of all nationalities attended this meeting, and Mr. J. A.

Fraser, a tea merchant, was elected chairman. This gentleman read the resolutions, which were spoken to and seconded by Messrs. J. A. Lowder (a solicitor), J. H. Brooke (the editor of the *Japan Herald*), A. O. Gay, and other gentlemen. The resolutions were unanimously carried, and their terms run as follows:—

1. That in the opinion of this meeting the time has not arrived when questions in regard to rights, whether of property or person, arising between subjects and citizens of Foreign Powers in the dominions of his Majesty the Emperor of Japan can be unconditionally and safely subjected to the jurisdiction of Japanese tribunals; or when an estimate can be formed of the period within which the unconditional relinquishment of extra-territorial jurisdiction in Japan can be safely promised.

2. That in the opinion of this meeting it would be an act of grave injustice to foreigners who have purchased land in Japan, under covenant with the Japanese Government, if the conditions or incidents of their tenure of such land should be altered without their consent.

A week after the meeting the resolutions were telegraphed by the committee of the meeting to Mr. W. M. Strachan, 18 Leadenhall Street, London, through whom they were conveyed to the Chambers of Commerce of London, Manchester, Bradford, Glasgow, Liverpool, Paris, Lyons, Berlin, Hamburg, Rome, Milan, Berne, Amsterdam, New York, and Lisbon; also to leading English, Continental, and American newspapers. Thus the question has been brought before the English public.

I now wait with great interest to see what action these Chambers of Commerce—the most influential and well-informed representatives of the commercial community in Great Britain—will take in this matter. Up to the present I have heard nothing about any definite course of action on their part. They have considered the question at their committee meetings and applied to the Foreign Office for more accurate information as to the state of the treaty negotiations, which information the authorities have declined to make public for the present. The Chambers of Commerce have therefore postponed further action until they receive further details both from official and other sources.

In the meantime let me take the opportunity to make a few remarks which may throw a little light upon the subject, not only for the sake of the Japanese, but also for the benefit of the English people. As no official announcement regarding the proposals of the Japanese Government has yet been made we cannot discuss these points with absolute certainty. We may pretty confidently assume, however, that the Japanese Government will consent to throw open the whole Empire to foreigners to reside or trade in, and that at the utmost her demands will not exceed the following: (1) the restoration of judicial autonomy over the aliens in her dominions, and (2) the restoration of the tariff autonomy. Whether some conditional

arrangement may be adopted we are not yet in a position to judge; but, even in case no conditional arrangement is made, her Government claim not any special or higher privilege than the countries with whom she trades possess, but only an equal intercourse, and that freedom of action to which she is entitled as an independent realm. .

But, from the remarks of Mr. Lowder, principal promoter of the anti-treaty revision agitation, it appears that there are some conditional arrangements being made. He said in his speech at the meeting that 'the proposals now put forward by the Japanese Government are to this effect: that outside what are known as treaty limits foreigners shall immediately become subject to the jurisdiction of the Japanese tribunals, and that after a period of five years all foreigners, whether within what are known as the concessions or whether in the interior, shall become subject to Japanese jurisdiction.' Should this be trustworthy information, as he persists, it appears that the Japanese Government are prepared to make a most liberal conditional settlement in favour of foreigners; yet so great is the dissatisfaction among certain sections of the foreign community in Japan, that they express serious alarm, and are making vigorous demonstrations both at home and abroad.

Their reasons for acting thus are easily learnt from the wording of the resolutions. The objection embodied in the first resolution involves, perhaps, two elements: firstly, dislike to surrender the privilege of appeal to consular courts, which has been theirs for so many years, and to submit to Japanese jurisdiction; and, secondly, distrust of Japanese laws and tribunals, together with a fear as to the safety of their lives and property. It is, perhaps, only natural that they should have such feelings when a change of the conditions under which they live is impending. The first of these feelings may be likened to that which everyone has when about to leave an old situation for a new, or to leave the society of old acquaintances and friends for that of strangers; whilst the latter is similar to that of people who have watched over children from their infancy, and, familiarity having rendered them unconscious of the children's growth, still look upon them as children when they are fully grown. I shall not attempt to argue against these common feelings of humanity, except to remark that our prejudices and habits of thought are not always strictly reasonable. But it is very doubtful whether the present state of the Japanese judicial organisation is so unsatisfactory as to justify the foreigners in their opposition to the treaty revision, when they would thereby obtain the invaluable privilege of free intercourse with the whole empire. It may be wise, however, to leave this question to the impartial judgment of the English public, merely directing their attention to the following extract from Mr. B. H. Chamberlain's new book, entitled *Things Japanese*, which I trust may give a better and more impartial view

of the matter than anything written by Japanese hands. Under the heading of 'Law,' Mr. Chamberlain writes thus:—

The new codes resulting from the legislative activity of the present reign are (1) The Criminal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure, drafted by M. Boissonnade de Fontarabie on the basis of the Code Napoléon, with modifications, suggested by the old Japanese Criminal Law; these were published in 1880, and came into force in 1882; (2) the Civil Code, the Code of Civil Procedure, and the Commercial Code, which were just enacted; the new Civil Code, however, includes as yet but the law of things. Traditional Japanese usage still regulates such important matters as marriage, succession, adoption, and others belonging to the law of persons.<sup>1</sup> The Code of Civil Procedure and the Commercial Code are to come into force on the 1st January, 1891. The Civil Code will not come into force till the 1st January, 1893. Though not actually entitled codes, we may also include (3) the Constitution, with its attendant laws regarding the Imperial House, the Diet, and Finance; (4) the laws for the exercise of local self-government; and (5) divers statutes on miscellaneous subjects, one of the most important of which is banking.

Crimes, as classified in the Japanese Criminal Code, are of three kinds, namely (1) crimes against the State or the Imperial family, and in violation of the public credit, policy, peace, health, &c.; (2) crimes against person and property; (3) police offences. There is also a subdivision of (1) and (2) into major and minor crimes.

The punishments for major crimes are: (1) death by hanging; (2) deportation, with or without hard labour, for life or for a term of years; (3) imprisonment with or without hard labour, for life, or for a term of years. The punishments for minor crimes include confinement, with or without hard labour, and fines. The punishments for police offences are detention for from one to ten days without hard labour, and fines varying from 5 *sen* to \$1.95. The court which tries persons accused of major crimes consists of three judges, that for minor crimes of one judge, and that for police offences of one *juge de pair*. Capital punishments are carried out in the presence of a procurator. They are now extremely rare. Criminals condemned to deportation are generally sent to the Island of Yezo, where they sometimes work in the mines. The ordinary prisons are situated in various parts of the empire, and number one hundred and ninety-three.

. . . At present the courts are divided into local courts (presided over by *juges de pair*), district or provincial courts, courts of appeal, and a supreme court, all of which have jurisdiction both in criminal and civil suits. Each of these courts has branch offices established to accommodate suitors, regard being had to population and to the area of jurisdiction. The local courts have jurisdiction over police offences; the district courts over crimes, besides acting as courts of preliminary investigation; the appeal courts hear new trials; the supreme court hears criminal appeals on matters of law. All crimes, of whatever sort, are subjected to preliminary examination before actual trial. The conducting of criminal cases, from the very beginning down to the execution of the criminal, if he be condemned to suffer death, rests with the procurator, who unites in his own person the functions of public prosecutor and of grand jury.

The present judiciary consists partly of men trained under the old pre-European régime, partly of graduates of the Law College of the Imperial University,

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\* <sup>1</sup> After this article was written, the writer received official information to the effect that the new Civil Code of Japan respecting property, marriage, succession, &c. received the sanction of H.M. the Emperor of Japan on the 6th of October last, and it will come into force on the 1st of January 1893. So that the Japanese Civil Code is now complete.



and of the private law colleges, of which there are six in Tokio, and eight altogether in the empire. About a thousand young men graduate yearly. Lawyers are bound to pass a certain examination before being admitted to practise at the bar; but it is of a very theoretical nature, and is likely to be soon revised. The new law concerning the constitution of courts requires candidates for judgeships to pass two competitive examinations, unless they are graduates of the University, in which case they need only pass the second of the two, after having served as probationary judges for a term of three years. Judges are appointed for life.

Granting that the system described in the foregoing passage may not give the English public the same satisfaction as their own laws and tribunals, we must at the same time consider whether the Japanese laws and judges are less perfect than those of many other countries with which Great Britain has equal intercourse, and whether British subjects in these countries are always perfectly satisfied with the laws by which they are governed. Further, Mr. Brooke, one of the chief speakers at the meeting, laid great stress on the fact that Japan has no writ of *Habeas Corpus* nor system of juries; but it is hardly necessary for me to show that these two points are no arguments against the treaty revision scheme. Because, if the English public will only take the trouble to examine the judicial systems of European and American countries, they will find that many of them are in the same position as Japan in this respect.

Leaving this theoretical argument, let us more carefully consider the practical and most important element which closely concerns the national welfare and prosperity of both countries. Twenty years ago the foreign trade of Japan was not very considerable, the total value of imports and exports per annum only amounting to \$33,692,000, or about 5,615,000*l.* Ten years later it had increased to \$61,128,000, or 10,188,000*l.*, and in another ten years, viz. in 1889, it reached over \$136,164,000, or 22,700,000*l.* More than one-fourth of her trade represented by these amounts has been done with England alone. This shows not only the unusual progress in our commerce, but also the great connection existing between England and Japan. Remember, too, that the foreign trade has been carried out, nominally in the seven ports, but practically in four—the remaining three being very insignificant on account of their bad geographical situation—and beyond these open ports there is not a single penny of foreign capital invested, not a single foreign company established; not even a single foreign partner in any Japanese firm, not a single foreign commercial traveller seeking fresh orders, nor a single foreign vessel engaged in the coasting trade; all these advantages, indispensable to commerce, being prohibited by the existing treaties. These grievous restrictions once removed, how great a development would be immediately manifested in her foreign trade! And the revision of the treaties is the simple and only means by which these obstacles may be removed. Now, comparing these valuable com-

mercial advantages with the slight disadvantage (if such it be) of Japanese jurisdiction, it is plain what answer should be returned by the commercial community of England. Moreover, one of the most admirable characteristics of Englishmen, to my mind, is that they—the greatest commercial and most enterprising nation—are unceasingly striving with their well-known pluck, perseverance, and patriotism, through perils and difficulties, to discover new markets for their manufactures in every corner of the world. They shrink not from the overwhelming heat of the torrid zone, nor from the icy blasts of the polar regions. They even dare to make their homes and form settlements in the midst of noxious vermin, poisonous reptiles, and beasts of prey. They are content to associate with treacherous savages among whom strife and bloodshed are the normal state of affairs. And why do they risk these perils and endure these hardships? Simply to increase their prosperity as individuals and as a nation. By this courage and perseverance has Great Britain attained, and still firmly maintains, her superiority in the world. Why, then, does that portion of her brave people in Japan refuse the liberal offer of the Japanese Government? Is it really through fear of the laws and judges of Japan? Do they consider that Japanese jurisdiction is more intolerable than those severe climates, or more injurious than the wild animals, or more hazardous and unsafe than those turbulent and barbarous regions to which we have referred? No! They are intelligent enough, just as are their fellow-countrymen at home, to recognise the difference between Japan and those countries. They are also brave enough to dare the perils of Japanese jurisdiction, however imperfect it may be. What, then, can be the real reason why they object to the treaty revision? Merely to protect their own private interests, as will be shown later.

Passing to the consideration of the second resolution, this conviction will be confirmed. With reference to the land question on which this resolution is framed, I am afraid the public will be misled by the wording of the resolution—drawn up apparently by one who has an entire misconception of the facts—should they not be made thoroughly acquainted with the matter. I shall, therefore, endeavour to put the facts, and point out the misconception of them, as briefly as possible. In the third article of the treaty between Japan and Great Britain the nature of the land-tenure is clearly defined. After enumerating the ports to be opened to British subjects the article goes on to say:—‘In all the foregoing ports and towns, British subjects may permanently reside. They shall have the right to *lease land*, and purchase the buildings thereon.’ The land, it will be observed, is to be ‘leased,’ the buildings ‘purchased.’ In accordance with this compact, the Japanese authorities have disposed of the leases of certain tracts of land in each port to the aliens by public auction under the conditions or incidents agreed upon by the Japanese and foreign

authorities, whilst other tracts of land have been handed over, on certain conditions, without any charges whatever. A detailed statement of the conditions of tenure and maintenance of the land at the Yokohama settlement will be found in the 'Memorandum for the Foreign Settlement at Yokohama,' signed in 1864, and the 'Convention of Improvement of Settlement, Race-course, Cemetery, &c., of Yokohama,' signed in 1866. From these two documents we learn—(1) that the Japanese authorities issued the title-deeds to those who occupied the land as an evidence of ownership; (2) that the occupiers have to pay rent annually to the Japanese Government; (3) that the proceeds obtained from the public auction have been added to the municipal fund in order to provide for the construction of drainage, roads, &c., and other improvements in the locality; and (4) that all foreigners were exempted from all taxes and duties upon the land, such as are imposed upon Japanese subjects. Further arrangements regarding the boundary-lines of the settlement, the filling up of 'swamp lots,' the allotment of the ground, laying of roads, locating of the cemetery, race-course, public park, &c., fixing of terms of rent and management of public works of improvement in the locality, together with the plans of the settlement, will also be found in these documents. There is no other authoritative averment than these documents to settle any discussion arising from the land of the foreign settlement. But we cannot find any terms which might lead us to suppose that the land has been purchased by foreigners. Moreover, as all these conditions or incidents of the land-tenure were originally settled by the Japanese Government with the foreign authorities directly, and not with foreign subjects, there is no obligation on the part of the Japanese Government to ask the consent of foreign subjects when any alteration of the land-tenure is intended. It is therefore quite absurd to base a resolution on these grounds, and charge the Japanese Government with 'grave injustice.'

Having now cleared up the misty notions which prevail on the subject of land-tenure by reference to facts and official documents, the next question which suggests itself is, 'What changes will be effected in the condition of foreign land-renters by the proposed revision of the treaties?' This question is, I imagine, so simple that any fair-minded and well-informed person may easily arrive at a pretty accurate conclusion. Firstly, we must admit that, if it is right to restore the judicial autonomy of a nation, it is equally right to restore also the fiscal autonomy. Secondly, it is a principle universally recognised that an alien should not legally claim more privileges and advantages than a native enjoys. Bearing these principles in mind, it is reasonable to suppose that all the foreign land-renters will be placed on the same footing with respect to land-tenure as Japanese subjects; in other words, they will be obliged to pay the same land taxes as the Japanese, instead of the present rent, and be liable in

all other respects to whatever taxes or duties are leviable upon land similarly held by Japanese subjects. With reference to the ownership of the land by the present foreign occupiers, we are informed from a reliable source that they will receive new title-deeds of ownership in lieu of their present leases without any extra charges. Should this be true, what a liberal arrangement has been proposed by the Japanese Government! But the English public will say, 'If the offer is so generous, why do our fellow-countrymen in Japan so strongly oppose the treaty revision? Are there not some good reasons for their opposition?' Yes, there is a good reason at the bottom of the question, from their point of view. The present foreign landholders are highly benefited by the terms of the present treaties, which compel all the rest of the foreigners and newcomers to reside or establish their businesses within a limited area, and consequently enhance the value of the land year by year. If the treaties were revised and this restriction removed their interests would suffer. This is the serious reason to which I referred when I asserted that their objection was entirely based on selfish motives.

In conclusion, let me again remind the commercial community in England of a singular fact which has been revealed during the last few years respecting the trade of Japan with England and Germany. Since Sir Harry Parkes's 'Gunboat Policy' began to be observed with distrustful eyes by the nation of Japan, since Sir Francis Plunkett raised so many objections against the first negotiation for the treaty revision, the feeling of the Japanese people has shown a tendency to favour Germany rather than England. Germany, on her part, being, as we all know, the keenest rival of England in every part of the world, loses no chance of gaining every advantage. The consequences are shown in the increase of her trade with Japan. Facts are said to be stubborn things, and the following may serve to show the serious position in which England is likely to be placed unless she regains the favour of Japan by promptly revising the treaty.

Official statistics show that the trade of Germany with Japan has increased threefold within the last seven years, whilst that of England has only doubled in that time. To give further details I compiled tables according to the official statistics. The first showed the percentage of Export, Import, and total trade of Japan with England, Germany, America, and France; the second, the increase or decrease of the trade of these countries with Japan. From the first table we find that the proportion monopolised by England is steadily declining, whilst that of Germany shows a rapid rise. The second table showed that whilst the total trade of Japan increased during the last five years (1884-89) 114·2 per cent., her trade with Germany increased beyond this rate, viz. 130·2 per cent., whereas the increase of her trade with the other three countries was much less than 114·2 per cent., England being lowest in the scale. This is said to be

chiefly owing to the feeling prevailing among Japanese people. Again, the recent meeting, having been promoted by the English residents, has greatly increased the ill-feeling; so much so, that many of the Japanese merchants and professional men have been combining, and agreeing not to have any commercial intercourse with those who held that meeting. These actions may be looked upon as narrow-minded, but experience has taught us that the trade of England must certainly suffer if the Japanese maintain the same feelings as now. Alas! that England, whilst seriously alarmed by the McKinley Tariff Bill in the United States, and watching with deep anxiety the attempts of France and Russia to erect similar obstacles in the way of their neighbours, should hesitate to accept the incalculable boon which the Japanese Government offers, viz. the opening up of the whole empire to English capitalists, manufacturers, and traders.

That it is the selfishness of a few traders which prevents this revision is fully demonstrated by the action of the English missionaries in Japan. These gentlemen, whose aim is not the accumulation of wealth but the good of mankind, are so sensible of the mutual benefits which a revision of the treaty between Japan and England would bring, that they recently drew up and signed the memorial which was presented to Her Majesty's Minister in Tokio on the 3rd of October last. Trusting that the mental electricity which induced me to pen this article has thrown some light—feeble though it may be—on this grave question of national importance to Englishmen and Japanese alike, I am now glad to turn out the electric current of my own arguments and leave the subject to the careful consideration of the public, displaying the enlightened memorial at the conclusion.

*To His Excellency Hugh Fraser, Esquire, H.B.M.'s Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to Japan.*

May it please Your Excellency.—We, the undersigned British subjects resident in Tokio, and engaged in Christian mission work, under a sense of the many evils resulting from the postponement of the revision of the treaties between H.B.M.'s Japanese Government and Foreign Powers, desire to approach your Excellency in the following memorial.

We desire to express to your Excellency our sense of the great and successful efforts which have been made in recent years by the Government of Japan, especially in the compilation of her code of criminal and civil law, and in the organisation of her legal tribunals, to bring her methods of legal procedure into a position similar to that enjoyed by the most enlightened nations of the West.

We venture, therefore, to express the hope that such a revision of the treaties may speedily be brought about as will, while sufficiently safeguarding the right and interests of H.B.M.'s subjects, satisfy the legitimate demands of H.B.M.'s Japanese Government in the matter of extra-territoriality.

We remain your Excellency's obedient servants.

Tokio: October 3, 1890.

DAIGORO GOH.

## *PITY THE POOR BIRDS!*

God made all the creatures, and gave them our love and our fear,  
To give sign we and they are His children, one family here.

‘How are your birds doing? Ours are all dying. It’s piteous! Dolly brought in six dead blackbirds this morning, and we’ve lost almost as many robins this week!’ The voice that read out these words from the open letter grew tremulous, and stopped. I looked up, and saw a humid glitter in the eyes that quickly drooped as I raised my own.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘I dare say I’m very foolish. Not one falls to the ground without . . . I know all about that. But so many, so dreadfully many, do fall—so many more than need fall. It can’t be His fault. It must be ours. And it is so bad for the poor people to grow callous, and see it all and never feel a mite of pity.’

Ten minutes later we looked out, and there upon the bare branches of the little lime-tree that we planted a couple of years ago we counted thirty-two little fluffy-looking birds waiting for their breakfast. Their supper was all gone—every grain of it. What next?

Our winter this year has been a very hard one. The learned tell us it is going to last perhaps for weeks longer. We pile up the logs: we say, ‘Aha! I am warm; I have seen the fire.’ But the poor birds are perishing, and thousands of households go on emptying their refuse into the sewers; and wilful waste brings woful want, not to the sons of men it may be, but surely all too much for the little feathered fowl that seem to be made to depend upon us, and are given to us to care for just a little—given to us, as I think, to help us to watch with gentle eyes and to cherish with something like sympathetic regard the little creatures that we cannot use for food or sustenance.

‘The sparrow hath found her a nest, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God,’ sings the Hebrew psalmist. I suspect the Israelite was tolerant of the little birds. When the quails fell round about his habitations he ate them, it is true; but in the first place they were quails, which are good to eat; in the second place, they *fell*, and he had only to pick them up and put them in the pot; in the third place, he soon got tired of them, as if he were ashamed of himself. I find no indication of the Israelite being hard upon the birds. On the

contrary, I find many indications which go to show that he was something more than tolerant of the sparrows and the swallows. So I think it was with the Greeks, as you know, you young men and maidens, fresh from your visit to the Greek play at Cambridge.

Young Ion stands watching the dawn as it spreads its glory over Parnassus' crags. The birds are astir, the air is vocal with their morning greetings. He will bear with them up to a certain point, but you must draw the line somewhere. Therefore he sings :

The flocks of the feathered fowl,  
When they sully the holy shrines,  
I put them to flight with mine arrows.

Only when they are up to mischief, observe (*αἱ βλάπτουσιν*). As the sun rises higher and higher the birds come on in ever-growing numbers, and Ion watches, and sings again :

The creatures that fly are astir,  
They are leaving their nests on Parnassus;  
I give you your warning—light not on the frieze  
Nor intrude on the shrine that is furbished with gold.  
Away! Again with my bow will I reach thee,  
O herald of Zeus, who surpassest  
The might of all birds with thy talons!  
Lo! another, a swan, towards the altar  
Is swooping. Nay! Elsewhither thou  
Shalt carry thy foot all gaudy with crimson,  
Thy song, that accords with the lyre of Phœbus,  
Shall not win thee escape from my shafts.  
Fly away with thy wings!  
To the marsh-pools of Delos betake thee!  
Blood-dabbled, I throw, if thou heed not,  
Shall thy rapture of sweet song be.  
Away! away! what new bird now?  
Would he fain 'neath the sculptured cornice there  
Set the cradling nest for the brood?  
The twang of my bow shall prevent thee.  
Avaunt! By the eddying pools of Alphæus  
Go beget thee thy little ones.  
Or away to the Isthmian glades.  
But see that no damage may come  
To the shrines and the temple of Phœbus.

Young Ion was for letting the birds alone if they wrought no harm to his temple. I think he would have blushed to let them starve. Did he not care for the sacred pigeons?

We of the nineteenth century are very self-complacent. We get up our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals; but it seems to me that by 'animals' we mean only quadrupeds, and not many of them. Yet we let the birds drop dead of hunger under our very windows, and we slaughter without stint or mercy any feathered thing that we can reach, and the rarer it is the more fiercely we pursue it to

its extinction. And it's all in the interest of science. Of course it is! Verily, Mistress Science has much to answer for. It's all for science that young prigs on the sly take a slice off a dog's brain and let him run; breed guinea-pigs till they inherit the faculty of feeding on their own toes; give a criminal a touch of an electric machine to see how long he takes to die; or treat everything that flies as no better than a *specimen* to set up on wire legs in a glass case, or to pin down to a cork, and boast, 'We've got him at last!'

I doubt whether we are as kind to the dumb creatures as the ancients were. Why Catullus, ages before John Skelton was born, was painfully jealous of his sweetheart's sparrow. She fondled him so! He kissed her so! And when he died she was past consoling. Think of an honourable member of the Lower House taking his seat at St. Stephen's with a quail perched on his head! Yet they did such things at Athens. As for the owls, they were sacred, and we read that—

Socrates or Plato—where's the odds?—  
Once taught a jay to supplicate the gods,  
And made a Polly-theist of a parrot.

There was a time in merry England when the purest joy of a country life—the purest and most unalloyed joy—came to men from the companionship of birds. 'The morning star of song' can never forget them. They are with him in his dreams, they wake him from his morning slumbers, he knows their every note, their symphonies are ravishing. England was the paradise of birds in those days, and they lacked for nothing then, and no man grudged them.

The foules smale  
That eaten as that nature would encline,  
As worm or thing of which I tell no tale;  
And foules that liveth by seed sat on the grene,  
And that so many that wonder was to sene.

Where have they all gone? If not all gone, they are all going--starved out in the land of plenty.

I live in an ugly country. It is vain to deny the soft impeachment. The land is rich and fruitful; for a long time back it has been well farmed. That sounds well to the uninitiated; but to those who are not led astray by mere sound it means ugliness. Farmers hate trees and hedges and gorse and copses, and everything that gives shelter to the birds. The trees are growing fewer and fewer every year; the hedges are not allowed to grow more than two feet high; the thickets are improved off the face of the earth; and the feathered fowl have a very, very bad time of it. Even ten years ago there were owls that built in the old pollards centuries old. Now the very pollards are almost gone, cut down from mere wantonness, though they rarely pay the expense of felling them.



Until a certain country parson came to this parish—extending over 3,500 acres—some ten years ago, not a single plantation had been planted in the memory of man. A birdless land seemed to us a dreary place. Would they come back if we tempted them? At any rate we would try. There was always the rectory garden, and there was also some ten or twelve acres of glebe. First and foremost we set apart about a quarter of an acre where we were determined to have a plantation. You can never hope to attract the birds if you do not give them trees to build in. Our plantation, which we call ‘the Forest,’ covers, as I have said, a quarter of an acre. That had to be dug. We had it dug two spades deep, and a couple of labourers who were out of work were glad of the job, and got it done in no time. Of course my neighbours protested loudly that it was a wasteful proceeding. ‘You’d no call to do that, sir!’ said one who had never planted a gooseberry-bush in his life; ‘you ain’t no need to do more than make a bit of a hole and put ’em in by the heels.’

That remark was not only an ignorant remark—it indicated a condition of crass brutality on the part of the speaker. For, of all the creatures that live, trees are the most endowed with the virtue of gratitude. Treat them kindly, deal by them fairly, be reasonable with them and just, and they’ll reward you with infinite smiles, and radiate joy upon you that will appeal to every sense. If you are mean and cruel to them they’ll sulk and frown and pine and perish. Planting can never be done to any purpose by a niggard.

The next sapient remark that was made to my disparagement was, ‘You’re a-putting ’em in too small, master! You’ll never see them little ’uns grow as tall as you are if you live to ninety.’ Ignorance again; and this time ignorance the result of a stupid want of observation. My critics wanted me to put in trees five or six feet high at the least. *That* is a delusion. If you want to train up a child in the way it should go, you must begin in the nursery. If you want to see trees grow tall and straight, and at a speed that will startle you, you must put them where you mean them to remain before they are two feet high. Never mind what the nurserymen tell you. If I were a nurseryman, I should strongly advise my customers to provide themselves with ‘good established plants,’ such as I wanted to get rid of; and if they were six feet high and ten years old I should be delighted to see them go from me. But they would not grow for the next five years an inch per annum. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to this. You may plant yews almost at any age, and the ilex will bear transplanting without being checked when it is even six or seven feet high. A sycamore, too, you may play all sorts of tricks with; but the lordly oak or the conifers, resent being moved when they are of opinion that they have come to years of discretion.

What did we plant in our forest? We planted larch by the hundred, a dozen or two of oaks, a few sycamores, and the rest were Scotch firs, spruce firs, and silvers—not a fancy tree among them; and we planted them a yard apart. The whole expense from first to last, including the cost of the trees, did not amount to three pounds.

‘But you lost the rent of the land!’ Well, that *was* a very serious consideration. It would have actually amounted to six shillings a year. Think of that! But we did *not* lose even that. To begin with, the first year we planted potatoes between the trees, and we got a large crop, and the young trees were all the better for the loosening of the soil about their roots in the autumn; and two years later the thinning process began, and it has gone on every year since, and we have had abundance of the very best faggots for kindling; and next, we got stakes for the garden; and then we found ourselves with ornamental fencing stuff; and now at last we are cutting down larches of twenty feet high, and still the thinning process goes on year by year. And as to the profit, we calculate that we have made at least five times as much out of our trees as the rent would have brought us during the ten years they have been standing there. So you see that, as we never thought of planting for profit, all we have made that can be estimated in terms of £ s. d. must be set down as clear gain.

Meanwhile we had been covering the house with creepers, and we had been planting our little garden with evergreens—Portugal laurels, mahonia, aucuba, holly, and the like—none of them costing more than a few pence; and under the beeches in the corner yonder, where folks told us nothing would grow, there has sprung up a dense jungle, which we call ‘the Wilderness,’ teeming with life—millions of tiny creeping things that live their little day only to serve as food for their betters. Then there are the thick privet hedges and an old stump or two heavy with ivy, and across the road another little patch of young firs and larches—which we call ‘the Park’—and a hedge that is never cut, but allowed to grow all wild and scraggy. Last, not least, a pistol-shot off there’s the lake!—say forty feet long by twenty feet wide, and of unknown depth, where there are two feeble willows up to their middle in water and a host of aquatic plants struggling for existence—rushes and ranunculus and other trumpery. And here the warblers may be seen and heard; and this last season a pair of moorhens came and hatched their brood, though how they managed it I cannot explain. My neighbours call our lake a pit, but it’s only their vulgar way of putting it.

Lastly, in this domain no cats are allowed. We keep them out with wire-netting; and if by chance one of those noxious animals does

intrude, that cat has a bad quarter of an hour, and the dogs rejoice in her flight, which is always precipitate and usually ignominious.

Thus it has come to pass that in our little pleasance, which altogether may be about as large as Berkeley Square, there has gradually grown up a refuge and home for the little birds. The nests are many, the visitors more. We have our reward. In the summer they rob us audaciously. The sparrows, I admit, are really too bad: they have been known to grub up a whole row of peas just beginning to show themselves above the ground. Once a flight of jays, from miles off, came and attacked the broad beans—most spitefully, most wantonly. Magpies have been known to spoil a cherry-tree. As for the gooseberries, they are only grown for the thrushes, and the havoc among the strawberries is dreadful. And yet we have enough and to spare for ourselves, though the gardener insists on netting some few currant-bushes for the look of the thing. It is rather hard when the finches nip off the early primroses and the precious spring flowers, and I call it right down wicked when the thrushes bite me viciously for delivering them from the nets that are meant to protect some of the strawberry-beds; but when they take their stand in the gloaming in the tops of the beeches and lift up their voices towards heaven as the sun goes down, or when some astonishing little wren actually wakes me in the morning with his carol, or cock-robin comes and perches upon a stake within a yard of me and sings his defiance at me and all mankind, I forgive them all—I forgive them everything, and I only lament that they are so few. Two years ago, for one whole day, a nightingale came to visit us, and sang for hours and hours in one of our young saplings within twenty yards of the library window. Alas! It was a joy too great to last. Next morning he had gone, and he has never come back. We live in hope, but we must be patient.

It is quite undeniable, and evident to the meanest capacity, that in a few years we have succeeded in luring the birds of the air to come and take up their abode with us. Anybody may easily do that; all that they ask for is shelter, some privacy, and that modicum of animal food which is sure to be forthcoming in liberal measure wherever there is a young plantation growing up and something in the shape of thickets and shrubberies. The Temple Gardens would swarm with all kinds of strange birds in five years if they had only some broad belts of evergreen shrubs, and here and there a jungle of herbaceous plants. As it is, they tell me that that noble expanse is given over to sparrows, dingy, dirty, and disreputable.

But it is base and despicable to lure the feathered songsters to take refuge with you in the summer, when they are all hard at work for you, gobbling up the grubs and keeping down the blight and burrowing for the wire-worms, and then to leave them to starve when they have

perforce no work to do, and are, sorely against their wills, swelling the ranks of the unemployed. I do not mean to pretend that there are not tramps and idlers among them. I am afraid that the sparrows are really a lazy, pilfering lot; moreover, they are poachers and burglars—they think nothing of turning out the swallows from their nests and taking forcible possession; and they are slovenly and untidy, and they live in the most squalid houses. But you cannot hope to get rid of the *residuum* in any large community; and if we all got no more and no less than we deserve, some of us would be in evil case, I ween!

It comes to this, that you positively must keep your birds alive in the winter, during such days and weeks as they cannot get work to do. All through December the birds have been dying in some districts by thousands. It is heartrending to hear of their poor little corpses being picked up—mere ragged tufts of tumbled feathers, with the breastbone sharp as a knife and the crop utterly empty. Little Billy Barlow told us that he picked up seven dead robins ‘all of a heap like’ at the foot of one of Farmer Goodman’s big wheatstacks; and Billy had a theory on the subject. His view was that the robins could always get enough to eat if they tried—‘They’re a artful bird is a robin,’ he remarked, with some severity in his tone. ‘But folks say, and I don’t disbelieve ’em, that when the snow lasts, as this do, and all the sand and grit is covered ever so deep, they robins can’t get at the little stones!’ I objected that robins do not eat stones large or small. But Billy is a theoretical naturalist and a philosopher, and he was by no means abashed. ‘No!’ he answered, with a look which said, ‘You don’t know everything, for all you’re the parson’—‘No, but they puts the little stones in their gizzards and they grind their wittles with ’em, and if they can’t get the stones their wittles kind o’ chokes ’em!’ I hope that boy will not take to vivisection one day in his thirst for knowledge!

Yes, you must feed your birds, and the doing your plain duty by them will not hurt you. You must feed them, and you must give them many meals a day. And this is how you must do it.

When the frost is severe, and the ground is hard, and the snow is deep, you must provide yourself with a vessel of some capacity, and you must cut up a big loaf into blocks, and you must sprinkle it with barleymeal, as Mr. Johnnie Thrush recommended in one of the newspapers, and you must pour boiling water upon it, and stir it all up till it assumes the consistency of a pudding, and you must add a handful of hempseed. Then you must have a space of two or three yards square swept of the snow, and you must spoon out the delicious mixture, and then you will see what you will see. Moreover, it being after your breakfast, you must gather up all the scraps from all the plates—sometimes a blessed bone, for the dogs don’t want *all* the bones; sometimes a slice of bacon which, if you left it in the dish,

would only go to the swill-tub and tempt the pig to cannibalism ; sometimes a bit of gristle or fat, or a most exquisite morsel of butter which has been left. Then you may cautiously look out of the window and watch. Before many hours you will see a hundred birds all down at once, and the queer ways of the creatures you will find infinitely diverting. The insolence of those starlings, and their voracity, will amuse you ; the slyness of the blackbirds, the tender modesty and timidity of the thrushes, the joy of the hedge-sparrows ; and the tricks they all play one another—each bird having a way of its own—and the fighting and the secretiveness and the jealousy and the spite, baffle all description. After a day or two you will find it advisable to have two feeding-grounds at least, lest the starlings get all and the rest get nothing. Sometimes there will be a scoundrel of a jackdaw who will pounce down, before you know where you are, and fly away with the bone or the bacon. And sometimes—but this is a great secret—you will see Mrs. Moorhen or Miss Moorhen, whose home is the lake or some hiding-place not very far off, make her appearance just to see what there is and, if possible, to get a taste of the good things provided. All this has to be repeated about luncheon-time, and once again just as the sun is setting. This last meal is a very important one, for starlings go to bed early and get up late ; and when they have gone to bed and before they get up in the morning, then is the time for the thrushes and the blackbirds, who sit up late and rise early.

If you are wise enough to be stirring at seven o'clock in the morning—and in the country nobody thinks any the worse of you for doing that—you will see sometimes eight or ten blackbirds in the twilight, half an hour before sunrise, pecking about under your bedroom window, and evidently expecting their breakfast. Very soon they get it, and if they don't feel very righteous for their early rising, and regard the starlings as mere sluggards who get more than their due, I am very much mistaken.

But you really must not be content with the general meals ; you must cut thick rounds of bread and put them in the bacon-dish and leave them there to sop up the gravy, and you must pretend that you cannot possibly finish that bit of plum-cake—oh, to see the way in which those birds will pick out the plums !—and you must set up three wands some six feet high, and tie them together at the top, and you must hang up a cocoanut cut in half, for the tits ; and you must, now and then, take a big bone and fasten it in a bush or a tree where the dogs can't get at it ; and you must manage to find a handful or two of offal wheat, or you must go craftily into the stable, where there are some bruised oats in the mangers ; and, in fact, you must go the length of begging or borrowing and almost doing the other thing. But you are a very heartless and wicked man, woman, or child, if you let your little birds die of starvation, even though it

cost you in the course of a hard winter as much as five or six shillings of extraordinary expenditure.

Gentle reader—and I write for gentle readers—do not set me down as a frivolous trifler because I give some crumbs to the starving birds. Do not join with the Rev. Placid Bland, who is reported to have whispered in his dulcet tones the other day, ‘If that man had a parish like mine he would have found something better to do than chop up bread for the jackdaws!’ Well, well! It’s better not to brag of all we *have* to do. Better do what we can, and when we have done all, say, ‘We are unprofitable servants!’ We of the inferior clergy have not our tens of thousands to overwhelm us—I have not one thousand; but it takes a week to visit them from house to house, and it takes more than forty-two miles of walking before I can call upon them all. If I know every man, woman, and child among them, and can call them all by their Christian names, it’s no more than I ought to be able to do. If I do not humbly try to help them in their hour of need, God pardon me—I think He will, I think He would send me His gifts of grief and shame if He found me sitting idle and caring only for the birds. But I remember Him who fed those thousands in the wilderness, and, when they had all eaten and were filled, said tenderly, ‘Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.’

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

*THE DECLINE OF INDIAN TASTE.*

RUSKIN tells us in one of his books on painting that the artist's object should be to maintain the 'innocence of the eye.' The great and insurmountable difficulty in art is the maintaining of that innocence. The eye is dazzled and disturbed by incongruous colours, by lights and shadows, by the introduction of bad example in the shape of bad work, by the attempts of eccentric artists to marry colours that Heaven never intended to meet, by the constant resting of the eye on shapes and forms and colours which take the fancy and attract the eye, but which are not built on the lines of true art, more especially in the attempt to revive ancient art in modern garb. The eye, in the words of Dante, is *smarrita*, lost in such a forest of puzzling variety and distressing combination that it seems as if it will never find the true path again. When an artist first begins to study, he probably does his copy of a cast, or statue, or drawing, or figure better than he does later on; he only sees the outline, he can do neither shadow nor high light, nor expression; he simply copies what he sees, and at first he sees very little: then, as he learns a little more the gradations of shadow, the science of softening, the art of representing texture and substance, he is lost in a sea of trouble; he realises too much, he sees too much, and his struggle henceforward is to see less, to simplify, to regain the outline through a morass of shading and high light and moulding and fashioning, till once more, after years of study and hard labour, he returns to the purity of his first work. So it is with uncivilised nations—like children they follow the instincts of the eye. They have learnt no intricacies, the eye is true, and true and beautiful shapes and colours are the result of an untutored eye. They follow Nature, and Nature cannot err in her up-building of form, in her blending of colour. But when other countries bringing so-called civilisation introduce fresh cunning of the hand and new art, and build it on the old, there is confusion that cannot be unravelled. Art is crushed by art, the eye of the artificer is wounded and strained and blinded, and as a tender flower is choked by some hardy plant that throws its powerful tendons over its roots, so art is crushed by art and dies. Here and there an appreciative Government, an artistic enthusiast, makes one grab at sinking art as

she succumbs beneath the pressure; but this is rare. If modern art were a boon she would be hailed with delight; but, like a socialistic régime, she smells of what is vulgar and underbred and coarse and, worse still, unlettered and superficial.

Certainly in Southern India art has not been improved by the introduction of modern and European art. Southern India, especially the Madras Presidency, is now the centre of tinselly manufactures of worthless, hideous goods, sold at exorbitant prices. Colour and shape, quality and workmanship, are a mixture of bad Indian and bad English or French work. Take, for instance, such a common thing as the black dye of Kanchipuram and the red dye of Madura in the Madras Presidency, which were famous throughout the world. European black has taken the place of the one, and that rich russet-red which delighted the eye of the painter is replaced by 'magenta.' The very cloths one admires so much in India, wrapped round the graceful bodies of the Indian coolie women, made of one piece of eight yards, and wound ingeniously round the body in lovely folds without pin or hook or fastening of any kind, are manufactured in England and dyed with English dyes. The Hindu woman is captivated by the cheapness of the machine-made cloth in the bazaar, forgetting that the old Hindu cloths used to last her two years where the English-made one only lasts her four months, and even then the colour goes, where the old one used to be washed and re-washed without hurt or damage.

It is not too sweeping to say that the poverty of the Indian people arises in great part from the introduction of piece-goods from England and the duty being taken off them. The benefit is reaped only by Anglo-Indians, who send home for their clothes, or by a few native shopmen, who are enabled to sell English goods to the English residents (which they do with extortionate profit); but in every district where there were hundreds of weavers, there are now only so many tens, the greater portion of them having taken to agriculture for want of purchasers for their goods, and finding it impossible to compete with machinery. Art must necessarily decline where hand prevails over head. Formerly all a weaver's inventive powers were taxed to devise some new design or fresh border for a Rajah's cloth or for the favourite of some royal harem. Each weaver could vary his border as he went on, as an author alters his tale, trying to outdo his neighbour or to execute some masterpiece of handiwork, changing his ideas and his colours and his work every two or three days, but the machine goes on pattern after pattern all alike.

The lace-manufacture of Madura has entirely vanished, driven away by the invasion of cheap machine-made French and English laces; even the manufacture of thread has vanished from the country.

Who that has been in India does not know those lovely *pelampores*, the Hindustani *palangposts* and Tamil *eluttedupatta*, really,



in English, bed-cover or counterpane? These have been replaced by hideous chintzes and cretonnes, with ugly patterns stamped upon them. Salem, Negapatam, Kumbhaglonam, Trichinopoly, Cuddalore, Arcot, Walayah, Kalatasti, Nasupatam, and many other places, which were in former years the hotbeds of artistic labour, would wonder what you were asking for if you visited them with the object of picking up old *pelampores*. The *pelampore* of old days used to be illustrated with mythological subjects or pictures of Hindu warfare. There were as many as 200 blocks of wood for one pattern, and now one by one these patterns are disappearing, only to be 'glimpsed,' as they say in Hampshire, by any one who takes the trouble to go to the School of Art, and who can there see one or two of these blocks exhibited as a rare testimony, bearing witness to the former existence of an art that has nearly vanished.

Next to the cloth trade comes the carpet trade of Southern India. In India there are two kinds of carpets, the cotton and the woollen; Velen, Bhavain, Kolleyal, and a few other towns are famous centres of carpet-manufacture. At one time there were more than two hundred houses where now there are twos and threes, and the famished inhabitants cannot even afford to keep a stock of carpets on hand, and as soon as one is finished are only too ready to sell it at a loss; even simply as a means of subsistence; and the trade is at such a low ebb that, if you order an Indian carpet, you must advance the money and wait till they can get through it, as they cannot afford to employ many workers; and if, meanwhile, your carpet-maker dies, your money is gone, and you never see your carpet.

The colours of the Indian carpets originally came from Persia, and their colours, especially reds and blues, were as beautiful as those of that country still are. Now, unfortunately, the revival of carpet-manufacture is principally carried on in the gaols, under English supervision, and the patterns are decidedly English, and the texture thick like English pile, thus encouraging the loss of that extremely fine work peculiar to Persian carpets. Here, again, magenta, being a cheap English colour, plays a great part and spoils the harmony of the colouring. One drop of water is enough to spoil the carpet by making the magenta in it run into the white ground. French and English machine-made carpets and Brussels carpets are invading India, and the carpet trade is sinking as fast as, if not faster than, any other. At Aden, where the carpet trade still flourishes, there is such a great exportation of carpets that they bid fair to take the place entirely of Indian ones.

Wood-carving, carpentering, cabinet-making, and jewellery are all companions in misfortune, and as one regrets the death of one who is clever, and handsome, and accomplished, more than that of an ordinary being, so one mourns over the death of the art of carpentering and carving because it had attained the highest perfection of any art in

India. The woodworks of Gujarah in Western India, of Cashmere, Lahore, and Benares in Northern India, and of Travancore in Southern India were once celebrated throughout the whole world, but they have died with the old kings of India, their patrons. How is it that an ancient and barbarous people whom the world calls uncivilised could better appreciate true art than all the modern learned artists of the present day? Each old Hindu doorway has its carving like the doorways and street-corners of Italy; each shrine or niche where the household god is placed has its little bit of ornamentation. Ivory and ebony decorate every old musical instrument or box. The fan with which the god is fanned at worship has always some quaint and lovely design. In the temples the car of the processional image, the spoons and vessels of holy water and sacrifice, are in themselves masterpieces of art, but they too are fast becoming traditions.

The European collector has bought up what is old, has robbed India of its beauties, and has given nothing but coarse design and vulgar workmanship instead. Remember also that fine specimens of English work never enter Indian realms. It is the commonplace that goes to India, and thus India is rapidly replacing original and beautiful art by the commonest imitation of what is often not even the best of English work or even always English, but what England has already copied from some other European nation. The revolution began about a hundred and fifty years ago, when mechanical inventions were introduced into India. In the Exhibition of 1851 the result of this was already apparent, and ground has been steadily lost ever since; indeed the wonder is that any of the old shapes remain. Between the years 1855 and 1858 fresh harm was done by two or three European artists taking out some bad specimens of English work to India, which were promptly copied by Indian workmen. The cause of the disappearance of good silver-work is principally the fault of the English resident or perhaps, it were fairer to say, of his wife, who thinks that while rupees are plentiful, and workmanship cheap, she will have silver hair-brushes, pincushions, and other toilet utensils, which are comparatively modern introductions even into England, or rather a revived fashion introduced originally into England from France by Mary Queen of Scots; and now that the duty has been taken off Indian silver, this will be even a more common occurrence, and the result is that great silver merchants like the well-known Framjee Pestonjee Bhungara, who exhibit in England, and others, while possessing all the old designs, find it quicker and more profitable to copy English patterns that emanate from Thornhill's and other Bond Street shops. There is still a little good carving to be found in the Ramnad and Sivaganga districts, and in Tinnevely. The village of Natthkottaichetty in Devakottai and a few other small towns near Sivaganga can still produce some carvings in wood, and old specimens are to be found in the palaces of Sivaganga and

Ramnad. The 'cars' of Tinnevely and Madura are beautifully carved, and Tanjore and Uraiyur, near Trichinopoly, still carry on a fast perishing trade in carving musical instruments.

Luckily the brass and bronze trade is kept more alive by the religious customs of the Hindus, who are not allowed to use wooden and earthenware vessels freely, and brass and bronze are to them as important as glass and china to the Westerns. Almost all Hindu utensils are of brass, copper, or bronze, and it is the custom to present the female portion of a Hindu family with a valuable *batterie de cuisine* made either of brass or copper, and a still existing Hindu ceremony is that of carrying the utensils in a procession at the wedding. The result of this custom is that almost all the platters, trays, bowls, nut-crackers, and all brass and copper utensils are most beautifully ornamented, and there are lovely combinations of brass and copper, and silver and copper. All Hindu lamps are made of brass. The Hindu women used to have lovely brass caskets covered with ornamentations, called *chellams*, manufactured in Malabar, in which they kept their jewels, but these are fast being replaced by the vulgar English japanned despatch-box. At Sivaganga a beautiful but seldom patronised brass trade exists, which makes toys and most life-like representations of animals, lizards, frogs, &c.

India, and especially Southern India, is now going through an Anglo-phase. It affects plainness of design in great part because with less effort the same price can be obtained. Plainness is all very well for use, but the æsthetic and artistic side cannot be developed by perpetually looking on plain, uniform things. Plain paper is useful to write upon, but it is the writing on it that makes the impression; and so it is that the *lota* (vase or cup) with the parrot on it, or the *lota* with the *hamsa* (or swan) on it, first attracts the child's attention, then charms it, and finally excites its wish to imitate it. We Europeans set an example of simplicity of attire, of plainness in objects of use—glass, crockery, plate, &c.—but we are the first to patronise art and to inculcate it in our children and to beautify our houses. Even in India some of the houses are museums of lovely things; but as far as finding original art in India, there are only the temples left where we can redip in the beauties of extinct Indian art. Here each door is coated over with beautifully carved brass, lamps supported on the heads of damsels, and held up by the mouths of gryphons, meet the eye; brass images staring life-like at the worshippers, holding swinging lamps between their well-formed fingers, a thousand beautiful temple utensils all exquisitely carved testify to the religious fervour and the practised talent of the worshipper. It is the same spirit that inspired the Christian painters of ancient Italy, and as that fervour dies, so art dies.

While brass and copper are more popular for household use, copper is almost entirely used for religious purposes, except where

the worshipper is so rich that he can afford silver ones. All the requisites for Hindu worship (*puja*), the shrines of the gods, the platter with its floral patterns, the pedestal on which the idol is placed during the sacred bath, the vessels for holy water—all these in a Hindu temple are of copper, and are always more or less ornamented; but even here there is a new departure, namely, the *panapatras*, or plain platters; apparently introduced from Poonah, and which are made of Norwegian and other European copper. The Hindu never uses copper for cooking purposes. In this he is unlike the Mahomedan, who uses nothing else, taking care to line the inner surface with tin. The silver used at worship and ordinary drinking pots called *chombras* are generally made of copper and used to be most beautifully chiselled. The teapots of the Mahomedans and the sacred waterspout (*sthâli*) of the Hindus in Southern India are always made of copper, but the English iron and enamelled kettle is fast replacing the former, and the plain *panapatras* the latter. In olden days the Hindu and Islam ladies used to keep their antimony (Tamil, *mai*; Hindi, *surma*) in small cases made of copper, but now the plain horn or tortoiseshell box has ousted them.

The only real work of art in copper that now exists in India is the casting of Hindu and other images for religious purposes. These are, of course, mostly to be found in old temples. Almost all the temples which can really claim antiquity have images made of copper, which are the perfection of art, and which, with all the assistance of machinery, could never be excelled or even imitated by European cities. Southern India has been the cradle of this art, and seems likely soon to become its grave, for barely half a dozen artisans still exist who understand the subtleties of the old craft. Till quite lately copper *chombras* with brass or silver ornamentations used to be manufactured in Tanjore, Arkonum, and are still drawing their last breath at Manambuchavadi and Tirnpati; but the cunning has gone from the hand, and the work is less powerful than the ancient one.

The most lasting monuments of the copper art are the old grants written on copper-plate and coins which are constantly being discovered and stored up in the Madras Central and other museums. The only nation that possesses these imperishable forms of documents is India; palmyra leaf is supposed to last five centuries, and *likala*, a specimen of this palm, greatly grown on the Ceylon coast, can be preserved for upwards of seven centuries; but a document on copper, according to the immense number which modern research has brought to light, and which have been lithographed in the *Indian Antiquary*, can last even for twenty centuries without the least injury being made by time. The original Magna Charta is preserved in a case in a shapeless form like a handful of torn scraps of paper. What hands could put it together, although it is only six centuries old? Look at the most insignificant record of a grant of rice to some poor Brahmin

in any temple during the days of the Chola or Chalukya, ten or fifteen centuries ago; each letter, each stroke or dot, stands out in clear, distinct form, as legible as it was years ago when its wording meant so much to the poor recipient. But want of art-energy is allowing this to die. Ready as the Indian nation is to present addresses of welcome to Rajahs and to English officials of position, they never take the trouble to engrave lasting ones on copper. Iron work, too, runs the same chance of being extinguished. India was the first country which turned this metal into weapons. Persia borrowed the art from India. The Rigveda, which is the oldest record in the world, gives evidence of this; so do also the Astras and Sastras of the Dhanurveda, and during the early part of the Christian era the Indian blade was the most used throughout the Eastern and the Western world. This art reached its greatest perfection in Northern India, the Punjab, Nepal, Rajputana, Gujarat, and other provinces, where they still make beautiful arms; also in Hyderabad, where English art has not penetrated so deeply. In the south this art used also to exist in Konasamuchan, on the banks of the Godavari, in Tumkur, near Mysore; Malabar, Coorg, Sivaganga, Tanjore, and Vizianagram. Some of the spear-heads and different arms of these countries are richly ornamented with gold or inlaid with different metals. Many of these are to be seen in museums. The palace of Sivaji in Tanjore contains the finest collection of the arms of Southern India. This art has now entirely died away, and there can be no revival of this as, of course, modern sense dictates the necessity of lightness and simplicity in weapons of all kinds. There is now the Sheffield of India, the Dindigal and Mayavaran manufacturers, who manufacture plain, inartistic firearms. The 'Indian Arms Act' has completed the destruction of the old artistic ones, most of which have been destroyed or thrown away.

The most beautiful art in India is that of damascening arms with gold, in fact encrusting one metal on another. It is done by cutting out patterns of flowers, or fruit, or other design in the metal itself, of which the object is made, and then laying on it a thin wire of gold or silver, which is hammered in thoroughly till it is incorporated with the wood or metal which requires ornamentation. The Mahomedans excelled the Hindus in this art, especially expending all their talent on their lovely Nupha stands, which delight the eyes of the connoisseur. Beautiful specimens of this art are to be found in Trichinopoly and Walajah. This Mussulman work is called in Southern India *bidri*-work, from the town of Bidar, where it originated; but all the old patterns have perished, the firmness and boldness of the workmanship have fled, and ignoble imitations reign in their stead; the locks even that are made in India, and that used to be so beautiful, are now exact imitations of Chubb's—useful and strong, but thoroughly inartistic.

The beautiful jewellery and gold and silver work of India are also fast dying out. The old Vedas gives names of plate and jewels which do not even exist, showing to what perfection the art had attained in those days. It is part of the religious and domestic custom of India to devote a portion of the earnings of the family to the purchase of gold and silver or jewels. A rich Brahmin prides himself on possessing as an heirloom or purchasing a silver salver on which to place his god, on the occasion of the bath ceremony; a silver case in which to keep the idol, gold flowers to place on the idol's head, or on the head of the great-grandfather at the birth of his first great-grandchild; a gold or silver bell, and other festive or sacred ornaments according to his means. Indian ornaments and jewels have always constituted the principal part of an Indian lady's toilet; it is still the case, but the cunning has fled from the workman's hands; the jewels are dull and coarse and heavy, a tinselly imitation of English jewellery; the beautiful tree, lotus, or tank pattern of the old Hindu is replaced by the hybrid English swan's work. The swan's pattern owes its birth to the brain of a modern Trichinopoly artisan. Everywhere are to be seen European jewels with Hindu mythological figures and diagrams, and Hindu jewels with European setting. The English blame the Hindus for turning their money into jewels, while they are doing the same thing. English jewellers at Madras fashion the tiny gold elephant, and hook-and-eye armlet, &c. which used to be the exclusive speciality of the Hindu jeweller. Indian women, too, are rapidly adopting English taste, and thus giving the last little knock to the nail that crucifies art for ever. Here and there a *sowkar* (Indian banker) will produce some beautiful jewels hundreds of years old, a ruby necklace, or lovely gold pattern fine as lace, but, as a rule, he keeps these hoarded up as household gods or for his descendants. The mat industry is another art which still flourishes in the midst of all difficulties. Nothing gives greater scope to the harmonious intermingling of Hindu colours and Indian design. A plain description of mat but still of great beauty exists at Pattanadai in the Tinnevely district: the surface of it is softer than silk; it can be folded like cloth and carried in a man's hand, or be rolled up together; it forms a stick. The warp of this mat is reed, and the woof cotton or silk thread. The reed has to be torn into very delicate threads before it can be used, and the mat-weaver to do it well must sit out in the rain in winter-time in order to use the reeds while they are damp. A great quantity of the reed is wasted in separating it into fine threads, and if the mat is costly it still brings very little profit to the maker. Say that the mat costs seventy rupees, the reeds alone have cost twenty-five, without silk or cotton, or colour, or workmanship. The Prince of Wales brought away with him one of the best mats that have ever been made. It is a *pattamadai* mat, and valued at two hundred

rupees (about 15*l.*), but this art too is collapsing for want of encouragement.

The potteries of India were formerly superior to those of the whole world and were introduced into Persia from India, and to the European world by the Saracens. In the old Sanskrit literature jars and pots of all descriptions are mentioned. In the *Rhaguvamsa*, Aja having given away all his worldly goods in sacrifice to the gods, welcomes his Brahmin guest Kantsa with a mud vessel in his hands. In the *Ramayana Mahabharata* and other Indian works there are several instances of the ancient Hindus having used these mud vessels, and their hygienic merit was supposed to be so great that they were called *svaruaputsa*, or golden vessels. Of course in these days all the poor people use mud or rather earthen vessels. The Dravidian high-caste Hindus used mud vessels even for cooking purposes (a system still continued in France, where the secret of a good *potage* is its being cooked in a terrine), but now the high-caste Indians use copper and brass, which are much less healthy. A South Indian lady thinks it beneath her dignity to have earthen vessels in her kitchen; she only keeps a few earthenware jars in her store-room in which to preserve dried provisions, and even these must be renewed once a year. European shapes are fast invading Indian households. The village of Kalgiri in the North Arcot district was once famous for its pottery called the Vellore pottery; now that too has adopted English shapes and fashions, as the children of native Ayahs, who wear English costume and look uncomfortable and unnatural.

Pith-work used to be one of the arts of India; fans used to be made from 'paddy' corns, necklaces made out of cocoanut for children during the *hâli* festivities, strings of attar-scented beads (practically the same shape as Roman Catholic chaplets minus the cross), varieties of taus. Pith-parrots used to be favourite souvenirs of Tanjore, but now the striving after English fashion is destroying all these, and art in India lies a crumbled heap of forgotten and neglected beauties. There is an Indian proverb which says, 'That side of the river is to this side green.' The unattainable, that which we see and cannot understand, is ever the best; whilst we grasp the shadow we lose the substance. England prides herself on being an artistic country, on having a Government that encourages and fosters art, that spends even a large amount of money in buying pictures for galleries and curiosities for museums, in encouraging art schools; and yet she is allowing the very nursery-garden of art to die for want of cultivation and watering from the mother-country. India would respond sooner than any country to an appeal for the revival of ancient art. And how far better it would be if instead of discussing the impossible possibilities of a local parliament or of sending native representatives to England they would turn the capabilities of, and the education

they are bestowing on, the native of India, and which he has so little opportunity of applying, to some great account by directing the course of his energies and his imagination towards the internal improvement of industry and art, which is practically the high-road to an improvement in trade and the enriching of the country ! What a solving this would be of that ever-recurring, Government-wearying, heart-rending problem of the Eurasians ; what an opening for young English lovers of art, what a field for scientific and artistic exploration and employment ! Certainly Indian exhibitions have been held in England with great success ; but the presence there of things which were merely imitations of modern English work proves that the object of these exhibitions is merely to encourage Indian handiwork and not Indian art.

There are, it is to be believed, many scientific and artistic men who would gladly form a society for inquiring into Indian art ; even an expedition of inquiry would not be too costly for England to contemplate. It would be impossible to revive art in India without this inquiry. India is so large that the different industries are terribly scattered, and even in some cases lost to view ; the haunts of the finest arts in India are tiny villages, whose names are hardly to be found in maps : all these would have to be ferreted out and visited ; a herding together of art-centres would be necessary, an assembling of respective representatives, overseers, and managers would have to be found, industrial schools of art and museums established with educated responsible heads ; local exhibitions should take place which again would forward the *primeurs* of their produce to larger exhibitions, finally to end in gigantic and glorious yearly exhibitions of purely Indian work : this would not be a task unworthy of England or of the art of which she assumes the patronage. There is no doubt that many native princes and gentlemen would come forward with their aid and their money to revive industry. In Southern India there is the Maharajah of Mysore who is ever ready to encourage artistic taste in India, to inculcate artistic ideas into the people, and whose own artistic education and high order of intellect make him as fit to be the patron of art as any Englishman, and doubtless there are many others who would help to reopen, as it were, the graves of dead art and to bring it to life again with the aid of the traditions they possess. What a friendly spirit would be aroused by this union of work ; what a revival of energy and hard work and interest ! May Indian art live a little longer, till the mother-country at last ends an attentive ear to its cries for help, and sends out some great physician who can fan the dying sparks of life into a living flame, a blazing Beacon telling nations of what India can do and of what England has done for India.

GEORGIANA KINGSCOTE.



### THE WAR-GAME.

KRIEGSSPIEL, 'War considered as a game.' Such is the translation a standard dictionary gives of a German double-word which is rapidly becoming Anglicised, and which, although misleading as to the object it connotes, is not likely ever to give way to the English official substitute, 'War-game.' Nor is it desirable that it should do so; for, owing to the blissful ignorance of the majority of Englishmen of other languages than their own, the mysterious and unintelligible 'Kriegsspiel' does not necessarily convey to their minds an erroneous idea of what Kriegsspiel is; whereas, 'War-game' would be to them a delusion and a snare. It is said that the great Prussian General von Muffling, on witnessing a Kriegsspiel for the first time, exclaimed with enthusiasm, 'It is not a *game* at all, it is a training for war.' And the old warrior was right; but, unfortunately, the name was retained. So important a factor in military training did he consider it, that orders were at once given for the supply of a Kriegsspiel apparatus, at the public expense, to every regiment in the service. And now our authorities seem to be of the same opinion as the General, for they are actively pushing Kriegsspiel in our Army. It is the purpose of this article to explain, not only what Kriegsspiel is, but the use which can be made of it in military training; for on the latter point considerable misunderstanding exists, resulting in misapprehensions which have among the Regulars, for a general result, dislike of Kriegsspiel and underrating its value; among the Volunteers, on the other hand, overrating its value, and drawing erroneous deductions from its practice.

War, as a profession, differs from all others in the rarity of the opportunities for practice by those who seek to master its difficulties. It is only by practice, through blood and fire, that a soldier can really learn soldiering, and become an efficient leader of men. Even the peace or autumn manœuvres, which the great military Powers of Europe consider indispensable for keeping their man-killing machines free from rust, and for detecting the more obvious sources of friction, fail in fully testing the officers and men in some of those qualities on which success in a campaign or a battle depends to so great a

degree. These manœuvres, as also the ordinary daily exercises in the field, show to a certain extent whether an officer possesses presence of mind, readiness of resource, and a knowledge of the theory of his profession; but only when that officer is not under fire, and has not in his hands the lives of those he commands. Still, the actual carrying out of some small minor operation on the ground teaches very much, and affords invaluable lessons for actual war. An exercise of this kind, even on the smallest scale, implies, however, a good deal; it means that there is ground available on which the exercise can be performed, that there are men and officers forthcoming to carry it out, and, finally, that the weather is favourable for the purpose. It may be presumed, also, that for economy of time and for obtaining the maximum of benefit from the practical work, the troops have previously been taught and understand the theory of the exercise and the principles it is to illustrate.

The Kriegsspiel apparatus, which is a set of maps, coloured blocks, and scales for measuring distances and slopes, is a substitute—a very poor one it may be fully admitted—for ground and troops, and for manœuvres in the field when circumstances render these impracticable; and, further, it furnishes materials for the connection of the theoretical with the practical instruction, that connecting link so valued by teachers, the ‘object lesson’; an ‘object lesson’<sup>1</sup> of soldiering, but of what part of soldiering we shall see later on.

It will be at once obvious why ‘Kriegsspiel’—and here, and in future in this article, the word will denote not the apparatus but the working it—possesses for Volunteers a charm, amounting almost to fascination, which is conspicuous by its absence among the Regulars, who, as a rule, detest Kriegsspiel heartily. There are for the latter plenty of opportunities, denied to the former, for learning on the ground in the open air, with flesh and blood soldiers, those lessons of soldiering which, after all, the indoor Kriegsspiel only imperfectly teaches. To the keen Volunteers, and they are many, half a loaf is better than no bread, and in their spare hours, therefore, they are enthusiastic Kriegsspielers. But the Regular officer need not despise Kriegsspiel. To him it can be an invaluable aid in instructing those under him, and from it he will himself learn a great deal, if he will only use it properly. The best way of explaining Kriegsspiel, its mechanism and value, will be first to describe the apparatus, and then a Kriegsspiel exercise, noticing the strong or weak points as we come to them.

The maps officially issued for Kriegsspiel in this country are those specially prepared by the War Office, consisting of a set of Ordnance maps, showing a part of the districts in the south-east of England, on a scale of six inches to the mile, mounted on thick mill-

<sup>1</sup> For this excellent definition of Kriegsspiel I am indebted to the editor of this Review, witnessing a Kriegsspiel for the first time.

board and coloured specially for the purpose; the contours which show levels at fifty feet vertical intervals being strongly marked.

Another set, much used by the Volunteers, is the *Volunteer Service Gazette* war-game, designed by some officers of the Artists Corps. The maps are on the large scale of one hundred yards to one inch (17·6 inches to the mile), and they are therefore well adapted for instruction in tactical details, and in showing the movements of small bodies of troops.

The main defect of this set of maps is the existence of a river, which must either enter into every exercise carried out on them, or be 'supposed' not to exist. Lieutenant Sharpe of the 3rd Middlesex R.V.C. has, however, invented a set of maps on the same scale as the War Office maps, which he calls the 'Interchangeable War Maps,' and in which he, with great ingenuity, gets over the weak point of the War Office maps—the furnishing only the same ground for all exercises—and that of the *Volunteer Service Gazette* maps—the presence of an ever-flowing stream. Each sheet represents a piece of actual country, being copied from the Ordnance map, but, by a few slight alterations round the margin, the roads and contours in any one sheet are made to fit against those in any other sheet, whether the right way up or reversed. There are also six river slips which may be inserted at pleasure between many of the sheets. The result is some millions of possible combinations for representing country.

For maps are sometimes substituted models of country showing the features of the ground in relief, such as Colonel Wilkinson Shaw's models, and an interchangeable model invented by a Swedish officer, a set of which was presented to the Home District Tactical Society by Major-General Lyon Fremantle; but models of this kind are too bulky and expensive for ordinary use.

In all Kriegsspiel apparatus the troops are small blocks of lead, or other material, coloured blue or red, made to scale, and representing vedettes, troops, companies, battalions, batteries, &c. Scales, compasses, and a practicable clock complete the equipment. The prices of the different sets of Kriegsspiel apparatus differ considerably.

	MAIN			MIN			TOTAL		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
War Office . . . .	4	14	6	7	15	0	12	9	6
'Vol. Ser. Gazette' . .	1	1	0	0	12	6	1	13	6
Lieut. Sharpe . . . .	1	1	0	1	1	0	2	2	0

Since, as will be seen hereafter, three sets of maps are necessary for good Kriegsspiel work, the War Office prices are prohibitory.

Given, then, maps on a large scale, showing a piece of ground, its topographical features, hedges, houses, and roads, and also blocks to represent men, object lessons in the disposition and movements of troops can be undertaken by anyone who can measure distances, and

who knows the rate at which troops of the various arms march ; but when the Kriegsspiel is employed to illustrate operations between troops acting against each other, the exercise is one not altogether easy to conduct, the difficulty increasing with the strength of the forces engaged. It is with Kriegsspiel used for the latter purpose that we shall deal here. In arranging a Kriegsspiel, the first thing to be done is to select the particular strategical or tactical operation which shall be illustrated by the exercise ; and next, the piece of country on which it shall be carried out. Not only the present and the future, but also the past, can be drawn on to supply possible problems for solution and illustration. Thus, we have seen two well-known Colonels of Her Majesty's Guards, wise after the event, each with his *corps d'armée* of three divisions under the command of field-officers of Volunteers, struggling for victory on the battle-field of Columbeys-Borny, and showing examples of well-considered leading, which put to shame the recklessness of the German general and the absence of discipline and co-operation of the French generals alike. At Aldershot a major-general will direct one of his colonels to reinforce troops at Winchester, threatened by another colonel, turned traitor for the time ; whilst at Oxford we have sat at the feet of college dons, some of them clergymen, who have endeavoured to protect Aldershot from capture in a way that made the regular officers present regret that so much real military knowledge could not be utilised to some practical purpose. These points being settled, a document is next drawn up for general information called the 'General Idea.' In this is embodied only just as much information as will make the exercise intelligible to the spectators and to those who take part in it ; the amount given in it being as much as in war would be, in all probability, known to both adversaries. To give an example :—

*General Idea.*

On the evening of the 30th of April the Defender's Troops (Red) are at FARNHAM watching the road from the South-West through ALTON and BAGSHOT to LONDON. They are connected with the Main Army to the North-East by a strongly entrenched post at BLACK HILL, at the junction of the roads from ALTON and BASINGSTOKE to LONDON. The leading troops of the Invader arrive at night-fall at the western extremity of HARTFORD BRIDGE FLATS and bivouac there.

The next duty of the framer of the exercise is to communicate to each combatant the particular task he has to carry out and the number of the troops at his disposal, giving him such additional information about his adversary as he may think fit, or perhaps none at all. All this is embodied in what are called 'Special Ideas,' one for each of the hostile commanders. They may be drawn up as formal orders, or as telegrams, or as general statements, or may combine all forms. They may be in writing, or they may be communicated verbally, and in either case be given either at the commencement

of the exercise, or, as is the custom, some hours previously. In the example we are using for illustration there are three special ideas required, and they may run as follows:—

*Special Idea (Red).*

The Troops at FARNHAM are five Battalions of Infantry; two Batteries Field Artillery; half a Battery Horse Artillery; four Squadrons;  $\frac{1}{2}$  Co.R.E. At 5 A.M. on the 1st of May the Commander receives from Army Head Quarters the following telegram: 'The Enemy is advancing from BASINGSTOKE, and not from the South-West as previously supposed. The BLACK-HILL POST is seriously threatened from HARTFORD BRIDGE FLATS. Fall back at once so as to succour the Post, and to prevent your own retreat being cut off. We do not know what troops can be spared from BLACK-HILL POST, but the Commander there has been directed to co-operate, if possible, with you, in your movement.'

*Special Idea (Blue).*

The force is in bivouac at the Western End of HARTFORD BRIDGE FLATS and is composed of six Battalions of Infantry; two Batteries Field Artillery; four Squadrons of Cavalry;  $\frac{1}{2}$  Co. R.E. At 5 A.M. on the 1st of May the Commander receives from Army Head Quarters the following telegram: 'It is believed that the hostile troops at FARNHAM will retire to-day along the ALDERSHOT-BAGSHOT Road. Endeavour to cut off their retreat.'

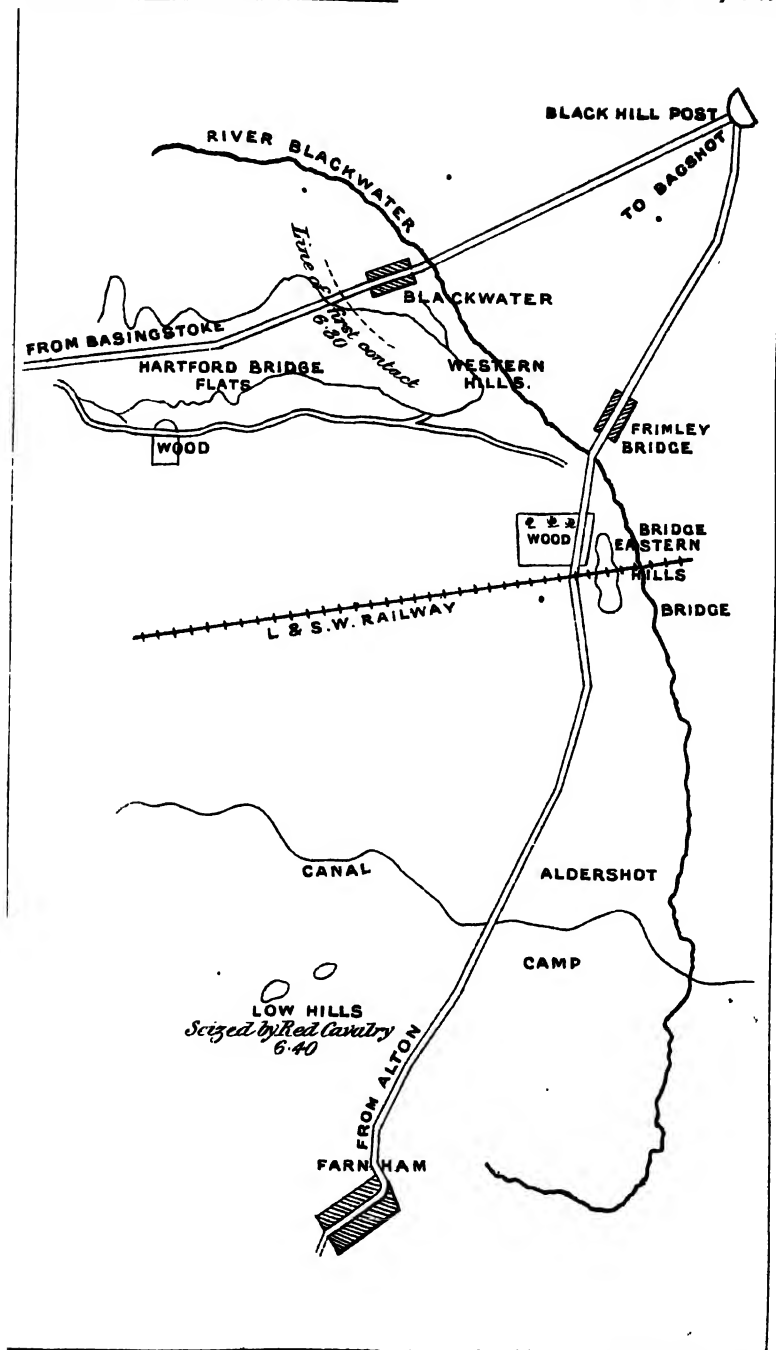
In this example there would be required a special idea for the commander of the Black-Hill Post; and as, in actual war, this officer and the Commander at Farnham might have to act, at first, in ignorance of each other's intentions, the Special Idea would, in order to prevent collusion, be communicated to the former only at the commencement of the exercise. This Special Idea runs thus:—

*Special Idea, 'Black-Hill Post' (Red).*

At 5 A.M. on the 1st of May the Commander receives orders to aid the retreat of the troops from FARNHAM by a diversion along the BASINGSTOKE Road with such troops as can be spared. He is to endeavour to draw off the enemy from any attack on the FARNHAM-BAGSHOT Road, or at all events to delay his advance in that direction. The troops to be considered available are one and a-half Battalions of Infantry; two guns Field Artillery; four Squadrons of Cavalry; twenty Sappers in wagons.

It would also be notified that the rates of movement were, we will say, 100 paces per minute for infantry, 200 paces per minute for cavalry and artillery, 250 paces per minute for cavalry scouts, 350 paces per minute for staff officers and orderlies; and further, the imaginary hour of the commencement of the operations would be given, in this case, 6 A.M.

The number of combatants on either side depends on the nature of the operation. In this instance, there would be four on the Red side, and three on the Blue side. Of the Red party one would command the force sent from Black Hill, a second the troops at Farnham, a third the cavalry of the Farnham force, the fourth would





be in reserve ready to take command of any troops detached from the main body in the course of the operations. Of the Blue combatants, one would command the main body, a second the cavalry, the third would be in reserve. The combatants, on receipt of the General and Special Ideas draw up in proper form their orders for carrying out in any manner they think best, the duties assigned to them, and then forward them to the umpire-in-chief, who may, or may not, be the framer of the exercise, as seems desirable. With the mention of this official we come to one of the chief difficulties in connection with *Kriegsspiel*—the umpiring—and as the choice of an umpire and his duties must depend on which of the two systems under which *Kriegsspiel* is usually carried out is adopted, it will be convenient to explain here what those two systems are, and in what they differ from each other.

The popular idea of *Kriegsspiel* is that not only can it teach tactics generally, but also those tactics which are carried out on the actual battle-field, the tactics of the combat, fighting tactics; and the German Regimental *Kriegsspiel*, which represents one of the two systems, professes to do this.

But that this is simply impossible, those who have either witnessed fights which take place in regular warfare, or those who have studied the detailed accounts of those fights, know full well. Success in a combat depends not more, or even so much, on the general dispositions adopted, as on the capacity of the subordinate leaders, and even of the non-commissioned officers and individual soldiers, to take advantage of circumstances as they occur; co-operation, so easy on a map, is one of the main difficulties met with in the confusion of a combat; where leaders are falling fast, command passes from the hands of one into those of many, or even ceases for a time to exist; the nature of a bank, a hedge or underwood, the crops on the ground, a trifling undulation, details which cannot be represented on a map, may determine whether a position taken up is good or bad; the effect of fire is, moreover, varying and uncertain; the attack is not constantly progressive even if ultimately successful—it wavers to and fro. The actual combat cannot, therefore, be represented at *Kriegsspiel*, even with the remotest pretensions to reality; and the representations given of it are utterly misleading. All these can do is to show how, under ideal conditions, which never occur in practice, a combat would be carried out.

The final arbiter in all combat is, however, the destructive power of the weapons employed; and in order, therefore, to introduce this factor into the *Kriegsspiel* combat, codes of rules and tables have been drawn up, by which a value, purely conventional, is assigned to different kinds of fire; for each kind, at each range, against various formations can the losses which would occur be calculated; and the



troops win or lose according to this elaborately prepared and complicated fiction. The working this Kriegsspiel is, then, by rule and calculation, and umpiring satisfactorily at an exercise of this kind depends almost entirely on the possession of a good memory, of a knowledge of the rules, of a power of calculating quickly, and of reading a map.

But of all authorities on tactical exercises of any kind, General Verdy du Vernois is the greatest, and in the preface to his little work, *Beitrag zum Kriegsspiel*,<sup>2</sup> when dealing with the neglect of Kriegsspiel in the German army, he writes as follows :—

So far as my experience goes, I have found the cause of the neglect lie chiefly in the purely technical part of the conduct of the game, the novice failing to understand the rules or the use of the dice and the tables of losses. It is, indeed, only by severe toil and a great expenditure of time that any one who has not learned the game by actual practice can, through unassisted study of the books of instruction, so thoroughly master the subject as to be competent to undertake the conduct of an exercise of this kind. So it comes that there are assuredly in the smaller garrisons many officers who should be especially fitted from their position to take the matter in hand, who utterly shrink from doing so.

When Kriegsspiel was first introduced into this country, soon after the war of 1870–71, it was conducted by rule; and when the officers found that all the wearisome proceedings, the endless calculations, and the slow pace at which it was carried on, had for result a lesson in unreality, Kriegsspiel became, and naturally so, unpopular. Indoor soldiering is not to the taste of the English officer; if he has to study, he likes to be sure that the study is really practically useful, and nothing will ever persuade him that by manipulating toy soldiers he will learn the details of a combat. The truth is, that it is the *principles of tactics and their application, not tactical details*, that Kriegsspiel can teach and illustrate; and it is with these only that the alternative system of Kriegsspiel undertakes to deal. We must also bear in mind that owing to the ignorance we are in as to the actual destructive effect of the weapons which will now be used in regular warfare, we cannot tell how far the accepted tactical formations will hold good in the next European campaign, or to what extent it may be necessary to modify or to entirely alter the methods of carrying out future tactical operations. But the principles of tactics vary little, if at all, in successive epochs of military history. A commander who understands these principles will have little difficulty in modifying and arranging details in accordance with them. It is essential, therefore, that our officers' minds shall be thoroughly imbued with correct and just ideas of tactical principles; and Kriegsspiel is an invaluable instrument for the purpose.

<sup>2</sup> Translated by Major MacDonnell, late Rifle Volunteers.

General Verdy du Vernois is the leader of those who take this view of Kriegsspiel. He regards it as identical in spirit with the German 'instructional excursions' into the country, organised by the General Staff of the Army, in the various army corps as cavalry excursions, or by the War Academy (the German Staff College), or by the voluntary association of certain officers of a garrison.

'It has never been found needful,' says the General, 'in these excursions to settle the requisite decisions by the chance of the dice. The umpire gives them according to his views. Neither is it thought necessary to investigate in the closest detail the effect of weapons; it is found sufficient to arrive at the general conclusion that one body has suffered severe losses, or that it has been so shaken that its fighting power is substantially weakened, and whether, on the whole, it is in a condition to continue to advance under the enemy's fire or to maintain its position.

Under this system, then, it is principles, not details, with which Kriegsspiel is concerned; and decisions are determined not by rule but by the will of the umpire and the knowledge of modern war that he possesses.

The umpire, therefore, is the presiding genius of this exercise; on his *ipse dixit* depends the verdict of success or defeat; according to his personal views the combatants must act when matters are in issue between them. And herein, in the arbitrary power vested in him, lies the difficulty of finding individuals willing to act as umpires under this system, and who at the same time can fairly satisfy the combatants when questions arise for decision. Theoretically, every field-officer in our Army is able to command in the field a force of the three arms; theoretically, therefore, every such officer can say whether, at the object lesson of Kriegsspiel, the lead soldiers representing the troops have been properly employed. As a matter of fact, however, to umpire at Kriegsspiel is a task from which, as a rule, they shrink; and with great loss to themselves, for as Verdy du Vernois says, 'in Kriegsspiel the field officers find an opportunity of solving the questions which arise in connection with the three arms.' A distrust in their power of reading maps increases their diffidence. But the position of umpire at Kriegsspiel used for military training is misunderstood; exceptional cases arise, where, as for instance, the combatants and the umpire are of the same rank, and all have about the same knowledge of their profession: here the umpire is merely an arbitrator; but as a rule the umpire is an *instructor*, and, as we have already pointed out in the pages of this Review, every officer of high or low rank is, *ex officio*, an instructor of those under him. Every officer, therefore, ought, according to his rank, to be able to umpire at a Kriegsspiel employed for the illustration of tactical principles. But just as there are teachers without tact, teachers who know little of what they profess to teach, teachers who have not the power of imparting to others what they know themselves, teachers who make learning a

burden, so there are officers who prove, even with the best intentions, to be not only inefficient, but most disagreeable umpires at *Kriegsspiel*. *Kriegsspieler*s are not, however, worse off in this respect than students of any other branch of knowledge. The foregoing remarks may seem to partake somewhat perhaps of the character of a digression, but they are not really so, as without realising the position held by the umpire *Kriegsspiel* cannot be understood. We must now return to the Farnham exercise.

The umpire had just received from the combatants their orders for the operation; he examines the orders to see that the object of the proposed operation is clearly understood, and also to ascertain from them the probable general course of the movements.

At the hour named for the commencement of the exercise the combatants, the umpire, and the assistant umpires assemble in the room where the encounter is to take place. Although it is possible to carry on a *Kriegsspiel* on one set or on two sets of maps only, such an arrangement is very inconvenient; and, for comfort, three sets are necessary. The sets of maps are on tables separated by screens, or the sets may be in three different rooms, the centre set being the umpire's map, one of the others being assigned to each of the combatants for their separate use. The umpire then briefly explains the nature of the operation to be carried out, and the combatants go to their respective battle-fields, out of view of the umpire's map and of each other. The assistant umpires now commence their work. The ease, rapidity, and accuracy with which the mechanism of the *Kriegsspiel* is carried on depend mainly on these officials: and a marked improvement in the way they do their very arduous and laborious work has become apparent of late years. At first, the assistant umpire was a partisan, keenly interested in the success of his 'side,' and on the look-out to secure every available advantage for it. Now, however, that *Kriegsspiel* is gradually coming to be regarded, not as a 'game' in which one side loses and the other wins, but as a tactical exercise, the assistant umpires are becoming the assistants of the instructor, helping him in giving the lesson. An assistant umpire must be able to read a map well, he should know the details of intra-regimental movements, how to hold his tongue, and have a hardness of heart which will enable him to turn a deaf ear to plausible suggestions. At one time his functions are purely mechanical, moving pieces of lead and measuring distances; this is his work whilst at the map of the combatant where he is officiating. At another time, when summoned to the umpire's map, he becomes that official's real assistant, bringing to his notice points which his chief may have overlooked, and discussing with him questions which may have arisen. To the assistant umpires the umpire now gives the orders drawn up by the combatants. The assistants taking with them the requisite number of lead blocks to represent the troops, place these on the

maps at the starting points, and then move them strictly according to the orders such distances on their roads to their respective destinations as they would have traversed by the end of the 'first move.' By the word 'move' is meant the number of minutes which the movements represented on the map in that 'move' would actually require for their execution in the field.

In the field the incidents of a tactical operation settle themselves; at a Kriegsspiel they are determined by the umpire, acting, as we have seen, either on his own judgment, or by reference to the rules. As each incident calling for the umpire's decision arises, the further progress of the exercise is suspended till the decision is given; the period of time which would in the field elapse between the occurrence of these incidents is the duration of the move. Moves vary, therefore, from one to any number of minutes, and in all probability the time required for showing any one of them on the map is in inverse ratio to the time required for the execution of the incident represented in it. One minute or less will suffice to move lead pieces an hour's uninterrupted march. A quarter of an hour will be required to settle a cavalry combat which lasted five minutes. The length of the move is determined by the umpire. It is desirable that each move shall be as long as possible. Otherwise, the Kriegsspiel becomes very wearisome; under the rule system, moves of one or two or three minutes are very common. Short moves must necessarily be adopted when troops are coming into contact; but even this difficulty is reduced to a minimum so long as Kriegsspiel is used to illustrate principles and not details. The length of the 'first move' depends on the distance apart at which the hostile forces are when the operation begins, since this move terminates when the foremost troops come in sight of each other, as questions then arise for the decision of the umpire.

In our illustrative example<sup>3</sup> the operation was supposed to commence at 6 A.M. Each commander had ordered his cavalry to go out and scout to the front and flanks. The line on which the scouts first saw each other is shown on the woodcut by a dotted line marked 'Line of first contact, 6.30.' This line is equidistant from the respective Northern starting points, and at the conventional rate of 250 paces per minute they would have taken half an hour to arrive there—thirty minutes is, therefore, the duration of the 'first move.' On the practicable clock the move 6.30 is recorded. On the Blue map have as yet been placed the Blue troops only, on the red map the Red troops coming from Farnham, whilst on a fourth map, if one were available, or, if not, on the umpire's map, would have been placed the Red troops from Black-Hill Post. The assistant umpires carry the maps to the umpire's table, and on his map place

<sup>3</sup> The times and distances given in this article are only approximately correct. They are used for illustration only.

duplicates of the troops in the exact positions they are in on those of the combatants. The umpire has now before him the position of all the troops on either side. The hostile scouts would evidently be visible to each other ; therefore, before the maps are taken back to the tables, the umpire places on Blue's map those troops of Red which would be visible to the Blue troops, and on Red's map those troops of Blue which would be visible to Red's troops. The same principle is followed throughout the exercise, the hostile troops being placed on the map of each combatant as they would become visible to him. And even here, although only at the end of the first move, we have encountered some of those unrealities which render *Kriegsspiel* not only misleading, but full of erroneous lessons, if we regard it as lesson of tactical detail, but which in no way diminish its usefulness in conveying a knowledge of tactical principles.

The first unreality lies in the cavalry scouting. By no possibility can scouting be accurately represented with lead soldiers on a map. Various devices have been tried all more or less wide of the mark ; for its success scouting depends first on the capacity, intelligence, and conduct of the individual scouts, and then on the commanders of the lower units which form the cavalry chain. It is practically out of the question to allow at *Kriegsspiel* the host of commanders required for each small unit ; moreover, on a map, they would see each other's troops and act in concert. To one combatant is therefore given the command of all the cavalry, and in his hand are concentrated commands which on service no one man could exercise, whilst in the umpire is concentrated the intelligence of all the scouts. Scouts also do not always see what they think they see, and reports sent in by them are often inaccurate. Moreover, whether scouts will be visible to each other cannot be determined only by map reading, as it depends to a great degree on the ingenuity of the individuals in availing themselves of expedients which may be suggested to them by some little detail of the locality where they are. Still, to allow a force to march without the protection and assistance of cavalry scouts would be to violate one of the first principles of march tactics ; and any representation of it is better than none, provided that the combatants understand that it is a representation only. The cavalry being now in contact are, as a rule, shown on the maps of both combatants, whence arises a fresh absurdity—that although the cavalry may be three or four miles away from, and therefore out of sight of, the main body from which it is detached, yet the commander of the main body sees exactly what his cavalry is doing. A better plan is to work the cavalry on the umpire's map only. The umpire encounters at once an unreality in having arbitrarily to determine the exact amount of information each scout would obtain respecting its adversaries, and this he must decide as best he can. He now calculates the times when messengers from the scouting parties would bring

the information to the commander of the main body the cavalry is covering, and notes them down for delivering the messages at the right moment. It is probable that some of the opposing cavalry will show fight to each other, in which case he has to decide, to the best of his judgment, the result of each encounter. If he attempts to work out each little combat in detail, and to calculate losses, much time will be required to determine the result of these very minor operations, which, in reality, would not last more than perhaps five minutes, and meantime the whole progress of the exercise is delayed. Yet, considering that at this stage of the operation information is of the greatest value, an umpire is bound to do his best to come to a decision as nearly accurate as possible. The most practical method is for the umpire to call to his map alternately the two cavalry commanders, to explain the situation to them, and to hear from them how they would act under the circumstances represented. By this means he ascertains the general line of conduct they intend to adopt, and then, aided by his assistants, he is able to arrive at a fairly sound conclusion. When the commanders independently indicate a course which will lead to an encounter, or a situation equally favourable to both sides, the throw of a die or the tossing of a coin is the only means of obtaining a decision. And now the umpire has to determine the duration of the next move; for this purpose he looks closely at the situation, which he summarises to himself as follows: 'As regards the cavalry of the Red main body, they are clearly masters of the situation in that part of the theatre of war; the cavalry commander's orders are to take up a line on those hills covering the left of the main body, and commanding with his guns the country to the north-west. It will take him ten minutes to reach his position, and five minutes to unlimber his guns, pick up his ranges, &c. The Blue cavalry in front of him is numerically too weak to offer any opposition; so we have fifteen minutes' movement here. Along the main road, Red has sent a squadron with some guns towards the bridge at Frimley. The first hostile troops they will meet are some of Blue's cavalry making for the same point; but a good deal more than fifteen minutes must elapse before that encounter. The Red main body from Farnham has of course an uninterrupted march before it for some time. The Blue main body that has descended to the low ground south of the Flats can advance also. Its left is covered by a troop of cavalry moving along the main road to Blackwater and the Black-Hill Post, and in fifteen minutes the troop would be close to the village. And now for the troops from Black-Hill Post. The commander is going ahead himself with all his cavalry and the two guns to form a dense screen across the road, concealing the weak force of infantry in rear, and seeking to lead Blue to suppose that a strong attack is coming from that direction. Fifteen minutes' march would, however, bring the two hostile cavalries actually touching each

other; fifteen minutes is therefore too long a move. In ten minutes' time the commanders will have been informed of each other's approach. The next move must be ten minutes only.' The clock is set to 6.40, and all the troops are advanced a distance equal to a march of ten minutes.

On the Blue map are placed Red cavalry blocks, not exactly the actual number of the cavalry, for to ascertain the exact force of your enemy is one of the most difficult things in war, but enough to indicate a marked superiority of force. Corresponding Blue lead pieces are placed on the Red Black-Hill Post map. The umpire, again surveying the situation, sees that for some little time the progress of the operations must be regulated by what may happen on the Flats, where the Black-Hill Post commander has just commenced his attempt to divert Blue's attention from the direction of Farnham. He, therefore, asks the Blue cavalry commander what he purposes to do with his troop of cavalry in the face of the strong cavalry force opposed to him. 'What troops are there in front of me besides cavalry?' asks the commander. The umpire looks carefully at the map and the respective position of the forces. The two Red guns are in rear of the cavalry, and are concealed by them; the day has been rainy, so that there is no cloud of dust which from its form would enable Blue to detect the presence of the guns and their wag-gons. But Blue is on the higher ground. The umpire cannot decide.

'Heads, you can tell; tails, you cannot,' he says, and promptly tossing a coin which falls tail uppermost, he replies, 'You cannot tell.' 'I shall then at once send information to the commander of the main body, and I shall fall back slowly before the advancing enemy.'

The information is written down by the cavalry commander in proper form, and handed to the umpire, who notes the time when he will give it to the commander of the main body. Meantime one or two very minor encounters have taken place between some small parties of cavalry further south, but these, having no bearing on the general course of the operation, are summarily disposed of by the umpire. The umpire now estimates that in another twenty minutes the Black-Hill Post cavalry will be masters of the Flats, whilst elsewhere the situation will be only developing without any active hostilities taking place. It is the Red cavalry commander on the Flats with whom rests the initiative of the next phase of the operations. It is on his action that Blue's movements depend, and to which Blue will have to conform. So it is he who is first questioned by the umpire. 'At seven o'clock you will be in possession of the Flats along this line (indicating it), as the weak Blue cavalry are falling back before you. What do you intend to do?' 'As I shall hold the southern western edge of the plateau, I ought to be able to see any Blue troops in the low ground, if any are there; what shall I see?' Again one of those points so difficult to decide, a question of visibility.

The umpire replies, 'From the wood to your left front has emerged the advanced guard of an infantry column; strength of the advanced guard which is clearly visible, a battalion and a battery; they are headed by some cavalry scouts which your superior force prevents ascending the plateau; the main body of the column is in the wood, so you cannot tell its strength.' 'I shall let the column advance for ten minutes, and then when the advanced guard has left the piece of open ground over which it is now passing, and is in the sunken road, I shall suddenly open fire on it with my two guns from this point (indicating it), from which they would enfilade it.' A move of thirty minutes (7.10) is therefore practicable, and the troops are moved accordingly. The umpire, on looking at the map, finds that between the point indicated and the hollow road is an undulation, which effectually shelters the road from it, but that from another point two or three hundred yards in rear the road is under fire. The Red commander has evidently misread the map. What is the umpire to do under the circumstances? This must depend on the purposes for which he is conducting the Kriegsspiel. One of the advantages claimed for Kriegsspiel is that it is not only an exercise in tactics, but also in map reading, and so it is certainly; and an umpire who employs it for this double purpose would, in the case before us, let the Red commander place his guns at the point he has chosen, and when he opened fire make him pay the penalty of his error by informing him that he could not hit the column. But, in our opinion, it is just as well to teach one thing at a time and to learn one thing at a time. Without a fair knowledge of map-reading, sufficient to enable a combatant to distinguish hills from valleys, an officer can hardly be considered efficient, and it is useless for any one who does not possess this elementary knowledge of topography to take part in a Kriegsspiel; when the illustration of a tactical operation is the purpose for which the Kriegsspiel apparatus is being employed, it is advisable not to allow the conduct of the operations to be marred by an error in dealing with some difficult point of map-reading. If the umpire holds the Red commander to the point chosen, the commander, who perhaps really understands his work and is interested in it, gets disgusted, and naturally says, 'I came here to work a tactical exercise, not to learn topography. Because I have made a blunder in the latter, you adopt the fiction of making me put my guns in a position I should never have chosen had we been actually on the ground. I never should have been such an idiot as to put guns where the enemy to be fired on could not be seen.' The umpire therefore points out the mistake and allows Red to place his guns at the right point. We are convinced that the less, except in a general way, Kriegsspiel tactics are made to depend on solving problems of topography the more useful and the more popular it will become.

The troops having been placed by the assistant umpires on the



respective maps in the positions they occupy at 7.10, the umpire observes that Blue has already sent from his column to the plateau two battalions, and that these are upon the crest of the heights. Referring to Blue's orders, he finds that the whole of the infantry were to march together in one body towards Frimley Bridge. He therefore asks Blue commander for his reason for this alteration. 'I changed my mind,' replies the commander, 'and I thought it better to send infantry up on to the Flats, in case anything might be coming from the Black-Hill Post.' To the spectator, how natural appears this proceeding, even although it leads to a remarkable coincidence—the arrival on the plateau of Blue's infantry just in the nick of time to check Red's well-devised scheme for delaying the march of the main column. At this moment the faces of the Blue commander and of the umpire are a study. The former is endeavouring to gauge the amount of pliability in the umpire's composition; the latter is trying to conceal the fact of his having suddenly become aware that a lively time is before him, owing to the Blue commander being apparently an old hand at Kriegsspiel. It is, of course, possible that the change of mind was *bona fide*, a change originating in the mind of the commander himself; but it is far more probable that it was due to the commander seeing his cavalry falling back on the map, two or three miles ahead, or to the counsel of some bystander, who, breaking through the rules, has given him a hint of impending danger. At all events, the umpire has no doubt what to do. It may be a Kriegsspiel 'dodge,' and such 'dodges' must be nipped in the bud. 'Changes of mind are not allowed unless good reason is shown for them, and they are intimated to me at the commencement of a move. The battalions will take their places again in the column; but now at 7.10 you receive from your cavalry commander the information he sent on coming in contact with hostile cavalry, and at this moment you hear guns open from the plateau further east; you are free to change your mind for the next move.' Simultaneously the umpire hands to the Black-Hill Post commander a message despatched from Farnham at the commencement of the exercise, informing him of the intentions of the Red commander at that place. The Black-Hill commander suddenly awakes to the fact that he himself forgot to send to Farnham similar information. Appealing to the umpire, he says, 'Of course on actual service I should have done so, so I suppose you will allow that the message was sent.' 'No, for it is one of the things you might forget on actual service, in the same way as you forgot it here,' is the reply; and late, too late, is the omission made good. On the Flats we are at a crisis, through which the Kriegsspiel will be carried on in two different ways, according as the umpire intends it as an exercise in tactics or in tactical principles. The tactical situation is as follows: a plateau and its edge held by cavalry mounted and

dismounted ; a couple of guns in action ; gunners and troopers alike firing on an infantry column below, temporarily in a trap, and in ignorance of the strength and character of the attack suddenly sprung on them. The commander of the column determines to attack resolutely at once, but in doing so the scene will change every minute ; every minute not only battalions, but separate companies, will be altering their relative positions, assuming fresh formations, and opening fire. Perhaps a company judiciously led up the slope will suffice to drive off a dismounted troop opposed to it ; whilst, in its turn, it is thrown on the defensive, as it gains the crest in disorder, by the threatened charge of a mounted squadron hitherto concealed from view. Meantime the two Red guns have been pounding at the Blue battery struggling to gain a favourable position for coming into action ; the effect of fire as laid down by the rules, whether frontal, enfilade, or open or close formations, and at constantly varying ranges, alters rapidly. To work out such an encounter in its ever-shifting phases, in order to teach battle-field tactics, can be done by moves of only short duration, of perhaps one, two, or three minutes only ; and the final result, after all this expenditure of time and labour, is what was clearly foreseen from the commencement—a sensible check to the progress of the Blue column, and the eventual retirement of the Red cavalry and artillery. An umpire who is seeking to use *Kriegsspiel* for the other purpose would go to the Blue commander, and, after explaining the situation to him as above described, would say, ‘Tell me first what you propose generally to do.’ ‘Attack the plateau and gain possession of it if possible.’ ‘Tell me in detail exactly how you propose to make the attack.’ Answer: ‘The leading battery will come into action on that hill against the guns ; the battalion of the advanced guard will seek cover where it is, and prevent any forward movement of the enemy against the guns : the first two battalions of the main body will deploy into attack formation, and advance up the slopes against what appears to be the enemy’s right wing ; the second battery and the rest of the column will remain under cover in the wood at my disposal.’

There being no real impediment to the progress of the infantry attack, the umpire tells the Blue commander to place his troops in the positions he wishes them to reach on the crest ; he then consults with the assistant-umpires as to the probable time required for the movement, which is found to be, say, half an hour ; he now ascertains from the Red commander that he has no intention of endangering his own retreat, and that he will draw off when seriously threatened. He is told to place his troops where they would be when this moment comes ; he does so, and the position both sides now occupy is that which they hold at 7.40. The umpire next turns his attention to the other parts of the battle-field, bringing the troops half an hour forward, and determining any incidents which may call for decision.

The Red cavalry and guns, which have been advancing from Farnham along the main road, have gained a position commanding the bridge at Frimley, and hold in check some Blue cavalry without guns making for the same point. The Farnham commander now intimates to the umpire his intention of changing his dispositions, and of bringing in his cavalry and guns from the left flank. Asked for the reasons for this alteration, he replies, 'Some time ago I was informed by my cavalry commander that he had occupied the position originally assigned to him, and that there was no enemy in front. Had he been attacked I should, by this time, have received information to that effect, or, taking into account the westerly wind, I should have heard the guns. I purpose now bringing him in, so as to have all my troops in hand to gain the bridge at Frimley. As I have not heard anything from the cavalry I sent on there, and I calculate they are well there by this time, I presume there is no enemy directly in front of me. I am quite in the dark as to the position of Blue's force, and as I have received no reports from the Black-Hill Post force I cannot rely on any help from it.' The reasons given being perfectly valid, the Red commander is allowed to despatch his orders to his cavalry. A long move seems possible. The Blue column has been reorganised, and has resumed its march for Frimley Bridge; the Black-Hill Post Red cavalry has fallen back on Blackwater Village, which has been placed in a state of defence, and is occupied by the small infantry and sapper force; the two guns are unlimbered on high ground behind the village; the two Blue battalions, after clearing the plateau, act as a left flank detachment to cover the march of the main column, and take up a position overlooking the village. But it is at Frimley Bridge that the struggle will take place. It is a neck-and-neck race. Red wishes to cross the Blackwater at Frimley, but the key to the situation lies in the possession of the high ground to the west of the main road. The umpire sees that it will be an hour before this struggle really commences, but he gives fifteen minutes' move only (7.55); for he knows that at that time intelligence from the front will reach both commanders. The Blue commander will learn that Red cavalry and artillery hold the high ground on the east of the main road, whilst the Red commander for the first time will hear of the dispositions of the Black-Hill Post commander, and that fighting is commencing on the Flats. Had he but known sooner of his colleague's demonstration in this direction, his own cavalry and artillery would, instead of standing idly covering his flank, have pushed on, and helped to distract the Blue force. As it was, he felt bound to keep his troops together to force, if necessary, the passage at Frimley. He fears that, unaided, the Black-Hill Post demonstration cannot have had much effect in delaying the advance of his enemy. Next move, thirty minutes (8.25). Both commanders then learn that matters at Frimley Bridge are at a deadlock, and at the end of the

last quarter of the hour (8.40), as Red gains the northern exit of the wood south of the bridge, a shell from guns just arrived on the western heights tells him that his work is cut out for him if he ventures the passage of the river at that point. Again are the commanders interrogated. Red determines to take up a strong position on the eastern heights and across the road, and to await the development of events and the receipt of news from the Flats. Blue, eager for the fray, flushed with his little previous success, but ignorant of the strength hidden in the woods opposite, determines to deploy his guns and troops for action, and after a preliminary artillery fire to attack Red and drive him into the river. Half an hour will suffice for the preparations for the attack, and the troops are placed in positions they will then occupy (9.10). Meanwhile, Red commander hears of the purely defensive attitude that the Black Post detachment have taken up at Blackwater. No help can be expected from them. To wait is therefore his determination, and prepare to cross the river above Frimley.

Blue now expresses his wish to advance to the attack. Under any circumstances the umpire would have declared the attack to be doomed to failure, owing to the inequality of the forces engaged; but, fortunately, he first cross-examines Blue as to the details of the proposed attack. What Blue proposes to do is, keeping two battalions in reserve, to make on the woods an attack with two more, whilst the remaining two are to march under cover of an undulation to the bridge at Frimley, which they are to cross so as to get in rear of Red. This decision (which we heard actually given on one occasion) leads the umpire to announce that the exercise has come to a close. The whole of the combatants now meet at the umpire's map, on which all the troops of both sides are displayed. The commanders are invited to explain the operations to the umpire and to each other, after which the umpire proceeds to sum up the operations and comment upon the way in which they have been conducted. In view of this he will have from time to time noted down errors and mistakes as committed, so as to be able to refer to them. But now comes the moment when the combatant, smarting perhaps under some decision he believes to be unjust—and some decisions must be unjust—sees the tables turned, for it is the umpire, not any one of the combatants, who is now on his trial; and especially is this the case where there is a 'gallery.' It is easy enough to find fault with a tactical operation; it is very difficult to carry it out properly; and the umpire is expected not only to say what ought not, but what ought to have been done. Moreover, there are feelings to be considered, and discipline must not be forgotten, for it may happen that the chief blunderer is a commanding officer whose officers have been watching the Kriegsspiel and are now listening. It is not very difficult, however, for an umpire in summing up to speak honestly,

and yet to avoid giving offence if he bears in mind Verdy du Vernois' counsel. 'It is obvious, also, that the umpire must not allow himself to make use of any expressions which may give pain, though he may point out that certain moves were clearly wrong. Such mistakes will, however, for the most part speak for themselves when the circumstances are explained. Again, in other cases, it may appear doubtful whether faults were really committed, the more so that the same end may be attained by different methods. In such cases, the umpire will do well only to express his adverse view, and thus suggest further consideration.'

In the illustrative instance Blue's conduct at the last move relieved the umpire of all difficulty in his summing-up, which, after dealing with any other points calling for remark, would probably have concluded as follows :—

'The exercise was brought by me to a close in consequence of the line taken by the Blue commander. Against an enemy, strength unknown, and in a strong position, he sent forward two battalions only, which must have been repulsed with heavy loss; the two battalions he sent over the bridge would have been destroyed by the Red artillery fire, directed on him at ranges most favourable for effect; in fact, in actual war he would have recognised the impracticability of the undertaking; having thus split up his small force of four battalions and directed the two halves on different points, he was exposed to a counter-attack by Red's united five battalions. Of his reserve, only one battalion was available, as one must have remained watching the force at Blackwater. In my opinion, Blue, utterly shaken and demoralised, would have been driven back to the Eastern Hills; and it is doubtful whether he could have held them against a resolute attack had Red determined to adopt this course. Under any circumstances Red can now make good his retreat to the Black-Hill Post, crossing the river, unmolested, higher up.'

It is hoped that the description of a *Kriegsspiel* we have endeavoured to give in the foregoing pages will, however imperfect it may be, at all events convince those who read it that *Kriegsspiel* is not only useful, but may be made interesting; and that it is not necessarily the dull, wearisome unreality it is supposed by so many to be. One of its valuable qualities is that it cannot be carried on without giving rise to frequent discussions on tactical questions, not only among those taking part in it but among those who witness it. But the individual who learns most from a *Kriegsspiel* is the umpire, whether he be a general officer umpiring between colonels, or a subaltern teaching company tactics to his non-commissioned officers. It is at *Kriegsspiel* that officers of subordinate rank necessarily have to put their own views of tactical operations before their senior officer the umpire, and to support them in order to influence the decision he is about to give and to gain the verdict he is to

pronounce ; and this same senior hears freely expressed other opinions perhaps than those he holds himself, and these he hears advanced by one of the combatants, replied to by the other. Questions of the details of the working of the arms other than that to which he belongs are brought before him ; he learns something he did not know before ; and, finally, he realises the truth of the saying, ‘ If you want to learn a subject, set to work to teach it.’

LONSDALE HALE  
(Colonel, Retired, R.E.).

## FORGED LITERATURE.

SPURIOUS and pseudonymous literature is probably nearly as old as literature itself. It was 'comparatively common in Ancient Greece and Rome, and may be said to have flourished among the Jews and early Christians. Bentley, in his *Dissertation upon Phalaris*,<sup>1</sup> enumerates a series of works fathered upon some of the great classical writers, which after deceiving many learned judges were discovered by others of more discernment to be unauthentic. This list of counterfeits, he tells us, might have been much longer; 'in one short passage of Suidas there's an account of half a score.' The Epistles ascribed to the Sicilian tyrant (about 570 B.C.), which were the subject of Bentley's dissection, he proved to the satisfaction of all succeeding scholars to be the work of an Attic Sophist belonging to a later age. Another such example may be mentioned. The extracts which Philo Byblius, a writer of the first century A.D., professed to have translated from the works of Sanchuniathon, an ancient Phœnician author contemporary with Semiramis, are, by the general consent of modern scholars, held to be the invention of the ostensible translator. His presumed motive for fabricating them was that, in his zeal to win converts to the doctrine of Euhemerus, that the gods were apotheosised men, he had adduced apt illustrations from Phœnician history which he had no real means of substantiating.<sup>2</sup>

Since Bentley wrote, the literature of Greece and Rome has been subjected to a searching criticism, and it is probable that many works which in his time were unhesitatingly ascribed to great names would be rejected as spurious by the consensus of the best living scholars. In the province of Biblical research less unanimity yet prevails in this country, but it may be safe to say that most qualified critics, German and English, would agree in discrediting the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy, if not of the whole Pentateuch; the integrity and synchronism of the prophecies attributed to Isaiah; the authenticity of the Book of Daniel and of some of the writings ascribed to Solomon. It would be venturing upon ground even more debatable to adduce analogous examples from the New Testament, but the

<sup>1</sup> Second ed., Introd. pp. 13-15, 520, 539.

<sup>2</sup> Smith's *Classical Dict. of Biography*.

most conservative divines will admit that the books of which its canon is composed were selected from a large mass of writings, more or less commonly accepted by the early Church as authentic and genuine scriptures of venerable authors, the bulk of which are now acknowledged to be either pseudonymous or spurious. By the testimony of such Fathers as Irenæus and Epiphanius, the second century was very prolific in literature of this type. 'Infinita multitudo apocryphorum librorum et adulterinarum scripturarum' are the words of the first named.<sup>3</sup> Without impeaching the credit of any books which may still find defenders, it will suffice to instance a few notorious cases—*e.g.* the Epistle of Jesus Christ to Abgarus King of Edessa, the Book of Enoch, the Sibylline Oracles, and the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite.

Rigidly to apply our modern standard of ethics to these ancient examples of fabricated literature would be obviously unjust, and discrimination is needful to determine their real character. One cannot scruple, indeed, to classify as common cheats the wily bibliopoles who, when Ptolemy Philadelphus was making a collection of Aristotle's works, 'with a design of getting money of him, put Aristotle's name to other men's writings.'<sup>4</sup> Nor can we hesitate to assign to a malicious motive the conduct of the historian Anaximenes who (according to Pausanias) succeeded in making his rival Theopompus hateful to the governments of Athens, Sparta, and Thebes, by fabricating an invective against them in imitation of his style, and publishing it in his name.<sup>5</sup> It would be rash, however, to assume that the priestly custodians of the Lycian temple, which boasted among its treasures a paper epistle written from Troy by Sarpedon, were consciously imposing upon the historian Licinius Mucianus, who (to Pliny's astonishment) was so credulous as to suppose it genuine.<sup>6</sup> The historical existence of Sarpedon may well have been believed by the priests as well as their visitor, and both have been innocently ignorant that paper (*papyrus*) was not likely to be used for letter-writing in the Homeric age. With respect to many of the spurious works fathered upon classical writers, it is unnecessary to suspect any one of intentionally uttering them under false names. To uncritical readers, superficial resemblances between the style of a master and that of his imitator would suffice to suggest identity of authorship, and a surmise to that effect started by one inventive brain would soon circulate as assertion and be handed down to the following age as certainty. Still less are we called upon to stigmatise as forgers, in a criminal sense, the authors of works, now admitted to be pseudonymous, which the early Christians

<sup>3</sup> Irenæus, *Hæc.* i. 20. 1.

<sup>4</sup> 'Ammonius on Aristotle's Categories,' cited by Bentley, *Phalaris*, p. 12.

<sup>5</sup> Cited by Bentley, *ut sup.*

<sup>6</sup> *Nat. Hist.* xiii. c. 13, cited by Bentley, p. 539.



accepted as authentic. Bearing in mind that it was from the Eastern Churches these fabrications usually proceeded, we may justly make large allowance for the difference which has always subsisted between the Western and the Eastern mind with regard to the value of truth.

The word 'truth' (says Renan), has not the same significance for the Oriental as for ourselves. The Oriental tells, with a bewitching candour and with the accent of a witness, a crowd of things which he has not seen and about which he is by no means certain. The fantastic tales of the Exodus from Egypt which are told in Jewish families during the Feast of the Passover deceive nobody, yet none the less they enchant those who listen to them. Every year the scenic representations by which they commemorate the martyrdom of the sons of Ali in Persia are enriched with some new invention designed to render the victims more interesting and the murderers more hateful.<sup>7</sup>

Add to this the consideration that the classical historians and biographers had established as a literary usage the practice of inventing orations for their heroes, statesmen, or generals, ideally appropriate to the occasions when they purported to have been delivered, and embodying the ideas and convictions the speakers were believed to entertain, but couched in language they never actually used and pervaded throughout by the mental bias of the writer. The example, again, set by Plato in idealising the personality of Socrates, and passing his homely sense and keen dialectic through the filter of his own mind, could not fail to be taken as a precedent by members of the school which reconciled his philosophy with Christian doctrine. Further, it must be remembered how fierce and ceaseless was the strife between the 'Catholic' party in the Church and 'heresiarchs' of various complexions who disputed its assumption of orthodoxy, all equally convinced of the truth of their own views and anxious to convert the world to them; and how necessary an advocate must have deemed it, in the absence of any canonical standard of Scripture, to adduce the authority of some reverend name among the Apostles or their immediate disciples to refute the contention of his opponent that the tenet in dispute was an unsound innovation. It was but a step from the contemplation of this necessity to the employment of any legitimate device to effect the desired object. The literary usage and philosophical precedent above mentioned afforded ample sanction for idealisations upon a larger scale and for a worthier end than they served.

It were a mistake to describe the literature thus created (observes one of its most learned and judicial critics) as intended to deceive. . . . The document so originated is rather the half-unconscious utterance of what, under the circumstances, seemed essentially necessary and true; no critical faculty existing to censure or control, and the apparent greatness or excellence of the object excusing or concealing the literary aberration or misnomer. It could little be anticipated,

when this innocent fiction was first resorted to, to what lengths the principle of pious frauds would eventually be carried. . . . With the definitive constitution of the Church and the establishment of a canon, the practice of pseudonymous writing ceased with its cause.

For the authors of some of the later Christian apocrypha it would be difficult to offer the same excuses as for their predecessors. The clumsy interpolator of a well-known passage in Josephus (*Antiq. Lib.* 18, c. 3) can hardly be acquitted of a design to invent evidence wherewith to silence the assertion of Hebrew opponents that the life of the Founder of Christianity was unrecorded by the historian of his era. It is possible, however, to believe that the Trinitarian controversialist who marginally annotated the first Johannine Epistle with the verse relating to the three heavenly witnesses, was innocent of intending that a future copyist of the MS. should insert his gloss as part of the text. The propensity of copyists to incorporate marginal comments indiscriminately appears to be so largely responsible for the interpolations and equivocal readings which have crept into the MSS. of the New Testament, that it would be unjust to impute sinister design to all that have been twisted to serve controversial ends.

Although, after the formation of a canon and the establishment of Catholic Christianity, one chief motive for the fabrication of pseudonymous literature ceased to operate, fresh occasions soon arose to call it into active being. I can do no more within the limits of this paper than glance at the salient aspects of a large and many-sided subject. The fabrications which I have space to notice may be conveniently grouped under three heads: (1) those dictated by base motives, whether in the interest of tyranny, greed, vanity, spite, or jealousy; (2) those devoid of evil intention and due to the indulgence of satirical, mischievous, or playful humour; (3) those inspired by a strong dramatic impulse, to which any form of mystification appears permissible. Allowance may have to be made in some cases for an admixture of motives, which renders it doubtful whether they belong wholly to the first or in part to the second group. In estimating the culpability of a particular imposture, the difference which has always existed between the moral standards of various races must be taken into account. The respect for truth entertained by the Teutonic nations, for example, is and has immemorially been higher than that acknowledged by the Celts. Since the elevation of the Christian ideal, however, of which truth is an integral part, no

\* *The Tübingen School and its Antecedents*, by R. W. Mackay, pp. 335, 339. The statement that pseudonymous Christian literature ceased with its cause must be qualified. The latest date fixed for the formation of the canon is the beginning of the fourth century, but the fabrications ascribed to Dionysius 'the Areopagite' could scarcely have been written before the fifth century. (*Smith's Classical Dict. of Biog.*) Some critics assign even a later date to the spurious *Apostolical Constitutions*.

believer in its sanctity can be held blameless for a deliberate act of deception, in spite of any attempts to justify it by the urgency of other obligations. The growth of the scientific spirit, which sprang into life at the Renaissance, with its passion for 'seeing things as they really are' and its reverence for precision of statement as all-essential, has further tended to enhance public reprobation of every form of fraud. Subject, therefore, to the reservation above made, the classification adopted may provisionally serve.

Prominent in the first group, among the pseudonymous fabrications of tyranny, stands the Athanasian Creed, which, notwithstanding the avowal of revered divines that they wished they 'were well rid of it,' still disfigures the Anglican Prayer-Book. Though its actual origin and date are still uncertain, it is admitted by the general consent of theologians, 'orthodox' and 'heterodox' alike, to be falsely fathered upon the Alexandrian bishop of the third century whose name it bears. The prevailing opinion is that it emanated from a Spanish or French source in the fifth or sixth century.<sup>9</sup> This is not the place to discuss the value of its theological definitions, but the emphatic language of its damnatory clauses leaves no room for doubt as to their primary object. To strengthen by the agency of spiritual terrorism the hands of the power which arrogated to itself the sole authority of fixing Christian dogma, and to narrow the pale of the Church so as to exclude all who dared to exercise the private right of reason and conscience, was a design which the creed-maker accomplished only too well.

That the wielders of spiritual tyranny should not lack the complement of temporal dominion was the obvious aim of two fabrications which appeared in the eighth century, and are attributed by Gibbon to the hand of a single writer who 'borrowed the name of St. Isidore.'<sup>10</sup> The 'Decretals and the Donation of Constantine' were intended, says the historian, to be 'the two magic pillars of the spiritual and temporal monarchy of the popes.' According to the narrative put forth by Pope Adrian the First in an epistle addressed to Charlemagne, the Donation of Constantine originated in his gratitude for having been healed of leprosy and baptised by St. Silvester, then Bishop of Rome. In pious recognition of his deliverance, the emperor relinquished 'the seat and patrimony of St. Peter, declared his resolution of founding a new capital in the East, and resigned to the popes the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the West.' Though professedly credited by Pope Adrian and some of his successors, this monstrous fiction did not escape monastic criticism in the twelfth century, and in 1440 was mercilessly exposed by the Roman patriot, Valla. Half a century later it

\* The chief authorities on the subject are collectively cited in Dr. Lamson's *Church of the First Three Centuries*, pp. 403-4.

<sup>10</sup> *Decline and Fall*, ix. 159, 160.

was generally abandoned, and eventually disavowed by the advocates of the Church in whose interest it had been forged.

Of the Decretals, which 'purported to be rescripts or decrees of the early bishops of Rome,'<sup>11</sup> it may suffice to say that they were designed to prove the antiquity of the supreme jurisdiction of the Roman See as a court of appeal. Their twofold object was to weaken archiepiscopal authority over suffragan bishops, who were thereby made directly amenable to the papal tribunal, and to forbid the holding of national councils without special sanction from Rome.

Upon these spurious Decretals (says Hallam) was built the great fabric of papal supremacy over the different national churches—a fabric which has stood after its foundation crumbled beneath it, for no one has pretended to deny for the last two centuries that the imposture is too palpable for any but the most ignorant age to credit.<sup>12</sup>

The almost exclusive possession of clerky learning by the religious orders afforded to unscrupulous brotherhoods facilities for abusing it in their own interests with comparatively little risk of detection. From the *Scriptoria* of English monasteries issued a large number of royal and private charters purporting to endow them with valuable lands and franchises, which, when examined by modern experts, have been discovered to be palpable forgeries. The learned editor of the *Feodarium Prioratus Dunelmensis* (Canon Greenwell) devotes the bulk of his preface to an examination of 'the foundation deeds of the Benedictine monastery established by' Bishop William de St. Carilef at Durham, which 'form one inseparable and complete series of titles in connection with the confirming instruments of King William the Norman, Archbishops Lanfranc and Thomas, and bulls of several popes. This series, consisting of a large number of varied and pretentious documents,' he finds himself compelled by the evidence to declare to be 'a tissue of forgeries.' The proofs of this charge consist both in substantial discrepancies between these documents and unimpeachable records elsewhere, and in glaring falsifications of names, dates, and seals. In the case of one document it can be shown that 'out of eleven attesting archbishops, bishops, and abbots, six were dead at the time when the charter affects to have been executed.' Similar evidences of falsity invalidate the rest of the series. Two motives appear to have dictated 'the fabrication of the charters in question: the one, to provide written and readily-authenticated proof of ownership of estates to which, though belonging to the convent, there was no book-title; the other, to establish claims to privileges to which the monks had no evidence of right, and that were probably assumptions without authority.'<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Hallam's *Middle Ages*, c. vii. part i. pp. 166-7.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* p. 167.

<sup>13</sup> *Publications of Surtees Society*, vol. lviii. pref. pp. x-xxxi.

The occasion of the forgery was probably a bitter dispute which arose between the monks and Bishop Marsh in 1221, when both parties appealed to Rome and were called upon to produce their muniments.

Numerous examples of forged monastic charters upon a less extensive scale than the foregoing are given by Kemble in his *Codex Diplomaticus Aevi Saxonici*, *passim*, and by Sir Thos. Duffus Hardy in his Introduction to the Charter Rolls, pp. xxxi, xxxviii, xxxix.

The *History of the Monastery of Croyland*, ostensibly by its abbot, Ingulphus, which purports to embrace its annals and charters from the middle of the seventh to the early part of the twelfth century, and contains much curious information respecting the reign of the Conqueror, has been discredited since the seventeenth century, when Wharton and Hickes successively called attention to its fictitious statements. Sir Francis Palgrave, who subjected it to a careful examination in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1826, assigns various reasons for concluding it to be a forgery of the reign of Richard the Second. The code of laws in French, which the writer ascribes to the Conqueror, has been 'ascertained,' says Hallam, 'to be a translation from the Latin made in the thirteenth century.'<sup>14</sup> A further exposure of its anachronisms and misstatements has been made by Mr. H. T. Riley<sup>15</sup> and by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy.<sup>16</sup> The last-named writer unequivocally brands it as 'a monkish forgery.'

Even the more trustworthy monastic chroniclers—e.g. Roger de Wendover and Matthew Paris—frequently insert documents accredited either to divine or human writers, which are obviously spurious and betray more or less clearly the purposes which occasioned their fabrication. Among those introduced into Wendover's Chronicle is 'a letter that came from heaven' and was found 'suspended over St. Simeon's altar at Jerusalem' in the year 1200. Its fulmination of the direst penalties against Sabbath-breaking lent timely aid to the efforts of some of the clergy who were just then denouncing that offence.<sup>17</sup> The copies of *Magna Carta* and the *Carta de Foresta* which Wendover and Paris seem to have accepted as authentically signed and promulgated by John, prove to be a *pasticcio* made up from a garbled and mutilated version of the single charter executed by that king, and of the two charters granted by his successor. The language of the later documents has been generally modified to suit the earlier date assigned to them; but a blunder of the manipulator in omitting to alter a reference made by Henry the Third to his 'grandfather,' Henry the Second, betrays the falsification. Dr. Luard, in his edition of Matthew Paris, adduces other

<sup>14</sup> *Literature of Europe*, i. 28, note.

<sup>15</sup> *Archæol. Journ.* part i. pp. 32-49; part ii. pp. 114-133.

<sup>16</sup> *Descriptive Catal. of Materials*, ii. 62, 63.

<sup>17</sup> *Flores Historiarum*, ed. Hewlett; Rolls Series of *Chron'ces*, vol. ii. pp. 295 sqq.

clear proofs of forgery, and suggests a probable motive for it. The convent of St. Albans (whence these chronicles proceeded) cherished a bitter animus against Fawkes de Breauté, one of John's foreign mercenaries, by whose troops the monastery had been plundered during the Barons' War. The garbled version of John's great Charter here put forth contains an undertaking on the part of the king to expel Fawkes, among others, from the realm forthwith. The authentic Charter makes no mention of Fawkes, who continued for some years in the service of Henry the Third before his insolent defiance of law and order compelled the king to banish him. It was presumably with the hope of hastening that desired event that the forger sought to show his exile had already been decreed.<sup>18</sup>

Lest the frauds of English monks should be supposed uniquely shameful, it is but just to instance one or two which were hatched in Continental cloisters. The *History of Charles the Great and Orlando*, published shortly before the year 1122, as a personal narrative, by Charlemagne's secretary, Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, appears to have been the composition of a monk who (in the words of its latest editor) designed it 'for edification, for encouragement of faith in the Church, war against infidels, and reverence to the shrine of St. James of Compostella.'<sup>19</sup> That the last-named object was uppermost in the writer's mind he takes much pains to make clear. Midway in his romantic account of the exploits of Charles and his paladins in Gallicia, the assumed Turpin breaks off to describe how, by the emperor's command, he dedicated 'the church and altar of St. James with extraordinary splendour and magnificence.' A chapter is devoted to the recital of the metropolitan rank and revenues bestowed on it. 'All Spain and Gallicia was made subject to this holy place; it was moreover endowed with four pieces of money from every house throughout the kingdom, and at the same time totally freed from royal jurisdiction; being from that hour styled the Apostolic See,' &c. A laboured comparison follows of its relation to the Sees of Rome and Ephesus, 'which are undoubtedly the true Sees'; the second place in pre-eminence being emphatically claimed for it, with a significant hint in conclusion that, 'if any difficulty should occur that cannot elsewhere be resolved, let it be brought before these Sees, and it shall by Divine grace be decided.' Although in 1122 Pope Calixtus the Second 'vouched for the authorship of Turpin,' the work gradually lost credit, and when the object of its fabrication was detected it acquired the popular title of '*Le Magnanime Mensonge*.'

Zeal for the shrine of St. James of Compostella inspired another forgery in the fifteenth century, when a '*Revelation*,' purporting to

<sup>18</sup> *Chronicle of M. Paris*, ed. Luard; Rolls Series of *Chronicles*, vol. ii. pref. pp. 589 *sqq.*

<sup>19</sup> *Medieval Tales* (Universal Library), ed. Prof. H. Morley, introd. p. 5.

be written by the Apostle's own hand, was suddenly discovered there after fourteen centuries of interment. From Bentley's account of the matter, it would seem that even in Spain certain sceptics raised the objection that this document 'had some parts of it in modern Spanish, which was not in being in the time of the Apostle.' This circumstance, indeed, proved no stumbling-block to its devout Catholic advocates, one of whom, 'the learned Aldrete, endeavours to account for the modern Spanish in the Apostle's writing from the gift of prophecy that he was inspired with, by which he foreknew when his buried writings would be dug up, and therefore used the language that would then be in fashion.'<sup>20</sup> He might surely have devised a more plausible explanation, by attributing the Apostle's linguistic skill to his share of the 'miraculous gift of tongues.'

Although monastic forgers rang the changes of imposture with some artistic variation, the sameness of motive tinges all their attempts with a sordid monotony. There is more novelty in the forms of literary fraud prompted by inordinate vanity and thirst for notoriety. A notable example of this class is the *Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maundeville*, which appeared in the latter part of the fourteenth century. Its quaint and quasi-ingenuous narrative of an adventurous English knight's wanderings in the East quickly won it a popularity which was not a whit diminished by the monstrous extravagance of its fictions. Modern criticism long since established the fact that the book was partly compiled from the accounts of other travellers, and that the writer's statement that he composed it first in Latin, then put it into French, and lastly translated it into English, could not be true. The frequent mistranslations apparent upon a comparison of the two extant versions made it impossible to believe that, if he was an Englishman, 'Maundeville had been his own interpreter.'<sup>21</sup> It was reserved for the latest editor of the book, Mr. G. F. Warner, following in the track of earlier scholars, fully to expose its fictitious character and furnish a probable clue to its authorship. He claims to have shown that the writer's account of his travels was substantially made up from numerous earlier sources, including the *Golden Legend* and the narratives of Odoric de Pordenone, Jacques de Vitry, and other genuine voyagers to the East. There seems little doubt, indeed, that the author was a stay-at-home traveller. Good reasons are assigned by Mr. Warner for identifying him with a physician named Jean de Bourgogne, who, according to the statement of his executor, Jean d'Outremeuse, assumed in his last will the name of Sir John Maundeville, with the rank of Earl of Montfort in the English peerage, alleging that he had left his native land and sought refuge in travel to escape the consequences of an accidental homicide. No such dignities as those

<sup>20</sup> *Ptolaris*, pp. 522-3, citing B. Aldrete, *Varias Antigüedades de España*.

<sup>21</sup> Introduction to edition of *Maundeville* in the National Library, by Prof. Henry Morley.

claimed by the testator appear to be known to our heralds. There are grounds for suspecting D'Outremeuse, who is known as a chronicler of Liège, to have been an accomplice in Bourgogne's fraud. His *Myreur des Histors* not only embodies much of Maundeville and of the writers from whom he had borrowed, but refers to a description of Tartary as his own which is nowhere to be found except in the *Voyages and Travels*.<sup>22</sup>

In 1649 England was the scene of a remarkable "literary imposture, in whose composition personal and partisan motives were apparently blended, which not only equalled its forerunners in attaining immediate success, but, when eventually exposed and confessed, won for its author a meed of glory instead of shame. Within a few days after the execution of Charles the First appeared the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, ostensibly written by the king's hand, affecting to be his own defence of the policy he had adopted, and to portray the attitude of devout faith in which he had borne his sufferings and martyrdom. The sympathy which the work excited was widespread. 'At home and abroad 90,000 copies were circulated in a twelvemonth.' Charles the Second is said to have declared that 'if it had come out a week sooner it would have saved his father's life.' So powerful was the impression it made in England that the Council of State desired their Latin Secretary, Milton, to answer it—a commission fulfilled in his *Εἰκονοκλαστής*. Without disputing whether 'the late king, as is vulgarly believed, or any secret coadjutor,' were the real author, Milton accepted the presumption that the book was from the hand of Charles, while he saw through the 'drift of a factious and defeated party' to use it, 'not so much in defence of his former actions as the promoting of their own future designs.' He detected, too, one of the most suspicious features of the book, viz. that the prayer which the king was stated to have placed in the hand of Bishop Juxon upon the scaffold, 'as a special relic of his saintly exercises,' was 'stolen word for word' from Sidney's *Arcadia*, where it is put into the mouth of Pamela. Upon this feature, however, Milton only passes the characteristic comment that a love-story which represents 'a heathen woman praying to a heathen god' was unfit 'in time of trouble and affliction to be a Christian's prayer-book.' There is no reason to suppose that he penetrated the secret of the fabrication, which was confined to the possession of a few royalists and too well kept to be divulged until the Restoration, when Dr. John Gauden avowed the authorship and claimed his reward. It appears that the book (after its design had been approved by Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, who contributed one or two sections) was finished during the king's imprisonment at Carisbrooke, where a copy was sent to him for correction. He is said to have wished that it should be issued in the name of another, but, when urged that it

<sup>22</sup> Publications of the Roxburghe Club, 1890.



would be more effective in his own, 'took time to consider of it.' His execution intervening before consent was given, the publication took place without it. Gauden, having made good his claim to Charles the Second, was created Bishop of Exeter in 1660, and soon translated to the See of Worcester.<sup>23</sup> Notwithstanding this recognition of his service, more than a generation passed before the truth was made generally known. Even then the bulk of the ultra-loyal Tories refused to part with their cherished illusion, and half a century afterwards a preacher before the House of Commons boldly contended that the *Eikōn* was authentically the work of King Charles the First.

In the composition of the memorable imposture which 'George Psalmanazaar' palmed upon the English public in 1704, the literary element was comparatively subsidiary; the *Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa* that he was induced to publish being only an expansion of the narrative of adventures which he had told in detail to scores of fashionable audiences. Ushered into London society under the auspices of the bishop, Dr. Compton, and accredited to him by the Rev. Mr. Innes, the chaplain of a Scotch regiment abroad, the young man quickly became the lion of the town. He gave out that he was the son of a nobleman in Formosa, who entrusted his education to a learned stranger on a visit to the island, by whom he was instructed not only in the language and literature of his native country, but in Latin. His tutor, who passed for a travelled Japanese, having inflamed his curiosity with accounts of Europe, suddenly announced that he was about to revisit it, whereupon the youth begged leave to go with him. By way of Goa and Gibraltar they reached Avignon, where, at the Jesuits' College, the tutor revealed that he was a missionary of the order, and had disguised himself that he might convert his pagan pupil. Thanks to the training which Psalmanazaar's mind had undergone, he was able to rebut the sophistry of Father de Rodes and his brethren, but, alarmed at their threats of the Inquisition, made his escape and entered the service of the Elector of Cologne. Two attempts to convert him—one by a Lutheran, the other by a Calvinist minister of Sluys—were also unsuccessful. The arguments, however, which Mr. Innes, the chaplain of Brigadier Lauder, governor of the town, urged on behalf of the Anglican faith, effectually convinced his reason, and he willingly embraced 'a religion not embarrassed with any of those absurdities which are maintained by the various sects in Christendom.' This plausible story might perhaps have retained longer hold of public belief if the author had not unwarily committed himself to print at the solicitation of an enterprising publisher. The work in which he undertook to narrate

<sup>23</sup> See Prof. H. Morley's *First Sketch of English Literature*, pp. 585-6, where the story of the fabrication is concisely told. For the detailed evidence which established Gauden's authorship, see Toland's *Life of Milton*, ed. of 1698, pp. 27-29.

the history of his native island is an elaborate tissue of absurdities. Commencing with a gratuitous attack upon the 'ignorance' of the Dutch and other historians who had affirmed Formosa to belong to China, whereas it was really a dependency of Japan, he proceeded to give a minute account of its conquest, its civil government, and established creed, with particulars of the religious rites, language, and customs of the natives, illustrated by engravings of their public buildings, modes of dress, and character of writing. The illustrations showed their architecture to be a medley of classical and Chinese styles. Tiger-, leopard-, and bear-skins, it would seem, were the appropriate materials for the clothes of these tropic islanders; yet, to account for his strangely fair complexion, the writer mentioned that the upper classes (to which he belonged) habitually spent the hot season in underground caverns, dense groves, or tents kept cool with water. The language evidently contained a number of Greek radicals, which was not made less surprising by the statement that Greek was taught in the native schools. Raw meat and roots formed the usual diet of this remarkable people, with vipers' blood as a condiment. An annual sacrifice of 18,000 boys' hearts to their gods had had no apparent effect in reducing the population.

In spite of these enormous demands on the credulity of its readers, the book reached a second edition, and the author was sent by his patrons to Oxford, in order to prepare himself for returning to Formosa as a missionary. Here he had the ill-fortune to encounter Halley, then Savilian professor, and two other *savants*. Some searching questions which they put to him respecting the sun's position at noon and the duration of twilight in the island he was utterly unable to answer, and their published account of the interview sealed the fate of his imposture. After exhausting the patience of his remaining dupes, he relinquished the profession of roguery and settled down to a creditable literary career. In a posthumous work he made a candid confession of his fraud, in which he charged Innes with having been his accomplice. Its main design was ingeniously framed to tempt the *gobe-mouche* appetite of a frivolous and marvel-loving society. The means taken to introduce it under clerical and episcopal sanction were not less skilfully adapted to a time when Anglicanism was vaunted as the golden mean between Jesuitism and Dissent, and the Church was exhibiting the first symptoms of a missionary spirit.<sup>24</sup>

The eighteenth century has earned an unenviable celebrity for the number and audacity of its literary impostors. For particulars respecting the felonious exploits of two rogues, William Lauder and Archibald Bower, who were both tracked by the same critical

<sup>24</sup> A fuller account of this imposture, with further evidence in elucidation of the motives which prompted it, was given by the present writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May 1879.

detective, Dr. Douglas, the reader may consult Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, and the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

A more ingenious as well as successful fraud was the attempt of James Macpherson to conceal his personality behind the mask of Oisín, or Ossian, a Highland poet of the third century, whose epical poems of *Fingal* and *Temora* he professed to have discovered and translated from the Erse in 1762-3. Though their genuineness was at once disputed by Johnson, who challenged 'the translator' to produce his MSS., and was doubted by Hume, Gibbon, and other critics, the bulk of Macpherson's fellow-countrymen, headed by Blair and Lord Kames, warmly defended his good faith, and extolled the merits of Ossian as a second Homer. In answer to Johnson's challenge, which was repeated by other sceptics, Macpherson produced no original MSS., but satisfied his partisans by publishing what he affirmed to be transcripts from the Erse. The friends he made were influential enough to advance his fortune, and, after a prosperous career as a placeman, he died rich and honoured in 1796, having kept his secret to the last. The fervour of national enthusiasm, which he adroitly turned to account in 1762, had by this time cooled, and the exposure of his fabrication, which soon followed his death, was effected in his own country. A committee of inquiry appointed by the Highland Society in 1797, who completed their labours in 1805, reported that, after a diligent search among traditional and written sources, they had been unable to find one poem identical 'in title and tenor with the poems of Ossian.' In a critical essay on the subject by Malcolm Laing, the historian of Scotland, published in 1800, and the notes appended to his edition of Macpherson's works, he minutely examined the materials extant respecting the legendary Gaelic heroes, in order to show the spurious character of the epics into which their names had been introduced. Its picturesque descriptions of Highland scenery, rhetorical flow of sentiment, and command of rhythmical language, account for the attraction which *Ossian* exercised at the time of its appearance, and may still to some extent retain. The presence of these characteristics of refinement and the absence of any of those *indicia* common to the poetry of a ruder age, have long been accepted as substantial proof of its being a production of the eighteenth, not of the third century.<sup>25</sup>

The particulars of Chatterton's fabrication, in 1768-9, of the poems which he attributed to Thomas Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, are too familiarly known to justify repetition. To a critical reader of our own day, modernness of thought and style will appear so plainly stamped upon the face of them, that he may consider Professor Skeat's ample demonstration of their sham archaisms to be

<sup>25</sup> See Knight's *Cyclopædia*, arts. 'Macpherson' and 'Ossian.'

almost superfluous.<sup>26</sup> It is well, however, to recall the fact that though Chatterton's imitations, touched as they were by vivid flashes of genius, failed to baffle the acumen of Tyrwhitt, Warton, Gray, and Johnson, they successfully imposed upon many erudite antiquaries and scholars, including Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter and President of the Antiquarian Society (who published a sumptuous edition of the poems, and learnedly expatiated upon their Homeric and Chaucerian affinities), Jacob Bryant, Lord Lyttelton, and Dr. Fry, President of St. John's, Oxford. It can scarcely be doubted that Chatterton baited his line to catch that 'doctoral ignorance,' as Montaigne calls it, which 'knowledge so often begets.' Vanity may be presumed to have prompted his mystifications in the first instance, and pride to have induced him to persist in his original story; but he may fairly be acquitted of sordid motives. It is pathetic to reflect that if his boyish peccadillo had been treated with a little less harshness, the tragedy of his fate might have been averted and a fresh voice added to the choir of English poets.

The forgery of Shakespearian MSS., by which William Henry Ireland (whether as principal or agent) succeeded in duping a distinguished circle of scholars and men of letters in 1795-6, is another noteworthy instance of the type exemplified by Macpherson and Chatterton. It differed indeed from their fabrications in two respects, viz. that the MSS. themselves, not mere transcripts of them, were submitted to ocular inspection, and that in the judgment of unbelieving critics, not less distinguished than the believers, the literary value of whatever was new or 'original' in the collection was absolutely worthless. These circumstances only serve to heighten the wonder of the forger's success. Drs. Parr, Valpy, and Joseph Warton among scholars, George Chalmers and John Pinkerton among antiquaries, Sir Isaac Heard and Francis Townshend, professional heralds, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, James Boswell, and H. J. Pye, poet-laureate, representative men of letters, were eager to avow their faith in the MSS. as indubitable autographs of Shakespeare, and bearing the unmistakable stamp of his genius. Granting that the antique aspect of sixteenth-century handwriting, parchment, ink, and seals was so skilfully imitated as to deceive the palæographers who examined the MSS., it remains inexplicable that a student so conversant with Elizabethan English as Chalmers could have been blind to the grotesque exaggerations of spelling which abound in every line of the text. Still more amazing appears the blindness which led Sheridan to accept the crude and tumid *Vortigern* as even a 'youthful production' of the author of *Hamlet*, and to give Ireland 300*l.* for the privilege of producing it at Drury Lane, besides half the

<sup>26</sup> Had Chatterton's MSS., now at the British Museum, been submitted to examination during his lifetime, it is impossible that any expert in the handwriting of the fifteenth century could have been for an instant deceived by them.

profits of its representation for sixty nights. How John Kemble, who was forced to play the leading part, avenged the insult thus offered to the genius whose fame was linked with his own, need not be told afresh. In an *Inquiry into the Authenticity* of the MSS. which Malone, the most competent Shakespearian critic of the day, published soon after the collapse of *Vortigern*, he effectually established their spurious character by a minute collation of their language and spelling with those commonly employed in Elizabethan literature. The laboured attempt of Chalmers to adduce rebutting evidence was rendered futile by the prompt appearance of a pamphlet in which the forger, a young law-student, made an explicit confession of his fraud. Filial desire to gratify the taste of his father, an enthusiastic Shakespeare-worshipper, curiosity to see 'how far credulity would go in the search for antiquities,' and vanity, intoxicated by the success of his first deception, were the incentives which avowedly actuated him. In another confession, made shortly before his death in 1835, he recanted his former statement, and represented his father as having been the chief concocter of the forgery. Whoever was concerned in it evidently saw that the Shakespeare-idolatry which then prevailed in antiquarian and literary circles had reached the point of infatuation, and embraced the opportunity of turning it to profit.<sup>27</sup>

In the present century, though the literary forger has been far from inactive, his successes, owing to the general spread of culture and the special development of critical discernment, have happily been few and short-lived. In 1803, a M. Vanderbourg, ostensibly on behalf of a deceased friend, M. de Surville, published a volume of lyrics which revealed the existence of an ancient poetess hitherto unrecorded, named Marguerite Eleanore Clotilde, *depuis* Madame de Surville. Her career covered the greater part of the fifteenth century—one of her themes being the relief of Orleans by Joan of Arc in 1429, and another the victory of Fornovo by Charles the Eighth in 1495. She was also fortunate enough to be able to render an ode of Sappho into French verse 'many years before any one else in France could have seen it.'<sup>28</sup> Though promoted to a place in Auguis' *Recueil des Anciens Poètes*, these lyrics did not impose upon the trained judgment of Sismondi, who observed that it was only necessary 'to compare Clotilde with the Duke of Orleans or Villon' to ascertain her real date.<sup>29</sup> Another critic discovered in them 'many ideas and expressions which were unknown in the language at the time of their pretended composition, and many imitations 'of Voltaire and other poets.'<sup>30</sup> There can be little hesitation in crediting their authorship to M. Vanderbourg himself.

<sup>27</sup> Particulars of the extravagant lengths to which this idolatry was carried, and further details of Ireland's imposture, are given in the paper already referred to (*Two Impostors of the Eighteenth Century*), in the *Cornhill Magazine* for May 1879.

<sup>28</sup> Hallam's *Lit. of Europe*, i. 170.

<sup>29</sup> *Hist. des Français*, xiii. 593.

<sup>30</sup> I. D'Israeli's *Curios. of Lit.* iii. 800.

A brief notice will suffice for one or two minor forgeries which must be fresh in the memory of many living persons. About thirty years since a well-known publisher bought a collection of letters alleged to be in the handwriting of Shelley, one of whose oldest surviving friends testified to belief in their authenticity. They were ushered into the world by a preface from the pen of Robert Browning, but withdrawn a few days after publication upon the discovery that they were made up from articles by Sir Francis Palgrave in the *Quarterly Review*. A year or two later, a volume of letters by Schiller was announced as forthcoming, a preliminary certificate of their genuineness having been obtained from his last surviving daughter. Before they left the press they were clearly shown to be spurious. A notice of the impostures of M. Simonides, whose career has but recently terminated, will bring these examples of fraudulent apocrypha down to our own time. His chief successes are believed to have been gained in duping the authorities of great national libraries by the sale of sham antique MSS., but for obvious reasons the particulars of these cases have not been generally disclosed, and the statements on the subject which have appeared in the public journals must be accepted with some reserve. The eminent scholar Dindorf is said to have been one of his victims in Germany. It has been stated that the trustees of the British Museum were deceived into buying from him a false memorandum addressed by Belisarius to Justinian, but the statement has been since denied. That he sold to Ismail Pasha a forged MS. of Aristotle, and to a wealthy English peer two spurious letters of Alcibiades to Pericles, for which he obtained high prices, is an assertion more credible, and as yet uncontradicted. His most remarkable failure seems to have been at Athens, where he tried to persuade a committee of twelve scholars that a MS. of Homer, written on lotus-leaves, was a genuine codex of very early date. Eleven of the number are said to have been satisfied, 'but the twelfth discovered that it was a faithful copy of the text of Homer as published by the German critic Wolff, and that the MS. reproduced the whole of the printer's errors in that edition.'<sup>21</sup>

The literary fabrications which come within the second group I have selected, viz. such as are devoid of evil intention and due to the indulgence of satirical, mischievous, or playful humour, are not prominent at an earlier period than the seventeenth century. Among the first that I am acquainted with was a tract published in 1649, just after the suppression of theatres by the Parliamentary authorities, which purported to be *Mr. William Prynne, his Defence of Stage Playes, or a Retracting of a former Book of his called Histriomastix*. In this *jeu d'esprit* of some mocking Cavalier, the grim old Puritan is made to blame the barbarous conduct of the

<sup>21</sup> Obituary notice in the *Times*, October 1890.

Parliamentary army in taking 'away the poor players from their houses, being met there to discharge the duty of their callings,' and to vindicate himself from being supposed to countenance such cruelty because he had once denounced the stage—'when I had not so clear a light as now I have.' Prynne's vain protest against this practical joke, which he circulated by means of handbills, must have doubled the enjoyment of its malicious perpetrator.<sup>32</sup>

Not less droll was Swift's shaft of ridicule at the prophetic almanac-maker, John Partridge, which he started by issuing (under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff) a set of *Predictions for the Year 1708*. Among them was announced the death of Partridge himself on the 29th of March.

After the date had gone by, Swift published . . . 'The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions: being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge the Almanack-Maker on the 29th inst.' Other wits kept up the joke. Partridge, in his next almanack, declared that he was 'still living in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.' In the first number of the *Tatler* . . . Steele, in the name of Bickerstaff, continued the joke, and explained to Partridge that if he had any shame he would own himself to be dead, 'for since his art was gone, the man was gone.'<sup>33</sup>

Another satirical missile, impelled by political animus and aimed at a higher quarry, was among the minor productions of Johnson in 1739, when he was struggling into notice. It was entitled *Marmor Norfolciense*, and assumed to be an essay upon 'an ancient prophetic inscription in monkish rhyme lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk.' The design of the mystification was to attack the Hanoverian dynasty and the Whig Government of Sir Robert Walpole.<sup>34</sup>

Dr. Birch, a solid historian and lexicographer of the last century, is the reputed author of a fabrication which, though intended in jest, succeeded in falsifying many veracious literary chronicles. Among the discoveries of George Chalmers the antiquary, who diligently ransacked the piles of miscellaneous periodicals at the British Museum, was a unique copy of *The Englishe Mercurie, imprinted at London by Her Highness's Printer, 1588*, which has since repeatedly been described as the earliest English newspaper. The researches, however, of a later antiquary, Mr. Thomas Watts, among the papers which Birch left behind him, disclosed the original draft of the *Mercurie*, on modern paper, with corrections made for the press.<sup>35</sup>

In 1781 John Pinkerton (who subsequently became an archæologist of repute) initiated a form of literary fabrication which became too common. A collection of ancient Scottish ballads which he published in that year was generally accepted as a

<sup>32</sup> I. D'Israeli's *Curios. of Lit.* iii. 315.

<sup>33</sup> Prof. H. Morley's *First Sketch of Eng. Lit.* p. 783.

<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.* p. 861; Boswell's *Life* (ed. of 1826), i. 97.

<sup>35</sup> I. D'Israeli's *Curios. of Lit.* i. 157, note.

valuable contribution to the national history. In the preface to a work upon *Ancient Scottish Poets* published some years later, he confessed, with a candour bordering on effrontery, that his former volume had been a compilation of genuine antiques and imitations of his own. He exculpated himself from the suspicion of base motives in this deception by affirming that he had declined the publisher's offer of half the profits of the book. Unfortunately, innocence of intention is ineffectual to avert the consequences of a thoughtless action. Similar excuses might doubtless have been made by Pinkerton's numerous successors in the art of manufacturing modern antiques. Allan Cunningham is said to have confessed that he palmed off some ballads of his own upon a collector of ancient relics, who published them without suspicion. Robert Surtees notoriously imposed in the same way upon the credulity of Scott, when supplying him with materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and also victimised Hogg with some spurious Jacobite ballads. Thomas Campbell was similarly duped, when editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, by a waggish contributor who pretended to have rescued from neglect the works of a seventeenth-century dramatist named Clithero.

Perhaps the deftest artist in this department of fabrication was George Steevens, the Shakespearian commentator. Animated by an impish spirit of trickery, to which jealousy of rival antiquaries may have lent a spice of malice, he industriously devised cunning snares for their feet. He would, for example, disseminate fictitious illustrations of Shakespeare's text, in order that Malone, who was his chief butt, might be entrapped into adopting them and give him the gratification of correcting the blunder in his next edition. Under the pseudonyms of Collins and Amner, he would insert paragraphs in the daily press purporting to be curious extracts from rare books, copies of which no one who wished to verify the passages ever succeeded in discovering. Among these curiosities was the romantic story (that has found its way into Todd's *Life of Milton*) of the poet's having been seen asleep under a tree by a lady who became enamoured of his beauty, and placed in his hand some impassioned verses of Guarini, which, when he awoke, so fired his fancy that he made a journey to Italy in the hope of tracing her. Another was the story of the deadly upas-tree of Java, which long obtained credit as one of the fairy-tales of science.<sup>36</sup>

It would be easy to adduce examples of the same type of fabrication from recent annals, but limitations of space allow of no more than a brief reference to the third group in my list. Literary mystifications, inspired by a purely dramatic aim, wherein, for the sake of obtaining the closest *vraisemblance*, the artist has carried imitation to the point of effecting illusion, appear to be a comparatively

<sup>36</sup> I. D'Israeli's *Curios. of Lit.* iii. 297-304.



modern product. De Foe's *Journal of the Great Plague in London*, published in 1722, and *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, published in the following year, are perhaps the earliest instances in our literature. Both were successful in passing for genuine narratives, one being quoted by Dr. Mead, and the other by Lord Chatham, as the records of eyewitnesses to the scenes depicted. Another of De Foe's fictions, *The Apparition of one Mrs. Veal to her friend Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury*, was written as an advertisement for Drelincourt's *Sermons upon Death*, which the ghost impressively commended as a *viaticum*. The sale of the whole edition, which had been a burden on the publisher's hands, and of several others in succession, quickly followed. The *Memoirs of Captain Carleton, by himself* (1728), a work which has been attributed to De Foe, but apparently with little reason, contains an account of Lord Peterborough's campaign in Spain, wherein Johnson 'found such an air of truth that he could not doubt of its authenticity.'<sup>37</sup> Sir Walter Scott, who edited the book in 1809, Lord Stanhope, and many other writers, have regarded it as a veracious narrative. The keen criticism to which the *Memoirs* have been subjected by a recent historian of the Spanish War of Succession, Colonel Parnell, has rendered it almost certain that they are substantially fictitious.<sup>38</sup>

During the last half-century the fashion for modern antiques, *rococo*, and 'make-believe' in literature has so rapidly spread that it must suffice to name a few of the most successful achievements in various provinces. In historical fiction, *Lady Willoughby's Diary*, by the late Mrs. Rathbone; *Mary Powell*, by Miss Manning; and *With Essex in Ireland*, by the Hon. Miss Lawless, have won special celebrity. In the field of adventurous travel such writers as Edward Trelawney, *Adventures of a Younger Son*; Charles Cochrane, *Journal of a Tour by Senor Juan de Vega*; and George Borrow, *Lavengro*, may be more than half-suspected of having obtained their realistic effects by a dexterous interweaving of fact and fiction. The romantic narrative of South-sea life by the American writer, Herman Melville, *Omoo*, must have charmed many readers into conviction of its truth. The recently-published Letters, affecting to be the replies of the 'Inconnue' to those addressed to her by Prosper Mérimée, have aroused an amount of curiosity which argues eloquently for the writer's skill.

No one who has been at the pains to follow the retrospective survey thus outlined will have failed to observe (1) the facility with which in uncritical ages pseudonymous or spurious writings obtained general acceptance as authentic or genuine, and maintained their hold unshaken until brought to the test of scientific criticism. The *Epistles of Phalaris*, for example, and the Jewish and Early Christian

<sup>37</sup> Boswell's *Life* (Oxford ed. of 1826), iv, 300.

<sup>38</sup> *War of the Succession in Spain*, by Col. the Hon. A. Parnell, pp. 316-326.

apocrypha, seem to have been accepted from the date of their appearance without serious demur, and enjoyed a tenure of belief that lasted through many centuries; the *Chronicle of Ingulphus*, the *Charters of Durham Priory*, and the *Travels of Maundeville* were only discovered to be forgeries within recent years: (2) the success with which, even in periods of prevalent culture, a skilful fabricator has often floated his imposture by flattering a popular appetite or ministering to the enthusiasm of a clique, and made easy dupes of men illustrious for their learning and acumen. Psalmanazaar, Macpherson, Chatterton, Ireland, and Simonides are typical examples of this class. The names of their dupes, Dean Milles, Bryant, Dr. Parr, George Chalmers, Sheridan, and Dindorf emphasise the warning addressed by St. Paul to those who, 'professing themselves to be wise, became fools.'

One conclusion, which is amply warranted by the evidence, has an obvious bearing upon a burning question of current controversy—the authority of putative Scriptures. The controversy, indeed, is but an old one revived, and the conclusion is not drawn for the first time. Two centuries ago Toland, in his *Life of Milton*, referring to the fabrication of the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, which Gauden successfully foisted upon the world for nearly forty years as the authentic work of Charles the First, added this judicious comment:—

When I seriously consider how all this happened among ourselves within the compass of forty years, in a time of great learning and politeness, when both parties so narrowly watched over one another's actions, and what a great revolution in civil and religious affairs was partly occasioned by the credit of that book, I cease to wonder any longer how many supposititious pieces, under the name of Christ, His apostles, and other great persons, should be published and approved in those primitive times when it was of so much importance to have them believed; . . . I doubt rather the spuriousness of several more such books is yet undiscovered, through the remoteness of those ages, the death of the persons named, and the decay of other monuments which might give us true information.<sup>30</sup>

Warned by the remembrance of so signal an illusion, and many other examples scarcely less remarkable, the inquirer who is invited by the Church to submit his reason and conscience to the authority of her sacred books, ascribed to venerable names, and reputed of hoar antiquity, is more than justified in maintaining an attitude of sceptical vigilance, and demanding the strictest proofs of their authenticity and genuineness. If it be replied that the demand is unreasonable, since under the circumstances of the case no strict proofs can be furnished, *cadit questio*. The exorbitant assumption that it is possible to erect a fabric of mental and spiritual domination upon a foundation of documentary evidence which it is impossible fully to test, must be frankly surrendered. But the surrender of a

<sup>30</sup> Life prefixed to edition of *Milton's Works*, 1698, p. 29. Conf. Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion*, p. 179.

fallacious claim to vest the authority of a creed in the books which avouch it, need involve no sacrifice of aught that is vital in the creed itself. Let the basis of its support be shifted from the letter to the spirit, and its doctrines be left to stand upon their own merits. Upon this broad and deep foundation two of the wisest religious teachers of our time are content that Christianity should rest. The lamented Döllinger's 'innermost thought,' as we learn from Lord Acton's faithful portraiture of him, 'was that religion exists to make men better, and that the ethical quality of dogma constitutes its value.'<sup>40</sup> In the profound and masterly treatise which consummates Dr. Martineau's lifelong services to the cause of rational religion, he thus distinguishes the sound from the unsound criteria of truth :

We cannot say, 'This doctrine is divine because it is found in a canonical book, and that is human because confined to the Apocrypha . . . ' or, 'This argument is demonstrative because attributed to Jesus Himself, and that is subject to doubt as reported only of Stephen or Timothy.' Neither Church nor Scripture can serve, on these easy terms, as our 'Rule of faith and practice,' and yet both may provide adequate guidance to the highest truth and goodness. To reach it, however, without use of the discriminative faculties, and be carried blindfold into the Eternal light, is impossible. . . . The tests by which we distinguish the fictitious from the real, the wrong from the right, the unlovely from the beautiful, the profane from the sacred, are to be found within, and not without, in the methods of just thought, the instincts of pure conscience, and the aspirations of unclouded reason.<sup>41</sup>

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

<sup>40</sup> *Eng. Hist. Review*, Oct. 1890, p. 705.

<sup>41</sup> *The Seat of Authority in Religion*, pp. 296-7.

*PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND THE  
SWINE-MIRACLE.*

THE controversy, in which this paper has to take its place, arose out of a statement, indeed a boast, as I understood it, by Professor Huxley,<sup>1</sup> that the adepts in natural science were assailing the churches with weapons of precision, and that their opponents had only antiquated and worthless implements to employ in the business of defence. I took upon me to impeach at certain points the precision of the Professor's own weapons.<sup>2</sup> Upon one of those points, the miracle of the swine, as recorded in the Gospels, he had given us assumption instead of proof upon what he thinks the vital question, whether the keeping of the swine was an innocent and lawful occupation. He has now offered an elaborate attempt at proof that such was its character. The smallest indication of such an attempt in the original article would have sufficed entirely to alter the form of my observation, which would then have been what it will now be; not that he offers no argument, but that his argument is unsound from the beginning to the end.

Of that considerable portion of his article which is devoted to sneers, imputations, and lectures against myself, I shall take no notice whatever. The question of my guilt or innocence is too insignificant, and even the question whether Mr. Huxley does or does not always use weapons of precision might hardly warrant a prolongation of the warfare. But the personal action of our Lord is the basis of the Christian revelation, and to impugn it successfully in any point is to pierce the innermost heart of every Christian. No inquiry, therefore, can be too painstaking which helps to carry such a question to a conclusive issue.

I must, however, in passing, make the confession that I did not state with accuracy, as I ought to have done, the precise form of the accusation. I treated it as an imputation on the action of our Lord: he replies that it is only an imputation on the narrative of three Evangelists respecting Him. The difference from his point of view

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, July 1890, p. 22.

<sup>2</sup> *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*, p. 260.

is probably material, and I therefore regret that I overlooked it. From the standing ground of those who receive the Scriptures, it is not so considerable. That Christ, who is not only the object of imitation, love, and worship, but the very food and life of Christians, is the Christ of the Gospels. In a sense relative yet not untrue, they may almost be called 'the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person.'<sup>3</sup> If the Gospels are put on their trial as literary documents, and if a legitimate though mordent criticism can successfully impugn any portion of them, we cannot complain, and must take our chance. But when their contents are summarily condemned and rejected on a charge of intrinsic unworthiness and immorality, upon no higher authority than that of the private judgment of this or that individual; then, and so long as we are dealing with a portion of the attested portraiture, an arraignment of them becomes, at least in my view, more hard to distinguish from an arraignment of Him whom they portray. Told, and told in detail, by all the three Synoptics, the miracle of the demoniac and the swine does not well bear severance from the staple of the biography. Nor, indeed, is it so severed by Mr. Huxley,<sup>4</sup> who frankly treats it as involving at large the authority of the Synoptic Gospels. In itself, it is undoubtedly of the utmost significance, on account of the questions which it raises. One of these is the large subject of demoniacal possession, on which I do not presume to enter. Another is whether our Saviour in answering the prayer of the evil spirits by 'saying unto them, Go,' became a co-operator in the destruction of the swine. This has been contested, but I pass by the contest, and for argument's sake at least admit the affirmative. Then there remains the further question; whether the beneficent ministry of our Lord on earth included in this instance the infliction of heavy injury upon certain individuals, the owners, or keepers and owners, of the swine, by the destruction of their property lawfully and innocently held?

Mr. Huxley observes that the Evangelists do not betray any consciousness of the moral and legal difficulties involved in the question. But if the Evangelists believed that our Lord was dealing in this case with Hebrews, or with persons bound by the law of Moses, then for them, believers in the Messiah, there were no legal or moral difficulties at all.

There are, indeed, those who have been content to rest the case on the absolute right of the Deity to deal at will with the property of the creatures whom he has made. 'Of thine own have we given Thee!' Commentators are far from uniform.<sup>5</sup> But, as it appears to me, the question does not come before us quite in this shape. Apart from any such contention, it is no trivial inquiry whether we have to record

<sup>3</sup> Heb. i. 3.

<sup>4</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, December 1890, p. 968.

<sup>5</sup> Consult Cornelius a Lapide, and his references to others, on Matt. viii, 28-34. Thomas Scott's commentary is worthy of notice.

in this case the existence of an exception to the general character of our Lord's ministry, which was both beneficent and law-abiding. So far as regards the taking of animal life, the matter need not be discussed. It was life destined to be taken, taken by violence and probably with greater pain. It may have been, undoubtedly, the highest practical assertion of power, which is recorded by the Evangelists. But there is a remaining question, namely, whether this assertion of power was such as to involve serious injury to the proprietary rights of innocent persons. This is the character which Professor Huxley stamps upon the narrative; justly, as he thinks, but, as I hold, in defiance of historical authority, and of the laws of rational and probable interpretation. I cannot, however, but agree with him on two points which appear to be important: namely, first, that the excision on moral grounds of this narrative from the Synoptic Gospels affects their credit as a whole, and, secondly, that it is material to know whether the act recorded involved the infliction of a heavy penalty upon conduct in itself innocent.

The first question that arises in approaching this inquiry is, where did the miracle take place? And I do not well understand how Mr. Huxley, or his authorities, have so readily arrived at the conclusion that the very existence of any place named Gergesa is very questionable.<sup>6</sup> Origen was a learned man, of critical mind, and he resided for a large part of his life in Palestine, and travelled there only two centuries after the time of our Lord.<sup>7</sup> He tells us expressly these three things:—

1. That there was an ancient city named Gergesa on the Lake of Tiberias.

2. That, bordering on the water, there was a precipitous descent, which it appears, or is proved (*δείκνυται*), that the swine descended.

3. That Gadara is indeed a city of Judæa, with very famous baths, but has no precipitous ground in the vicinity of water.<sup>8</sup>

This statement from such a source, at such a date, appears to require a treatment much more careful than the dictum that the existence of Gergesa is 'very questionable.' I admit, however, my obligation under the circumstances to inquire also, and fully, into the case of Gadara.

Let me now summarily point out what I conceive to be the main sources of error, which, taken together, vitiate the entire argument of Professor Huxley.

1. Throughout the paper he confounds together what I had distinguished, namely, the city of Gadara and the vicinage attached to it, not as a mere *pomærium*, but as a rural district.

2. He more fatally confounds the local civil government and its

<sup>6</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, December 1890, p. 972.

<sup>7</sup> See also M'Clellan's *New Testament*, on Matt. viii. 28, for [the testimony of St. Jerome.

<sup>8</sup> Orig. *Comment. in Joann.* p. 145.

following, including, perhaps, the whole wealthy class and those attached to it, with the ethnical character of the general population.

3. His one item of direct evidence as to the Gentile character of the city refers only to the former and not to the latter.

4. He fatally confounds the question of political party with those of nationality and of religion, and assumes that those who took the side of Rome in the factions that prevailed could not be subject to the Mosaic law.

5. His examination of the text of Josephus is alike one-sided, inadequate, and erroneous.

6. Finally, he sets aside, on grounds not critical or historical, but purely subjective, the primary historical testimony on the subject, namely that of the three Synoptic Evangelists, who write as contemporaries, and deal directly with the subject, neither of which is done by any other authority.

7. And he treats the entire question, in the narrowed form in which it arises upon secular testimony, as if it were capable of a solution so clear and summary as to warrant the use of the extremest weapons of controversy against those who presume to differ from him.

Our main question, then, is the lawfulness and innocence of the employment of the swineherds. The ethnical character of Gadara and of its district derives its interest from its relation to that main question. In my opinion, not formed without an attempt at full examination, there is no historical warrant for doubting that the swineherds were persons bound by the Mosaic law. In the opinion of Mr. Huxley,<sup>9</sup> 'the proof that Gadara was, to all intents and purposes, a Gentile and not a Jewish city, is complete.' And, again,<sup>10</sup> Gadara was, 'for Josephus, just as much a Gentile city as Ptolemais.' Utterly contesting these two propositions, I make two admissions: first, that one or more of the many and sparse references of Josephus may easily mislead a prepossessed and incomplete inquirer; and secondly, that in the territory of Gadara, and in various other parts of Palestine, it would be a mistake to look for a perfectly homogeneous population either Hebrew or Gentile.

Outside the text of Josephus, Professor Huxley adduces but a single fact in support of his allegations concerning Gadara—the fact, namely, that its coinage was Gentile. But coinage is essentially, and is most of all in a conquered country, the work of the governors, wholly apart from the governed. To say that the Gadarenes 'adopted the Pompeian era on their coinage,'<sup>11</sup> out of gratitude, must almost be a jest. If Pompey re-annexed Gadara to the Syrian province,<sup>12</sup> it is most improbable that he should have altered its laws respecting religion. Mr. Huxley supposes this change was popular as a restoration of Roman authority. But, had he consulted the

<sup>9</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 973.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* p. 974.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.* p. 973.

<sup>12</sup> Josephus, *de Bell. Jud.* i. 7, 7.

text of Josephus, he would have seen it was approved, because the cities were restored by him to the 'Home Rule' of their own proper inhabitants.

### I. THE REVOLTED JEWS.

Mr. Huxley comes nearer to the point when he touches the text of Josephus,<sup>13</sup> on which, indeed, apart from the Synoptic Evangelists, we have chiefly to depend. He deals with the passages found in the 18th chapter of Book II. of the *Judaic War*. Now, these passages are most dangerous and seductive to those of his opinion, because, if severed from other passages, they would prove his point: on one condition, however, namely this, that we admit what is, indeed, his master fallacy, to be sound in logic and in fact.

He says<sup>14</sup> that the revolted Jews are stated by Josephus to have laid waste the villages of the Syrians, 'and their neighbouring cities, and after them Gadara and Hippos.' He then cites from Section 5 the passage which states that Scythopolis, Askelon, Ptolemais, and Tyre slew or put in prison great numbers of Jews. 'Those of Hippos and those of Gadara did the like; as did the remaining cities of Syria.' And hereupon Professor Huxley assumes that his case is proved: *causa finita est*.

And so, perhaps, it might be were we to adopt what I have termed his master fallacy. That master fallacy is his assumption as to the cleavage of the Palestinian communities. According to him, all that was anti-Roman was Jewish or Hebrew, and all that acted on the other side was Gentile. Where, as in Tyre or Ptolemais, the population generally is known to have been Gentile, this assumption would, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, be a fair one. Such, in Mr. Huxley's view, was the case of Gadara, where the Jews were only local immigrants, like the inhabitants of a Ghetto.<sup>15</sup> But this is just what he ought to prove; and it is not proved by showing either that those Jews who were in revolt attacked a part of the Gadarite population, or that the Gadarite population afterwards did the like to some Jews among themselves. For the whole text of Josephus testifies that the Jews, as often happens in a case where foreign domination exists over a people of high nationalism, were sharply divided among themselves on the point of resistance. There were among them Roman and anti-Roman factions; ardent spirits always disposed to rise, and spirits more sluggish and pacific, who were either indifferent or indisposed to run the risk. Further, the strife between these sometimes went to blood, and not unfrequently placed the same community on different sides at different times. This, undoubtedly, I have to prove. I will first illustrate it by

<sup>13</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 974.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.* on *Bell. Jud.* ii. 18, 1.

<sup>15</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 974.



various cases including even Jerusalem itself, and will afterwards show that, if we wish to make sense and not nonsense out of Josephus, we must apply the same ideas to Gadara, which besides, in all likelihood, had some mixture of population, and classes possessed of wealth and influence, which were sure to take the Roman or anti-national side.

I must first, however, observe that Mr. Huxley has quoted the text of Josephus inaccurately. As he has cited it, the revolted Jews proceeded at Gadara and Hippos as they had done in the cities of Syria that he had previously mentioned. But what Josephus says<sup>16</sup> is that they devastated (wholesale as it were) these Syrian cities, and that then, proceeding against Gadara and Hippos (which meant territories and not mere cities), they burned some places, and reduced to submission (not the rest but) others; thus, pointing to those differences of local faction, class, or race, in the different neighbourhoods, which Mr. Huxley overlooks.

Sepphoris, the chief city of Galilee, and the strongest, exhibits those anomalies of political position which belonged to a conquered, disturbed, and variously divided country. It was one of the five great Hebrew centres, which Gabinius chose to be the seats of Sanhedrims.<sup>17</sup> After the death of Herod, it was taken and destroyed by the Romans, and the population reduced to slavery. Subsequently it was re-peopled. When Vespasian invaded Palestine, it asked and obtained from him a Roman garrison,<sup>18</sup> as it had also received Cestius Gallus with acclamations not long before.<sup>19</sup> Yet, nearly at the same period, and probably between these two occasions, when Josephus was engaged in preparing Galilee for defence, by fortifying at the proper points, he left Sepphoris to raise its own walls,<sup>20</sup> because while it was rich it was also so zealous for the war. Later on, Sepphoris was required to give hostages to the Romans<sup>21</sup> at the very time when it was exposed to the jealousy and hostility of the Jews. Thus the same city, according to local fluctuations, was the partisan to-day of one side, to-morrow of the other. A clear comprehension of this shifting character in the local facts is vitally necessary for a sound judgment on the case before us.

Again, Gamala,<sup>22</sup> on the Sea of Tiberias, adhered at this time to Rome; a little later we find it one of the last and most obstinate strongholds of Judaism against Vespasian.<sup>23</sup> Further, Gabara, as I shall presently show, exhibited similar variations.

In truth, as Milman says,<sup>24</sup> 'every city was torn to pieces by little animosities; wherever the insurgents had time to breathe from the assaults of the Romans, they turned their swords against each other.'

<sup>16</sup> *Bell. Jud.* ii. 18, 5.

<sup>17</sup> *Antiq.* xiv. 5, 4; *Bell. Jud.* i. 8, 5.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 18, 11.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 20, 6.

<sup>21</sup> *Vita*, c. 8.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.* c. 11.

<sup>23</sup> Milman, *Hist. Jews*, ii. 280-4.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 290.

It was in Jerusalem most of all that these bloody factions raged; they were exasperated by the arrival of strangers; the peace parties shed the blood of the warlike, and the war parties of the peaceful.<sup>25</sup> In truth, such had long been the condition of that city, that Vespasian advisedly postponed the commencement of his operations for fear he should extinguish the local feuds, which, as he saw, were wasting the strength of the rebels, and should compel them to unite together.<sup>26</sup>

It is, then, quite conceivable that when Josephus says the revolted Jews burned some places and subjugated or kept down others in Gadaris, he means to speak of places where the peace party, which might be Jewish or not Jewish, predominated; and when he says the Hippenes and the Gadarenes acted against the Jews, he probably means that the Jews of the war party were put down by antagonists averse to war, though of their own race, as much as, and even possibly more than, by Gentile portions of the population. This, I have said, is a conceivable opinion. But, in order to justify what I have said of the argument of Professor Huxley, I must show that it is an opinion not only conceivable, but warranted, and even required, by a consideration of the whole evidence on the record. That is the best conclusion, which best meets all the points of the case. The conclusion reached by Professor Huxley leaves Josephus in hopeless contradiction to himself.

For I shall now proceed to show that Gadara or Gadaris, first, was an important centre of Jewish population, by which I mean population subject to the Mosaic law; secondly, was a recognised seat of Jewish military strength; and thirdly, according to Josephus himself, acknowledged the law of Moses as its local public law, and was bound to obey it.

## II. THE ORDINANCE OF GABINIUS.

Mr. Huxley places great reliance on the 'classical' work of Dr. Schürer,<sup>27</sup> which treats of the history of the Jewish people in the time of our Lord. And certainly a high tribute to it is due from him, as it seems to have supplied nearly all his material for the history and character of Gadara; except, indeed, the exaggeration of the terms in which he describes them. It may, perhaps, be questioned whether a work, of which one half bears dates so recent as 1889 and 1890, can yet have fully earned the title of a classical work. I do not, however, presume to question its ability and research. On the other hand, without detracting from its general character, I cannot assume it to be precise and conclusive upon every one of those complicated local histories of Palestinian towns, among

<sup>25</sup> Milman, *Hist. Jews*, ii. 315 *seqq.*

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 805.

<sup>27</sup> *Geschichte des jüdischen Volks im Zeitalter Jesu Christi*, Leipzig, 1886-90.

which Gadara has to be reckoned. Nor can I help embracing the opinion that he is (in the case before us) over-fond of giving the go-by to a difficulty by altering the text of his authority, so as to make it conform to the view he has adopted. No less than five times,<sup>28</sup> upon this very limited subject, does he accept or propose this method of proceeding. At the same time, he altogether passes by phrases, and even passages, of Josephus, which are of real, and, in one or more cases, even of capital importance.

Let the reader test what I have said, in the first place, by reference to the weighty statement of the Jewish historian as to the Sanhedrims of Gabinius.

Soon after the conquest by Pompey, who had himself given proof of his moderation and regard for the religion of a conquered people, Gabinius became administrator of the Roman power; and he divided Palestine into five regions, for the purpose of administering the Jewish law in each of them, through an assembly of elders termed Sanhedrim; possibly also with a view to the easier and more effective collection of the Roman tribute.

Of these regions, according to the text as it stands, one had Gadara for its centre; the others being Jerusalem, Sepphoris, Jericho, and Amathus. The measure, and the name of Gadara, are mentioned in two separate passages. Here we have to all appearance a pretty flat contradiction to the theory that Gadara was a Greek or a Gentile city. Accordingly, says Mr. Huxley,<sup>29</sup> Schürer has 'pointed out' that what Gabinius really did was to lodge one of these (the Sanhedrims) in Gazara, 'far away on the other side of the Jordan.' Under this facile phrase of 'pointing out' is signified the deliberate alteration of the text, which inconveniently asserts not only in two separate passages, but in two separate works,<sup>30</sup> that the place selected was not Gazara, but Gadara. Without doubt any theory can be established with ease, if we are free thus to bend the original text into conformity with its demands. In this instance that text contains, as we shall see, a specific statement, which, as Mr. Huxley must have found if he had referred to Josephus, made it manifestly impossible that he could have written Gazara in these two places.

I confess that Dr. Schürer appears to me to have seriously misapprehended in some degree the spirit of this measure as well as the facts, when he says<sup>31</sup> that it involved the abolition of whatever residue of political independence had thus long remained to Palestine, because Hyrcanus was now deprived of his temporal and confined to his priestly power. If we examine the matter according to the reason of the case, it was probably a great gain to the population to have the Mosaic law administered at its own doors by its own local

<sup>28</sup> *Antiq.* xiii. 13, 5 (Schürer, ii. 91); *ibid.* xiv. 5, 4; *Bell. Jud.* i. 8, 5; *ibid.* iii. 7, 1; *Vita*, c. 16.

<sup>29</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 973. <sup>30</sup> *Antiq.* xiv. 5, 4; *Bell. Jud.* i. 8, 5. <sup>31</sup> *Gesch.* i. 276.

leaders rather than by a priest-king sitting at a distance in Jerusalem. If we test it by the general spirit of the policy of this proconsul, we are led to suppose it friendly, because with it there was combined the rebuilding of some cities which had been overthrown. If we follow the authority of Josephus, we are bound to take it as a measure altogether favourable to Jewish liberties; for, he says,<sup>32</sup> 'thus the Jews were liberated from dynastic rule, and remained under the government of their local heads' (ἐν ὑριστοκρατείᾳ διήγον).

Since the text, as it stands, entirely overthrows the doctrine that Gadara was a Gentile city, the propounders of that theory can only meet their difficulty by altering it, although they must surely feel that the contradiction of two independent works is a remedy not daring only, but rather desperate.

But, independently of the confirmatory witness of a double text, Josephus cannot have written Gazara, for, if he had done so, he would have committed the absurd error of contradicting himself in the very sentence in which he wrote it.

Gazara is not only 'far on the other side of Jordan.' We are dealing with the north-east of the country, and Gazara is in the extreme south-west. Josephus says expressly that Gabinius divided the country into five *equal* districts. Now the old kingdom of Judæa may be taken roughly as one-third of Palestine. Samaria was probably excluded: even if it were not, the case is not greatly altered. For the emendation thus 'pointed out' entirely overthrows the equality of the districts. It gives to Judæa three out of the five Sanhedrims, and, leaving Amathus for the country beyond Jordan, assigns to Sepphoris alone the Galilees and Decapolis, or a territory about as large as that given to the three southern centres conjointly.

It can hardly be necessary to observe that, besides this fatal objection, Gazara seems to be disqualified by its geographical remoteness near the south-western border, and perhaps also by comparative historical insignificance.

The emendation, then, has to be committed *emendaturis ignibus* for self-contradiction; and the twice-repeated testimony of Josephus stands intact, showing that, shortly after the time of Pompey, Gadara was chosen for a purpose which obviously required, and which therefore establishes its being, a great centre of Hebrew or Mosaic population.

### III. MILITARY IMPORTANCE.

Having shown that Gadara was important as a centre of population which was either Jewish in blood or governed by the Jewish law, I will next show that Gadara was also formidable as a seat of Jewish military power. The time came when Vespasian had to contemplate operations against Jerusalem. And now, says Josephus,<sup>33</sup> 'it was

<sup>32</sup> *Antiq.* xiv. 5, 4.

<sup>33</sup> *Bell. Jud.* iv. 7, 3.

necessary for him to subdue what remained unsubdued, and to leave nothing behind him which might prevent his prosecution of the siege.'

Accordingly, he marched to the point of danger. This was Gadara, the strong metropolis of Peræa, which had once, against Jannæus, stood a siege of ten months. The rich, who were numerous there, escaping the notice of their opponents, had invited him. On the approach of Vespasian, the party disposed to war found itself (and no wonder) in a minority, and fled; but not till they had massacred Dolesus, the author of the invitation to the Roman general. In their absence, the people received Vespasian with acclamations. But they pulled down the walls of their own accord: and he then left with them a garrison of horse and foot to defend them against the return of the expelled party. Why were the walls pulled down, except to prevent the population from holding the city against the Romans? Why, although the wealthy and the local governing power was friendly, yet was a Roman garrison left behind, but because the dominant force in the city, apart from foreign intervention, was a Hebrew or anti-Roman, and not a Gentile, force? And does not this passage, even if it stood alone, abundantly suffice to show that, whatever the division of parties may have been, Gadara was not, 'to all intents and purposes, a Gentile city'? It was a city from which Vespasian apprehended an attack in his rear; and to prevent this he makes it an open city, and leaves a force in it in order that his partisans might continue to have the upper hand.

But let us not suppose that these partisans were necessarily Gentiles. I must again press the proposition that the Jews of that era, or the population observing the Mosaic law, were largely divided into peace party and war party, and that we may find the peace party acting with the Gentiles against their fellow-countrymen, in order to avoid the alternative of war. I will now refer to a passage which shows this in a manner quite conclusive. Gischala<sup>34</sup> appears to have been a city of the extreme war party, though it, too, had partisans of peace. However, it broke away, and was in consequence assailed and destroyed by a composite force of Tyrians, Sogarenes, Gadarenes, and Gabarenes. It seems quite natural that the Tyrians, a Gentile people, should actively maintain the Roman domination. And the Gadarenes on this occasion acted with them. Shall this prove Gadara to be a Gentile city? Certainly not: for Gabara was a Galilæan, and, as Mr. Huxley sees, a thoroughly Jewish city, and yet it shared in the overthrow of Gischala. There cannot be a clearer proof that, in certain cases, it was not the question of religion or race that determined the balance of opinion and the action of the community, but the question of war or peace. I rely, then, on the strategic movement of Vespasian to show that Gadara, an important

<sup>34</sup> Josephus, *Vita*, c. x.

centre of Jewish population, was also in the main an important seat of Jewish military strength; most of all, perhaps, as being the centre at which the rural population of Gadaris would muster for war in case of emergency.

#### IV. THE JEWISH LAW<sup>a</sup> IN GADARIS.

Although, in inquiries of this kind, we may speak of Jewish or Hebrew populations, as Dean Milman does, to describe generally those who were adverse to the Roman power, the expressions are not quite satisfactory, because, in themselves, they involve a condition of race; whereas, to say nothing of those descendants of the ancient Canaanites who had conformed to Judaism, we find that the Mosaic law was imposed at the time of which we treat, as a consequence of conquest if not on Gentile yet on mixed populations. And the real question in respect to the Gadarene territory is not exclusively whether the population were of Hebrew extraction, but also, and indeed mainly, whether they were Jewish as being bound by the Jewish law: or, as I should like to call it, whether they were a Mosaic population. To this question let us now further look.

According to Origen,<sup>35</sup> Gadara was simply a city of Judæa. According to Josephus in one passage, it was a Grecian city, as were Hippos and Gaza.<sup>36</sup> But in another place he includes it in a great group of cities which were Syrian, Idumæan, or Phœnician,<sup>37</sup> and he then places it in the Syrian subdivision of that group. We are guided by the nature of the case to the meaning of these two last-named designations. There was no properly Hellenic element reckoned in the population of the country,<sup>38</sup> though there must have been a sprinkling of Greeks concerned in the administration of the kingdoms founded by Alexander's generals. As there were Phœnicians in the earliest Hellas, so now there were important Hellenic settlers in Asia, and, without doubt, a larger number of Hellenised Asiatics. In connection with the name of Gadaris, Strabo<sup>39</sup> enumerates a few Greek individuals of some distinction. The case has been sufficiently explained by Grote,<sup>40</sup> who allows as the characteristics of what was, he thinks improperly, called Hellenism, in the kingdoms after Alexander, the common use of Greek speech, a certain proportion of Greeks, both as inhabitants and as officers, and a partial streak of Hellenic culture. This flavour of Hellenism would be found rather at central spots than in the country at large. At Gadara it might be sustained by the baths, which probably made it a place of fashionable resort. But in this qualified or diluted sense, the name of Grecian was applied both to the Syrian and the Egyptian powers,<sup>41</sup> and the Rescript of Augustus

<sup>35</sup> *In Joann.* p. 141.

<sup>36</sup> Strabo, xvi. 2.

<sup>37</sup> *Bell. Jud.* ii. 6, 3.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.* xvi. 2, 29.

<sup>41</sup> *Antiq.* xvi. 6, 2.

<sup>37</sup> *Antiq.* xiii. 15, 4.

<sup>40</sup> *Hist. of Greece*, xii. 362-7.

respecting religion accordingly describes Judæa as having suffered grievously from Greek cruelty. Politically, Gadara with Hippos and Gaza<sup>42</sup> were given to Herod, and after his death, on the division of his dominions, they were re-annexed to Syria. But these were administrative changes, without any effect, so far as appears, on the laws and religion of the country. Very different was the change which ensued when from having been a Syrian city,<sup>43</sup> it was acquired by Alexander Jannæus for Judæa.<sup>44</sup> My opponent has overlooked the capital fact, that what Judæa acquired or recovered by conquest was thereupon placed under the Mosaic law. In Samaria, we may safely assume that it was there already when Jannæus conquered it. When Idumæa was subdued by his father Hyrcanus,<sup>45</sup> that law was established, and the people were at once circumcised. In the case now before us the statement, though indirect, is equally conclusive. When Josephus enumerates<sup>46</sup> the cities conquered by Jannæus, Pella closes the list. But Pella, he adds, they destroyed, because the inhabitants would not submit to the Mosaic law (*τὰ πάτρια τῶν Ἰουδαίων ἔθης*). It is plain therefore that the other cities, of which Gadara was one, remained intact, because they allowed the law of Moses to become the law of the land.

Alexander Jannæus died in B.C. 79. But there is not, so far as I know, the smallest evidence that the law was altered here, any more than in Galilee or Judæa, before the time of our Saviour. Mr. Huxley indeed again and again assumes the contrary,<sup>47</sup> but without citing a single authority, or even taking notice of the testimony from Josephus which I have here given; and it is in the light of this passage that we have to consider the establishment of the Sanhedrim by Gabinius. He says, indeed (without any reference), that the only laws of Gadara were the Gentile laws sanctioned by the Roman suzerain.<sup>48</sup> Now we know something of the proceedings of the Roman suzerain in the time of Augustus, with regard to the Jews, not of Judæa merely, but of Asia at large and of Cyrenais, who appealed to Cæsar against what they termed Greek oppression.<sup>49</sup> The answer commends the fidelity of the Jews; it especially lauds Hyrcanus, the actual high priest; and then grants to the Jews without limit the full enjoyment of their own peculiar laws after the manner of their fathers as they were enjoying them under Hyrcanus, the high priest. This charter of continuance for the Mosaic law where it prevailed is issued during the lifetime of Herod the Great, and before the reannexation of Gadara to the Syrian province. I can hardly

<sup>42</sup> *Bell. Jud.* ii. 5, 3. *Antiq.* xvii. 11, 4.

<sup>43</sup> Mr. Huxley says, 'It is said to have been destroyed by its captors.' It is not so stated by Josephus in his account of the conquest. But it seems to have undergone some reverse before the time of Pompey (B.C. 65), by whose favour it was restored.

<sup>44</sup> *Antiq.* xiii. 15, 4.

<sup>45</sup> *Milman Hist. Jews*, ii. 28. *Bell. Jud.* xix. 9, 1.

<sup>46</sup> *Antiq.* xiii. 15, 4.

<sup>47</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, pp. 977-8.

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.* p. 977.

<sup>49</sup> Josephus, *Antiq.* xvi. 6, 1, 2.

suppose, however, that any one would assign to that merely administrative change the effect of altering the religious law of the country, a matter in which the rule of Roman policy was that of resolute non-interference.

I conceive, then, that the conquest of Jannæus, together with the measures of Gabinius, leave no reasonable ground for doubting that the law established in Gadara at that period was the Mosaic law; and also that the Rescript of Augustus confirms this proposition. But confirmation is not required. If the religious system of the Jews was established there in the time of Gabinius, we must assume its continuance until we find it changed. Of such a change there is not, I believe, any sign before the time of our Lord.

#### V. STRABO.

Were it only on account of his general authority, we must not omit to notice the particulars which Strabo has supplied with respect to Gadaris. He has indeed fallen into undeniable confusion as to geographical arrangement, yet not so as to hide the real effect of some important statements.

In proceeding southwards along the Syrian coast, Strabo<sup>50</sup> places Gadaris next to Joppa; then comes Azotus, Ascalon, and Gaza. From Gadara proceeded five persons with Grecian names, of whom he gives a list. Now this Gadara has points of contact with the Gadara of the north, first because he speaks of it as Gadaris, a territory and not only a town; secondly, because the Greeks whom he names are known to have sprung from Gadara of Peræa.<sup>51</sup> Let us now try to clear up this matter.

Proceeding from Gaza towards Pelusium, he introduces the Sirbonian Lake or morass;<sup>52</sup> but, in describing by characteristic details the nature of its waters, he gives them properties which, copied from Diodorus, render it an accurate account of the Dead Sea; except that he assigns to it only 200 stadia in length, and makes it stretch along the sea coast, which agrees with the Sirbonian Lake, while the length of the Dead Sea nearly reaches forty miles.<sup>53</sup> He was in fact almost wholly ignorant of the interior; and, as he confounded the Dead Sea with the Sirbonian Lake, he probably also confounded the Lake of Tiberias with the Dead Sea, both being on the line of the Jordan; and thus was led to bring Gadaris into geographical relation with it and with the coast.

The chief importance, however, of his account is to be found in a third point of contact with the true Gadaris which it presents. He describes the appropriation of this territory by a remarkable phrase. The Jews, he says, *ἐξιδιάσαντο*, made it conform to their own model;

<sup>50</sup> Strabo, xvi. 2, p. 759.

<sup>51</sup> Schürer, ii. 91.

<sup>52</sup> Strabo, 763.

<sup>53</sup> Williams in Spith's *Dict.*



thus supporting emphatically the account drawn above from Josephus respecting the introduction of the Jewish law into the district.

It seems possible that Strabo may have been in part misled by the name of Gazara, which was in this part of Palestine, and which had likewise been Judaised upon a military conquest.

## VI. GADARA AND GABARA.

Vespasian, in commencing his campaign of A.D. 67, came from Antioch to Ptolemais to unite his force with that of Titus. He was there met by a party sent out of Sepphoris,<sup>54</sup> who obtained from him a Roman garrison. From this centre, all Galilee was laid waste with fire and sword, there being no safety except in the cities fortified by Josephus.<sup>55</sup> Vespasian then carried his army of overwhelming force across the Galilean frontier, and encamped there to try the moral effect upon the enemy. It was so powerful that Josephus,<sup>56</sup> who commanded the Jews, withdrew his force to Tiberias, at the extremity of the province.

Hereupon, says our historian,<sup>57</sup> Vespasian attacked the city of the Gadarenes, took it at the first assault, as it was not provided with a fighting force, and on his entry slaughtered the inhabitants of military age, for two reasons—one of which was hatred to their race. As the text stands, it proves at least a wide prevalence of Jewish nationality in the city and region of Gadaris.

It is proposed, however, to alter Gadara into Gabara, and the alteration, first suggested by Reland (1714), but not adopted by Hudson (1720) or Cardwell (1837), has received the approval of Schürer, of Milman,<sup>58</sup> and of Robinson.<sup>59</sup> I speak of it with respect, out of deference to such authorities. They do not seem to have stated conclusive or even detailed reasons, beyond the remark that, while Gabara may be within fifteen miles of Ptolemais, Gadara is out of Galilee, and more than twice the distance. Professor Huxley has gone much further, and has set forth strategical reasons which he thinks demonstrate that Vespasian's case would have been one truly of demoniacal possession could he have passed by Gabara and marched on to Gadara. For the Roman line of march would have been between Gabara, to the north, and Jotopata, a fortified city in strong position on the south. According to Robinson,<sup>60</sup> I may observe the distance between the two is only from six to eight Roman miles. Vespasian 'could not afford to leave these strongholds in the possession of the enemy,'<sup>61</sup> and from Gabara 'his communications with his base could easily be threatened.'

Now this statement is contradicted right and left by the facts.

<sup>54</sup> *Bell. Jud.* ii. 2, 4.

<sup>57</sup> *Ibid.* 7, 1.

<sup>58</sup> *iv.* 87 (1852).

<sup>55</sup> *Ibid.* 4, 1.

<sup>56</sup> *ii.* 243.

<sup>61</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 976.

<sup>56</sup> *Ibid.* 6, 2, 3.

<sup>59</sup> *Biblical Researches*, *iv.* 87.

For first, if Gabara be the right reading, it was (and so Milman has stated it) ungarrisoned. Secondly, it was not a stronghold at all; for Josephus tells us that all Galilee was now cruelly devastated with fire and sword by the Romans, and there was nowhere any refuge, except in the cities he had fortified; of which Gabara was not one. Thirdly, in the narrow region between Gabara and Jotopata lay Sepphoris, which was held by the Romans, and was the stronghold from which all Galilee was laid waste. Fourthly, Vespasian, in defiance of his modern instructor, did leave behind him all the twelve or fourteen strong places that Josephus had fortified except one. Fifthly, he did, indeed, march against Jotopata, but for this he had a very strong reason, quite apart from fears about his base, which would under the circumstances have been chimerical: namely, that the Roman commander, Placidus, had just before failed in an attack upon it, and had been defeated and put to flight under its walls. We may now, I think, bid adieu to the strategy of Professor Huxley.

Many a good cause, however, suffers from the use of bad arguments in its favour. It remains for me to offer, with due submission, some reasons, which appear to me serious, in support of the text as it stands.

1. Josephus says Vespasian attacked 'the' city of the Gadarenes.' So far as I know, he uses this form of expression only when the city is the centre of a district (Gadaris)<sup>62</sup> named after it. Such was the case of Gadara, but not of Gabara. He does not call Sepphoris the city of the Sepphorites, or Gamala the city of the Gamalenes.

2. He says the place was taken at the first assault; appropriately enough for a fortified place shorn of its garrison, but not appropriate for an open town.

3. Gamala, as part of the open country of Galilee, was already in full subjection to the Romans.

4. If, as we see, Vespasian began his operations by securing Sepphoris, the capital of Galilee, and thereby secured the province, so that the Jewish force fled to Tiberias, was it strange or unnatural that he should as his next operation secure the capital of Peræa to dominate the territory beyond Jordan?

5. The text, as it stands, agrees with Book iv. 7, 3, in testifying to the military importance of Gadara: but the emendation makes Vespasian prefer to Jotopata a place which apparently counted for nothing in military movements.

## VII. TESTIMONY OF THE EVANGELISTS.

Bidding farewell now to the text of Josephus, I do not know that we have much more assistance to expect from secular literature as to

<sup>62</sup> *Bell. Jud.* iii. 3, 1.

Gadara and its district. But a very important light is cast upon it by the Synoptical Gospels, and by the facts of the Old Testament history in their relation to the geographical precinct, which was also in general the ethnical limit, of our Lord's ministry upon earth.

It was, apparently, a part of the providential calling of the race of Abraham that they were to have in the first instance for themselves a distinct and separate offer of the new 'glad tidings.' Christ was not sent, accordingly, 'but to the lost sheep of the House of Israel.' It is most interesting to observe how and in what localities this offer took effect.

We naturally look in the first instance to Jerusalem and the country belonging to it. Our Lord was born, as we know, in Judæa; and the scene of the Gospel of St. John, which is in the main confined to Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, and also in the main to a few continuous narratives, is principally laid there. The territory of Samaria was immediately contiguous to that of Judæa, but 'the Jews had no dealings'<sup>63</sup> with the mixed race inhabiting that country, and our Saviour seems never to have exercised there more than what may be termed an accidental ministry. But the Baptism and temptation were in Galilee.<sup>64</sup> It was there that He commenced His course of miracles.<sup>65</sup> When the wakeful jealousy of the Pharisees made it needful for Him to quit Judæa and repair to Galilee,<sup>66</sup> 'He must needs go through Samaria.' Then came the (so to speak) casual meeting and discourse with the woman of Samaria, to whom He declared that salvation was of the Jews.<sup>67</sup> Out of the report which she carried away from Him, there grew an invitation of the Samaritans to the Saviour, praying Him to come among them:<sup>68</sup> but He abode with them only two days, and passed on into Galilee. It is wonderful to observe how large a proportion of His ministry was exercised in the north. Nor was it in the neighbourhood of His own city of Nazareth, nor equally diffused over the Galilæan provinces from east to west, but was almost confined, or most largely given, to the eastern district and the close neighbourhood of the Galilæan sea. Here and hereabouts we have the principal specific narratives of the calling of the Apostles,<sup>69</sup> to the number, apparently, of six. Here lay the chief scene of our Lord's active ministry: here was delivered the Sermon on the Mount. It was not only from the eastern or Galilæan side of this sea, but from Decapolis also He was followed by great multitudes;<sup>70</sup> and of Decapolis Gadara and its district were an important, and were also the nearest, part. And the fact that our Saviour selected Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum for the denunciation of the woes,<sup>71</sup> on account of the privileges that they

<sup>63</sup> John iv. 9.

<sup>64</sup> Matt. iii. 1, 13; iv. 1.

<sup>65</sup> John ii. 11.

<sup>66</sup> *Ibid.* i. 43; ii. 1-11.

<sup>67</sup> *Ibid.* v. 22.

<sup>68</sup> *Ibid.* v. 40.

<sup>69</sup> Matt. iv. 18-22, and John i. 40-51.

<sup>70</sup> Matt. iv. 25.

<sup>71</sup> *Ibid.* xi. 21-24; Luke x. 13-15.

had enjoyed, at once denotes the scenes of His habitual preaching, and bears appalling testimony to its rejection. Dr. Edersheim places a group of the miracles to the east of the sea of Galilee in 'a semi-heathen population,'<sup>72</sup> lying much beyond Gadara. But he includes the eastern shores of the lake in the country which he describes as the principal seat of Jewish nationalism.<sup>73</sup> This perhaps was 'Galilee of the Gentiles.'<sup>74</sup> Nor did our Lord wholly avoid the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,<sup>75</sup> where there were Jews in considerable numbers; but the contrast between these towns and those before named proves the comparative rarity of His visits. If they were also rare in Decapolis, 'through the midst of the coasts of which'<sup>76</sup> He came, we must recollect that this district, constituted under Greek authority, included Damascus and other Gentile cities. We know very well that Hebraic settlement and influence were not in our Lord's time confined to the western side of the Lake of Tiberias; for the town of Gamala<sup>77</sup> on its eastern side (see Robinson's map) was sternly Jewish in the final struggle, which was also sustained by multitudes, so says Josephus, from Peræa as well as other parts of Palestine; Peræa being regularly reckoned as part of Palestine by the Rabbis.<sup>78</sup>

We need not doubt that there was a variable Syrian infusion in the population of this country. But we have to bear in mind that Gadara and all its neighbourhood formed part of the old promised land, and that, accordingly, the law of Moses had been in force there from a date running back fifteen hundred years; except, perhaps, at the comparatively recent period at which it had been reckoned for a time as a Syrian city. The right general assumption, therefore, is that the large majority, especially of the rural and labouring population, was either of genuinely Hebrew origin, or was drawn from one of those nations of Canaan who were in prior occupation. As to these, the reader of the Sacred Volume must be struck by the contrast between the pre-exilic and the post-exilic times. In the earlier history of Palestine, we are only too much reminded of their presence by the fatal fascinations of their worship. At the later period, when Judaism had set itself firmly against idolatry, they seem to be effaced; and we are left to infer that unless in Samaria, on which they imprinted a hybrid character, they had either quitted the country or had been drawn gradually within the compass of the more substantive religion, and had come to be reckoned in the number of the dominant and stronger race. Over and above these considerations, and that re-establishment of the Jewish law in the recovered cities, of which notice has already been taken, it is known that, after the two captivities,

<sup>72</sup> *Life and Times of Jesus*, ch. xxxiv.<sup>73</sup> *Ibid.* ch. x. vol. i. p. 238.<sup>74</sup> Matt. iv. 15; Isaiah ix. 1.<sup>75</sup> Matt. xv. 21; Mark vii. 24.<sup>76</sup> Mark vii. 31.<sup>77</sup> Milman, *Hist. Jews*, ii. 280-6.<sup>78</sup> Edersheim, i. 398.

there was a powerful reflux or reaction of the Hebrew element or race in Northern Palestine, which, perhaps, was the means of establishing the broad distinction between it and Samaria. Dean Milman notices this infusion.<sup>79</sup> Samaria remained, he observes, in comparative insignificance. But the north became gradually populous, whether from the multiplication of those who had escaped deportation, or from those who returned, with the aid, perhaps, of families belonging to the southern tribes of Judah and Benjamin. We might have expected it partially to repair to the neighbouring district of Samaria, and to the temple on Mount Gerizim; but, on the contrary, the inhabitants worshipped in Jerusalem, followed the fortunes of its ruling power, and fought desperately at the close for the national cause. He speaks in particular of the two Galilees, but the resistance, as Dr. Edersheim has stated, extended beyond them, and it is plain that in a portion, at least, and evidently the nearer portion, of Decapolis, strong nationalism prevailed. And here we may admire the wisdom of Gabinius in providing at Gadara and Sepphoris for the local administration of the law, and thus relieving this great population from much of the inconvenience of dependence on a distant centre at Jerusalem.

Quite apart from the conclusive testimony of Josephus, Mr. Huxley has evidently seen that the Synoptical Gospels, in the narrative of the swine, and in other parts, presuppose the predominance of a Hebrew nationality in the population of Gadara. He is wise, therefore, in not only rejecting the story, but availing himself of the occasion in order to challenge the general authority of the Gospels. Conversely, all we who acknowledge their historical credit, must feel how improbable it is that our Lord should have carried His ministry into a really Greek or Gentile district on the only one occasion when He thought fit to run counter to the public sentiment, and to give to His action the character of a serious interference with the rights of property. How could He have ventured thus to associate Himself with the destruction of a great herd of swine, if the country was Gentile, and if those swine belonged to persons not bound by the prohibition of the Mosaic law? Might they not, and would they not, have resorted to the use of force against this unarmed, as well as unauthorised intruder? But what happens is that the swineherds fly; according to all the three Evangelists, they fly; to the city, according to St. Matthew and St. Mark,<sup>80</sup> which was the seat of authority; and they tell what had happened. Why, then, if this was a land of Gentile rule, and if the swineherds were Gentiles, why was not our Saviour—since His agency was recognised—either assailed by popular violence, or called regularly to account by the law of the land; by that ‘Hellenic Gadarene law,’<sup>81</sup> with the sup-

<sup>79</sup> Edersheim, i. 441, 2.

<sup>80</sup> Matt. viii. 34; Mark v. 13.

<sup>81</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 976.

posed existence of which Mr. Huxley pastures his imagination? Instead of this, without the slightest idea of an accusation against our Lord, the population, streaming forth, simply consult for their own temporal interests, and beseech Him to depart out of their coasts.<sup>82</sup>

The supply of swine testifies indeed to the existence of a demand. It may probably testify also to the existence of a Gentile class or element in the country. The question, indeed, which relates to the use of pork as an article of diet has by no means that uniformity of colour, outside the Mosaic law, which Professor Huxley assigns to it. But it would be tedious by entering upon it to lengthen a paper already too long, for we may safely allow that among the Syrian Gentiles this diet may have been known, and may not have entailed any legal penalty.

Mr. Huxley concludes the argumentative portion of his article by insisting that the 'party of Galilæans'<sup>83</sup> were foreigners in the Decapolis, and could have no title, as private individuals, even to vindicate the law. I will not argue the point, which is wholly immaterial to my purpose; and it may not be easy to draw with exactness the line up to which the private person may go of his own motion in supporting established law. I confine myself to the following propositions:—

1. Both from antecedent likelihoods, and from history, there is the strongest reason to believe that the Mosaic law was the public law of Gadaris.

2. Even if it had been relaxed as public law, yet those traditionally bound to it would not have been released from the moral obligation of obedience, and all the particulars go to show that the keepers of the swine were thus bound.

3. In the enforcement of a law which bound the conscience, our Lord had an authority such as does not belong to the private individual.

4. That the Gadarenes should have deprecated any recurrence of this interference with unlawful gains, is no more wonderful than that the population of the maritime counties of Great Britain should, in the days of our protective tariff, have been favourable to smuggling, and should even have resented, as they did, the interference of conscientious clergymen whose duty it was to denounce the practice.

5. That they should have done no more than ask for our Saviour's departure, affords of itself the strongest presumption that the action in which He co-operated, and which was certainly detrimental, was not illegal.

I submit these observations upon an historical subject, complicated

<sup>82</sup> Matt. viii. 34; Mark v. 17; Luke viii. 37.

<sup>83</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, p. 978.

by several difficulties, with all respect to those who differ from me. I do not deny that the population of Decapolis was in some sense a mixed population, partially resembling that of Samaria.<sup>84</sup> But to suppose the swineherds to have been punished by Christ for pursuing a calling which to them was an innocent one, is to run counter to every law of reasonable historic interpretation. I will not assume that I have even now exhausted the subject, though I have not knowingly omitted anything material. But Professor Huxley is so well pleased with his own contentions, that he thinks the occasion one suitable for pointing out the intellectual superiority to which he has been led up by scientific training. I believe that I have overthrown every one of them: but I do not think the achievement such as would warrant my concluding by paying myself a compliment.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

<sup>84</sup> *Bell. Jud.* iii. 3, 2.

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*THE WOMEN OF INDIA.*

ALTHOUGH I have given a somewhat ambitious title to this article, I do not presume to suppose that within its few pages I can touch even the outskirts of so great a subject; still less do I lay claim to any very special knowledge of the manners, customs, or lives of the women of whom I write. Four years in India have taught me the magnitude and the difficulties of the questions which affect their well-being; they have given me a deep sense of my own ignorance of the countless details which must be studied before speaking with authority on such a subject; and they have shown me how impossible it is to generalise upon the 'women' of a country when that country is as large and as much divided as is the continent of Europe.

There is, in fact, no statement one can make from personal observation of one part of India which is not open to flat contradiction from good authorities in another. The ways of the north are not those of the south, and the customs of the east differ from those of the west; while even in a single province, differences of caste, religion, and race cause an infinite variety of habits in the people; so that anyone who has tried to discover the truth on one particular point with regard to the natives of India will have found that every general assertion made with respect to their customs must necessarily be burdened with innumerable exceptions.

Few Europeans have such opportunities of knowing native women intimately as zenana missionaries; but even they, as a rule, can only speak with authority on the customs of their own particular district,



and know nothing of the characteristics of women belonging to other parts of the country; and so, although everything they write on the subject is interesting and worthy of attention, it would demand the perusal of many hundred missionary magazines to acquire from them a complete idea of the 'women of India.'

Under these circumstances, I do not pretend either to dogmatise or to instruct, but I write with the faint hope of communicating to others some of the sympathy I myself feel for our Indian sisters, of suggesting a slightly different view of them from that usually prevailing in this country, and of awakening interest in the various efforts that are being made to improve their condition and to relieve their sufferings. I shall attempt no learned disquisition and shall quote no authorities, but will merely try to give the impressions which I gathered in my tours through India and at my two homes at Calcutta and Simla, as well as those obtained from facts inquired into and learnt in connection with the arrangements it fell to my lot to make for the fund for supplying medical relief to Indian women.

There is in England a conventional idea of the native woman, which, although partially true in respect to certain phases of her existence, would yet be found faulty in most particulars if examined by persons thoroughly acquainted with the subject. It is one which appears to exclude from consideration all that may be happy in an Indian woman's life, and which regards her only as an ill-used child-wife, an amiable nonentity, a cruelly treated widow, a neglected invalid, or a prisoner shut up in a zenana, where she never sees the face of any man but her husband. To the unrelieved gloom of this picture I demur. In reality, an enormous proportion of the female population—that is to say, all the women of the lower castes—go about freely, performing their daily avocations, and assisting at popular fêtes and religious festivals, where they may be seen enjoying themselves in merry-go-rounds, or plunging in the sacred waters of the Ganges; while, far from being invariably downtrodden and helpless, the native woman often rules not only a family but a State, and can from the seclusion of the zenana make her influence very sensibly felt. In fact, from all I have heard, I should say that female rule is quite as efficacious and as frequent in Indian homes as it is in English ones, and certainly mothers-in-law and grandmothers exercise an authority there which they would not presume to usurp in England.

I have myself some very happy impressions of what I may call the lighter moments of an Indian woman's life. I see her sharing in the 'tamasha' incident to a State visit to her town, crowding the roofs of the houses, hanging out of the windows, laughing and talking to her neighbours. I see her drying her brilliant garments on the river steps, or chattering at the well, or walking with graceful carriage, her brass lota on her head. In the Hills at Simla, I see

her as a most active little workwoman aiding the masons at their building, or appearing in all her finery to enjoy the humours of the Sepi fair. At Darjeeling, another Hill station, her character is different, but not less cheerful. Her jewellery is more valuable and more massive, and her fortune often hangs in rupees round her neck. She is the porter at the railway-station, the woman of business at the market—the equal, apparently, in all things with the man.

My first impression, therefore, is, that the lower-caste women in India, who are not kept behind the purdah, but may be seen in the streets of the towns and villages, and in the country districts, are as free as most European peasantry, as happy, and as cheerful.

Nor even when I come to the zenana can I allow that the melancholy view is the only correct one. The lark beats its wings against the bars, while the canary is apparently happy in its cage; and although the life behind the purdah would be absolutely intolerable to us, the women born to it accept the obligation as a matter of course, and are rather proud of the distinction it seems to confer on them. They do not aspire to liberty; they have no unfulfilled ambitions; they are not struggling in their chains; they know nothing of the outer world, nor, on the other hand, are they exposed to many of its trials and temptations; and it may be that what their life loses in interest and variety it gains in peace and security. Indeed I can imagine many a weary and toiling woman in this our overcrowded and busy world sighing for such a harbour of refuge as the zenana might appear to her to afford.

The impressions I carried away from my visits to zenanas were invariably pleasant ones; I have nowhere seen women more sympathetic, more full of grace and dignity, more courteous, or more successful in the art of giving a really cordial reception to a stranger than those I met behind the purdah. In spite of the shortcomings of interpreters and the want of a common language, I never left a zenana without being deeply impressed by the gentleness, friendliness, and charm of manner I found there. The softness and voluptuous ease of Turkish and Egyptian harems are missing in India, and are, I think, replaced by the hardier growth of a simpler and more natural life; while Indian women have one great mercy to be thankful for, in that they are spared the debasing presence of the eunuch guard, with his hateful familiarity and his masterful airs.

In India, however, the seclusion of women is known to be so contrary to Western ideas that whenever any European lady interests herself in some scheme for ameliorating the condition of her Eastern sisters she is at once suspected of ultimate designs upon the purdah. But I, for my part, consider that under the present conditions of Eastern life the zenana system offers many undoubted advantages. I think that neither the men nor the women of the country are prepared for its abolition; and while I would earnestly advocate

improvements calculated to give interests, occupations, outdoor exercise, and innocent amusements to zenana women, I have no desire to touch their privacy; and, in arranging for their medical relief, every effort was made by me, and by those who worked with me, to respect to the very utmost all the laws which govern the purdah system.

I have also a very delightful remembrance of the various girls' schools I visited in different parts of India. Clad in their own picturesque and bright-coloured garments, and laden with jewellery, these miniature women are most attractive little beings, and the mystery hanging over their future life, with its infant marriage and its zenana seclusion, appeals in an extraordinary manner to the imagination.

I believe that for once a general statement may be made which is universally true, and that is, that Indian girls are very quick at learning. Those I have seen certainly appear to read and to write in a shorter time, and very much better, than English children, and they have a quiet and business-like way about them which is peculiar to them. My duty on the occasions of my visits to schools was generally prize-giving; and it was amusing to see the critical eye with which each prize was regarded by the recipient; while, for me, it was sometimes painful if the verdict was unfavourable. I have seen a meek little girl return to the charge when the doll I had conferred upon her was very much less good-looking than that in the possession of her neighbour, and after that experience, small or ill-dressed dolls really made me feel quite guilty and uncomfortable. The species usually administered to Indian children is of china, with a pink and white face, black china hair, and long china boots. It is not a pretty doll, and it is intensely European.

A school feast in India means an entertainment without food, and, as a rule, is a very quiet and passive amusement; but at Simla and at Barrackpore, where small zenana schools sometimes came to my garden, it was delightful to see the little girls pull off their bracelets and anklets, tie them up in a handkerchief, and, after depositing them with some trustworthy person, begin to run and play and romp about as merrily as any English children.

These schools are under missionary ladies, and must do incalculable good in improving the present and future generations of Indian women. Mothers who can look back on their own schooldays will be anxious that their children may have the same advantages; and it is to be hoped that every year more young wives will avail themselves of the opportunities these ladies offer them of continuing their studies in their own homes.

One of the best native schools I visited was the Maharani's High Caste School, at Mysore. It is entirely under native management, and every detail of its administration is most carefully thought out.

The subjects to be studied, the books to be used, the prejudices of parents, the exigencies of caste, all are attended to. The whole management is eminently practical, and a tour I made of the classes while at work impressed me much. I was very pleased to see that in addition to the ordinary curriculum of primary schools, music, cooking, and hygiene were taught, and nothing seemed to be omitted which could turn the girls brought up there into pleasant companions, useful wives, and sensible mothers; while one department of this school offered to my inspection a charming and unusual sight, that of a class of student mothers, conning their tasks with their babies in their arms.

Of those Indian women who have attended the high schools or the university classes, and who are in fact educated, and, as it is called, emancipated, I have a very high opinion. In Oriental countries generally, emancipation from the strict rules of the purdah, and the education of women, are apt to mean dissipation and French novels; but in India they really seem to lead to a higher life. The educated Indian ladies I have met retain all the remarkably feminine character of their race; they lose none of the modesty of their demeanour, and I have never seen a sign, nor have I ever heard the faintest whisper, of any levity in their conduct. The example they set, and the respect they command, will probably do more to advance the education of women, and to allay the fears of those who are opposed to it, than either theoretical considerations or the more conscious efforts of organised societies.

The same praise may be given with equal truth to Parsee women. They are naturally clever; they are well educated; and, wearing their own pretty and becoming dress, they enter freely into society, of which they are graceful, and intelligent, and honoured members. Any description of the brighter side of female life in India would be incomplete which omitted to mention them.

From the cheerful point of view, also, I am tempted to say something of Burmese women. They differ entirely from Indian ones, in appearance, manners, and customs. They have a marked individuality, and are so strong and bright, so full of life and activity, they combine such great business capacity with so much feminine grace, and their intercourse with the world is so perfectly free, that they add much to the gay and happy impression left upon one's mind by a visit to Burmah.

So far I have attempted to put a few light touches into a picture usually obscured by the darkest shadows; but now I must turn to the peculiar trials of an Indian woman's life, and, continuing to give my own impressions and personal opinions for what they are worth, must consider shortly the three questions which appeal so powerfully to English sympathy and imagination—infant marriage, widowhood, and medical relief.

In order to make the subject of infant marriage clear, it may conveniently be divided into two parts—betrothal and marriage—the betrothal being as binding as the marriage, and the betrothed becoming a widow should the other party to the contract die. The evils attached to the betrothal of infants are, first, that the anxiety of providing husbands, and the expenses attending the ceremonies in connection with it, are very great, and fall very early and very heavily upon the parents; and, secondly, that a very numerous class of virgin widows is created. This is a custom with which it is very difficult for European minds to sympathise; but, as it appears to have a religious foundation, and to be in ‘accordance with the spirit and the letter of the Hindoo scriptures,’ it is one with which it would seem impossible to interfere. .

The age at which marriage may legally be consummated in India is ten years. The physical, mental, and moral objections to marriage at such an early age require no explanations; they are patent to all. That a child is in no sense fit to become a wife and mother, that her own health often pays the penalty, and that the race that springs from her is likely to lose in physical and mental vigour, are facts which do not admit of contradiction. Marriage, however, will always take place in India much earlier than in European countries, and that it should be postponed for two or three years is all that the most ardent reformer can hope or expect at present. It is calculated that in India one woman in five is a widow; of these a very large proportion must be women who, having been betrothed at any time between the cradle and ten years of age, have become widows without ever having been wives. To understand the full misery of their condition one must realise that marriage is the very Alpha and Omega of an Indian woman’s existence, and that the whole bent and training of her mind points to a husband as the end and object of life. He is, in fact, her only *raison d’être*; and when, therefore, she either altogether misses the fulfilment of her destiny, or loses her husband early, she is, both in her own and in public estimation, a most unhappy being. The shorn head, the plain clothes, the absence of ornament, the abandonment of all luxury, are not gratuitous cruelties; they are but the symbols of an overwhelming misfortune, and seem to be accepted as the natural expression of a hopeless grief. I do not see how this sentiment with regard to widowhood is to be modified by any reforms that we can suggest. It is only by the education and elevation of women that any change can come over the feeling of the people with regard to marriage, and it is only when public opinion ceases to regard her as a chattel, and begins to recognise her as a helpmate, that a woman’s condition, whether as wife or widow, can become more honourable and more worthy of respect.

I said at the beginning of this article that it was almost impos-

sible to make a positive assertion with regard to any Indian custom. It would seem an easy matter, for example, to decide whether Indian women do or do not see male doctors; but even on this point the evidence is most conflicting.

I think, however, that a careful examination of many contradictory statements leads to the conclusion that, in a very large number of cases, no man would ever, under any circumstances, be allowed into a zenana; that, in others, he would only be admitted at the last extremity, and would never be called in for minor maladies, or in the early stages of a serious illness; that in many more, while permitted to enter the sacred precincts, he would be given no chance of making a real examination of the patient's state; he might, through a hole in the curtain try her temperature, feel her pulse, or see her tongue, but that would be all. No man would ever be called in to attend a confinement case, and for all female diseases and chronic ailments Indian women are practically without any medical aid whatever.

The published reports of the Government dispensaries in India show that a large number of women do attend them; but from these statistics it would appear that far more men than women require relief, and as this is very unlikely to be the case, one must conclude that many women, even of the lowest castes, go without medical aid rather than receive it at the hands of men. But there is even a darker side to the medical question than the absence of a doctor's help in sickness; there is the positive harm done by the ignorant, superstitious, and cruel practices of *soi-disant* midwives, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the loss of health and the loss of life occasioned by these women. For some years efforts have been made to provide trained medical assistance for Indian women, and during the last five a larger and more national scheme to supply this want has been organised, each year bringing fresh proofs of the steady progress it is making and of its success.

To persons not specially interested in this part of the subject, it may seem too much to claim for it, that—leaving out of consideration the missionary question, with which I do not presume to deal—the very best way in which we can help our Indian sisters is by supplying them with medical relief. I must confess that I think it is; because it aims at diminishing suffering and at saving life; because education and general enlightenment must follow in its train; because it encourages and inculcates respect and consideration for women; because it brings cultivation and learning in contact with the zenana; and because in medicine and nursing Indian women will find professions open to them which they can take up with profit to themselves and advantage to their fellow-creatures—professions in the exercise of which widows, deprived as they are of home and family ties, may fill their lives with all the interest, occupation, and honour, so sadly wanting in their present state.

It may be thought that many of my statements are contradictory. I can only say that the contradictions exist. The trials of a native woman's life are very peculiar and very great ; and they are of such a nature that they affect not only a class or a section of the population, but every single household in the country ; and for this reason they appeal very specially to our sympathy. But deeply as I feel for an Indian woman's sorrows, I cannot ignore her joys ; and I certainly am able to have a more kindly sentiment towards the nation as a whole, because I have seen happy wives and happy mothers in India, and because I believe in happy Indian homes.

HARIOT DUFFERIN AND AVA.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.

Two essays from my pen, published in the *North American Review*, have been doubly fortunate in Britain in being reprinted by the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the new and striking title of 'The Gospel of Wealth,'<sup>1</sup> and in attracting the attention of the one man who, of all others, could bring them most prominently before thinking people. Mr. Gladstone's review and recommendation in the November number of this Review gave them the most illustrious of sponsors; he is followed in the December number by others of the highest eminence and authority. The discussion has taken a wide range, but I shall restrict myself to its bearings upon the ideas presented in 'The Gospel of Wealth.'

Mr. Gladstone first calls attention to the portentous growth of wealth. From every point of view this growth seems to me most beneficial; for we know that, rapid as is its growth, its distribution among the people in streams more and more numerous is still more rapid, the share of the joint product of capital and labour which has gone to labour during this generation being much greater than in any generation preceding, and constantly increasing. Evidences, drawn from many independent sources, converge and prove this beyond question. A few enormous fortunes have been amassed during the present generation in this new and undeveloped continent, but under conditions which no longer exist. In our day, even in the United States, it is much easier to lose a great fortune than to make one, and more are being lost than made. It is rather surprising, therefore, that the Rev. Mr. Hughes should say:—

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Henry George's doctrines and deductions, no one can deny that his facts are indisputable, and that Mr. Carnegie's 'progress' is accompanied by the growing 'poverty' of his less fortunate fellow-countrymen. (P. 891.)

I do not know a writer of authority upon social and economic subjects who has not only disputed Mr. George's statements, but

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Potter, of New York (Church of England), in an article, styles them 'the word for the hour.'



who has not pronounced their opposites to be the truth. Mr. George's *Progress and Poverty* is founded upon two statements: first, that the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer; and second, that land is going more and more into the hands of the few. The truth is, that the rich are growing poorer and the poor growing richer, and that the land is passing from the hands of the few into the hands of the many. A study of Mulhall's *Fifty Years of National Progress* (pages 23-27) is strongly recommended to those desirous of learning the truth in regard to the distribution of wealth, upon which Mr. Mulhall says:—

Nor does this wealth become congested among a small number of people; on the contrary, the rich grow less rich and more numerous every year, the poor fewer in ratio to population. (P. 23.)

The same results are shown even in a more remarkable degree in the Republic.

In regard to land, the United States Census gives the number and average size of farms as follows:—

<i>Number of Farms.</i>				
1850	1860	1870	1880	
1,449,073	2,044,077	2,650,985	4,008,907	
<i>Average size of Farms.</i>				
Acres .	203	199	153	134

This tendency to more numerous and smaller holdings exists also in Britain, although hampered in its operation by repressive laws.

I rejoice that Mr. Hughes quotes the well-known passage from Herbert Spencer, which, as he says, 'exposes the sad delusion that great wealth is a great blessing'—a passage which is throughout profoundly true; but is it possible that Mr. Hughes can be uninformed of the position Mr. George occupies in the wise mind of our mutual teacher? In speaking to Mr. Spencer of Mr. George's book, Mr. Spencer told me that he had read a few pages, and then thrown it down as 'trash.' I know of no writer or thinker of recognised authority, except Mr. Hughes, who differs with the philosopher in this judgment.

So far as the reference to myself is concerned—I understand, of course, it is in nowise personal, but only as the representative of a class—I beg to assure Mr. Hughes that the indisputable fact I know is, that my 'progress' has inevitably carried with it, not 'the growing poverty,' but inevitably the growing riches of my fellow-countrymen as the progress of every employer of labour must necessarily carry with it the enrichment of the country and of the labourer. Imagine one speaking of 'growing poverty' in the United States. The American, more than any other workman, spends his savings for the purchase of a home. The savings banks are only one of several depositories used by him.

Nevertheless, the returns just made for the year 1890, for all the New England and Middle States (where millionaires do most abound), comprising a population of 17,300,000—more than half the total population of Britain—show that the deposits are \$1,279,000,000—say 255 millions sterling, the increase for the year being thirteen millions sterling. The number of depositors is 3,520,000, showing that about one out of every five men, women, and children, has a bank account, equal practically to one to each family. The amount of savings invested for homes far exceeds the savings-bank deposits.

The United States Census, 1880, shows only 88,665 public paupers in a population of 50,000,000, mainly aged and superannuated—one-third being foreigners. There were more blind and idiotic people in the public charitable institutions than paupers, and half as many deaf mutes, although the percentage of the 'defective classes' is less than half that of Europe. The total number of all 'dependent' persons cared for was less than five per thousand, as compared with thirty-three per thousand in the United Kingdom. This percentage for Britain is happily only about one-fourth of what it has been, and its steady decrease is most encouraging. Good and charitable workers among the poor can best accelerate this decreasing process, until something like the American figure is reached, by instilling within the working classes of Britain those feelings of manly self-respect and those habits of sobriety and thrift which distinguish their race here, and keep it almost free, not only from pauperism, but from want or extreme poverty, except as the necessary result (accident and sickness excepted) of their own bad habits.

Mr. Hughes would not give currency knowingly to statements that were the reverse of correct. I earnestly hope, therefore, that he will satisfy himself that every writer of authority is not deceived when he asserts that poverty, want, and pauperism are rapidly diminishing quantities; and most significantly so, not so much through almsgiving, or efforts of the rich, but because of an improvement through education in the habits of the people themselves—the only foundation upon which their continued progress can surely be built. Mr. Hughes can also readily learn another indisputable fact by inquiring at the shipyards of Glasgow, the iron and steel mills of Sheffield, the coal mines of the Midlands, or at industrial establishments generally, viz. that the working classes receive much greater compensation for their services than they ever did, or now do for any other form of labour, and much greater than they could possibly receive, except for the establishment of great enterprises by men of wealth. In these days of excitement and exaggeration, let it always be borne in mind that at no period in the history of the English-speaking race, wherever that race resides, has it been so easy as it is to-day for the masses, not only to earn comfortable livelihoods, but to save and have money in bank for a rainy day. When

they fail to do so, the true reformer looks more to their habits than to existing conditions for a satisfactory explanation.

So far from it being a fact that 'millionaires at one end of the scale mean paupers at the other,' as Mr. Hughes says, the reverse is obviously true. In a country where the millionaire exists there is little excuse for pauperism; the condition of the masses is satisfactory just in proportion as a country is blessed with millionaires. There is not a millionaire among the whole four hundred millions of China, nor one in Japan, nor in India, one or two perhaps in the whole of Russia, there are two or three in Germany, and not more than four or five in the whole of France, monarchs and hereditary nobles excepted. There are more millionaires upon the favoured little isle of Britain than in the whole of Europe, and in the United States still more, of recent origin, than in Britain; and the revenues of the masses are just in proportion to the ease with which millionaires grow. The British labourer receives more for one day's handling of the shovel than the blacksmith or carpenter of China, Russia, India, and Japan receives for a whole week's labour, and double that of his Continental fellow-workman. The skilled artisan of America receives more than double the artisan of Britain. Millionaires can only grow amidst general prosperity, and this very prosperity is largely promoted by their exertions. Their wealth is not made, as Mr. Hughes implies, at the expense of their fellow-countrymen. Millionaires make no money when compelled to pay low wages. Their profits accrue in periods when wages are high, and the higher the wages that have to be paid, the higher the revenues of the employer. It is true, and not false, therefore, that capital and labour are allies and not antagonistic forces, and that one cannot prosper when the other does not.

I feel as if I should apologise for taking so much space in stating truisms; but much of the prejudice and hostility which unnecessarily exist between capital and labour arise from such statements as those quoted.

To return to Mr. Gladstone. Would that his adhesion to 'The Gospel of Wealth' in its entirety could be obtained! Deeply gratifying is the favour which he accords in general to its scope and aim; but the destructive character of his criticism upon one vital point is important. He is quite right in saying that, 'though partial, it is a serious difference.' It arises from his fond clinging affection for the principle of hereditary transmission of position and wealth, and of business, and for magnificence upon the part of those in station. We must meet this serious matter at the threshold.

The fundamental idea of 'The Gospel of Wealth' is that surplus wealth should be considered as a sacred trust to be administered by those into whose hands it falls, during their lives, for the good of the community. It predicts that the day is at hand when he who dies

possessed of enormous sums, which were his and free to administer during his life, will die disgraced, and holds that the aim of the millionaire should be to die poor. It likewise pleads for modesty of private expenditure.

The most serious obstacle to the spread of such a gospel is undoubtedly the prevailing desire of men to accumulate wealth for the express purpose of bequeathing it to their children, or to spend it in ostentatious living. I have therefore endeavoured to prove that, at the root of the desire to bequeath to children, there lay the vanity of the parents, rather than a wise regard for the good of the children. That the parent who leaves his son enormous wealth generally deadens the talents and energies of the son, and tempts him to lead a less useful and less worthy life than he otherwise would, seems to me capable of proof which cannot be gainsaid. It is many years since I wrote in a rich lady's album, 'I should as soon leave to my son a curse as "the Almighty Dollar."' Exceptions abound to every general rule, but I think not more exceptions to this rule than to others, namely—that 'wealth is a curse to young men, and poverty a blessing;' but if these terms seem rather strong, let us state the proposition thus: that wealth left to young men, as a rule, is disadvantageous; that lives of poverty and struggle are advantageous. Mr. Gladstone asks:—

Is it too much to affirm that the hereditary transmission of wealth and position, in conjunction with the calls of occupation and of responsibility, is a good and not an evil thing? I rejoice to see it among our merchants, bankers, publishers: I wish it were commoner among our great manufacturing capitalists.

He also says:—

Even greater is the subject of hereditary transmission of land: more important and more difficult.

Mr. Gladstone does not favour entails of money, but adds:—

But is it another matter when in commerce, or in manufacture, or in other forms of enterprise, such for example as the business of a great publishing house, the work of the father is propagated by his descendants?

These passages imply that the hereditary transmission of wealth and position and of business are not detrimental—as I think them—but desirable: a good and not an evil thing. Let us take the first form, that of sons following the occupations of their fathers. Little, I think, does one know, who is not in the whirl of business affairs, of the rarity of the combined qualities requisite for conducting the business enterprises of to-day. The time has passed when business once established can be considered almost permanently secure. Business methods have changed; goodwill counts for less and less. Success in business is held by the same tenure, nowadays, as the Premiership of Britain—at the cost of a perpetual challenge to all comers. The fond parent who invests his son with imaginary business qualifications,

and places him in charge of affairs—upon the successful management of which the incomes of thousands depend—incur a grave responsibility. Most of the disastrous failures of the day arise from this very cause. It is as unjust to the son as to the community. Out of seven serious failures during a panic in New York, five were traced to this root. One of these sons is an exile to escape punishment for breaking a law which he did not clearly understand. I have joined with others in asking the President to pardon him—a step I have never taken before on behalf of any law-breaker, but in this case I consider the father, not the son, the guilty party. The duty of the head of a great enterprise is, to interest capable assistants who are without capital, but who have shown aptitude for affairs, and raise these to membership and management. The banker who hands over his business to sons, because they are sons, is guilty of a great offence. The transmission of wealth and rank, without regard to merit or qualifications, may pass from one peer to another not without much, but without serious injury, since the duties are matter of routine and seldom involve the welfare or means of others, but the management of business, never.

But assuming that business enterprises can be handed over properly in deference to hereditary claims, is it wise or desirable that they should be? I think not. The millionaire business-man rates his vocation higher than I, who sees in it the best or highest, or even a desirable career for his sons. The sons of the wealthy have a right instinct which tells them that to engage in work where the primary object is gain, is unworthy of those who, relieved from the necessity of earning a livelihood, are in a position to devote themselves to any of the hundred pursuits in which their time and knowledge can be employed primarily for the good of the community. The sons of the millionaire are to be regarded with approval who cannot be induced to take the absorbing and incessant interest in their father's business which is necessary to save it from ruin. The day is over when even the richest can play at business, as rich men's sons must almost invariably do. There are exceptions where the son shows tastes and decided ability which render him the natural successor; but these are rare, far too rare to take into account in estimating the value of a custom. This ability, moreover, should be proved in some other establishment than that of the father.

When we come to the hereditary transmission of land, Mr. Gladstone's words are most touching. He paints a lovely picture of the

wonderful diversity and closeness of the ties by which, when rightly used, the office of the landed proprietor binds together the whole structure of rural society, . . . that cohesion, interdependence, and affection of the *gens*, which is in its turn a fast compacting bond of societies at large.

But is this a picture of to-day? Has not that day passed also, except in a few instances such as that furnished by the late lamented Lord Tollemache, and upon a smaller scale by Mr. Gladstone himself, in that earthly paradise, Hawarden?

The cultivation of land is now a business conducted upon a commercial basis by independent men, whom the landed proprietor no longer leads, and who most fortunately can lead themselves. The American citizen, who is himself landlord, factor, tenant, and labourer, requiring from the land he owns and tills only the support of himself and family, has rendered impossible the maintenance of more than one class from the product of agricultural land anywhere in the world. Knowing the kind of citizen which this condition creates, and knowing also the character of the Scotch farmer, as evolved through the operation of long leases which make him practically independent—although in his case the magic power of ownership, which counts for so much, is still lacking—and estimating these classes as men and as citizens, I have no doubt that the balance of advantage, both to the individual and to the State, is largely in favour of the change. Should the abolition of primogeniture and entail come with the changes democracy is expected to inaugurate, large estates in Britain would probably be divided into farms and owned by the people. The history of Denmark in this particular might then be that of Britain; and the temptation which now exists to leave territorial domains to eldest sons would thus be removed, and with it one great obstacle to the adoption of 'The Gospel of Wealth'—the desire, futile as vain, to found or maintain hereditary families.

Mr. Gladstone instances the Marquis of Salisbury succeeding to the office of Prime Minister, which office ten generations ago was filled by one of his ancestors, and asks: 'Is not this tie of lineage a link binding him to honour and to public virtue?' Is not Mr. Gladstone unfortunate in naming Lord Salisbury in support of his views? I have always regarded him as a striking instance of the advantage of not being born to hereditary wealth and position. Like the great founder of the Cecils, Lord Salisbury himself was born a commoner; a younger son with a younger son's portion; and with the promptings of decided ability within him, he did everything in his power to prevent being narrowed and restricted by the smothering robes of rank and wealth. The laws of his country forced him to sink his individuality in a peerage, but for which English history might have told of a first and a second Cecil, as it tells of a first and a second Pitt—men too great to be obliterated as men, by any title. It is a sad descent in historical rank from 'Cecil' to the 'Marquis' of anything. The highest title which a man can write upon the page of history is his own name. Mr. Gladstone's will be there; Gladstone he is, Gladstone he will remain, even if he tried to make

future generations lose his commanding personality in 'the Dukedom of Clydesdale,' or any title whatever. But who among his contemporaries in public life is to stand this supreme test of masterdom? There is room for one only in each generation. It is safe to predict that, whoever he be, he will resemble 'Gladstone' in one essential feature: he will be of the people, free from the disadvantage of hereditary wealth and position, and stamp his name and personality upon the glittering scroll. 'Disraeli' promised well for a time, but he fades rapidly into Beaconsfield—a shadow of a name. The title proves greater than the man.

As a 'Saturday Reviewer,' Robert Talbot Cecil (what a glorious name to lose!) had proved himself a power: it is a hundred to one, that had he been born to the hereditary title, he would have remained an obscure commonplace Marquis, resembling in this respect the many generations of Marquises of Salisbury which had followed each other, and whose noble history is comprised—and fully comprised—in *Burke's Peerage* in the three letters, *b, m, d*. The only man of his family from whom he can derive inspiration 'binding him to honour and to public virtue,' is the great original Cecil, and the founder of his own branch of the house, who, like himself, was a younger son, and had neither wealth nor rank. He did not even reach knighthood till late in his career. The great Cecil sprang from the people, and had none of the advantages which Mr. Gladstone, as I think wrongly, attributes to hereditary wealth and position. Lineage is, indeed, most important, but only the lineage of the immediate parents; for in each generation one half of the strain is changed. Fortunately for the high-placed ones of the earth, it is unnecessary for them to scrutinise the characters of their ancestors beyond the preceding generation. Happy for the royal children of Britain that they can dwell upon the virtues of father and mother, and stop there. Lord Salisbury, like many able men, perhaps, owes his commanding qualities to his mother, who was the daughter of a country gentleman—a commoner, secure from the disadvantages of the hereditary transmission of wealth and rank. It is curious that the present ruler of the other branch of the English race, our President, has the same good fortune Mr. Gladstone claims for the Marquis of Salisbury, his grandfather having been President. But it is safe to say, that the ruler upon this side would never have occupied that high office had he received fortune and position from his grandfather, or had he himself acquired riches. No party is so foolish as to nominate for the Presidency a rich man, much less a millionaire. Democracy elects poor men. The man must have worked for his bread to be an available candidate; and if, like Lincoln, he has been so fortunate as to be compelled to split rails, or, like Garfield, to drive mules upon a canal, and subsequently to clean the rooms and light the fires of the school in part payment for his tuition, or, like Blaine,

to teach school, so much more successfully does he appeal to the people. This applies not only to the Presidency : one of the strongest aspirants for that office lost his renomination to the Senate, because a house that he erected in Washington was taken as an indication of tastes incompatible with republican simplicity of life. Nothing more fatal to the prospects of a public man in America than wealth, or the display of wealth. The dangers of a plutocracy that his Eminence Cardinal Manning fears are, I assure him, purely imaginary. There is no country in which wealth counts for so little as in the Republic. The current is all the other way. Is the influence of lineage less upon the Republican President in binding him to honour and public virtue, because neither hereditary rank nor wealth was transmitted ? Because he is poor and a commoner, is he less sensitive to the promptings of honour and virtue ? I think it will be found that the best and greatest of Britain do not differ from the greatest and best of other lands : these have had a lineage which linked them to honour and to public virtue, but almost without exception the lineage of honest poverty—of laborious wage-receiving parents, leading lives of virtuous privation, sacrificing comforts that their sons might be kept at school—lineage from the cottage of poverty, not the palace of hereditary rank and position. Mr. Gladstone himself has a lineage. Does it bind him less than Lord Salisbury is bound by his, to honour and public virtue ? His ancestors were Scotch farmers without wealth or rank, yet I doubt not that Mr. Gladstone's career has been as strongly and as nobly influenced by his knowledge or recollections of the poor and virtuous lives lived by his forefathers, as that of any hereditary monarch or noble who ever lived could be by thoughts of his ancestors ; and of one thing I am absolutely sure, he has reason to be much prouder of his lineage than nobles or monarchs in general can possibly be of theirs. Among many advantages arising, not from the transmission of hereditary wealth and position, but from the transmission of hereditary 'poverty and health,' there is one which, to my mind, overweighs all the others combined. It is not permitted the children of king, millionaire, or noble, to have father and mother in the close and realising sense of these sacred terms. The name of father, and the holier name of mother, are but names to the child of the rich and the noble. To the poor boy these are the words he conjures with ; his guides, the anchors of his soul, the objects of his adoration. Neither nurse, servant governess, nor tutor has come between him and his parents. In his father he has had tutor, companion, counsellor, and judge. It is not given to the born millionaire, noble, or prince to dwell upon such a heritage as is his who has had in his mother nurse, seamstress, teacher, inspirer, saint—his all in all.

Hereditary wealth and position tend to rob father and mother of their children, and the children of father and mother. It cannot be



long ere their disadvantages are felt more and more, and the advantages of plain and simple living more clearly seen.

Poor boys reared thus directly by their parents possess such advantages over those watched and taught by hired strangers, and exposed to the temptations of wealth and position, that it is not surprising they become the leaders in every branch of human action. They appear upon the stage, athletes trained for the contest, with sinews braced, indomitable wills, resolved to do or die. Such boys always have marched, and always will march, straight to the front and lead the world; they are the epoch-makers. Let one select the three or four foremost names, the supremely great in every field of human triumph, and note how small is the contribution of hereditary rank and wealth to the short list of the immortals who have lifted and advanced the race. It will, I think, be seen that the possession of these is almost fatal to greatness and goodness, and that the greatest and the best of our race have necessarily been nurtured in the bracing school of poverty—the only school capable of producing the supremely great, the genius.

Upon the plea made by 'The Gospel of Wealth' for modesty of private expenditure, Mr. Gladstone says:—

On which, however, it may be observed that among those whose station excuses or even requires magnificence, there are abundant opportunities, and there are also beautiful and graceful examples of personal simplicity and restraint.

This seems to me a branch from the Upas Tree of hereditary transmission of wealth and position. Is it true that station requires magnificence, or true that true dignity of station is enhanced by simplicity? Here are some words of President Cleveland in his message to Congress upon this point:—

We should never be ashamed of the simplicity and prudential economies which are best suited to the operation of a Republican form of government and most compatible with the mission of the American people. Those who are selected for a limited time to manage public affairs are still of the people, and may do much by their example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which among their fellow-citizens aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity.

President Cleveland only follows the teachings and examples of every American President, and of all others in official station. There are no pecuniary prizes in the Republic for judge, bishop, or president; neither any pensions except that judges are retired upon half-pay at seventy years of age. The very moderate salaries given to all officials enforce modest expenditure, and the influence of this upon the nation is as powerful as salutary. Were some future King of Britain to announce that the serious consideration of the subject of wealth and poverty had led him to resolve to live as the President of the United States and his family live, upon ten thousand pounds

a year, and to return to the nation, or devote to public uses, the hundreds of thousands of pounds spent for magnificence, and were he to live in accordance with this resolve, would it lessen or enhance the true dignity of his life and station? Would it lessen or enhance his influence? Is it reasonable to estimate that all the good that monarch could possibly do in his restricted position would equal that which would flow from setting the example of living a quiet unostentatious modest life—administering his surplus not upon himself, but for others? The only objection that might be raised against such action is, that it would render the king a personage far too powerful for the system of constitutional monarchy, which requires ‘king’ to be but a word meaning the will of the Cabinet. The man capable of taking such action would not be only titular ‘king’ but a power in the State. The Right Hon. John Morley, replying to a question asked by a constituent at a meeting in Newcastle, some time ago, bearing upon this very point of expenditure and magnificence in the State, gave expression to the hope that the highly placed might learn that the truest dignity consisted in quiet and simple living. I do not quote his words but the scope of his reply. Mr. Gladstone himself will leave behind him many titles to the affection, gratitude, and admiration of his countrymen; but when the future eulogist says of him—as he will truly be able to say—what is said of Pitt upon his monument in Guildhall, he will pay him the greatest of all tributes. These words are: ‘Dispensing for many years the favours of his sovereign, he lived without ostentation and died poor.’ If we cannot have Mr. Gladstone preaching in favour of modest living upon the part of those in station, we rejoice that none excels him in the practice of that virtue. It is seldom we are permitted to extol the example beyond the precept of the sage.

Upon this subject I thank Mr. Hughes for the words he has written. He says: ‘The real question is not how much we ought to give away, but how much we dare retain for our own gratification.’ These words strike home to every man of wealth and station: ‘How much *dare we retain* for our own gratification?’ This is a troublesome question which will not ‘down.’ Giving the one-tenth—the tithe—is easy. The true disciple of ‘The Gospel of Wealth’ has to pass far beyond that stage. His conscience may be quieted by arguing that he and his family are entitled to enjoy in moderation the best that the world affords. The earnest disciple can easily discover the efficacy of running in debt, as it were, by anticipating the expected surplus, and engaging in works for the general good before the cash is in hand; to an extent which really keeps him without available surplus, and even entails the necessity of figuring how to meet engagements. He can, when so situated, consider himself poor, and he will certainly feel himself so. The personal expenditure of the

very rich forms so small a part of their income, provided the rule is obeyed which forbids such extravagance as would render them conspicuous, that they can, perhaps, also find refuge from self-questioning in the thought of the much greater portion of their means which is being spent upon others. But I do not profess that this is entirely satisfactory, and I am glad to agree with Mr. Hughes in the very low estimate he places upon this partial treatment of the serious question he has raised: '*How much dare we retain for our own glorification?*'

Upon the subject of giving, Mr. Gladstone thinks that I am severe in my judgment of private charity, when I estimate that of every thousand dollars spent in so-called charity, nine hundred and fifty of them had better be thrown into the sea. The history of the Charity Organisation of New York is here most instructive. Its confidential monthly bulletin recently gave the names of twenty-three bogus organisations which were soliciting contributions, many of them, unfortunately, with success. These have their printed annual reports, lists of distinguished contributors—in many cases, alas! these are genuine—their lady collectors, and all the other details. When the various charitable societies first combined and compared lists of those receiving aid, it was found that many names were upon seven or eight of the lists. Did my space permit, a story could be told that would impress upon every wealthy person that his duty is not to resolve to give, but to withhold until certain that his aid will not increase the area of what is called, in the stirring language of the day, 'the hell of want and misery,' which he longs to remove. The towns of Connecticut have recently been getting light upon almsgiving; a morning paper says:—

The experience of Hartford with well-to-do public beggars may be duplicated in almost every town in Connecticut. A year or two ago in Norwich, a town agent investigated the condition of the numerous persons who were receiving town aid. In forty instances he found that the applicants for charity had from \$500 to \$3,000 in the savings bank: in one case, that of a woman, who had been drawing 'town money' for years, it was found she had nearly \$20,000 in a local bank.

This is the least deplorable side of the matter, for the money given to prudent, saving people, even if they may not need it, cannot produce the serious consequences of that given to the much more numerous class who use it for the gratification of vice, and to enable them to live in idleness. Unless the individual giver knows the person or family in misfortune, their habits, conduct, and cause of distress, and knows that help given will help them to help themselves, he cannot act properly; and, if he does act to save his own feelings—which one is very apt to do—he will increase rather than diminish the distress which appeals to him. There is really no true charity except that which will help others to help themselves, and which does not place within the reach of the aspiring the means to climb.

I notice a prevalent disposition to think only of the unfortunate wretches into whom the virtues necessary for improvement cannot be instilled. Common humanity impels us to provide for the actual wants of human beings to see through our poor laws, that none die of starvation, to provide comfortable shelter, clothing, and instruction which should, however, always be dependent upon work performed ; but, in doing this, our thoughts should also turn to the benefits that are to accrue to those who are yet sound and industrious, and seeking through labour the means of betterment, by removing from their midst and placing under care of the State in workhouses the social lepers. Every drunken vagabond or lazy idler supported by alms bestowed by wealthy people is a source of moral infection to a neighbourhood. It will not do to teach the hardworking industrious man that there is an easier path by which his wants can be supplied. The earnest reformer will think as much, if not more, of the preservation of the sound and valuable members among the poor, as of any real change which can be effected in those who seem hopelessly lost to temperance, industry, and thrift. He will labour more to prevent than to cure, feeling that it is necessary to remove the spoiled grape from the bunch, the spoiled apple from the barrel, mainly for the sake of the sound fruit that remains. He who would plunge the knife into the social cancer, if any good is to be effected thereby, must needs be a skilled surgeon with steady hand and calm judgment, with the feelings as much under control as possible, the less emotion the better. One reads or hears everywhere of rash proposals, well-meaning no doubt, full of the innocence of the dove, but there is no task which more requires the wisdom of the serpent, which seems woefully lacking in these sensational schemes. The following from Rabbi Adler must be quoted ; it is sound to the core (p. 889) :—

Giving, however, is an easy matter ; it needs neither special training nor sustained thought. But the purpose and methods of charitable relief cannot be learned without a long and diligent apprenticeship, for which discipline in the painful school of personal experience is alone of any avail.

Sorry as I am to say it, the more attention I give to this subject, the greater the genuine knowledge obtained, the higher I am disposed to raise my estimate of the evil produced by indiscriminate giving.

From the standpoint of 'The Gospel of Wealth' Mr. Gladstone's criticisms are, indeed, serious—almost fatal—for it will be readily seen that if the hereditary transmission of wealth and position and of business concerns be not pernicious, as a rule, as I hold, but advantageous to the individuals receiving these bequests, and to the nation as well ; and if station requires magnificence instead of simplicity, as I think, it will be hard indeed, if not impossible, to teach the wealthy that surplus wealth should be regarded as a sacred trust to be administered during their lives for the public good ;

they will continue to gather and leave fortunes to their families, or spend them for magnificence as hitherto. I turn, therefore, for support to the views of the other contributors; let us hear them.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning says:—

Mr. Carnegie tells us plainly, first, that the accumulation of stagnant wealth to be bequeathed to heirs is a vain-glory in the giver; and may be a ruin to the receiver; secondly, that the bequeathing of wealth for charities when the man is gone out of life is an empty way of making a name for generosity; thirdly, that to *distribute all, beyond the reasonable and temperate reserves due to kindred and their welfare, inter vivos, or now in life*, with his own will, judgment, and hand, to works of public and private beneficence and utility, is the highest and noblest use of wealth. This is a gospel, not according to capital, but according to the mind and life of the Founder of the Christian world. It is nothing new. It is no private opinion or exorbitant notion of a morbid prodigality, but the words of soberness and truth. If men so acted they would change the face of the world.

Mr. Hughes (p. 897):—

In the long and arduous task of reconstructing society on a Christian basis, with due and careful regard to all legitimate existing interests, it would be an inestimable public service if everyone whom Mr. Carnegie represents would follow the example of Mr. Carnegie in getting rid of his money as quickly as possible. Mr. Carnegie's 'Gospel' is the very thing for the transition period from social heathenism to social Christianity. If a man is so unfortunate as to have enormous wealth, he cannot do better than act upon Mr. Carnegie's distributive principles.

I cannot but express the hope that further reflection upon the vital points may bring Mr. Gladstone into closer agreement with our colleagues in the discussion. In none of their articles is there a word in support of the advantages of the hereditary transmission of wealth and position, or of the necessity for magnificence upon the part of those in station. Their views seem to be in quite the other direction.

Fortunately, from this point forward, we have Mr. Gladstone's powerful and unreserved support. He says: 'The accumulation of wealth has had adversaries, but it has been too strong for them all; it is the business of the world.' 'The Gospel of Wealth' advocates leaving free the operation of laws of accumulation. It accepts this condition as unassailable, and seeks to make the best of it by directing into new and better channels the streams of accumulated and accumulating wealth, which it is found impossible to prevent. But in this, while we have Mr. Gladstone with us, we have regretfully lost the Rev. Mr. Hughes, who rises in stern opposition and says: 'If "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth" does not forbid the accumulation of wealth, the New Testament was written on Talleyrand's principle and was intended to "conceal thoughts."'

It is quite true, as Mr. Hughes says, 'that expositors can prove anything, and that theologians can explain away anything.' When

applied to a rich man, his view of this very text—only part of which is quoted by Mr. Hughes—was that he strictly complied with the injunction, by always placing his treasures in the Safety Deposit Company, where he was quite sure ‘neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.’ Mr. Hughes quotes the parable of the ‘Master of the Vineyard’ whose conduct is cited by Christ with approval. How came he master of a vineyard? Can he have sinned and ‘accumulated wealth’ for the payment of labour? Mr. Hughes says: ‘Christ distinctly prohibited the accumulation of wealth.’ But when Christ spoke, the revenues of a leading minister, even if divided among the whole Twelve Apostles, would have been accounted ‘wealth.’ It seems to me we have only to interpret literally, in this manner, a few parts of isolated texts to find warrant for the destruction of civilisation. Five words spoken by Christ so interpreted, if strictly obeyed, would at one blow strike down all that distinguishes man from the beast: ‘Take no thought for to-morrow.’ There is reason to believe that the forces of Christianity are not thus to be successfully arrayed against the business of the world—the accumulation of wealth. The parable of the talents bears in the other direction. It was those who had accumulated, and even doubled their capital, to whom the Lord said: ‘Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

Those who had ‘laid up’ their treasures and not increased them were reprimanded. Consider the millionaire who continues to use his capital actively in enterprises which give employment and develop the resources of the world. He who manages the ships, the mines, the factories, he cannot withdraw his capital, for this is the tool with which he works such beneficent wonders; nor can he restrict his operations, for the cessation of growth and improvement in any industrial undertaking marks the beginning of decay. The demands of the world for new and better things are continuous, and existing establishments must supply these, or lose even the trade they now have. I hope Mr. Hughes will find good ground for an interpretation which justifies the belief that the text has no bearing upon him, but is intended solely for those who hoard realised capital, adding the interest obtained for its use to the principal, and dying with their treasures ‘laid up,’ which should have been used as they accrued during the life of the individual for public ends, as ‘The Gospel of Wealth’ requires. Acting in accordance with this advice it becomes the duty of the millionaire to increase his revenues. The struggle for more is completely changed from selfish or ambitious taint into a noble pursuit. Then he labours not for self, but for others; not to hoard, but to spend. The more he makes, the more the public gets. His whole life is changed from the moment that

he resolves to become a disciple of 'The Gospel of Wealth;' and henceforth he labours to acquire that he may wisely administer for others' good. His daily labour is a daily virtue. Instead of destroying, impairing, or disposing of the tree which yields such golden fruit, it does not degrade his life nor even his old age, to continue guarding the capital from which alone he can obtain the means to do good. He may die leaving a sound business in which his capital remains; but beyond this, die poor, possessed of no fortune which was free for him to distribute, and therefore, I submit, not justly chargeable with belonging to the class which 'lay up their treasures upon earth.'

In this connection I commend to my reverend colleague the sermon of the founder of his Church (*The Use of Money*, vol. i. p. 44, Am. edition, sermon 50). He says:—

Gain all you can by honest industry. Use all possible diligence in your calling. Lose no time. Gain all you can, by common sense, by using in your business all the understanding which God has given you. It is amazing to observe how few do this; how men run on in the same dull track with their forefathers.

Having gained all you can by honest wisdom and unwearied diligence, the second rule of Christian prudence is, 'Save all you can.' Do not throw it away in idle expenses—to gratify pride, &c. If you desire to be a good and faithful steward, out of that portion of your Lord's goods which he has for the present lodged in your hands first provide things needful for yourself, food, raiment, &c. Second, provide these for your wife, your children, your servants, and others who pertain to your household. If then you have an overplus, do good to them that are of the household of faith. If there be still an overplus, do good to all men.

Upon this sermon 'The Gospel of Wealth' seems founded. Indeed, had I known of its existence before writing upon the subject, I should certainly have quoted it. I shall, therefore, not be shaken, even if a leading disciple of Wesley informs us that Mr. Carnegie (as representing the millionaire class, of course) is an 'anti-Christian phenomenon,' a 'social monstrosity,' and a 'grave political peril,' and says, that 'in a really Christian country—that is, in a country constructed upon a Christian basis—a millionaire would be an economic impossibility.' The millionaire class needs no defence, although Mr. Hughes thinks it no longer of use since joint-stock companies provide the means for establishing industries upon the large scale now demanded. It is most significant that the business concerns which have given Britain supremacy are, with few or no exceptions, the creations of the individual millionaire:—the Cunards, Ismay, Allens, Elders, Bessemers, Rothschilds, Barings, Clarks, Coates, Crossleys, the Browns, Siemens, Cammells, Gillotts, Whitworths, the Armstrongs, Listers, the Salts, Bairds, Samuelsons, Howards, Bells, and others. Joint-stock companies have not yet proven themselves equal to properly manage business after such men have created it. Where they have succeeded, it will be found that a very few individuals, and generally but one, have still control of affairs. Joint-stock companies

cannot be credited with invention or enterprise. If it were not for the millionaire still in business leading the way, a serious check would fall upon future improvement, and I believe business men generally will concur in the opinion, which I very firmly hold, that partnership—a very few, not more than two or three men—in any line of business, will make full interest upon the capital invested; while a similar concern as a joint-stock company, owned by many in small amounts, will scarcely pay its way and is very likely to fail. Railroads may occur to some as examples of joint-stock management, but the same rule applies to these. America has most of the railroads of the world, and it is found whenever a few able men control a line, and make its management their personal affair, that dividends are earned, where before there were none. The railways of Britain being monopolies, and charging from two to three times higher rates for similar service than those of America, only manage to pay their shareholders a small return. It would be quite another story if these were the property of one or two able men and managed by them.

The 'promotion' of an individual into a joint-stock concern is precisely what the 'promotion' of the individual is from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. The push and masterdom, the initiative of the few owners, which have created the business, are replaced by the limited authority and regulation performance of routine duties by salaried officials, after 'promotion,' while the career of both concern and individual may continue respectable, it is necessarily dull. They are no longer in the race; the great work of both is over. It would not be well for Britain's future if her commercial and manufacturing supremacy depended upon joint-stock companies. It is her individual millionaires who have created this supremacy, and upon them its maintenance still depends. Those who insure steady employment to thousands at wages not lower than others pay, need not be ashamed of their record; for steady employment is, after all, the one indispensable requisite for the welfare and the progress of the people. Still I am neither concerned nor disposed to dispute Mr. Hughes's assertion, that in a State under really Christian principles a millionaire would be an impossibility. He may be right; it is a far guess ahead. But the millionaire will not lack good company in making his exit; for surely nothing is clearer than that, in the ideal day, there can be no further use whatever for those of Mr. Hughes's profession. The millionaire and the preacher will alike have to find some other use for their talents; some other work to do that they may honourably earn and eat their daily bread. In this I doubt not both will continue to be eminently successful. The successors of the Rev. Mr. Hughes and myself, arm in arm, will make a pretty pair out in search of some light work with heavy pay.

Upon speculations as to the future of the race involving revolutionary change of existing conditions, it seems unwise to dwell. I



think we have nothing whatever to do with what may come a thousand or a million years hence ; and none of us can know what will come : our duties lie with the present—with our day and generation, and even these are hard enough to discern. The race toils slowly upward step by step ; it has even to create each successive step before it can stand upon it, for

Nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean.

If it attempts to bound over intervening space to any ideal, it will not rise but fall to lower depths. I cannot therefore but regard such speculations a waste of time—of valuable time—which is imperatively required for dealing with the next step possible in the path upward. And it is in this light that Mr. Gladstone's suggestion is of the greatest value. It accepts and builds upon present conditions—accommodates itself to our present environments. Mr. Gladstone has been engaged during his long public career in focusing, as it were, the various wishes of others, and so grouping them for a common end that practical results might follow. It has been his mission to restrain extremes, and to unite in common action the advance, the centre, and the rear. He shows his rare constructive skill in suggesting that there should be formed a brotherhood of those who recognise their duties to their fellows less favoured with this world's goods. This society will, no doubt, be so wide as to admit all, no limit being put to the amount of percentage of his surplus which each can secretly resolve to devote to others, nor any interference attempted with the wide field of its application. We may expect kindred societies to be formed throughout the world, and, at intervals, delegates from these might meet together in one world-wide brotherhood, thereby strengthening each other in the desire and effort to do their best to improve the condition of the masses, and to bring rich and poor into closer union. Those who ask, 'not how much we ought to give away, but how much we dare retain,' would represent the advanced section. Passing from this through many gradations, those who still fondly plead for the continued hereditary transmission of wealth and position, and for magnificence in station, would constitute the other great wing of the army. All equally welcome, equally necessary—it being enough that members of the brotherhood feel the duty of the day is that, entrusted as they are with surplus wealth beyond their wants—as their conscience may determine these wants—they should regularly set apart and expend all, or a proportion greater or less of the remainder, for the good of their less fortunate fellows, in the manner which seems to each best calculated to promote their genuine improvement. Should Mr. Gladstone's suggestion find the response which it deserves, he will have added much to the usefulness of his life in a sphere happily far removed from and far above the political ;

a field in which there can be room neither for strife, jealousy, gain, nor personal ambition; a cause so high, so holy, that all its surroundings must breathe of peace, good-will, brotherhood!

Every earnest good man, anxious to leave the world a little better than he found it, will wish Mr. Gladstone God-speed in his new inspiring task—a task which is indeed ‘too great for haste, too high for rivalry.’

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

*SHIP RAILWAYS.*

WRITING, forty years ago, on the *Future of Science*, M. Ernest Renan said: 'The work of the nineteenth century should be the writing of monographs on every point of science—a hard, humble, and laborious task, no doubt, but a solid and lasting work withal, as for many long years science will stand in need of those patient researches that might take the title of "Memoranda for the use of Somebody."' Engineers will readily admit that the literature of their own particular science, during the past forty years, has fully justified these anticipations of M. Renan, and the present article will be found to form no exception to the general rule; for although its short title is 'Ship Railways,' no such railway is at the present moment in actual operation, and this article might more properly be described at length as 'Memoranda for the use of somebody who, if the promise of the present is fulfilled in the future, will, before the nineteenth century is ended, be called upon to write a description of the many instances throughout the world in which vessels will be loaded on to special tracks, and be transported overland by rail from point to point, instead of doubling remote headlands or passing through canals which have cost so much money to construct, that, like the Panama Canal, they have involved their promoters in financial disaster.'

It has been said that no ship railway is at present in operation; but it should be added that a very important one will, it is hoped, before long be carrying ships, weighing two thousand tons, seventeen miles overland across the Isthmus of Chignecto between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Much interest has been manifested in this work throughout the world for the reason that, at many other points, canals are impracticable on account of their cost, and some alternative mode of getting ships across land is therefore urgently needed. The writer, as joint engineer of the Chignecto Ship Railway with Sir John Fowler and Mr. H. G. Ketchum, has had this fact of public interest in the future of ship railways brought prominently to his notice by the numerous applications for information about the Chignecto undertaking, and the present short article, or rather 'Memoranda for the use of somebody,' is the result.

So far as the question of novelty is concerned, everyone, of course,

will take it for granted that, if a search were made among the papyri at the British Museum, evidence would be found that the Egyptians were in the habit of transporting vessels overland across the Isthmus of Suez, and it is indeed more than probable that they did so. Tradition records that twenty-three centuries ago a true ship railway, with polished granite blocks as rails, existed and was worked across the Isthmus of Corinth, where the construction of a ship canal has just now only been partly effected and subsequently abandoned for financial considerations. In 1718 the well-known Count Emanuel Swedenborg constructed a road and 'machines' for carrying laden vessels from Stromstadt to Iddefjord in Sweden, a distance of fourteen miles across a rough country; and the successful use of this work by Charles the Twelfth during the siege of Frederikshall led to Swedenborg being regarded not only as a national benefactor, but as a mechanician of no mean ability, for at least a century after his death.

The vessels transported in all the above cases were no doubt small in size and weight compared with modern vessels. Necessarily, also, any vessel carried in our own times on an ordinary railway must be comparatively small, or it would not be able to pass under bridges and through tunnels. Within the latter limits, however, no practical difficulty whatever has been found in sending small vessels by rail at the usual speed of goods trains. The Dutch have shifted torpedo-boats from one part of the coast to another on railway trollies, and Mr. Donaldson, the torpedo-boat builder, some time since forwarded his steam yacht from the Thames to the west coast of Scotland by rail, having of course removed masts, funnel, and all deck hamper to enable her to squeeze through tunnels.

It is very rare in engineering problems to find that what has been done successfully on a small scale is impracticable on a large one, but rather the reverse is the truth. Take, for illustration, the locomotive engine. The largest works in the world for the building of locomotives is the well-known Baldwin Company's works at Philadelphia. That firm has constructed locomotives weighing 100 tons and guaranteed them to haul a load of 3,600 tons on a level railroad, but we have only to hark back some fifty years to find that the first engine built by the same firm weighed five tons and hauled thirty tons, but under favourable conditions only, as the *Philadelphia Courier* and other papers gave fair warning that, whilst 'the locomotive engine will depart daily, when the weather is fair, with a train of passenger cars, on rainy days horses will be attached.'

The same truth that with modern appliances and increased experience, engineers of the present day encounter less difficulty in carrying out large works than their predecessors successfully surmounted in dealing with small ones, holds good of steamboats and countless other things, and doubtless will hold good as regards ship railways.

But, after all, a ship railway adapted to modern vessels is but a new combination of mechanical contrivances, every one of which has been well tested singly, to at least as severe an extent as it would be tested in the combination. Thus, in the case of a ship railway the vessel has to be lifted out of the water to a height, in the Chignecto instance, of forty feet, and it has to be hauled along a railway on a properly constructed car. It is necessary in order to prove the above proposition, therefore, to show: (1) That heavy vessels can be floated over and blocked on a submerged cradle, and that the cradle and blocking will carry the ship safely when moving along a railway; (2) that the vessel and cradle can be lifted to any required height out of the water to rail-level; (3) that the rails and sleepers will support the heavy rolling load; and (4) that the locomotives have sufficient power to haul the vessels. These points will now be dealt with very briefly in the light of past experience.

A vessel's home is upon the water, but she is built on land and she has to return there whenever the slightest repairs to her hull have to be effected. She must be strong enough, therefore, for both conditions—ashore or afloat. In early times, as a rule, the vessel was simply beached at spring-tides, and the receding tide left her high and dry on the shore. Where extensive repairs were necessary the ship had to be hauled up the beach above tide-level. It is now seventy years since the first great improvement was made on the latter primitive method by the introduction of what was known as the 'Patent Slip' by Mr. Morton of Leith, where the ship was floated over a submerged cradle, blocked thereon, and hauled up an inclined railway by mechanical power. During the past seventy years thousands of vessels, up to three thousand tons in dead weight, have been so hauled out of the water over a short length of ship railway without the slightest difficulty or structural injury. It is hardly necessary to say that in almost every case the cradles are fitted with wheels, but occasionally, even in recent times, the old-fashioned plan of dragging the vessel by brute force on a sledge up an incline has, for special local reasons, been reverted to. Thus, some few years ago there was constructed at Palermo a slipway of four strong longitudinal beams, up which oak sledge-cradles carrying vessels of two thousand tons dead weight were hauled by hydraulic appliances of the necessary power. In other instances, ships are hauled broadside out of the water; but these special cases have no bearing upon the subject of ship railways, except as affording additional evidence that vessels can be safely handled in a variety of ways ashore as well as afloat, and that, as a result of past experience, no reasonable doubt need exist as to the practicability of constructing a cradle capable of carrying a vessel over any length of railway with safety, certainty, and despatch.

It has been equally demonstrated by past experience that heavy

vessels can be satisfactorily lifted to any required height out of the water. At the commencement of the present century there were on the Thames several wooden 'floating docks' for raising vessels out of the water, but the last of these docks was broken up about the same time that the 'Patent Slip,' or pioneer ship railway, was introduced. In the United States and elsewhere such docks still are in use, and one at Pola has lifted hundreds of paddle and screw steamers, sailing ships, ironclads, and other vessels ranging up to 3,500 tons in measurement. Iron docks of a similar type are to be found all over the world. The largest one in existence, known as the 'Bermuda Dock,' was built about twenty-five years ago of sufficient power and capacity to lift ironclads weighing 10,200 tons clear out of the water. Of more recent design are the 'Depositing Docks' of Messrs. Clark & Standfield, where the vessels are lifted by pumping out submerged pontoons, and are deposited on fixed staging, when the pontoons are free to be floated away again to lift and deposit other vessels. It is stated that the operation occupies only about twenty minutes. As an illustration of the great strength of ships, it may be mentioned that at the Nicolaieff Dock, the steamship 'Russia,' about 3,600 tons in weight, and 334 feet in length, was lifted out of the water by pontoons extending only for a length of 174 feet under her keel, thus leaving both ends of the vessel unsupported; and that, notwithstanding this great overhang, no sign of structural weakness was exhibited.

In various projected ship railways modifications of the preceding types of floating docks have been proposed as the means of raising the vessels out of the water to rail-level. In the case of the Chignecto Ship Railway, now under construction, another plan is adopted on the principle of the 'hydraulic lift dock' introduced by Mr. Edwin Clark at the Victoria Docks some thirty years ago. Here the vessels are floated over a grid of submerged girders, which are attached by links to a double row of hydraulic rams of sufficient power and length of stroke to lift the vessel out of the water, as will be more particularly described hereafter in connection with the Chignecto lift. It is hardly necessary to say that during the past thirty years many thousands of vessels of all classes have been lifted at the Victoria Docks as a matter of daily routine, and that no difficulties exist as regards this method of raising ships. The largest lifting dock on this principle is the Bombay Dock, which was constructed to lift troopships of 360 feet length, 49 feet beam, and 6,000 tons displacement. Many of the P. and O. steamers, such as the 'Peshawur' of 380 feet length and 4,400 tons weight, have been lifted by this hydraulic dock during the past twenty years with uniform success. At Malta, also, there is a large dock of the kind, of special interest in connection with the ship railway question because it is used by ships having their cargoes on board, whereas at terminal ports the vessels are of course, as a rule,

discharged before docking to avoid expense and delay. In every case, however, the heaviest part of the load—namely, the machinery—must be retained on board, and in the instance of ironclads obviously but little weight could be got rid of even if it were requisite.

It must be admitted, therefore, that ample evidence exists as to the successful lifting of vessels. As regards the remaining points—namely, the ability of the rails and sleepers to carry the load of a ship and cradle, and of the locomotives to haul it—little need be said in this age of steel and of high-pressure steam. But experience can also be appealed to on both these matters. At Woolwich Arsenal and at Shoeburyness our 111-ton guns, weighing with carriage 210 tons, are mounted on a couple of trucks and conveyed by rail wherever required without trouble, although the load on each wheel, axle, and rail is quite as great, if not greater, than could be the case with the loaded car on a ship railway. As regards the power of modern locomotives, reference has been already made to certain Baldwin engines, and it may be mentioned that the locomotives now being built for the Chignecto railway would each be capable of drawing, on a level line in favourable weather, a train of loaded coal-trucks over three-quarters of a mile in length and weighing 4,000 tons. With a ship car the friction would be at least twice as great as with the more lightly loaded coal-trucks, hence the necessity of such powerful engines.

Having thus, by an appeal to past experience in connection with the raising of ships and the haulage of heavy loads, justified the statement that, after all, a ship railway adapted to modern vessels is but a new combination of old contrivances, we may proceed to consider briefly the application of those methods in the case of the Chignecto Marine Transport Railway, now under construction. The object of the latter undertaking is to enable vessels to pass direct from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thus save the long voyage of 600 miles round the exposed coast of Nova Scotia. A canal was proposed for this purpose so long ago as 1823, and the project was practically kept alive until superseded by Mr. Ketchum's scheme for a ship railway. Detailed surveys and estimates made by the Government engineers showed that a canal would cost three or four times as much as a railway. Finally, after much investigation, the Canadian Government granted a subsidy to the company, and the works were commenced in October 1888, Messrs. John G. Meiggs & Son being the contractors, and Messrs. Fowler, Baker, & Ketchum the engineers.

The ship railway works commence near the town of Amherst, in a half-tide dock at the upper end of the Bay of Fundy, and terminate at Tidnish, Baie Verte, a part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in a harbour formed by long cribwork jetties. Between these points the railway runs in an absolutely straight line for the distance of

seventeen miles, with a maximum gradient of 1 in 500, and the summit to be surmounted is 47 feet above the level of the starting-point. The rise of the tide is about 45 feet at the Bay of Fundy end and 10 feet at the Tidnish end of the line, but in both instances hydraulic lifts are provided capable of lifting vessels of 2,000 tons displacement to a height of 40 feet. The draught of vessel provided for is 16 feet, the length 240 feet, and the width 60 feet, which latter dimension is necessitated by the continued use of paddle-wheel steamers for sea-going purposes in these parts. Accommodation is provided in the basins at each end of the line for six of the largest vessels which will pass over this railway.

The hydraulic lifts, when raised, form a part of the main railway as regards line and level; and when lowered with the cradle the depth of water over the keel-blocks on the latter is that requisite for floating the vessel on to the blocks. Walls of massive masonry 56 feet in height from foundation to quay-level, surround the hydraulic lifts. The latter each consist of twenty hydraulic rams of 25 inches diameter and 40 feet stroke, enclosed in 26-inch diameter cylinders provided with stuffing-boxes at the upper ends, and with inlet pipes for the admission of water at a test pressure of 1,300 lbs. per square inch. On the top of each ram is a crosshead, from which hang two lifting links, connected at the lower ends with the gridiron upon which the ship and cradle rest when being lifted. The gridiron, 235 feet in length and 60 feet in width, consists of a very stiff combination of longitudinal and cross girders made of steel and firmly riveted together. When lifted to the level of the railway the ends of the cross girders are supported on the quay walls by iron chock-blocks worked by hydraulic power, so that the gridiron then in effect constitutes a solid part, as before said, of the main line. Hydraulic pumping machinery is provided of sufficient power to raise a vessel weighing 2,000 tons, or, including the gridiron and cradle, a total weight of 3,500 tons, the required height of forty feet in twenty minutes. Hydraulic power is also provided for capstans and winches for manoeuvring the vessels, and air-compressors are furnished for clearing the pipes and cylinders quickly of water—a precaution specially necessary in a northern climate. Special arrangements are made in the engine-house to enable the engineman to ensure the equable and simultaneous motion of the ten lifting rams on each side of the deck, so that no straining of the gridiron may occur.

A double line of railway of the ordinary 4 feet 8½ inches gauge is laid along the top of the gridiron, upon which the ship-cradles are run. These cradles are provided in sectional lengths of 75 feet and 57 feet to accommodate vessels of ranging dimensions. For a ship of 2,000 tons dead weight three sections would be used. The cradles, like the gridirons, are formed of a rigid combination of steel girders carrying keel-blocks and sliding bilge-blocks of the usual lifting-dock



type. Each 75 feet section of cradle is supported on sixty-four solid wheels of 3 feet diameter, having double bearings and four spiral springs of exceptional strength. Unlike ordinary ship cradles, therefore, a considerable amount of elasticity is provided in the present case. It need hardly be remarked that many interesting problems have had to be worked out in connection with these cradles which it is impossible to refer to here.

The order of procedure in raising a vessel and transporting it seventeen miles across this isthmus to the sea on the other side would be as follows: A vessel coming up the Bay of Fundy on the flood tide would pass through the gate entrance into the dock and wait its turn to be lifted. If the vessel were a 'trader' on this route, its dimensions would have been recorded, and the keel and bilge blocks would have been got ready on the cradle, telegraphic notice having been received of the probable arrival of the ship. If she were a 'tramp,' a ship's carpenter would have to go on board and take some leading measurements for the arrangement of the blocking on the cradle. The blocking being arranged, the cradle and gridiron would be lowered by the hydraulic rams into the water and the vessel would be hauled over it by capstans and winches in the usual way (see fig. 1). The gridiron would then be slowly raised until the vessel rested on the keel-blocks throughout her whole length, after which the sliding bilge-blocks would be pulled tight against the ship's bilge by chains attached to the blocks and carried up to the quay on either side. Lifting would then proceed until the rails on the gridiron attained the same level as those on the main line of railway, when, as before explained, the ends of the girders would be securely blocked (see fig. 2). The ship and cradle would then be hauled off the gridiron on to the railway by powerful hydraulic winches, and, after a final adjustment of the blocking, the vessel would be taken in hand by two of the giant locomotives (see fig. 3) already referred to, and be transported across the isthmus on to the hydraulic lift on the other side, where the converse operations would be effected to enable the vessel to resume her ocean voyage.

Various plans have been proposed from time to time for the quick and efficient blocking of the curved surface of a ship's hull to the flat top of the cradle. Hinged bilge-blocks, hydraulic rams, elastic bags filled with air or water, and many other such contrivances have been suggested, but the present universal practice in docking or in launching a ship is to use simple wooden keel and bilge blocks. In docking a vessel, nearly the whole of the weight comes on the keel blocks, and the bilge-blocks are few in number and extend only for about the middle third of the ship's length. In launching a vessel, the weight is transferred from the keel-blocks on to the launching-ways on each side of the same by means of a couple of narrow cradles or bilge-logs, of hard wood packed up to the hull of the vessel by soft



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

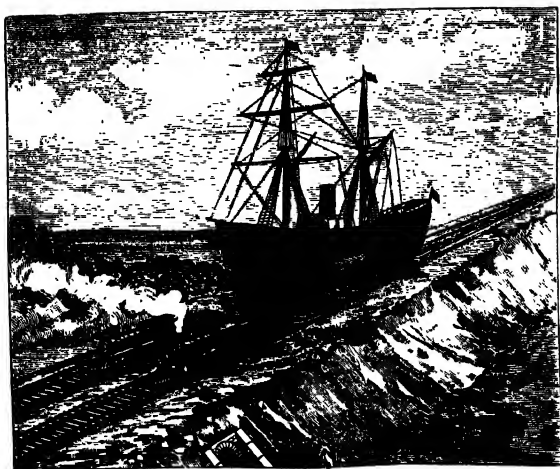


FIG. 3.



wood filling. These cradles carry the ships down the too often imperfectly bedded inclined launching-ways at a speed of some twelve miles an hour. As the vessel is leaving the launching-ways her stern is waterborne whilst the bow is pressing hard on the shore, but yet it is the rarest thing for any mishap to occur to a vessel even under this singularly rough treatment. The best way of blocking a ship on a railway cradle will be quickly determined after a few weeks' experience, but at Chignecto the method adopted in the first instance will certainly be the well-tried one of timber keel and bilge blocks.

Nothing calls for special notice as regards the line of railway. It is, as before stated, a double line of ordinary gauge, but the space between the two lines is five feet wider than usual. Very strong steel rails, weighing 110 lbs. per yard, and exceptionally large sleepers, spaced very closely together, give the required support on the ballast to the heavily laden ship cradle. Near the Amherst end a long and deep moss or bog had to be crossed, and, as the floating system adopted by Stephenson for the original Manchester and Liverpool Railway across Chat Moss would obviously be inappropriate for the heavy loads of a ship railway, there was no alternative but to form a solid rock embankment across the bog, and this has now been successfully completed. On other parts of the line there is a heavy rock cutting and a river bridge, but beyond these matters there are no works of importance on the line.

The state of the works of the Chignecto Marine Transport Railway at the present time is as follows: The hydraulic lifts and machinery as previously described, together with the hydraulic traversers for shunting laterally sections of the cradle, with small coasting vessels on them, off the main line on to sidings, have been almost completed and shipped by the manufacturers, Messrs. Easton & Anderson; the cradles are well advanced at the works of Messrs. Handysides; the earthworks of the line and docks remaining to be done are only about one-eighth of the total quantity, and the whole of the permanent way has long since been on the ground. It will be seen, therefore, that, as little remains to be done but the completion of the masonry and the erection of the machinery, there is good reason to hope that the much-debated question of ship railways *versus* ship canals will soon receive a practical answer by the opening of the Nova Scotia undertaking.

It has been said that the completion of the Chignecto Ship Railway is being awaited with much interest in many parts of the world where the requirements for such works exist. The derelict canal at Panama is a standing warning of the almost insurmountable difficulties which may attend the construction of a level waterway from ocean to ocean, and of the vast difficulties which still remain, even after the principle of climbing over a summit by an ascending and descending ladder of locks has been conceded. The writer last

year was called upon to examine, in conjunction with M. Eiffel, the progress plans of the Panama Canal, and to report on the feasibility of adapting the partially executed works to the construction of a ship railway; but, as might be anticipated, the conditions were not found favourable. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, north of Panama, is better suited for a ship railway, and the late Mr. Eads—the distinguished engineer of the Mississippi River Jetties—obtained a concession from the Mexican Government for the construction of such a work across the isthmus. This project is still alive, and only waiting the experience of the Chignecto railway to be actively prosecuted. The president of the company was the late Mr. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States Government, and it is clear, therefore, that serious business men in America, and not mere adventurers, regard a railway to carry ships of 5,000 tons overland between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans as a desirable and practicable undertaking. Mr. Eads, with his usual energy and caution, obtained the opinions of leading shipbuilders, engineers, and other authorities throughout the world as to the practicability of the work before embarking in its prosecution. Thus, Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B., the late Chief Constructor of the Navy, said: ‘I have no words but those of encouragement for a ship railway, regarded from my point of view as a shipbuilder, accustomed for a lifetime to the designing, building, repairing, and docking of both wood and iron ships.’ And, again, the late Mr. Pearce, the builder of the *Etruria*, and of so many other celebrated vessels, said: ‘I am of opinion, from what I know of the working of floating docks that I have designed and built, that iron steamers of 4,000 to 5,000 tons displacement may be docked, loaded, without any injury whatever, and that a ship railway for vessels of this size may be constructed and worked successfully, provided the land is solid and the line moderately level.’ Equally favourable opinions were elicited from many other authorities of no less weight than the two cited, and Mr. Eads, therefore, although he died before the accomplishment of his project, must be regarded as having rendered eminent service to the cause of ship railways by thus ventilating the subject.

Space will not admit of a reference to the various projects for ship railways now under discussion, but it may be mentioned that last year the Secretary of War, U.S.A., transmitted to the House of Representatives an official report with detailed plans for a ship railway, to overcome obstructions to navigation in the Columbia river, Oregon, which report was the result of a year’s investigation into the relative merits of a ship canal and a ship railway, by a board of Government engineers, who visited most of the hydraulic docks and ship inclines in Europe, for the purposes of the inquiry. In forwarding the report to the Secretary of War, General Casey, the chief of engineers U. S. army, remarked that the ship railway

as recommended by the board was, in his judgment, 'feasible, and the best solution of the problem presented.'

In concluding these memoranda on ship railways past, present, and future, the writer desires to state that, although during the past two years he has given much personal consideration to the engineering details of the Chignecto Ship Railway—by far the largest work of the kind hitherto undertaken—he was not even aware of the existence of the project until the arduous task of satisfying his fellow-Canadians of the feasibility and utility of the work and of obtaining the financial assistance of the Dominion Government had been successfully accomplished by his colleague, Mr. H. G. Ketchum, with the powerful aid of Sir Charles Tupper, K.C.M.G., K.C.B.

. B. BAKER.

### THE RECRUITING PROBLEM.

IN his recently published report the Inspector-General of recruiting informs us that the 'effective strength' of the Regular Army on the 1st of January 1891 was 202,116 non-commissioned officers and men. I do not profess to know the precise official meaning of the expression 'effective strength;' probably the figures given include recruits, sick, and prisoners. Certainly, if the term conveys that the stated number of so-called soldiers is efficient for prompt active service, it must be regarded as misleading.

The truth is, the actual strength of the regular infantry in virile fighting men is about one half of the nominal total. About one-fourth is still in the military nursery, gradually substituting bone for gristle; another fourth is fit only to lengthen the ranks on home parade and to fill the field hospitals in the course of the first week of a campaign. The remaining half—and it is this that in reality constitutes our actual fighting strength—contains a large proportion of undersized weedy youngsters, whom in the old days no self-respecting commanding officer would have passed into the ranks. This pseudo-adult, quasi-able-bodied half is constantly being depleted by discharge under the short-service system; and the gaps so made in the ranks are filled up by individuals of a less and less satisfactory type from a physical point of view. Watching the other day a detachment of linesboys—they could not be called linesmen—go by, I chanced to stand beside a stalwart navy. 'By the Lord, Sir,' was his ingenuous comment, 'I should like to take a contract at so much a head to chuck 'em over a wall at the rate of a dozen a minute!'

Not long ago Lord Chelmsford, speaking to an audience of the United Service Institution, said:

None of us can hide from ourselves the fact that if the regiments of the present day had had to do the work that these old regiments did in the Crimea, however good their hearts may have been, however plucky and courageous they may have been, their actual physical condition would not have admitted of their doing the work those men did, and they would have succumbed, and the whole thing might have collapsed.

There can be no question of the truth of this, but the contrast is not so dismaying as at first sight it seems. For one thing, but for

reinforcements of young soldiers the old regiments would have—not succumbed—but died out, and the whole thing would have collapsed. For another, their martyrdom was the safeguard for the future, that their successors should never suffer the misery which consigned the grand old warriors wholesale to the grave. They were Titans. The soldier—shall I say rather the pigmy?—of to-day has not to reckon with exposure to the red tape, unpreparedness, and blundering that massacred his predecessor. It was characteristic of the old regiments that they went on service practically *en masse*, leaving in their depôts only a few superannuated oldsters just ripening for their pensions, and a small batch of latest-joined recruits. It is pleasant not to let our thoughts dwell on the inevitable results to our existing ‘effective strength,’ if the example mentioned should be followed. Lord Wolseley has been our most strenuous advocate of short service, but in practice he has scarcely shown the courage of his opinions. His line infantry in the Tel-el-Kebir campaign averaged over four years’ service, and the ‘effective strength’ of the home army was all but depleted to furnish the 22,000 men which constituted his command in Egypt. He considers, and certainly he has acted on his conviction, that the average British soldier of the present day is wholly unfit for service in warfare against savages.

It is not wise (he writes) to send ordinary battalions, organised as ours are, to such wars. Don’t attempt to make use of second-rate soldiers in small wars. Select all ranks most carefully for them; call for 50, 80, or 100 volunteers from each of a number of battalions until you have your required number; you require the bravest and strongest men in your nation. To put the ordinary Tommy Atkins, reared in Whitechapel, against the hillside savage warrior is not only the worst of folly, but it is cruel to the man concerned, and criminal to the nation.

Lord Wolseley has the right from personal experience to use this language. But our ‘ordinary battalions,’ as it happens, are mainly composed of Tommy Atkinses, reared in Whitechapel. In big wars between civilised armies, when Heaven has a habit of helping the big battalions, it is impracticable to take into the field only the cream skimmed off your ‘ordinary battalions.’ I have witnessed something both of civilised and of savage warfare, and I own I regard the former, with its far-reaching weapons, its discipline, its varied potentialities of mischief, as incomparably the more formidable. I trust, therefore, that Lord Wolseley, with so high an estimate of the prowess of his Ashantis and Arabs, and with so mean an opinion of our ‘ordinary battalions’—in which opinion I confess to participate—may never find himself compelled to engage with the latter a superior force of good troops belonging to one of the civilised powers.

A short soldier is not to be held inefficient because of lack of stature. The standard in the French army is, and was indeed in the days of the old professional army, lower than ours is now. The *piou-pious* who stormed the Malakoff were little grigs of men



averaging about five feet four inches. But they were wiry, tough, sinewy fellows—genuine men, although low of stature. The French nation runs small. The British people, as a whole, are of larger frame, and the undersized men among us are more apt to be weaklings. How much more likely to be weaklings are the undersized ‘dregs’—to use Mr. Bright’s expression—who scramble by a strain into our ranks under the present low standard of admission!

The old notion was that a big soldier was needed to furnish weight and thrusting power in a bayonet charge. There are no bayonet charges now—during the whole Franco-German war I saw bloody bayonets but once, and that in a street fight. Man for man, the moderate-sized sturdy recruit, perhaps even the sturdy little recruit, is likely to make a better all-round soldier than the big fellow. He has more endurance, he seems to carry his burden more easily, having less of himself to carry, and he is generally healthier. But your narrow-chested, ‘herring-bodied,’ undersized gutter-weed is pure trash on campaign; you cannot make decent ‘cannon-fodder’ of a creature of this sort; and it is of creatures of this sort that our ranks to-day are full.

Our military authorities do not appear to be very seriously concerned about this state of things, disquieting as it is to practical critics of physique and conversant by experience with its influence on the issues of campaigns. They seem to go rather on the counting of noses, ignoring the circumstance that men do not fight with their noses; and they are perturbed mainly because the count of noses is unsatisfactory and threatening to become more so. In the debate of the other evening<sup>1</sup> on recruiting, Mr. Hanbury and others set forth in long detail a list of petty grievances and disagreeables in the lot of the private soldier which, as they contended, operated against more copious enlistment. Mr. Stanhope, in perhaps rather a half-hearted manner, challenged the existence of some of those grievances, admitted others as inevitable, dwelt on some ameliorations already made or making, promised others, and argued that the soldier’s state was not a particularly hard one, enjoying, as Mr. Stanhope contended he does, ‘an equivalent of not less than fifteen shillings a week.’ Optimist as he is, and a master of special pleading, Mr. Stanhope found himself unable to deny that the situation and prospects of recruiting were unsatisfactory; he had to admit that ‘in the report of the Inspector-General there is a good deal that may cause alarm.’

The truth is that all those petty matters of pence and twopences, of the duration of a shirt, of the adequacy or the reverse of the ration—that all those items of controversy are beside the real question as the nibbling recruit looks at it. They do, no doubt, greatly concern the soldier we have already caught, and his contentment or discontent; but they do not touch the hem of the problem—how to

<sup>1</sup> February 19.

entice to the colours more men and better men. It was not altogether so in the past, but it certainly is now, and probably will continue to be so, while our army remains a nominally volunteer army, that only a handful of enthusiasts, a few resolute men bent on a purpose, and a mass of men who cannot help themselves or who believe that they cannot, enlist and will enlist. Soldiering in the ranks of a volunteer army in such a country as Great Britain will ever be in the nature of a recourse, not of a profession, or even of a chosen temporary expedient. To four out of five recruits the material details of army service are things of no consequence whatsoever; they enlist because of the refuge afforded, in the general assurance of quarters, warmth, clothing, rations, and 'the bob a day,' in regard to which they steadily decline to be disabused by the perusal of any 'small pamphlet' or any other notification whatsoever.

I have said that recourse to enlistment as a *dernier ressort* was not universal in the past, although in a large proportion of instances absolute need was no doubt even then the incentive. But then, besides the waifs, the reckless ones, and the jail-birds—whom Wellington accepted without a grumble, there were Scottish Highlanders, Irish peasants, and English farm labourers; who, in Mr. Cardwell's phrase, had their 'native village,' and who joined the army with no thought of thereby discrediting themselves. It was among such honest fellows that, in the hot youth-time, I served the Queen for several years; and I look back on the experience neither with horror nor shame. During the five-and-twenty years that have passed since then, the amelioration in the condition of the soldier has been incalculable. But I should be untrue to their memory if I did not lift up my testimony that the men of the old days endured their more arduous lot with a grand primitive resignation. They knew that the quartermaster and the butcher were in collusion in regard to the meat ration; that the troop sergeant-major cooked their accounts, and that the pay-corporal had glutinous fingers. Their captain habitually addressed them as 'd—d brutes;' the surgeon left his duties for days to go hunting. There was no quick escape for them from those abuses; for some of them were 'lifers,' and all were long-service men. But there were no professional agitators in those days, nor any barrack-room lawyers who 'knew their rights;' there was not a great deal of that commodity of a little of which the poet speaks as 'a dangerous thing,' and there were no halfpenny newspapers. The discipline was rigid, how rigid no youngster of to-day can have any idea; but insubordination was undreamt of. I will not speak of hardships; but I have known a man on a penny a day for eighteen months, so onerous were his stoppages. There is no penny a day now. And there come now to our ranks, no Scottish Highlanders, few Irish peasants, and perhaps even fewer English farm labourers.

Times are changed since then, and the nation with them. This is

the era of agitation, upheaval, restlessness, strikes, caprice ; of men quarrelling with their bread and butter and flying to margarine simply for a change. Who ever sees the old family servant now, who served generation and generation, and who died surrounded by those she had reared ? I do not say that the decay of long loyal service lies wholly at the inferior's door. Some may remember the eulogy Mr. Disraeli pronounced on a venerable farm labourer of long service in one employ : how he presented the ancient hind with a prize, and decorated him with a bouquet of ribbons. That long-service patriarch I subsequently found in the local workhouse. But whatever the contributing causes, domestic service of the good old kind is all but dead. The farm labourer freely resorts to strikes ; the police have been very close to that resort ; her Majesty's servants the London postmen have made a trial of it. When the whole community of labour is a-quivering with St. Vitus's dance, how can you expect free and eligible recruiting into a professional army whose initial requirement is an engagement for a period of some duration, or calm steadiness in the ranks of that army ? The axiom used to be that the flow of recruits was in the inverse ratio to the prosperity of the country. Well, there are plenty of stalwart unemployed to-day ; but they prefer casual jobs and mouching and cadging and loafing and sorning, and haunting the kitchens of disreputable common lodging-houses, to putting their necks in the yoke of military service even for the shortened period with the colours. And the nation and Mr. Stanhope may rely on it that the old steady, plodding sluggish-pulsed times when a Minister was not ' heckled ' daily in his place in Parliament, when recruits ran into the army as a harbour of refuge and abode therein contentedly, when there were no stories of indiscipline and when children under puberty were not accepted as soldiers, are times which England will never see more.

Short service for a home army is in itself no evil, but the reverse. And if it were an evil, it is to-day a necessary evil. Where the evil lies is that we accepted it without the complement of it that alone is its justification, and constitutes its efficiency. The nation which we took as our partial example has its army efficient with a three years' term of service ; but then its army is a national army, and not a sectional army. We gave our nominally volunteer army short service, continuing to use in it only the refuse raw material of the nation. Our supply of that material is now failing us, and we need not hope to restore it by the proffer of a pittance of more pay, or by any relaxation in the essentials of discipline—a sinister and ruinous expedient which in the recent debate Mr. Campbell Bannerman advocated with so strange a warmth. Words of this complexion from the mouths of men who have been in office, and who may be in office again,<sup>2</sup> but who have never served in the army, and can have

<sup>2</sup> A civilian War Minister, party man first and War Minister after, knows just about as much of the soldier as the soldier does of him.

had no personal insight into its internal economy, but who permit themselves to enunciate a weak, sentimental philanthropy, are fraught with serious danger, and must tend to weaken the hands of those who are charged with the responsibility of maintaining the discipline of the army. Few civilians have any idea how precarious already is the state of army discipline, and how difficult the maintenance of it is found in the face of the insidious spirit of demagoguery which is being so sedulously instilled into the lower classes of the people.

But as regards Indian and colonial duty, short service, more especially in an army which has to accept immature and physically unsatisfactory recruits, is nothing short of disastrous. Under its conditions lads are sent out, become acclimatised if they survive the process, and are safely serviceable for active service in the field only for a few years before their time is up. It is simply ruinous to a regiment in India to send it on active service before it has been at least two years in the country, and during that time quartered in a healthy station. Well do I remember on that November afternoon of 1875 when Sir Samuel Browne's division was on the march from Peshawur to Jumrood to begin next morning the invasion of Afghanistan, with what admiration everyone regarded Colonel Thompson's battalion of the old 17th Foot, now the 1st Battalion Leicester Regiment. It had come down direct from the Murree Hills, and was in magnificent physical form. It had been in India for some eight years, and was probably about the last of the long-service battalions of that army which was just then disappearing before the short-service system introduced a few years previously. A finer specimen of the old *régime* could not be imagined; for weight and space occupied per man, its rank and file were probably 30 per cent. heavier and broader than are the younger short-service men of to-day. In the same division there marched another European battalion, the old 81st Foot, now known as the 2nd Battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. It was a battalion with to the full as fine a fighting record as that possessed by the 17th, and I am sure its heart for the work in hand was quite as good. But it was newer to the Indian life, it had been quartered for some time in Peshawur, and had suffered severely from the debilitating fever of the unhealthy valley. Its rank and file looked wan and drawn, and men were falling out before we reached Hurri Singh Ke-Bourj. The 17th went through the campaign in excellent form; the fever-weakened 81st suffered severely: in the language of a medical officer, 'they literally went sick by half-companies, and flooded the field-hospitals.' There is a regulation that no young soldier is to be sent to India until he is at least twenty years of age, but our exigencies bring it about that this rule is more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

The arguments seem overwhelming in favour of a reconstitution of our military forces, by dividing them into two distinct and

separately recruited armies; one, a long-service army for continuous Indian and distant colonial service; the other, a short service army for home defence, Mediterranean service, and available everywhere for actual war service. A considerably increased scale of pay would no doubt fill the ranks of the former, as a lesser increment to the normal shilling sufficed to keep up the strength of the old East India Company's European regiments, than which no finer troops ever stood on parade or retrieved the all but lost battle.

As for the suggested short-service home army, of its method of recruiting, composition, and attributes, one must speak with bated breath, if he dare indeed to speak at all, while the subject is so discountenanced and whistled down the wind by all persons in authority. Yet the time must come sooner or later—I for one fervently hope sooner—when the question shall have to be confronted, whether the nation is to remain so blindly unsolicitous *ne quid detrimenti Respublica capiat* as to persist in declining to make the sacrifice which the people of every other European nation have submitted to for the sake of their respective Fatherlands. To advance to the nation its favourite argument in these latter days—the argument of comparative economy, it is a doubtful question whether it would not be cheaper that the manhood of Britain should sacrifice a short period of life to military service, than that the country should continue to pay all those annual millions for results so disappointing and a guarantee of national safety so weak and so treacherous. It may be apposite to quote the words of General Emory Upton, a distinguished American soldier who some years ago wrote a valuable treatise on the armies of Europe:—

‘With her disparity of strength, should England quarrel with any of her formidable neighbours, we may safely anticipate that the war will be followed either by the speedy reorganisation of her army, or by her total abandonment of the policy of armed intervention in foreign affairs.’

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

*A VISIT TO  
THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.*

WHEN St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Order, went in search of a retreat, he could not have found a spot more suitable for a life of solitude and contemplation than the desert of the Chartreuse, in the mountains of Dauphiné. Tradition says that the place was marked out for him by a revelation. German by birth, St. Bruno belongs to France by his education and subsequent career. He was born of a noble family, at Cologne, in 1035, and was partly educated there; but he continued his studies at the school of Rheims, which was then celebrated, and distinguished himself so much that he was made Director of all the public schools in that town and Chancellor of the diocese.

He fought hard against the abuses in the Church during the tenure of the corrupt Archbishop Manassès the First, who deprived him, in consequence, of his post and his worldly goods, and drove him into exile. But the cause of justice triumphed in the end: the Archbishop was deposed for simony, and St. Bruno was thought of as his successor. Meanwhile he had determined to leave the world and enter the monastic life, and nothing could turn him from this resolution.

Learned, pious, large-hearted ('*homo profundi cordis*,' says a contemporary), with a mature judgment, a complete mastery over himself, a serene and equable spirit, he was well fitted to become a leader of men; but he only learnt by degrees what he was destined for. He began by going to the Benedictine monastery of Molesme, and lived in it for some time as a monk. Not finding there, however, the solitude he wished for, he went to Grenoble to consult with the young bishop, Hugues de Chateaufort, who had once been his pupil at Rheims. At the moment Bruno and his six followers entered the town, in June 1084, Hugo dreamt that he saw seven stars fall at his feet, rise again to pursue their course through the mountains, till they stopped at a place called Chartrousse, or Chartreuse. Here angels built a house, and on the roof appeared the seven stars. The bishop was puzzled by the dream; but when he saw the seven travellers appear, and ask for his advice, he understood its meaning,

and joyfully guided them himself through the mountains to the spot which God had shown him.

A chapel was erected ; and in a short time arose the first monastery, built of wood, consisting of a large cloister, with cells opening out into it, a refectory, chapter-room, and a hostelry for strangers. Each cell was divided into a study and kitchen, a bedroom with oratory, and a workroom. This served as a model for all future monasteries of the Order. The bishop ensured his friends the undisturbed possession of the Valley of the Chartreuse by giving up all his rights to it, and inducing others to do the same.

St. Bruno himself did not enjoy his retreat long. In 1090 he was called to Italy by Pope Urban the Second, his former pupil at Rheims. He reluctantly obeyed the summons. At the loss of the shepherd the sheep dispersed, but they came back to their retreat within the year. Bruno himself never saw his beloved Chartreuse again—he died in a monastery which he had founded in Calabria.

Not fifty years after its foundation the first Chartreuse was destroyed by a terrible avalanche. The two chapels erected by St. Bruno were spared, and on their old foundations stand Notre Dame de Casalibus and the chapel of St. Bruno. When this calamity happened the question arose whether it would not be wiser to rebuild the monastery on a spot which was not exposed to such destruction, and Guigues, the head of the Order at that time, resolved to build it in the place where it now stands, and to leave the two chapels on the old site, as places of pilgrimage. But other calamities were reserved for the new monastery. No less than eight fires at different times reduced it to ashes ; and, except one part of the cloister and the clock-tower (which date from the fourteenth century), the church (which has been frequently restored), the mortuary-chapel, and the Chapelle St. Louis, little remains of the building that is older than the end of the seventeenth century, when the last fire took place, and when it was finally rebuilt.

Two beautiful carriage-roads lead from Grenoble to the Grande Chartreuse. The one by St. Laurent du Pont is usually taken to go there ; the other, by the Sappey, for the return. The road from St. Laurent du Pont to the Chartreuse was made in 1854-56. Before that time there existed only a path for pedestrians and mules, which the monks themselves had made in the fifteenth century. From the village of St. Laurent du Pont, called in the old days St. Laurent du Désert, the road ascends through a magnificent gorge, and the Chartreuse is reached in about two hours. A little beyond St. Laurent is Fourvoirie, where the monks, since the fourteenth century, have had stables and warehouses, and where they now distil their liqueur. Here a fort, La Jarjatte, made in 1715, defended the entrance to the desert, but it was demolished in 1856. The road first follows for some time the left bank of the Guiers-Mort, then crosses the Pont

St. Bruno, and passes along the right bank. Gigantic rocks, partly covered with a luxurious vegetation, tower above it, while the torrent rushes and foams in the chasm below, which grows deeper as the road ascends, till at last the eye plunges with a shudder into the wooded precipice. A huge pointed rock—le pic de l'Aiguille—surmounted with a cross, rises between the road and the stream. Here also once existed a fort, l'Œillette, constructed by the monks in the fifteenth century to defend the road they had just made; but it was also demolished in 1856.

An occasional traveller, a cart loaded with timber from the mountains, alone disturb this grand solitude. Leaving the stream, the road continues through the forest, and finally reaches an open space, where the buildings of the Chartreuse appear in sight, at the foot of a range of mountains, the highest of which is the Grand Som.

Those who look for the picturesque in architecture, or for treasures of art, need not go to the Grande Chartreuse—let them turn to the Certosa of Pavia. But the historical associations of eight centuries cast their own halo round the spot. From this parent institution the Carthusian convents over the whole world have been governed, for the prior of the Grande Chartreuse is the *père général*—the head of the whole Order.

On arrival, the gentlemen walk to the monastery, where they are received by one of the brothers and shown to their cells. These are in a building across the courtyard, and were formerly destined for the priors who came from the provinces to attend the general chapter; and the strangers have their meals in the refectories which were used by the same priors. The ladies go to a house a few steps to the left, which was once the infirmary, and are welcomed by a nun from the Convent of the Sœurs de la Providence, near Grenoble, who, with three lay sisters, spends the summer there to receive the female visitors. The small guests' rooms are much the same in both establishments, and are furnished, in the simplest fashion, with a bed, chair, wash-hand stand, *prie-dieu*, crucifix, and one or two religious prints. The ladies have, however, the advantage of being able to replenish the scanty water-supply at the fountain before the Infirmary, which, in the freshness of the early morning, in the midst of such surroundings, is peculiarly exhilarating.

It was a beautiful October evening when we arrived at the Grande Chartreuse. The tourist season was drawing to a close, and only five ladies sat down to supper at the long, hospitable table, while the male visitors at the monastery numbered seven. Supper is prepared for all at the monastery; and it was excellent for those who do not mind the absence of meat, which the Carthusians never eat, and never serve to their guests. It consisted of soup, omelette, fish, beans, sweets, and a glass of Chartreuse at dessert. 'The English ladies do



not like our soup,' said the kindly sister, diffidently handing a thick bread soup, and seemed pleased that for once it found favour.

The fathers do not allow their rest to be disturbed by the visitors, and as there was no opportunity of seeing the monastery in the evening, the gentlemen could find no better employment after supper than to visit their wives in the infirmary—for which permission is given, in one of the public rooms. One Frenchman, who had not the excuse of a wife, invented a cousinship for the occasion, and naturally claimed it, on arrival, with the youngest and prettiest. Thus a sociable, if not a monastic, evening was spent round the blazing fire till the hour of closing, nine o'clock, parted the company. The men are admitted to the night service in a gallery. Mass is said by the father-coadjutor, for the nuns and lady visitors, soon after six o'clock A.M., in the small chapel of Notre Dame de la Salette, which adjoins the monastery. It is well known that no women, except royal personages, are shown over the monastery, and they have to content themselves with descriptions and photographs. Before the French Revolution no woman was allowed to enter even the precincts of the desert, and royal benefactresses implored in vain to be buried with the saints.

The Grande Chartreuse consists of a large mass of irregular buildings, which, as they are surrounded by a wall, can only be seen well from a height. The most interesting room in it is the chapter-room, which contains the portraits of all the heads of the Order, beginning with St. Bruno, whose statue by Foyatier is over the chair where sits the *père général*. Many remarkable men from various countries have filled this place, and have steered the Order through times of difficulty. Below the portraits are painted scenes from the life of St. Bruno, copied from the paintings of Lesueur, which are now in the Louvre. In the hall, called l'Allée des Cartes, there are curious representations of old Carthusian monasteries in various parts of Europe. Before the French Revolution the collection was almost a complete one, but there only remain about thirty of these paintings now. The library contains some twenty thousand volumes, and has been entirely collected in modern times. The fathers may freely borrow from it. From the earliest times, even when very poor, the Carthusians have had a good library, and have valued books as their most precious possessions. The books are called in the early statutes 'the perennial food of souls,' and they were placed under the care of the father-sacristan, who had also the care of the sacred vessels.<sup>1</sup>

During the fire of 1371 the general of the Order, mindful of the losses sustained on a former occasion, called out, '*Ad libros, ad libros*; leave everything else, my fathers, but save the books.' Though

<sup>1</sup> *La Grande Chartreuse, par un Chartreux*, from which much of my information is taken.

they were saved this time, the library was almost completely destroyed by subsequent fires, and the valuable one collected by Dom Le Masson, after the fire of 1676, was scattered during the French Revolution. At this time also the archives of the monastery were for the most part lost. A few valuable manuscripts, with beautiful illuminations done by the Carthusians, found their way into the library at Grenoble, where they may now be seen in glass cases. In the old days the Carthusians employed themselves in transcribing manuscripts; and from transcribers they became printers as soon as printing was invented. They have had their own authors, but these wrote chiefly on monastic matters, and are little known to the world at large.

The cells of the fathers are built round the cloister. There are thirty-six of them, one of which is not tenanted, and is alone shown. They are divided, like the earliest cells, into various compartments. On each door is the initial letter of the inmate's name, and a text or other inscription in Latin bearing on the monastic life, such as 'Qui non reliquit omnia sua non potest esse discipulus tuus.' Near the door is a little wicket, through which the father receives his food or anything else he may want. On the ground-floor he has a little *promenoir*, or gallery, for walking in bad weather; a small garden, which he cultivates himself; a room with tools for carpentering; and, next to it, the *bûcher*, or store-room for wood. A staircase leads to a bedroom, an adjoining small study with bookshelves, and a room which was once used as a kitchen when the father cooked part of his own food, a custom which was abolished as early as the thirteenth century on account of the time it wasted. In the room where he sleeps is a small dining-table, with wooden plate, spoon and fork; and the oratory, where he performs the offices with the same ceremonial as in the choir—taking off and putting on the cowl, standing, kneeling, and lying flat on the ground. A bell calls the fathers simultaneously to their private devotions, as well as to those in the church.

In the staircase stands a cross, in remembrance of the following old legend, told by a Carthusian writer of the fourteenth century. A novice of the Order complained much of the rules, and especially of having to wear the black cope of the novitiate. One day he dreamt that he saw Christ, laden with a heavy cross, trying with much difficulty to go up the staircase of his cell; whereupon the novice, moved with pity, helped to lift the cross, saying, 'Lord, take it not amiss if I try to assist Thee; I cannot endure to see Thee in such trouble.' But the Lord turned indignantly towards him, and made him desist, saying, 'Dost thou presume to lift this heavy burden while thou art not willing to wear for My sake so light a thing as a cope?' and disappeared, leaving the novice overwhelmed with shame and repentance. Since then every cell has had a cross near its staircase. In the Middle Ages the cells were foundations endowed

by benevolent people, and in return prayers were said for their souls. Three times a day the fathers leave their cells to go to the offices—the night service, high mass, and vespers.

Once a week they take a walk together, called *spaciement*, of about three hours and a half, within the limits of the desert, and during that time they may talk.

They are called together for their walk by the same bell that tolls for the funerals, and they assemble in the Chapelle des Morts, where they hear a few verses from the *Imitation* read to them before they start. This chapel was built over the remains of the first disciples of St. Bruno, which were brought thither after the avalanche. Over the door there is a marble bust of Death, draping itself in a most pretentious way. This chapel is near the cemetery, where stone crosses with inscriptions mark the graves of the heads of the Order. The other tombs have merely wooden crosses over them, and are nameless. The Carthusians are not buried in coffins, but each monk is laid in the earth on a wooden plank.

On Sundays the fathers dine together in the refectory. They never speak there. Passages from the Scriptures, sermons or homilies, are chanted to them in Latin from a small tribune built in the wall, but they are allowed to have a colloquy between nones and vespers.

The discipline of the Carthusians is very rigorous, and the Order, therefore, never spread much among women. There are very few female Carthusian convents, and in these it was found necessary to relax somewhat the rules of silence and solitude, as they were too great a strain on the female constitution.

St. Bruno, though he lived the Carthusian life, did not formulate the rules himself. It was not till twenty-six years after his death that they were put into writing by Guigues, the fifth prior, under the name of *consuetudines*, or customs. They were, in fact, simply a record of customs that were followed, and that are still followed to this day. These rules all tend consistently to one end. 'Contemplation' (says a Carthusian writer), or, in other words, to see, to love, and to praise God, 'is the final end of the human soul in a future life. . . . To begin here on earth in an imperfect manner, or in the least imperfect manner possible, the life of contemplation which will be led in heaven is the object which the Carthusians propose to themselves.' The solitude is intended to detach them from distracting objects, and to enable them to concentrate themselves: the silence is to make them hear the Voice of God, which is not in the storm: the mortifications and privations are to free their souls from everything that might clog them and interfere with the end in view.

The Carthusians are the only Order who are never allowed meat under any circumstances. The punishment for those who infringed the rule was at one time very severe—they were cut off from the

Order—but it was afterwards mitigated. They have a great<sup>\*</sup> monastic fast, which lasts from the 14th of September to Easter; and during that time, with few exceptions, they only have one meal a day.

They are frequently interrupted in their sleep. The night service begins at 12, and lasts till 2, and they are waked again at 6 A.M., or sometimes at 5 A.M. The night services are very striking. But for the faint glimmer of a single oil-lamp in the choir, and the lanterns which the fathers each bring with them, and which are sometimes put out during the service, the church is wrapt in darkness. Each stall is completely isolated by a partition. The Carthusians attach a special meaning to these services.

All the Carthusians agree (says one of them, quoted before) that this is their best moment. To sing the praises of God at the foot of the altar, in the silence and shadows of the night, when the world forgets God, and many offend Him, fills the soul with a joy and comfort which cannot be bought too dear, and the hours fly rapidly. The stranger from his gallery cannot form a clear idea of the office: not having a book in his hand, the meaning of the words escapes him, and the time must seem long to him. Not so with the Carthusian in his stall: he sings, and understands the mysterious meaning of the Psalms—that prophetic history of the Christian world, those divine hymns which, for thousands of years, the synagogue, and the Catholic Church after her, recite every day. He follows the numerous rites which have to be performed every moment; he seeks, finds, and applies to himself the Divine teaching that flows from the sacred text; and, finally, and above all, he addresses to God his homage, his praise, and his songs.

The singing of the Carthusians is of the utmost simplicity, and somewhat monotonous. They have no part-singing. They are not allowed any musical instruments, and it is considered waste of time to practise singing. The religious emotions excited through the senses by elaborate church music are wholly alien to their sober and simple piety. This is not the only link between the Carthusian and the Calvinist.

The dress of the fathers is entirely of white wool, white being a symbol of the resurrection of Christ. The use of linen is forbidden. Even their sheets are of cloth. The difficulty of cleanliness under these circumstances would be to many of us the greatest of all mortifications, and it is comforting to hear what an old writer of the seventeenth century says about it:—

C'est une chose générale par tout l'Ordre que Dieu n'a point voulu que les moines de cet Ordre soient affligés et inquiétés de ces puantes bestiales, appelées punaises, et en a exempté toutes leurs cellules, desquelles autrement et difficilement ils se pourraient garantir, pour y avoir grande disposition, à cause qu'ils couchent vêtus, n'usent point de linge, changent peu souvent d'habits, ont leurs cellules faites de bois par dedans, leurs lits fermés de bois au lieu de courtines,<sup>2</sup> et le fouâre (la paille) de leur lit qu'ils sont si peu curieux de changer qu'il y en a qui ne le changent pas en vingt ans une fois.

<sup>2</sup> They now have curtains.

The Carthusians are a living example of the fact that asceticism is not injurious to health, for they reach a great age. Some of the Popes, from benevolent motives, have wished to soften their rules. Thus Urban the Fifth, himself a Benedictine, proposed to mitigate their severity in four points. He proposed, among other things, that they should be allowed to eat meat in case of illness or infirmity. But the Carthusians implored the Pope not to oblige them to depart from their ancient customs, arguing that for *their* Order it might have serious consequences; and the sole mitigation they were obliged to accept was to wear a hat out of doors.

One of the Popes at Avignon also offered to relax the rule of abstinence from meat in case of illness. This time the Carthusians sent as a protest a deputation of twenty-seven of their number, the youngest of whom was eighty, while the others varied between ninety, ninety-three, and ninety-five. Such an appeal was more eloquent than words, and the Pope was convinced. The fathers show their earnestness and good sense by not admitting any one into their Order until they have very seriously tested his moral and physical fitness. Frequently after the trial the aspirant is refused, or retires of his own accord. Of all the ascetic Orders, the Carthusian is the most spiritual in the true sense of the word, and to maintain their lofty standard, as they have indisputably done for eight centuries, they have had to sift carefully. To impose asceticism where it would be too great a strain on human nature is to degrade rather than to elevate. 'It is better,' says Dom le Masson, 'to set fire to a cell than to put in it a Carthusian without a vocation.'

Sometimes the fathers have gone so far as to err on the safe side. It is told of one of the greatest generals of the Order, Dom Jean Pégon, that he was refused, when he first presented himself, on the ground that he seemed neither sufficiently robust nor instructed. But the father-general, touched by his disappointment, recommended him to try at another Chartreuse, where there was a want of men. He was accepted there, and thirty-eight years later he entered the Grande Chartreuse as its father-general. At his installation he preached on the text, 'The stone which the builders rejected is become the headstone of the corner.'

The Carthusian vocation takes some by storm. There are various examples of it in the past, and we were told by a French lady on the spot of an instance in the present day: a young Prince de B——, who had suddenly, without apparent reason, left his regiment, to the regret of all his comrades, and had made himself a Carthusian.

If the candidate is accepted at all, he goes through a month's probation, at the end of which the fathers vote by ballot whether he is to be admitted as a novice. The noviciate lasts at least a year, and again a ballot is taken. The novice then makes his first profession in the chapter-room. Kneeling, he repeats the sixteenth

Psalm, and when he comes to the words, 'The Lord is the portion of my inheritance,' the father-general takes from him the black cope, and puts the large white Carthusian garment, called *cuculle*, over him.

Four years later the final solemn profession is made, during high mass, at the foot of the altar, where the *profès* lays down his written declaration, 'signed, not with his name, but with a cross, for he is now dead to the world.'

Besides the fathers there are two categories of lay brothers: the *frères convers*, who have taken vows, and the *frères donnés*, who are only bound by a civil contract, though they may in course of time, after a trial of eleven years, become *frères convers*. The former are dressed in white, like the fathers; they wear beards, and have their heads shaved. The *donnés* wear brown on week-days and white on Sundays. These all do the practical work in and out of the house, and are responsible to the *père procureur*, who has charge of all temporal matters.

St. Hugh of Lincoln, of whom the Carthusians are justly proud, was once *procureur* of the Grande Chartreuse. In those days, and until the end of the seventeenth century, the *père procureur* lived with the *frères convers* in an establishment called La Corrierie, on the road from the Grande Chartreuse to Grenoble by the Sappey—a kind of supplementary Chartreuse, where all the practical work was done, and where the servants of the priors who came to the general chapter received hospitality. It was destroyed by a fire in 1674, and partly rebuilt. During the French Revolution it fell into ruins, and the Carthusians have since turned it into a hospital for the sick poor of the neighbourhood.

The Carthusians, owing to their own exertions, once had large possessions. They turned part of the desert into arable, and part of it into pasture land, and they kept large flocks and herds. Pope Innocent the Fourth allowed them as many as sixty cows. Their iron-founderies were famous throughout Dauphiné on account of the excellent work they produced. They manufactured their own cloth, they had their own printing-presses.

During the French Revolution they were, like all the other Orders; driven away, their property was confiscated, and though they were allowed to re-enter their monastery at the Restoration, they own the desert no longer, but pay a small rent to the State. It is said they make a large income from their liqueur; and this they put to the best use, for their charity is proverbial throughout the country, though by no means of the mischievous kind—that is, indiscriminate.

• They have founded schools, churches, hospitals. Wherever there is a disaster in Dauphiné they assist liberally. At Currière, above the Pont St. Bruno, they have a school for the deaf and dumb, and, inconsistent as it may seem, they are teaching the dumb to speak.

It would be impossible, in a short space, to go through all the remarkable names connected with the Grande Chartreuse. St. Bernard was one of its earliest visitors, in the days of the first monastery. Petrarch, whose brother Gerard was a Carthusian, visited him there in 1352, and afterwards wrote that, instead of finding only one brother, as he expected, he had met one in every member of the community. Dom Gerard Petrarca distinguished himself by his piety and devotion during the Black Death, to which no less than 900 Carthusians fell victims. Richelieu's eldest brother, who became cardinal and great almoner of France, once filled the office of assistant sacristan; he remained twenty years in the Order, and always regretted his cell. His portrait, which hangs in one of the passages, strikes the visitors by its likeness to the great Cardinal. Rousseau and Chateaubriand both visited the Grande Chartreuse. Unfortunately, the Visitors' Book, in which Rousseau wrote '*J'ai trouvé ici des plantes rares, et des vertus plus rares encore,*' has been defaced by the modern tourist with profane remarks, and is now no longer presented, and the guests are asked for their cards instead.

It has sometimes been made a reproach to the Carthusians that, unlike other Orders, such as the Benedictine, they have exercised no influence over the intellectual world; but if they have not educated mankind, they have at least educated themselves. They have practised the gospel of silence for 800 years, and, according to all ecclesiastical historians, they have always led irreproachable lives. Their Order has never required reform. '*Cartusia nunquam reformata quia nunquam deformata.*' In this matter-of-fact century, with its universal craving for material prosperity, its refinement of material comforts and luxury, where the spiritual life too often stagnates, it is refreshing to breathe, if but for a few hours, that rarefied spiritual atmosphere where the ideal alone is real, and where all Christian creeds may meet.

ELISABETH LECKY.

*OVER-MORTGAGING THE LAND.*

FROM time immemorial periodical complaints of depression have been heard from those engaged in agricultural pursuits. They attracted more attention in years gone by, because agriculture was one of the few productive industries, and a large proportion of the community were interested in its prosperity. This proportion has slowly diminished in all countries, more particularly in England, where the food producers have dwindled to about ten per cent. of our working population; and the voice of ten complaining is as nought against ninety demanding the cheapest possible food.

The farmers have abandoned all idea of stimulating the supply of home-grown food by artificial means, and have turned their attention to the possibility of ameliorating their lot in some other way. It is the desire to assist them in their laudable endeavours that has caused many people to advocate the abolition of the law of primogeniture, the cheaper transfer of land, the equal distribution of property, the confiscation of tithes, the registration of land, the acquisition of the land by the State, the increase of allotments, the reduction of railway rates, and technical education; amidst a host of minor measures brought forward for alleviating the burden of the landowner and farmer. The agriculturists who were to benefit by these proposals have threshed them well out, and have reluctantly come to the conclusion that they are unable to see how such legislation would materially benefit their condition. The landowner naturally disapproves of most of the proposals on principle. The farmer argues that, as the land must belong to some one, and as it is impossible he should own it if the capitalist willing to take two per cent. for his money opposes him, cheapening the transfer is as much a matter of indifference to him as the ownership; he objects to the equal distribution of property because he considers one landlord quite troublesome enough to deal with, and the possibility of multiplying the number is to him a distinct disadvantage. The confiscation of tithe had at first a very strong attraction for him, as he thought he would put his share of four millions annually into his breeches pocket; but finding that it was to be taken for national purposes other than the Church, he failed to see, as far as his own interests were concerned, what better use it could be put to than at



present. Henry George and his doctrines have never received the approbation of the farmer, who has during many years seen Crown lands the property of the State managed by officials, and he does not think they are so pliable as the ordinary English gentleman with regard to reduction of rent or repairs and renewals of farm buildings. Allotments may be said to interest him but little; overvaluing himself, he undervalues his labourers and hardly considers they are to be trusted with three acres and a cow. The paltry subscriptions of agriculturists last year show how hopeless the farmer considers any attempt to fight the railway interest. He is inclined to view technical education with limited approval; it attracts him partly because it is the most fashionable remedy, but mainly because there appears to be some prospect of squeezing subsidies out of the national purse. A doubt, however, still exists in his mind as to the permanent good that any such education will be to him, and as to the money obtained being used by individuals for their own rather than for the public good. These are the reasons the tiller of the soil gives for the light in which he views all such proposals; in the abstract his objections may be in some measure sound, inasmuch as they are based on a view taken entirely from a personal and not from a national standpoint, and he ignores the fact that any benefit to the community at large would be an indirect advantage to himself.

He does not see how these measures would improve his lot, and they have certainly so far never had sufficient attraction to make him take an actual interest in them.

If the agricultural electors who are to pronounce their opinion through their vote are to be enlisted, they must be offered some material advantage, not however, let us hope, such as the Land League promised the Irish tenants, but a material benefit, that without robbing one class will add to the comfort and well-being of the other.

The Irish electors, who are mostly of the farming class, have demonstrated that the agricultural mind is quite open to grasp at any proposed improvement in the farmer's position; but we in England have no particular desire to see such changes in land tenure as fixtures of rent or tenant right. These may have been an absolute necessity in Ireland to prevent a general revolution, and to save a population from the horror of famine. They are, however, forms of legislation that bring in their train the probability of holdings being mortgaged by both landowner and tenant. If, therefore, we wish to avoid such quagmires we must try to discover what caused the Irish land difficulties.

I think it is generally conceded that over-mortgaging was in a great measure responsible for them.

Over-mortgaging will paralyse any industry, and is more par-

ticularly injurious where the interest has to be paid to those who spend it in another part of the country ; is it not possible, therefore, that if the mortgaging of purely agricultural land was limited, such paralysis of agriculture might be avoided ?

The landowner, even if he had no other income but his agricultural rents, would never find himself in the position of being unable to help the needy because he had nothing to spare. He would meet his tenants, not with that suspicion that has too often characterised the relations of landlord and tenant in the United Kingdom, but with a feeling of contentment in his own solvency, and a readiness to meet the necessities of his tenants. It is easy to understand that if the tenant is unable to get any repairs attended to, or reductions of rent allowed in very bad seasons, because all the money he pays as rent is transferred to mortgages, he ceases to regard his landlord as the actual owner, and his esteem for him in consequence greatly diminishes.

The position of landowner has always carried with it respect and privileges, and where these survive in England the owner has either been free from the curse of over-mortgaging, or else he has derived income from other sources and has been able to meet his tenants in the liberal spirit that is characteristic of the English gentleman. On the other hand, proprietors of purely agricultural land burdened by heavy debt have, owing to the shrinkage in values, been forced to neglect necessary repairs, in which case the tenants have left their farms, the land has been neglected, and great expenditure will have to be incurred before it can be brought back into a high state of cultivation.

Thus, owing to the landlords' embarrassment, a serious loss of capital has occurred.

The evil effects of over-mortgaging land have been mitigated by the existence of incomes other than agricultural, but in land legislation we must consider the owner of agricultural land *per se*, as mines will some day in the not very far distant future become exhausted, and other sources from which owners of land in England have got increased incomes will become dried up ; as this takes place there will be a continually decreasing margin for agricultural repairs and renewals, unless the power of mortgaging the land is limited.

It may be objected that limiting mortgage is an interference with the rights of property, but the State has power to tax its land and all the improvements thereon ; and has consequently the prior claim to the land, inasmuch as the payment of taxation takes precedence of all other debts. Surely, therefore, while respecting the claims of those who by the industry of themselves or their ancestors have acquired the right to call a portion of the land their own, and have enhanced its value by creating the existing state of things, we may without infringing on those rights limit the debt they incur on the

security of such property, so as to ensure a margin for necessary repairs or reduction of rent, and to prevent a decrease in the capital value of the land.

A stranger to the wants of farmers may not appreciate what the word necessary means when applied to repairs, but if he considers what loss may be incurred by buildings that shelter valuable herds of cattle falling into decay, he will realise how essential such repairs are, and how important it is they should be carried out expeditiously when they are required. It is the desire to secure a margin for these necessities that has induced me to suggest the possibility of limiting the mortgage of agricultural land. The chief difficulty appears to be that of fixing the limit, as almost the entire value of land lies not in the soil itself, but in the buildings and in the improvements that have been effected.

Landowners might be allowed, therefore, to borrow money on the buildings in addition to the amount fixed per acre; but I imagine the capitalist would lend only a very limited amount on such security, as although the land, if not kept in good heart, deteriorates and returns to a state of nature, its value will never entirely disappear; the buildings, however, if not kept in a state of repair, tumble into ruins. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that at any time it would be possible to borrow an exaggerated amount on the buildings of a farm, or that such sum would amount to more than a trifling sum per acre of the land farmed by means of such buildings.

The *Crédit Foncier* in France have already experienced the difficulties of deciding the value of land, which depends on the harvest, on the industry of the husbandman, on the health of the flocks, or on the value of the products. They advanced to the wine-growers up to what was universally considered one-third of the value of the vineyards; the phylloxera upset all their calculations and a vast area of land was thrown on the hands of the Bank.

For these reasons it appears to me that it would be advisable to appoint experts under the Board of Agriculture to estimate the value of all cultivated land, and to limit the amount of mortgage to one-third or one-fourth of such value. If the 48,045,755 acres of cultivated land in the United Kingdom were valued on an average at 30*l.* per acre, and the limit of mortgage was fixed at one quarter the value, the debt on the land would be 360,343,162*l.*; if at one-third, 480,457,550*l.* This at three per cent. would involve an annual charge of 10,810,293*l.* or 14,413,725*l.*, which, with other payments, is surely burden enough for agriculture to carry.

The present debt of land, including tithe, taxes, mortgages and annuities capitalised, can hardly amount to less than double the national debt, which at a minimum of three and a half per cent. involves the payment of at least 50,000,000*l.* sterling a year. If this is even approximately correct, is it to be wondered at that the

industry of agriculture, labouring under such a load, is not as flourishing as it might be?

Mr. Howard valued in 1888 the gross produce of land at 207,000,000*l.* sterling. The capital of the farmers in live stock and rolling stock is about 10*l.* an acre, or 480,000,000*l.* Let us, therefore, imagine for the sake of argument that the 207,000,000*l.* is divided as follows:—

1. Tithe and taxes . . . . .	14 millions
2. Land mortgaged 20 <i>l.</i> an acre, including all annuities, interest at four per cent. . . . .	38½ "
3. Labour . . . . .	50 "
4. Feeding stuffs and manures imported . . . . .	10 "
5. Farmers' interest, ten per cent. on 10 <i>l.</i> an acre invested in rolling stock . . . . .	48 "
6. One and a half per cent. on capital value of land at 30 <i>l.</i> an acre . . . . .	21½ "
7. Repairs, one and three-quarters per cent. on capital value of land at 30 <i>l.</i> per acre . . . . .	25 "
Total . . . . .	207 "

According to this estimate, if the harvest is deficient by even ten per cent., there is only five millions left for repairs; if it is deficient by twenty per cent., the one and a half per cent. to the landowner has to be sacrificed in addition to the repairs. The third year the harvest may be better, but each year of no repairs leaves a legacy of 25,000,000*l.* of arrears behind it, to be paid for at some future time. I do not say that the figures I quote are accurate, they are in some measure merely assumptions, but those of tithe, taxes, labour, imported manures, feeding stuffs, and the value of produce are taken from statistics by Major Craigie and other recognised authorities.

My wish is not to arrive at the actual payments made, but to show that if land was not heavily mortgaged there would always be a substantial portion of the income from land available for repairs and improvements; that the owner of land would be solvent, and the State would be able to fall back on him in emergency; that instead of the mortgagee, as at present, dictating terms to the mortgagor, the landowner would be master of the situation, and the agricultural mortgagee an unimportant investor, who would never get more than the normal rate of interest for his money. There is no doubt also that land would produce more in the hands of affluent instead of poverty-stricken owners, oppressed with debt and weighed down by a sense of their own impecuniosity. These are a few of the reasons I would give in favour of legislating against over-mortgaging. It appears to me to be the only means of correcting a very unhealthy existing state of things, and it would be a most welcome change to everyone if it could be the means of submerging for ever the cry of agricultural ruin.

If some limit is not put on the mortgage of land, there is no

reason why the owners in England, who in the generality of cases have only a life interest, should not continue from generation to generation to pile up debt on the land for the benefit of their families till they become insolvent and impecunious debtors. Those who have only a life interest in a property have very little inducement to reduce the debts on that property; they fail to see why those who succeed them should not struggle under the same burden that they have borne; but it is an unhealthy condition of things, and accounts for the financial embarrassment of the agrarian British landlords.

Several attempts have been made to mitigate the evils of the system, but with the exception of Lord Cairns's Acts they have all been on the same lines, to induce the owner to add to the liabilities on the land by borrowing for the sake of carrying out improvements.

They allowed a landowner to borrow money for the improvement of his estate, which had to pay six per cent. for thirty years to refund capital and interest. The company from whom the money was borrowed sold what was practically a mortgage with a sinking fund to a bank who advanced the required sum. Under this system, at the time the money is borrowed the sum is advanced at the current rate of interest, but if this becomes less the borrower or his successor pays for the remainder of the term more than what may be for a period of years the lowest rate.

Before life owners were given the power to sell their land some such measure was essential, but it certainly has not conduced to strengthen the credit or position of the landowner, because in prosperous times immense sums may be borrowed and improvements carried out, and when the bad times come round they leave a legacy of debt which further impoverishes the owners and reduces the income which would go to relieve the existing distress.

In the event of the debt on land being only 380,343,182*l.*, or even 480,457,750*l.*, the security would be so undeniably sound that the sum ought to be easily raised at two and three-quarters per cent. instead of as in a great number of cases now, where even four per cent. is paid by mortgagors of land. If the limit was fixed at one quarter the valuation, the reduction of one and a quarter per cent. in interest would save 4,754,288*l.* per annum, if at one-third 6,005,721*l.*; the owner would benefit to that amount directly, the farmer, who hires the land, indirectly, by having always a solvent and prosperous man to deal with and to fall back on in time of need.

In trying to prove the benefit of limiting land mortgage, I have more particularly drawn attention to the advantages owners of large estates and their tenants would derive, because it is the system under which most of the land in the United Kingdom is farmed. I think, however, that all owners, whether they held land in large or small quantities, would feel much more secure and comfortable if

they were quite independent of any fluctuations in the rate of interest, and were so little hampered by debt that they could obtain what money they borrowed at the lowest possible rate.

The registration of mortgages, which has always been enforced in Jersey, has in practice produced the effect of making land mortgage rank very high among the securities in that island; and this, although the land is very much overmortgaged, has been a great advantage to the landowners. If registration of land mortgage acted automatically, and limited the amount of money borrowed on the security of the land, it might be unnecessary to fix a legal limit; but I maintain that the limitation, either by direct or indirect means, of land mortgage would help to solve the difficulties caused by fluctuations in agricultural values.

Our population must remember that, although not dependent on English food supplies for support, there is no reason why our agriculture should not attract as much interest as in the past. Our artisans in the towns get more profit from our farmers, who provide them with food and take goods in return, than from the cultivators of other lands, who spend a large portion of the money received for food in that country which produces it. If by any means we can increase the quantity of home-grown food, or can decrease the waste by neglect of necessary repairs, we shall confer an inestimable benefit on the nation at large. Bounties or high protective duties are the only means so far discovered of increasing agricultural production by legislation. Both of these have received unqualified condemnation at the hands of our electors and their representatives as economically unsound. Let us, therefore, suggest to the farmers the possibility of decreasing the waste, either by limiting the amount and making compulsory the registration of mortgage on cultivated land, or by some such form of enactment.

The proposal may be objected to by those nominal owners who have excessive debts on their property, but it will be a great advantage to the taxpayer, if he is sure that the credit of the State is not to be further imperilled by unlimited advances for land purchase in the United Kingdom or any such heroic so-called remedies, and it will not be a great disadvantage to those who have over-mortgaged property to be obliged to part with it in a given number of years. We cannot be expected to give too much consideration to the objections of a certain few owners if we see a possibility of benefiting agriculture, which, although not in proportion so influential as it used to be, is nevertheless far the most substantial and important individual industry in the United Kingdom.

I have not ventured to consider the effect of limiting land mortgage in other countries, but wherever it was adopted we should, I think, hear comparatively little of agricultural distress. Values of the produce of the land would fluctuate to the same extent as all

other commodities, but the landowners would not be crippled by owing more money than they can afford to pay out of the profits of farming.

We should hear less of Semitic persecutions and the expulsion of the Jews from countries where they reside, less of the desire to bolster up the price of silver by unnatural legislation. Bi-metallism, and all the quack remedies that have been proposed to lighten the land of fixed payments, under which landowners and farmers have been struggling, would be regarded as the follies of desperate men.

Samuel Johnson, in his debates on prices, said: 'To fix the price of any commodity of which the quantity or use may vary their proportions, is the most excessive degree of ignorance. No man can determine the price of corn unless he can regulate the harvest and keep the number of men for ever at a stand.' If we allow what he says to be correct, it is quite impossible to help those who are producing commodities, except in so far that we may by legislation prevent their payments being excessively burdensome, whether through their own folly or that of their forefathers. If we cannot fix the value of produce or the value of money, we must try to legislate in such a way that agriculture suffers as little as possible, whether by the appreciation or depreciation of one or the other. Of late years agricultural produce has depreciated and bullion has appreciated; the farmer has, therefore, paid an excessive amount of produce to meet his fixed payments. The less such payments amount to, the less he would suffer from such depreciation in the value of his products.

It is for these reasons I would advocate the experiment of curtailing as far as possible fixed payments, so that they would never press with excessive severity on the agriculture of the United Kingdom.

VERNON.

*PARLIAMENTARY OBSTRUCTION IN  
THE UNITED STATES.*

GOVERNMENT by voting and debate through a representative assembly has been peculiarly the work of the English-speaking people. They devised and perfected it, and have carried it from the mother country into all parts of the world. Essentially a governing race, nothing has shown their political capacity more than the success with which they have used this system to secure freedom and to promote civilisation. Other nations have since adopted it, and despite many shortcomings it has always managed to live and generally to flourish even in the most alien soil. The theory of government by voting and debate is, first, that the representatives of the people shall legislate, and, second, that they shall legislate after debate. If it fails in these purposes it cannot last, for no political system can endure which does not march. In other words, if a legislative body does not legislate it has no excuse for meeting and no reason for existence, because mere debating societies can be obtained in other and more simple ways, and without expense or weariness to the public.

Of late there has been a growing belief that government by debate is in serious danger of ceasing to march and of doing nothing more than mark time, thus falling into a state of inanition, to the general contempt of mankind. In the December number of this Review Mr. Chamberlain, in a very able article, discusses this danger and the best means of averting it. His article is especially interesting to Americans, because it not only deals with their efforts to overcome existing difficulties in Congress, but shows also in a very pointed fashion that similar difficulties confront the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking with the authority of long experience, makes very clear, what is indeed well known, that in the two great divisions of the English-speaking people, Parliamentary government has come at the same time in both cases to a very critical point, and is in grave peril from abuses of a like nature. This proves, if proof were needed, that these abuses are neither sporadic nor accidental, that they are not due to any particular political question nor to the presence of any given faction or



set of men in the representative body. The appearance of similar evils in Parliamentary government both in England and the United States shows that the trouble is neither local nor a matter of chance, but that it is deeply rooted in the system itself, and has been produced by new and changed conditions to which the system must be adapted if it is to continue to work successfully. These new conditions which have produced such grave results are the vastly increased mass of business thrown upon these great governing bodies, and the existence of rules and systems of procedure which are no longer suited to the demands of modern legislation. The evil to which these conditions have given birth is obstruction, as it is commonly called, or more definitely the stopping of legislative movement by a minority of the representatives taking advantage of rules and customs originally formed to regulate and facilitate the transaction of business. In the Congress of the United States the methods used by a minority to prevent action by the majority may be roughly divided into three classes: the refusal of a quorum, dilatory motions, and time-killing debate. From the first of these modes of obstruction Parliament is entirely free, because the small quorum of forty required by the House of Commons makes it impossible for the minority to avail themselves of this method of resistance, while the method of voting by division instead of roll-call renders a technical absence by refusing to answer to one's name impossible. In the United States the Constitution fixes the quorum at a majority of the members of the House, thus requiring at the present time the presence of 167 members in order to do business, and it is further provided that on demand of one-fifth of the members present the vote shall be taken by yeas and nays. If political parties are at all evenly divided it is almost impossible for the majority party to produce a quorum from its own ranks, and it is always extremely difficult under any circumstances to get an absolutely full attendance of members. The refusal of a quorum has been therefore at once the simplest and most effective method of stopping the passage, or even the consideration, of any measures distasteful to the minority. The practice has been to make some formal motion, the yeas and nays would be ordered, the minority would refuse to vote, and then the point of no quorum would be made and all business would be at a standstill.

When the Republican party came into power in the elections of 1888, they were pledged to such a revision of the rules as would permit the transaction of public business, but they could not even adopt new rules if the minority refused a quorum, for with a majority of only eight votes it was almost impossible to get a quorum of Republicans alone. Mr. Speaker Reed met this difficulty by counting those members present and refusing to vote as part of a quorum. The Constitution says that a minority may compel the

attendance of members, but says nothing about voting as an evidence of such attendance. Mr. Reed took the ground, commended alike by common sense and by the language of the Constitution, that all the Constitution required in order to form a quorum was attendance, and that members present, whether they voted or not, constituted a quorum. He was sustained in this view that silence and presence constituted acquiescence by the decisions of the courts in regard to corporations and municipal bodies, and by the rulings of many of the state legislatures. The effect of his action was to cripple the most efficient form of obstruction and to make it practically useless, for the refusal of a quorum by actually leaving the House, although it has been attempted, is too violent and difficult to be of much real value. This counting a quorum was the method employed to overcome the worst kind of obstruction or 'filibustering' in Congress. It is not necessary to dwell upon it here, because, as I have said, the House of Commons is fortunately free from the difficulties produced by the requirement of a majority quorum.

The second mode of obstruction in Congress has been by means of dilatory motions. The rules of the House in the process of time were gradually developed and elaborated until they became highly technical, and were thoroughly understood by only a few of the older members. Formed in theory to facilitate the orderly transaction of business, the rules had not only ceased to serve the end for which they were created, but had grown to be simply a complicated system to prevent legislative action. It would not be profitable, even if space permitted, to enter into a discussion of the various motions which could be used under the rules of the House to stop business. It will suffice to mention as examples the worst and most effective. Under the old rules a motion to take a recess and to adjourn to a certain time, like the motion to adjourn, were privileged motions. If it was desired to arrest legislative action, a member of the minority would move to take a recess, or to adjourn, until seven o'clock; another would move to amend to half-past seven, and another would offer an amendment to the amendment to make it eight o'clock. Thus an indefinite series of amendments and votes would begin, and all business would cease. Under the new rules, privilege has been taken from these two motions and they are no longer made. There were others less effective, but of a similar character, which were likewise effaced, and then in addition the Speaker was given the power to declare any motion dilatory, and to decline to put it. These reforms in the rules brought great and immediate relief, and checked some of the worst abuses in the way of 'filibustering.'

The last method of obstruction is that which has become unfortunately common in all legislative bodies: the consumption of time by useless debate, engaged in solely to produce delay. The efforts

in the House of Representatives to deal with this evil have been going on for many years. What is called closure, or *clôture* in England and Europe, is known in Congress as the previous question. In the Congress of the Confederation the previous question was the same motion as it still is in the House of Commons. When the new Congress was organised under the Constitution in 1789, it adopted the previous question in its rules, as it had been used in the Congress of the Confederation, and it was not until 1811 that the House decided on an appeal from the decision of the chair that the previous question cut off debate, and brought an immediate vote on the main question, thus reversing the original purpose of the motion, and giving to it the effect which it has had ever since. This chance gave a majority power to stop debate. In its changed form the previous question has been fiercely assailed as a gag law and as stifling debate, but, nevertheless, without it all legislation would be impossible. It has never been abandoned in America, and nearly all legislative bodies have to-day some motion of similar import. Stringent as the previous question seems, however, it has had only a partial effect in preventing obstruction. It has never been applied in committee of the whole, and experience has shown that it is there that the most serious delay occurs both in Parliament and in Congress. Under the rules of the House of Representatives all bills to raise revenue, or which make a charge upon the treasury, but no others, must be considered in committee of the whole. On such bills in committee there is first general debate, for which the time is commonly limited by agreement, and then the bill is read by paragraphs for amendment. During the reading by paragraphs the 'five-minute rule,' which is of long standing in Congress, applies. Under it no one can speak on any single amendment more than five minutes. This rule improves debate but does not seriously limit it, for amendments, both formal and substantial, can be multiplied indefinitely. Under the old rules the committee was obliged to rise and go back to the House in order to limit debate on a paragraph. Under the new rules this can be done in committee, and the quorum required in committee has been reduced to a hundred, which has proved a very wise change. Yet, despite all these limitations, the opportunity for delay in committee of the whole is still almost boundless. Mr. Chamberlain proposes to deal with this evil, if I understand him correctly, by practically abolishing the committee of the whole: a radical reform, indeed, but one which is both wise and necessary, unless the committee of the whole, which is now an almost meaningless survival, is to be allowed to continue with all its temptations and opportunities for fatal obstruction.

Mr. Chamberlain refers in his article to what are known as 'special orders,' reported from the committee on rules to limit debate, and fix a time for taking a vote on any given measure, as

severe contrivances for stopping obstruction. I think Mr. Chamberlain slightly misapprehends the meaning and effect of these special rules or orders. The only peculiar feature about them is, that they give the majority a convenient mode of settling the order of business. Otherwise, they are merely one way of ordering the previous question, or of limiting debate in committee. It really makes no difference in principle, whether the committee in charge of a measure give notice when they call a measure up that, at a given time, the previous question will be moved, or whether the same notice is given by the adoption of a special rule. In either case it is simply the exercise of the power of the majority to close debate, and without the use of this power in some form legislation under modern conditions is well-nigh impossible.

It would be wholly out of place for me to discuss the question of obstruction or the best means of dealing with it in Parliament. To an outsider it seems as if the opportunities for obstruction in the House of Commons were as yet very imperfectly understood, and as if, despite all that has happened there in that respect, the resources of a factious minority were still largely undeveloped, and would before long demand more effective checks than now exist. It also seems to an American as if the difficulties in Parliament were much less than in Congress, and that whenever they became formidable, there was great readiness in applying a vigorous remedy, as was done on sound general principles by Sir Henry Brand in 1881, when he took action which appears to us far more arbitrary than any ever indulged in by an American Speaker. But, whatever the case may be as to obstruction in the House of Commons, there can be no doubt as to the magnitude of the evil in Congress. In the Fiftieth Congress, elected in 1886, obstruction culminated. It then became apparent to everyone that, under existing rules and customs, no measure could pass which did not practically have unanimous consent. This is not a fanciful statement. I have seen the House held fast for nearly a week, and all movement stopped by the determined action of one energetic man, through the adroit use of dilatory motions and points of order. Such a condition of things is a travesty of representative government. Where it exists the majority cannot rule, while the minority in the nature of things is unable to govern. It is, in fact, the absolute overthrow of majority rule on which popular government rests. Worst of all, it destroys responsibility, for by it the majority is enabled to go to the country, and to declare that it has done nothing because the minority would not permit it to act. This system was broken down in the last Congress by Mr. Speaker Reed, supported by the Republican majority. The wholesale waste of time was stopped, although even after the reforms it was still wasted pettily and in detail. Whether subsequent Congresses revert to the old rules or not, no political party can ever again go before the

American people and make the miserable excuse that they have failed to do the public business because the minority would not let them act. Mr. Reed has demonstrated that a majority in Congress can act if it chooses to do so, and no public man has rendered such an important service as this to the people of the United States for many years.

The primary duty of a legislative body is to act. Debate, even when most valuable, is subsidiary. We ought to have always both debate and action, but, if we must choose between them, action must have the preference, for endless debate without action would soon bring any government into contempt. Moreover, the surest way to-day to get intelligent debate is to make it impossible for the minority to stop legislation by obstruction. It has been declared that 'the business of an Opposition is to oppose,' and if an Opposition can oppose by delay and obstruction they certainly will do so. Take from them this power, and they will then be forced to content themselves with reasonable discussion, which will be of value to the country and the House, and of which they can never be deprived, because enlightened public opinion is sure always to insist upon it. One thing is certain, that unless Parliamentary obstruction can be rigidly restrained Parliamentary government will come into serious peril, for no intelligent people will long bear with a system which is vocal but motionless, which marks time but does not march.

HENRY CABOT LODGE  
(*Member of Congress*).

House of Representatives,  
Washington.

*FRAGMENTS OF IRISH CHRONICLES.**GERALD THE GREAT.**(Concluded.)*

IN Ireland, after this, matters soon settled down into their customary grooves, though there must have been a good many sighs of relief on the part of the late rebels, or so one surmises. Kildare went off a month later upon one of his usual raids, this time into the territory of Moy-Cashel, where we read that he 'broke down the castle of Bille-ratha upon the two sons of Murtragh Macgeoghegan, after having brought ordnance against it.' This is noteworthy as the first occasion upon which ordnance was made use of in Ireland, and its introduction was evidently a source of much self-exultation to the Deputy, who had recently been presented 'for a great rarity' with 'six hand guns out of Germany, which his guard used during the time they stood sentry before his habitation.' Poor Earl Gerald! His satisfaction would have been greatly damped could he have looked forward another fifty years, and seen the big ugly holes that this same 'great rarity' was destined to make in the stout walls of his own keep at Maynooth.

Though everything had thus apparently settled down again, and he himself seemed to be as firm in the saddle as ever, matters were not really as safe or as smooth as might have been wished. Apart from the eternal enmity of the Butlers, Kildare had a formidable foe in Ottavio or Octavius, Archbishop of Armagh, who at that moment was known to be in England diligently instilling into the King's mind a belief that the Deputy was already tampering with his oath, and only waiting for a fresh opportunity to break out into open rebellion. To counteract these insidious suggestions the indefatigable Payne, Bishop of Meath, was again despatched, and a brisk interchange of personalities and mutual contradictions ensued between the two prelates. The result was that the King resolved to summon all his Irish lords to Court, and to Court accordingly they went, the only important exceptions being the Earl of Desmond and Lord Kerry, the former of whom claimed at this time a sort of half-acknowledged exemption on the score of the

grievous treachery committed against his father during a former reign.

It was a great occasion, and is dilated upon by the Anglo-Irish chroniclers of the day with becoming emphasis. The chief speaker amongst the Irish guests seems by their account to have been less Kildare than Lord Howth, of whom we lose sight after the ceremony of Lambert Simnel, and who is not once mentioned in connection with the Edgcombe negotiations, but who now comes to the front with all the consciousness of having taken the winning side, and fills an agreeable rôle of mingled dignity and jocularly. In the first of the following extracts he is found patronisingly encouraging an English fellow peer, whose soul is disquieted by some previsions of impending danger, though it is not clear for what reason. The scene is the Royal Court at Greenwich.

Afterwards the King sent for all his Lords out of Ireland, they being in England with the King. After long talk with them, the King said to his Lords, 'My masters of Ireland, you will crown apes at length!' Those Lords being appointed for a procession, with certain Lords of England to be their companions and fellows, walked in that procession as appointed. Amongst them was one Lord and the Lord of Houthe together, which Lord trembled with fear, and scarce could speak, and said, 'Sir, there shall be no butchery done upon none of us this time, praise be to God, for the face of the axe is turned from us.' This was an axe borne before the procession, as is accustomed, and he that was speaking could scarce speak with fear. Being asked by the Lord of Houthe the cause why he was so frayed, he said that the Lord his father and grandfather had been both beheaded. 'Well,' said the Lord of Houthe, 'follow my counsel; serve God with all your heart, and fear your Prince and obey his laws to your power, and you need never doubt of such a thing.'

Coming from an Irish subject to an English one, this advice is edifying! In the next extract Howth is still the hero and spokesman, but now addressing and reproving his own countrymen:—

The same day at dinner, as the Lords of Ireland was at Court, a gentleman came there as they was at dinner, and told them that their new King Lambarte Symenell had brought them wine to drink, and drank to them all. At that not one would have taken the cup out of his hands, but bade the great Devil of Hell take him before that ever they had seen him. 'Bring me the cup if the wine be good,' cried the Lord of Houthe, being a merry gentleman, 'and I shall drink it off both for the wine's sake and for mine own sake also, and for thee, as thou art, so I leave thee, a poor Innocent.' The Lords being there longer than their purses could well bear, were licensed to go to their country, and the King gave the Lord of Houthe the apparel that he wore that day, and 300*l.* in gold, with thanks; and so they departed.

They departed, and all went well for the present. There were not lacking, however, distant mutters of thunder, and shrewd premonitory hints that a change was at hand. The first serious blow fell two years later in 1492, when by a sudden act of the King—believed in Ireland to be due to the machinations of the Butlers—

the deputyship was taken from Kildare, and conferred upon Walter Fitz Simons, Archbishop of Dublin, who belonged to the rival faction. What seems to have been resented more than even Kildare's deprivation was that his uncle, the old Baron of Portlester, who had held the office of Lord Treasurer for no less than eight-and-thirty years, was also suddenly deprived of it, and threatened moreover with a hostile prosecution, which would have had the result of ruining him. At the same time the arch enemy, Sir James of Ormonde, was made Master of the Rolls, so that nearly the whole power, as far as the executive was concerned, swung suddenly over into the hands of the Butlers.

It made less practical difference than might be imagined. Even when out of office and apparently in disgrace, the Earl of Kildare was still by far the most influential man in or near Dublin, and very little attempt seems to have been made to diminish his power, or curtail the almost regal importance he affected. One consequence of the change was that the ever-smouldering feud between him and the Butlers burst at this point into sudden fury, partly, no doubt, on account of recent events, but partly because, being no longer trammelled by the responsibilities of office, Geroit Mor felt himself probably in a position to avenge a whole crop of minor injuries that had been slowly gathering for years past. The acts committed at this time on both sides are literally almost past belief, and therefore it is as well to let them be told in contemporary words. Who the writer of the account I am about to quote was, seems now impossible to ascertain, no signature having ever been appended to it. One thing, however, is clear from internal evidence, and that is that he was no friend of Earl Gerald's.

Upon a time Lord Gerot came to Dublin and called the citizens out upon Oxmantowne (Green and slew many of them. . . . Then Lord Gerot sent part of his horsemen over the river against St. James' Gate to enter in the city. But as God would, some of the city being upon the walls, did see the horsemen coming and had the gates shut and so disappointed their enterprise. This was because that Lord Gerot thought the citizens took part with the Butlers more than they did with him.

In like manner the Earl of Wormon [this, as already explained, means Sir James of Ormonde] came another time with the O'Brens, and other his friends in the South, towards Dublinge, and camped awhile at the wood of St. Thomas Court, and so came to Dublinge to see his friends, which told him of the doings of the Earl of Kildare. And any men whom he understood to be towards the Earl of Kildare, those he destroyed to the uttermost of his power, and said openly he wished of God to have been by, when the Earl of Kildare played those parts.

That this was a wholly Butlerian view of the matter, and that Kildare, far from being reluctant to meet Sir James, was on the contrary diligently hunting him out, is clear from what follows. It was Sir James who apparently had no fancy for meeting Geroit Mor, but



preferred wreaking his vengeance upon the less formidable members of his party. One not very attractive feature in the struggle is the absolute indifference with which both sides attacked churches and churchmen in their pursuit of one another. Writing to the genuine Ormonde about this time to complain of the misdeeds of his cousin and substitute, Kildare tells him that Sir James had brought in the O'Briens, 'with other Irish enemies, and therewith destroyed the King's subjects, and spareth no churches, nor religious places, but hath despoiled them.' A partial explanation of this peculiar atrocity lies in the fact that a church was the only place where there was even a chance of the two factions meeting without instantly coming to blows and killing one another. Even when a church, nay a cathedral, was the meeting-place selected, it by no means followed that this result would not occur. Witness the following incident which occurred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, close under the walls of the town. This time our extract is from Holinshed.

The Earle of Kildare appoynted a meeting to bee at St. Patrick, his church; where, as they were ripping up one to the other their mutual quarrels, the citizens and Ormonde's army fell at some jarre, for the oppression with whiche the souldiers surcharged them. With whom as part of the citizens bickered, so a round knot of archers rusht into the church, meaning to have murdered Ormond, as the captain and belweather of al these lawlesse rabble. The Earl of Ormond suspecting that he had been betrayed, fled to the chapitre house, and put too the dore, sparring it with might and mayne. The citizens in their rage, imagining every post in the church had been one of the souldiers, shot halbe and nabbe at random up to the roode-loft and to the chancell, leaving some of their arrows sticking in the images. Kildare pursued Ormond to the chapitre house dore, and there undertooke, on his honour, that he should receive no villanie. Whereupon the recluse craving his lordship's hand to assure him his life, a cleft in the chapitre house dore was pierced in a thrice, to the end both the Earls should have shaken hands and bee reconciled. Nevertheless Ormond surmising that this drift was intended for some further treacherie, and that if he would stretche out his hand it had been per case chopt off, refused that proffer, untill Kildare stretched in his hand to him, and so the dore opened, and they both embraced.

How cordial such embraces were it is easy to guess! 'Their quarrels,' says Holinshed, 'were for the presente rather discontinued than ended,' and we should think so! 'For the presente,' however, there was a delusive calm. The little town breathed again. The citizens dropped their bows and arrows, and took up their cleavers or yard measures. Dublin was like some small walled Italian city in an interval between two onslaughts from its fierce rival protectors. Great displeasure was expressed in Rome for the outrage committed by the citizens in shooting their arrows about in the church, and a Legate was sent from the Pope to inquire into the matter. In the end the citizens were absolved from the sentence of excommunication laid upon them only by consenting that in future 'their Maior should go barefoot through the citie in open procession before the Sacrament on Corpus Christiday, which penitent satisfaction was

after in every such procession duly accomplished'—a ceremony, it need hardly be said, which ceased abruptly at the Reformation.

Just before Kildare had ceased to be Deputy in 1492, Peterkin or Perkin Warbeck appeared in Cork, where he announced himself first as the son of Richard the Third, then as Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward the Fourth. 'Ireland,' says Ware rather humorously, 'was as it were a theatre or stage on which masked princes enter, though soon after their visors being torn off they were expelled the stage.' This particular 'masked prince' seems to have remained at that time about a year in Cork, 'learning English'—what English? one wonders—and getting letters written in his name to anyone likely to aid and abet him. The Earl of Desmond appears to have taken up his cause warmly from the first, and there were not wanting enemies ready to declare that the Earl of Kildare was equally prepared to do so; nay, that he had already 'comforted him with goods and messages.' This appears to have been perfectly untrue. There is no evidence that he did so, and a good deal of evidence that he did not. He was himself extremely indignant at the accusation, declaring positively that he had 'neither aided nor comforted the French lad.' Especially his indignation was aroused at the doings and intentions of his cousin Desmond being thus summarily and as a matter of course laid at his door. 'Cannot the Earl of Desmond shift,' he might have asked as his son afterwards did, when a similar connection was endeavoured to be established, 'but I must be of counsel! Cannot he hide himself except *I* wink?'

The Duke of Bedford having resigned the Viceroyalty of Ireland, the King appointed to the office his own second son, afterwards Henry the Eighth, at that time a prince of the mature age of four. The Deputy chosen for this responsible official was Sir Edward Poynings, a relation of the Paston family, who was sent over the same year with power to punish delinquents, to summon a parliament, and in general to exercise the powers of a deputy, 'according to the customs of Ireland.'

This very name of Poynings is enough to cause anyone who has ever dipped, even casually, into the pages of Irish political controversy, to shudder. Dull confused argument, whole reams of it, seems to be bound up in the actual syllables of it. Happily we are not called upon to dive into those deep and dim abysses. Manners, when we can find them—the reader may perhaps think that they have hitherto been kept rather studiously concealed from him—are what belong to us, and we need not stray beyond them. Root-and-branch reformation was now to be the order of the day. Not only was the Deputy himself English, but the chief officials of the new administration were to be English also. With Poynings came over a new English Lord Chancellor, a new English Treasurer, a new English Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a new English Chief Justice of

the Common Pleas, a new English Chief Baron of the Exchequer; a whole exemplary band of English officials, not one of whom knew anything of Irish procedure, or had apparently ever set foot in Ireland before in their lives.

Nothing daunted, they heroically set to work to clean out this western Augean stable, and put everything upon an absolutely spick-and-span new footing. Their efforts were hardly crowned with the success they deserved. There was zeal enough, but zeal alone would not carry them far. It was said that the local underlings did not smooth matters for them, nay, actually now and then threw difficulties in their way, and our credulity is hardly strained to believe the assertion. Not alone the Kildare faction, but the Butler one also, it must be remembered, was dispossessed, and made uncomfortable by this new tide of officialism. Did the two, forgetting for the moment their mutual grievances, make common cause together so as better to perplex and embarrass their supplanters? If they did, it was a mode of warfare which was largely repeated and even improved upon in later days. Poor 'well-meaning officials'! First amongst their kind; caught in the native toils; not knowing where to turn, or whom to rely upon; involved in a labyrinthine confusion of English law, of colonial law, of Celtic law; of abuses hoary with time, of brand new innovations which had hardly been planted before they had been plucked up hastily by the roots. Little wonder that before long most of them felt disposed to resign their weary Irish honours back into the King's gracious hands again!

The parliament in which the statutes known to after days as 'Poynings' Acts' were passed was held in the month of December at Drogheda. Before summoning it the Deputy in company with Kildare and Sir James of Ormonde marched into Ulster, with the intention of chastising O'Donnell, who had been skirmishing about rather more noisily than usual, and who was believed to be in the Perkin Warbeck interest. He had not got beyond the O'Hanlon country before news reached him that James Fitzgerald had seized upon Carlow Castle, raised the Geraldine banner upon its walls, and refused to surrender when called upon to do so in the King's name. Thereupon he turned his steps towards Carlow, where, after a tedious siege of several weeks, he succeeded in reducing the fortress. This latter part of the expedition was not shared in by Kildare. There had been disagreements between him and the new Deputy during the march into Ulster, eagerly fomented by Sir James, who laboured to convince Poynings that Kildare was secretly combining with O'Hanlon and had dark and treacherous designs upon his (Poynings') life. A tale so at variance with all that was known of Kildare, whose fashion of attacking his enemies had certainly not hitherto been marked by concealment or any very politic choice of opportunity would probably never have been believed but that it happened to co-

incide with this very inopportune outbreak on the part of the younger Fitzgerald. Irritated by the failure of his northern expedition and by the unexpectedly stout resistance offered him in Carlow, Poynings made up his mind that the time had come to suppress the Fitzgeralds generally, and he took steps accordingly. The Drogheda parliament was not attended by any of the three chief peers of the country, the Earls, namely, of Kildare, Desmond, and Ormonde. In their absence various Acts more or less prejudicial to their interests were passed, and it was at the instance of the Deputy himself that Kildare was attainted. The Act states that he had provoked Irish and English rebels to levy war upon the King; that he had conspired with O'Hanlon; that he had caused his brother James to seize Carlow Castle; that he had used 'coyne and livery;' that he had conspired with the King of Scots and the Earl of Desmond to bring about an invasion of Ireland, and, in general, had committed 'divers other horrible and great treasons.'

This it will be seen was a sufficiently sweeping indictment; and whether the details were true or false, it certainly had the result of making Kildare for some time to come to all intents and purposes an outlaw. There were several months during this winter of 1494-95 when the great earl and late Deputy for Ireland was little better than a 'Wolf's head'; a hunted man, one against whom all might legitimately raise their hands, who durst hardly sleep twice consecutively under the same roof, or approach his own castle of Maynooth without dread of capture. A curious picture of the sort of terms upon which even the greatest Irish nobles lived with their retainers, may be gathered from the following account of a conversation which took place at this time between Kildare and one of his own bodyguard, who, though fully sharing in his outlawry, felt it go to his honour that his master should be pursued by, and fail to destroy, a certain Plunket of Rathmore, notwithstanding the fact that the said Plunket had twenty horsemen with him at the time, whereas Kildare had but twelve. There is a delightful pathos in the latter's confession that he was aware that he had in this respect worn out the patience of his 'poor friends.'

An horseman that was with the Earl, called Lionel Houthie, said to him, 'Sir, I have served thee this long time; I had never rest with thee, and never received anything at thy hand nor at any one else, but blows, hunger, and cold. I tell thee, unless you set upon them' [*i.e.* Plunket and his men] 'this instant time and overcome them, I shall never serve thee more.' Which saying all the rest of the horsemen did maintain also, and said that it were to their ease to die rather than to live so. The Earl mused a while, and said, 'Do you think that it is for lack of heart I do not this of myself? No, be assured; but that I fear if I should enterprize this, some of you will betray me for necessity, seeing that I have wearied you and myself and my poor friends. But now as I hear so much of you, let us go and make a holiday of this matter; and I do commit the trust of myself to you, and the trust of you to God.'

So the Earl gave the charge, and was as good a man that day as could ride

upon a horse, and did so that no man could do better, and so did all his men. But, to be short, Plunket was killed and most part of all his men. After which victory, men gathered to him a number.

The 'him' in the last sentence means, of course, Kildare. Although this achievement seems to have turned back the momentarily waning tide of his popularity, and made him once more the hero of every fighting man in Leinster, it naturally did not avail him equally with the constituted authorities. He was arrested not long afterwards, having ventured too near to Dublin, and sent prisoner to England 'in a barke that was at Dublinge in a readiness,' lodged in the Tower of London, and finally brought for judgment before a tribunal presided over by the King himself.

This is the occasion around which so many and such varying anecdotes cluster. That they cannot all have been true is obvious, seeing that they to some extent contradict one another, but to decide which is true and which false, demands a keener historic acumen than is to be found at a moment's notice. The most striking hint we get is not as regards anything we hear about Kildare, upon whose part a good deal in the way of irregularity might be predicted, but upon the part of the King. Usually described by historians of the period as a rather dull and unpleasant Solomon, his fashion, if our chronicler is at all to be believed, of conducting a grave State trial could hardly have been outdone for cheerful indecorum by his son's best performances in the same line.

The most formidable of Kildare's accusers seem on this occasion to have been, not the Butlers, but the bishops. Every one has heard of his being accused of having burned the cathedral of Cashel, and admitting the fact, but declaring solemnly that he would never have thought of doing so but that he was assured that the Archbishop was inside it at the time, the point of the jest lying in the fact that the Archbishop was at the moment sitting opposite to him, one of the row of prelates who were assisting to judge him. How his Grace took the apology remains, unfortunately, amongst the lost good things of history; but the King, we are told, 'laughed merrily at the plainness of the man,' in fact was so convulsed with amusement that he could hardly continue to preside over the sitting.

In another of Kildare's episcopal accusers we regret to discover our old friend and his former partisan, Payne, the Bishop of Meath. What exactly the bishop had done to anger him is nowhere, that I am aware, told. When first we catch sight of the quarrel it has already gone to formidable lengths, for we find Kildare actually threatening the prelate with physical violence, and only sparing him on account of his 'shaven crown.' Worse than this is the really scandalous moral insinuation brought by the earl against his former friend in the presence of the King. This is an abuse of old familiarity for which we find it extremely difficult to pardon Geroit Mor.

Amongst others the Bishop of Methe being there did charge the Earl with sundry matters of great importance, to which matters the Earl could not answer, but stayed his tongue a while, and said he was not learned to make answers in such weighty matters, nor at that time was he not well advised of them; for he said that the Bishop was learned, and so was not he, and those matters was long ago out of his mind, though he had done them and so forgotten.

The King answered and bade him choose a counsellor whom he would have in England, and he should have him, and also a time to be advised. 'If you will do so,' said the Earl, 'I shall make answer to-morrow, but I doubt I should not have that good fellow that I would choose.' Said the King, 'By my truth thou shalt.' 'Give me your hand,' said the Earl. 'Here is my hand,' said the King.

Next day the remarkable dialogue began again.

Then said the King, 'When will you choose your counsellor?' 'Never,' said the Bishop of Methe, 'if it be put to his choice.' 'Thou liest brallaghe, bald Bishop,' said the Earl, 'as soon as thou wouldst choose a fair wench, if thou hadst thy wish, and that should be within this hour.' With that the King and the Lords laughed, and made game thereat, and asked the Earl if what he said was true. 'By your hand,' said he to the King, and he took the King by the hand. 'For I know him well enough,' said the Earl. 'Well,' said the King, 'we shall talk of these matters another time.' 'I am content,' said the Earl, 'for I have three tales to tell thee of him, and I dare say it will make all laugh that is here. . . . ' The King and the Lords could not hold their laughter, but the Earl never changed countenance, but told his tale as though he were among his fellows in his own country.

Then said the King, 'It is best for you to choose well your counsellor, and be well advised whom you will choose, for I perceive that your counsellor shall have enough to do in your cause, for anything that I perceive you can do.' 'Shall I choose now,' said the Earl. 'If you so think good,' said the King. 'Well I can see no better man than you, and by Saint Bride! I will choose none other.' 'Well,' said the King, 'by Saint Bride! it was well requisite for you to choose so, for I thought your tale could not well excuse your doings unless you had well chosen.' 'Do you think that I am a fool?' said the Earl. 'No!' said he. 'I am a man in deed both in the field and in the town.'

The King laughed and made sport, and said, 'A wiser man might have chosen worse.' 'Well,' said the Bishop, 'he is as you see, for all Ireland cannot rule yonder gentleman.' 'No,' said the King, 'then he is meet to rule all Ireland, seeing all Ireland cannot rule him.' And so made the Earl Deputy of Ireland during his life, and sent him to his country with great gifts, and so the Earl came to Ireland.

Is not this delightful? What foreshortening of history! No long-drawn explanations here! no tedious leading up from the nearer to the remoter events! but everything crisp, clear, and definite; rounded as a nut, and compact as a child's story!

Space is dwindling, and Geroit Mor's later achievements are still all untold. Untold they must, alas! for the most part remain. He returned to Ireland the same year, leaving behind him his son as hostage, but bringing with him a wife, whom he had married during his English sojourn, no less than the King's first cousin, Mistress Elizabeth St. John. From this time forward no further acts of rebellion have to be recorded against our hero. Whether due to the influence of his English wife, or to the unlooked-for discovery of so much geniality on the part of a

hitherto detested master, unexpectedly found to be capable of seeing the humorous side of church-burning, bishop-baiting, and such venial foibles, certain it is that no more acts of rebellion seem to have been, even by his enemies, laid at his door. Henry's clemency or his jocularity had won the day. Geroit Mor had become the King's man, and the King's man he continued till the end of his life, which lasted another eighteen years, during all which time he remained practically Chief Governor and head of the State in Ireland. Upon the whole, with certain reservations, it was a halcyon time; quite as halcyon a time as by hard searching we are likely to discover. The cause of peace was not a little helped by the death, in 1497, of one of the chief disturbers of it, Sir James of Ormonde, who fell by the hand of his cousin Piers, in a sufficiently striking and dramatic fashion. That tale, however, is too long to tell here, and we must hasten on to the last considerable act of Geroit Mor's life. This was the famous battle of Knocktoe, fought upon the shores of Lough Corrib, in the year 1504, between Ulick MacWilliam Burke, of Clanricarde, backed by an enormous gathering of western septs on the one hand, and by the Deputy himself, aided by most of the lords of the Pale and some Irish allies, on the other. That both the battle itself and the quarrel which led to it had nothing whatever to do with our Earl in his official capacity as Deputy is not to be denied. It was purely and avowedly a family affair, due to the complaints of his daughter, Lady Eustachia Fitzgerald, who had been married to the said MacWilliam Burke of Clanricarde, and 'was not so used as the Earl could be pleased with.' The reader is entreated to observe the tone in which this recalcitrant son-in-law, heir of a hundred Norman de Burghs, is spoken of by Kildare as 'an Irishman.' The younger Gerald, or Geroit-Oge, had only returned from his eight years' banishment in England a few months before, but was in time to take part in the great family event.

One advantage we have with regard to this battle of Knocktoe, wanting to many even more illustrious battles, and the absence of which makes Irish history especially the utterly dull and unreadable thing it is. We have an account given at first hand, by an eye-witness, one too who, though unknown to fame, and whose very name has passed beyond our powers of guessing, possessed a vividly illuminating pen of his own, at the first touch of which all these dead and vanished figures—lords, kernes, knights, gallowglasses, from the Lord Deputy himself down to the wildest O'Connor Faly or O'Hanlon who for the moment fought on his side—all start up, alive, vivid 'in their habits as they lived,' with their native gestures and language, their habitual oaths, their personal characteristics and tricks of manner, such as a day-to-day acquaintance enabled a contemporary to know them.

This inestimable chronicler was only a humble retainer of the

Howth family, its annalist or chronicler, whose business it was to write down such events as were considered too important to be lost to posterity; doubtless also to compose an ode, an epitaph, or an epithalamium, accordingly as the family destinies inclined upwards or downwards. Such functionaries were still to be found in every Anglo-Irish household of any pretensions, and corresponded to the Sennachie or Ollamh, who fulfilled a similar office toward the greater Irish chieftains. He opens, observe, without preface, as a chronicler should, right into the very heart of his subject.

After this the Earl married another daughter of his to a great man in Connaught, which was not so used as the Earl could be pleased with, and he said he would be revenged upon this Irishman who stood at defiance with the Earl and all his partakers. The Earl sent to all the Irish lords that were his friends, as O'Neil, O'Reily, O'Connor Faly, and all the power of the English Pale, so many as he could make. For the Earl understood that all the Irish in Ireland were divided between him and his adversaries. They were a great number whereof he had good experience. Therefore he made better provision of all things. And being twenty miles off Knocktoe he called noblemen about him to council.

Amongst these [the noblemen] were certain bishops and men of law. Whom when O'Neil saw, 'My Lord of Kildare,' said he, 'command the bishops to go home and pray, for bishop's counsellors ought not to be taken in matters of warr, for their profession is to pray and to preach and *to make fair weather*, and not to be privy to manslaughter or bloodshed, but in preaching and teaching the word of God.'

These words seem to have struck all present, including the bishops themselves, with their wisdom, for though it was dignified to take part in an expedition of this kind, and to sit as Lords Spiritual on a council of war, still the actual battle-field is an unpleasant place, when blood is flowing and darts are flying, and wild gallowglasses, more especially Connaught ones, are apt to be careless where those darts go. For this, remember, was the sophisticated fifteenth century, far removed from the days when Irish bishops were wont habitually to lead their flocks to battle, and loved to expose their own episcopal persons to all the rough and tumble of actual fight. Accordingly the bishops retired, let us hope 'to make fair weather,' which, the scene being upon the edge of Connemara, was certainly a desirable feat, then or at any other time.

Next came the turn of the lawyers, and here it was the O'Connor Faly who took up the parable.

The O'Connor Faly asked the Earl what he would do with the judges and men of law in his company. 'We have here,' said he, 'no matters of pleading nor matters of argument nor matter to debate, nor to be discussed by pen and ink, but by the bow speare and sword, and the valiant host of gentlemen and men of warr, by their fierce and lofty doings; and not by the simple sorry and doubtful stomachs of learned men, for I never saw those that were learned ever give good counsaile in matters of warr. For they were always doubt'ng, staying or persuading men in frivolous and uncertain words, that would hinder Hector or Lancelots doings. Away with them! They are overbold to pees among this company, for cur



matter is to be decided by valiant and stout stomachs of wise and prudent men, and not matters of law nor matters of religion.'

The bishops and the lawyers being thus got rid of, the 'prudent men of warr' set to work to consider their resources, and now, as became their position, the Lords of the Pale were the chief speakers.

The baron of Delvin, called Richard, said that his learning was not such that with a glorious tale he could utter his stomach. 'But I promise to God and to the Prince,' said he, 'that I shall be the first that shall throw the first spear among the Irish in this battle. Let him speak well that will, for I have done.'

These martial and succinct sentiments of the Baron of Delvin were not apparently endorsed by all his brother peers and neighbours, for our chronicler next tells us—

The Lord of Gormanston said that it was good to be advised what was to be done. 'For after a good advisement,' said he, 'there shall come a good end, for a hasty man never lacked woe. Let us understand the quarrell again, and debate the matter whether we shall proceed or no ere we begin; and let the King be privy to this weighty and uncertain enterprise, for we may put the whole realm in hazard if we speed not well, for I understand they are many that are against us, and this is as much as I at this time mean to say.'

That the King should be privy beforehand to the 'weighty and uncertain enterprise' was exactly what Kildare was determined to avoid. The quarrel, as already explained, was his own private affair, a family quarrel, no more waged in the interest of the King than if it had been fought out at Ispahan or Timbuctoo. That, the event once over, especially if a victory were gained over the 'Irish enemy,' Henry would forgive, he felt sure, or at any rate persuaded himself. Accordingly a private conference took place between him and Lord Howth, his chief confidant in the matter, from whom a plea for immediate action would come it was probably felt with a better grace than from himself.

Just then an incident befell which came opportunely to their aid.

While the council was still debating the matter there appeared upon an hill above two hundred horsemen of the enemy. Whereat Gerot the Earl's son would have been at them, and asked of the Counsell leave to go. But the Lords of the Counsell said that none should go until they had gone all; and so said this lusty and worthy gentleman, at which young Gerot was very sorry as though he never should have his fill of fighting.

Up then rose Howth, and, with the enemy still in sight, proceeded to point out that the eve of a battle was not exactly the moment to consider whether the quarrel was on the whole a desirable one or not.

'Well,' said he, 'to answer the Lord of Gormanston, this matter was determined before we came hither by the council, and, if it were not, the time is not now to argue the case our enemies being in sight; and for the displeasure of our Prince if

wee win this battlé, as I am sure we shall, though the King frown a litle with his countenance his heart will rejoice. And admit he will be offended upon losing this field, he that shall live let him beare the blame or burthen, as for my part I am assured to win this battle or to loose my life, and then all this world is gone with me, *vayell que vayell pourya*, for I will be afoot in the wayward that day myself. But to the matter. Let us send away our sons and heirs to revenge our quarrell if need so require, and prescribe our battle in perfect order this night, that every man shall know to-morrow his charge. For it is not when we shall go to fight that we should be troubled with discussing the matter.'

'My dear cousin,' said the Earl of Kildare, 'you have well spoken; be it as you have now said.' 'No,' said young Gerot, 'by God's blood I will not go hence, or leave so many of my friends in battle, for I mean to live and die among you!' 'Well,' said the Lord of Howthe, 'boy, thou speakest natural, for ever this kind is such from the first generation, and first coming to Ireland, so thou art born withall, thou worthy gentleman and lyon's heart!'

That the 'lyon's heart' was not universally conspicuous amongst the earl's friends may be seen by the next citation.

The Lords of Killeen and Trimbleston thought the number of Irishmen to be very great, as they were certainly informed by certain spies, which brought them word, that the number on the English side were not the sixth man to a man; and said in plain terms that a good giving back were better than an evill standing, and in further time better provision might be made to serve such a turn. 'It is well spoken,' said the Baron of Slane and Lord of Dunsaney. 'Good God!' said the Lord of Howthe; 'by our Lady that is blessed in the North Church of Howthe, you four might have spoken those words in some other ground than this, and our enemy now being in sight, and the night at hand!'

'Well,' said the Earl, 'call me the Captain of the Gallowglass, for he and his shall begin this game, for it is less fair of them four than it is of our younger men.' 'I am glad,' said the Captain, 'you can do me no more honour!' And with that he took his axe in hand, and *began to flourish*. 'No,' said the Earl of Howthe, 'I will be the beginner of this dance, for we will not hazard our English good upon the Irish blood. Howbeit it is well spoken by the Captain of the Gallowglass.'

Then all things were accordingly to the matter prepared, the bowmen put in two wings. The bill-men put in two wings of which the Lords of Gormanston and Killeen had the charge. The Gallowglass and the Irish in another quarter. The horsemen on the left side the battle, under the charge of the worthy Baron of Delvin, by reason there was a little wall of two foot high of the other side of the battle, which would somewhat have troubled the horse. After all things were put in order they went to supper, and after to their lodging to rest the residue of the night. The ground was appointed, and all such things as were necessary for such a purpose.

Meanwhile in the other camp, separated only from Kildare's by some half-mile or so of stone-sprinkled ground, what were they doing? We know less about them, seeing that there was no chronicler there to retail their doings, set forth their speeches, and report upon their prudence and valiant looks. That they largely outnumbered Kildare's force is certain, and so confident were they of victory that our Howth chronicler assures us the night was spent by them 'drinking and playing at cards, who should have this prisoner and who that.' Besides MacWilliam Burke of Clanricarde and his immediate belongings, they consisted of O'Briens, Macnamaras, O'Connors, O'Kennedys,

O'Carrolls, and an immense gathering of western clans. None of the tribes from the other side of the lake seem, however, to have taken any part in the affair. Indeed, the O'Flahertys, who still owned nearly the whole of what we call Connemara, were essentially a people apart, Ireland of the fifteenth century stopping short upon the eastern shore, and having no part or lot in the region beyond, which was still in all essentials as it was in the days of the Conquest—nay, in the days of Brian Boromhe, or Niall of the Nine Hostages.

That Kildare felt some misgiving about this great numerical disproportion is evident, and his misgivings were further fomented by a spy or messenger who came secretly to him at night from the adversary.

At midnight a horseman came from the Irish camp to the Earl, and willed him to get away and save his life, and said it was but folly to fight, for this man was afore this time a horseboy to the Earl and gave him first horses. The Earl thereupon came incontinent to the Lord of Howthe, he being in a sound sleep, to tell him, and a long while it was ere he could wake him by his voice, he slept so sound. And at length he awoke by stirring of him, and blamed him to which the Lord of Howthe answered, that all things before were already determined, and so nothing else had he upon his mind to trouble him but sleepe. 'For it must be ours or theirs,' said he, 'and therefore my mind is settled, but before this I could not rest.' 'Well,' said the Earl, 'here is the business. This man has come to me as a trusty friend,' and with that told the whole matter as he (*i.e.* the man) told the Earl before. 'Well,' said the Lord of Howthe, 'suffer him to pass, and I pray you tell this tale to none for it will rather do harm than good!' And with that he arose, and incontinent the day appeared.

The day appeared that was to decide everything! Whatever misgiving Kildare may have betrayed in midnight confidences, it is clear that he allowed none to be seen upon the surface.

After his battle was set, the Earl of Kildare willed that his men should stand within that little wall of two feet high that was made aforetime by those that dwelt there for safeguard of their horses and made them there this oration. 'My friends and kinsmen, I say to you that there is here against us a great number of people without weapons, for a number of them have but one spear and a knife, without wisdom or good order, who march to battle as drunken as swine to a trough. Remember, too, that all we have done rests upon this day's service, and remember how we are in a country unknown to most of us, and farr from our townes and castles.'

The Earl did not well finish these words when three great cries were heard that disturbed his oration. . . . 'What meaneth this cry,' said he, 'do they think we are crows that we will fly with crying? Nay, by St. Nicholas, but they shall find us men I promise them ere we depart.'

With that the Irish gallowglass came on, to whom the English archers lent such a shower of arrows that their weapons and their hands were fastened together. MacSwine, their captain, coming forward asked where was the great Darcy? Darcy answered that he was at hand which he should well understand. With that MacSwine struck Darcy such a blow upon the halbert that he put him upon his knees. Whereupon Mangle, Baron of Rowan, being a lusty gentleman, gave MacSwine such payment that he was satisfied ever after. They fought terrible and bould awhile.

In the end

the Irish fled . . . and a great number of them were slain, as it was reported *nine thousand*. . . This battle was fought on the 19th day of August 1504 at Knockton, which is from Galway five miles. The hill is not high but a great plain (!). The greatest of the Irish was Richard Burke, father of Ulick ne Kyan. . . After they went to Galway, where the Irish gathered again, and said they would give the Earl another field, but they durst never fight a battle with the English Pale. There was a sore fight afterwards between McWilliam of the East and McWilliam of the West, by reason (that) at the field aforesaid they held not together. The Earl of Kildare bestowed thirty tun of wine amongst the army.

So—abruptly as he began—ends our chronicler, and here too for us ends Geroit Mor's history. That the King justified his expectations that a success would cover all delinquencies is clear. The Deputy was applauded for his triumph over the 'Irish enemy,' and few or no inconvenient questions were asked with regard to the motives which had led to that triumph. He was made a Knight of the Garter, and from this time till his death his life was a prosperous and upon the whole a fairly peaceable one, quite as peaceable doubtless as he would himself have wished it to be. He died at last in harness, being killed upon the shores of his own stream of Greese, close to his castle of Kilkea, where he had lingered to water his horse on the way home from a successful raid into the O'Carroll country.

Pausing for a moment to look back at his career as a whole, what sort of impression, one wonders, does it leave upon the mind of the polite and discriminating reader? Has one's own sense of decorum, of the lawful generally, got so warped by dwelling upon such inveterate defiers of it, that the first sense of their misdoings has grown blunted, nay, become, if not acceptable, at any rate customary? With the old chroniclers it clearly was so, and why not with their modern admirer? That such ways and works generally were, if not immoral, at least *non-moral*, few will care to deny. They belong to a certain fierce, happy-go-lucky fashion of regarding life and its duties that certainly does not conduce to moral responsibility or the practice of the philistine virtues. There is a smack, often considerably more than a smack, of pure, native savagery about them, counteracted but hardly contradicted by something friendly and humorous, something human and incongruous, something that for lack of a better word we call 'Irish' about the whole proceeding. It was just this *something* that made men like Geroit Mor fit into their environment as their environment seemed made to fill out and serve as background to them. People and countries have to work out their own salvation in their own ways, often in very odd ways, and if our Deputy's methods were far from exemplary it by no means equally follows that those of his successors and supplanters gain enormously by the comparison.

One thing these Geraldines certainly achieved. They managed

to win an affection which lasted, not alone through the heyday of their fortunes, but long afterwards, and which through evil days and bad report clung to them with the most extraordinary tenacity. Something, after all, one feels there must have been about them, better than mere highhandedness and bullying, to win and to retain affection so long and at such a point. Twenty-six years after the 'Great Earl's' death; when his eldest son had died lamentably in prison; when his grandson and no less than five of his younger sons had been hung in one day like so many felons upon a gallows at Tyburn; when the only direct survivor of his line was a hunted boy, pursued from mountain to mountain and cabin to cabin, and dependent for bare existence upon that 'Irish enemy' whom it was his grandfather's official business to seek out and destroy; when the castle of Maynooth and everything else they had owned had been confiscated, and only mere accident hindered the Geraldines of Kildare from disappearing as utterly as the Geraldines of Desmond did a few years later—when all this had come about, and no possible advantage was to be gained by speaking well of the disgraced family, one of Thomas Cromwell's Irish correspondents, writing in 1539 to his employer to complain of the ineradicable love lavished by the people of the Pale upon the exiles, could still declare that 'I can assure your lordship this Pale, except the towns and very few of the possessioners, be so affectionate to the Geraldines that for kindred, marriages, fostering, and adhering as followers they covet more to see a Geraldine reign and triumph than to see God himself come down among them.'

EMILY LAWLESS.

*MR. H. H. CHAMPION ON THE  
AUSTRALIAN STRIKE.*

IN the February number of this Review appears an article from the pen of Mr. H. H. Champion, entitled 'The Crushing Defeat of Trades-Unionism in Australia.' Presumably this is the article promised by Mr. Champion in a letter to the *Melbourne Age*, in which he says he has 'been obliged to occupy his leisure in writing for publication at home a full, true, and particular account of the whole business.' This account may be full and particular, but it is not true. But the writer having taken into his own hands the task of setting the British public right on the whole matter, it would be well to know with what authority he speaks—whether as one who has the confidence of the workers of England whom he volunteers to instruct, or as one who has identified himself with the cause of the workers of Australia, and been received as their spokesman.

Many persons are acquainted with Mr. Champion's career in England. Many may not be. If I am correctly informed, and if the files of *Justice*, the Socialist organ in England, have accurately reported his utterances, Mr. Champion was for a long time an avowed revolutionary Socialist, and one of the foremost advocates of an appeal to force as the remedy for industrial injustice in England. When this is remembered, most people will be surprised at the assumption by him of the calm, passionless, and judicial tone. After he had published his article in the *Melbourne Age* of September 12, 1890, which completely misrepresented the strikers' side of the question, it became apparent that he held a brief for the shipowners. Having subsequently decided to take over the whole conduct of the strike into his own hands, he started from Melbourne to Sydney, avowedly to act as a mediator. At this time he had been three weeks in Australia. On arrival in Sydney he found himself discredited, as the Trades and Labour Council of New South Wales had the previous night, on the motion of Alderman Colebrook, passed a resolution as follows: 'That this council declines to accept Mr. Champion as a mediator, refuses to recognise him as a representative of trades-unionism, and regards his action since his arrival in Australia as anything but that of a friend of labour.' The Victorian

unionists repudiated him later on, and, naturally embittered and rendered vindictive, he proceeds to accomplish his revenge by misrepresenting our cause through the medium of a leading Review in England, as he had done in Australia in the columns of the *Age* newspaper.

Now let us consider this conflict of combined labour against equally well-combined capital over a whole continent. Let us consider whether it was a strike of labour against capital in the ordinary sense, or a strike of capital against labour and the general public. Let us see what were the causes which combined to render dissatisfied the workmen-citizens of Mr. Champion's ideal commonwealth of 'three meat meals a day' and 'eight to ten shillings as a customary daily wage;' where '7,000 men who were "out" in a sullen mood' were kept in check by fourteen policemen. Mr. Champion says not a word about the relative purchasing power of a pound sterling in Australia as compared with England, nor does he mention that the unemployed are greater proportionately to the population of Australia than those of England. He says not a word of exorbitant rents in cities, of the monopoly of choice water frontages in a naturally arid country, or of the high standard of living generally. He was perhaps occupied too much studying 'the inherent weakness of democracy' to notice these things.

But to proceed. The great strike originated with the demand of the officers in the coastal steamships of Australia for increased pay, shorter hours, and a lessening of their responsibilities. In regard to the second demand, a large question as to the safety of the lives and property of the travelling public arises, which has had a good place in the progress of the recent Scotch railway strike. Mr. Champion says the *casus belli* was the 'non-union wool boycott.' Not so; the cause was the refusal by the shipowners of the 'fair and reasonable' demands of the marine officers. The expression 'fair and reasonable' was used by the chairman of the shipowners, who met the representatives of the marine officers in conference in Sydney before the strike.

It is necessary to know that, for several months previous to the commencement of hostilities, the five or six companies trading on the Australian coast had been waging an internecine freight-and-passage warfare. Freights and passages were reduced in most instances to absurdly low rates. When the marine officers combined and endeavoured to have their grievances redressed, they were told that the companies were not paying dividends. It is obvious that this was caused by the suicidal competition, and it is also obvious that a combination of the different companies could have alleviated the competition and enabled them to better the conditions of the men without loss to themselves. This cannot be denied; but it appears as if the shipowners could only combine for the purpose of

resisting the admittedly 'fair and reasonable' demands of the men. So the marine officers, refusing the promises of the shipowners to 'consider' the already too well considered claims if they left their union and joined 'free labour' associations, called upon the trades and labour organisations of Australia to support them. That support was accorded loyally, and continued loyally to the end. On the other hand, the shipowners called upon the whole of the employers of Australia for support. The support asked for was given, and employers' associations were established throughout Australia, with a central executive. Thus, for the first time in history, but perhaps not for the last, we have organised capital arrayed against organised labour over a large continent.

The pay of the marine officers who were the cause of the quarrel was not extravagant—for chief officers, 9s. 4d. per day; for second officers, 6s. per day; and for third officers, 5s. 4d. per day. When it is remembered that these men are educated men, that they have a social position to maintain on board the boats, that they have to dress and provide their own uniforms out of this salary, it must be admitted that they are not adequately paid. Why, it does not even come up to the standard given by Mr. Champion; and to the married portion of them even the assurance of 'three meat meals a day' can hardly make up for the deprivation of the home life and the society of their wives and children. The short trips of the steamers between port and port, the quick discharge and reloading and departure under the supervision of the officer, make it impossible for him to get anything but brief intervals at home. During the Scotch strike the anecdote was told of an engine-driver who was at home so seldom that once his children asked their mother 'who that strange man was?' As in that instance, so it was with the marine officers. Their children might well have put the same question. As in the Scotch strike, so in this, the protest was against the long hours and the few opportunities afforded them of 'telling their wives they were still their sweethearts.' The officer, when he arrived in port, had to superintend the discharge of the cargo, all the while with one of the company's clerks tallying against him. He was responsible for all loss, breakage, theft, and had the amount of loss deducted from his salary. The discharging often occupies the whole night, and the taking in of cargo commences immediately. Then, after superintending the loading, the vessel proceeds to sea, and the officer has to take his watch after being, in some instances, thirty hours on duty. Upon his care and watchfulness the safety of the lives of the travelling public depends. For this he receives pay in many cases less than that of the lamp-trimmer on the same boat, for the lamp-trimmer, being a member of a powerful union, could demand overtime after a fair day's work.

The officers had tried on more than one occasion to form



societies for their benefit and protection. On one occasion they succeeded in obtaining a 'concession' from the shipowners. They received an 'increase' of pay at one counter—and paid it back to the company at another counter. At this period, too, the shipowners made an appeal to the other employers to come to their rescue; but at that time the appeal was not responded to. The marine officers on this last occasion were determined to form a straight-out association on trades-union lines for the redress of their grievances. They did so. When the demands were made in the conference of shipowners' representatives and marine officers in Sydney last year, they were considered 'fair and reasonable' by the chairman. But, instead of returning the answer promised to those demands within a fortnight, the shipowners proceeded to form a rival association on benefit lines, and invited the officers to join it and leave their own union, the inducement being that, if they did so, their demands would be, not granted, but 'considered.' As if the matter had not had sufficient consideration in five weeks or thereabouts! The officers refused to leave their own union, and decided to try and enforce their demands in a perfectly legal way, and by the only means now open to the worker against the capitalist—the strike. It may not be the best means—it may be destructive to the best interests of the country, it may be wasteful, and it may cause intense suffering and bitter feeling; but, until the workers of Australia are properly represented in the legislatures of the different colonies, the strike must continue to be the method adopted to obtain industrial justice.

During the very first week of the strike the leaders of the men in Sydney offered public conference to the employers. At no time would the men have refused to confer publicly with the employers in any one of the colonies. From the first the employers rejected the offer of conference, and this attitude was maintained throughout. Meanwhile it was attempted to lay the whole blame of the inconvenience to the public upon the shoulders of the strikers. Over and over again independent and influential persons of the highest public character interfered as mediators, over and over again were the strike committees and trades councils willing to come to conference; but the employers, arrogant in their new-found strength, refused. Slowly the public—who had been blinded and misled by a press which was in many instances under the influence of capital—began to realise that it was really the employers who were on strike; and though at first labour went on strike against capital, latterly it was a strike of capital against labour and the public. Chief Justice Higginbotham of Victoria denounced the attitude of the employers in refusing conference the *Age* newspaper, in a forcible leader, laid the entire blame of the public inconvenience upon the shoulders of those who were justly entitled to bear it—those who refused conciliation,

arbitration, or conference. Many earnest and fair-minded employers in the different colonies were anxious to bring about conference, but were compelled to admit that they found themselves helpless, as the power of settlement was vested in the central executive, which sat in Sydney. When that central conference met, the labour bodies of Australia called a conference, to sit at the same time and in the same city, so as to be ready to confer and perhaps settle the difficulty in the public interest. The employers, intoxicated with the novelty of the use of their newly acquired strength, sat *in camera*, and adjourned without making any sign of their desire to confer. It was admitted by fair-minded employers that, if conferences could have taken place sectionally in each colony, the difficulty could easily have been adjusted. But the power to settle sectionally was not permitted to the different colonies. This I learnt in a conversation with Mr. Harrold, president of the Employers' Association at Adelaide, South Australia, and representative of that association at the central conference. His attitude was like that of Mr. Spenlow, in *David Copperfield*. He was willing—nay, anxious—to confer in South Australia, where there was little cause of quarrel; but the conference of 'inexorable Jorkinses' sitting at Sydney was in the way, and he could not decide without their sanction.

As to the action of the Employers' Associations in various matters, notably the locking out of the coal miners at Newcastle and the closing down of the Broken Hill Silver Mines, it is worthy of admiration as part of a well-planned scheme, a superior tactical move, to cut off the pecuniary supplies of the strikers, and thus defeat them.

It is erroneously believed in England that the coal miners of Newcastle and the silver miners of Broken Hill came out on strike of their own accord. Mr. Champion says the Labour Conference in Sydney 'succeeded in getting the coal miners to stop work,' meaning no doubt the Newcastle men with others. The fact is that a very trivial pretence was seized by the Associated Colliery Proprietors of Newcastle to lock out their miners. The effect of this tactical move was, first, to cut off the pecuniary supplies which the strikers expected from the miners' unions; second, to place the miners on the same footing as the strikers, and entitled to be recipients of strike pay from the general strike fund. Every extension of the scope of the strike was against the men, and against the avowed intention of the leaders of the men to confine the strike within the narrowest possible limits. A splendid tactical move indeed this, and successful; but it was eclipsed by the action of the directors of the Broken Hill Silver Mines in shutting down the mines and locking out the miners, the number affected being 9,000. Mr. Champion says '7,000 men were "out" and in a sullen mood.' The inference is that they were out of their own accord. The fact is that the miners of Broken Hill decided to devote one day's pay per week to the support of the men

on strike at the sea coast. The amount would have been something like 4,000*l.* a week, and would have been an important factor in carrying on the war. Acting, it is believed by the men, upon pressure from the Employers' Association, the directors of the proprietary mine notified that it was in contemplation to close down the mine and throw the men idle. The excuse given was that, owing to the block of vessels at the Port of Adelaide, a sufficient supply of timber was not available to carry on the timbering of the mine. The aim of this statement was to throw the blame of the closing of the mine upon the shoulders of the strikers at the sea coast.

Upon this announcement being made, the Amalgamated Miners' Association of Broken Hill despatched delegates to the sea coast to endeavour to have the block suspended in favour of the timber for the mines. They found that the block did not affect the timber supply in the slightest degree. The block was upon the steamships trading from Melbourne, and the timber for the mines came from Paget Sound in oversea sailing-vessels, which were not blocked. Further, the delegates found that there was sufficient timber in the market already to carry on the 'stoping' of the mine for a long time. Again, some of the mines in the vicinity of the great proprietary mine did not use timber, and yet they were shut down and the men turned out. Did not this look like part of a plan? The miners thought it was so. The public took the matter up.

Mr. Champion says the miners were 'sullen.' Well, the circumstances did not conduce to cheerfulness. He says in one place, 'Various acts of violence took place, especially in the mining districts.' Yet in another place he admits that fourteen policemen were enough to protect millions' worth of property from the 7,000 'sullen' men in a mining district. The citizens of Broken Hill rose to protest against the action of the directors. A public meeting was held, at which the mayor presided. The mayor stated that 'he considered the reasons for shutting down the mines put forward by the directors were most flimsy.' The Roman Catholic bishop, Dr. Dunne, moved 'That the meeting expresses disapproval of the action of the directors in shutting down the mines.' He said 'he was sure the shareholders never intended to give such great authority to a handful of men. The power had been rashly used. . . . He was sure the directors had been *influenced by the Employers' Union.*' This statement is significant, coming from such a high source. The resolution, after being supported by clergymen of various denominations, was carried. One speaker 'thought it possible that the directors had purposely tried to knock back the shares so as to buy in.' He believed over-competition amongst the shipowners had caused the whole trouble.' In connection with the mines, a certain number of men are required during the period of the closing to keep the ventilation and other necessary work going; the Miners' Association

withdrew these men, and forced the hands of the directors, who, with an immense loss through the mines falling into disrepair staring them in the face, were compelled to come to conference with the men.

In England, owing to cable misrepresentation, it was inferred that the strike was over and the men defeated, because the miners had gone back to work. Really that was one instance where the revolt of public opinion against the arbitrary methods of capitalistic combination was powerful enough to obtain justice. Seven thousand men locked out simply because they decided to assist their brothers at the coast! Mr. Champion and the employers' advocates have talked a good deal about the 'boycott,' but here was the 'boycott' if ever it was. This was not the only instance of 'boycott,' and the attempt to give the strikers a monopoly of stigma for the use of the 'boycott' will not succeed when the facts are known. Steamships running with union crews were boycotted at Bulli. Union men were discharged from their employment for no reason. Clerks were coerced into volunteering as special constables, and were compelled to do wharf work for which they were physically unfitted. Was not that 'boycott'?

A question was raised during the dispute, which became the issue upon which the settlement hinged. It was the question of affiliation. In Victoria the Marine Officers' Association had affiliated with the Trades' Hall Council, the central trades union council of that colony. In none of the other colonies were the officers affiliated with the labour councils. The shipowners claimed that before the demands of the marine officers could be reconsidered they should withdraw from affiliation. It is now of course a matter of history that this was eventually and voluntarily done. But the reason given for the withdrawal was that the affiliation of officers to the same councils as the men would tend to subvert discipline. The absurdity of this is apparent to anyone who knows the discipline maintained in every strong trades union; and this discipline has been proved during the late strike, and admitted even by Mr. Champion. The right of the officers to use their own discretion in the matter could not be contested at any other than strike time. The matter involves the high question of whether legalised trades unions shall carry trades-unionism to its logical finality. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, one of the most impartial newspapers in Australia, put the position taken up by the employers thus: 'They did not object to unions: what they objected to was federations.' Just so. They objected not to single unions, which might be met and beaten piecemeal, but to unions of unions. And the peculiar inconsistency of the employers' position was that, when this statement was made, they were themselves organised into employers' unions and into a central federation of unions.

The 'Corinna' case, referred to as an instance of the tyranny of these 'meat-fed,' pampered seamen, was a case well understood in Australia long before this ideal Socialist, Mr. Champion, arrived. The case involves another large question. If we are to allow the duly authorised and duly accredited delegates and spokesmen of trades unions to be victimised because of their connection with the unions, then we may bid good-bye to unionism altogether, for no man will voluntarily become a martyr, and allow himself to be subjected to a boycott by unscrupulous captains and others, unless he is sure of support. Our rights have been too dearly bought in Australia to part with them without a struggle, and our unions have not been built up without sacrifices. Had it not been for our struggles in the past, Mr. Champion would never have been able to record the fact that seamen are actually fed on 'hot dishes,' 'porridge and molasses,' and real 'plum pudding' in the ships in Australia.

It is only possible to touch on a few phases of the great strike. Those who know something of labour matters in Australia know what an intricate problem the labour question is. It is not possible for any man, be he ever so highly gifted, to grasp the situation in a few weeks' desultory reading. Therefore Mr. Champion's criticisms of the 'non-union wool' question may be taken for what they are worth—nothing. Those who have been born and lived in the country know the injustice, the tyranny, and the 'boycotting' to which shearers were subjected before the formation of the Australian Shearers' Union. At the time when the pastoralists had matters in their own hands they did not spare their shearers. The huts provided for their accommodation were not fit for Wallabies to inhabit; the food was worse than human nature could endure—the 'post and rail tea,' the black moist sugar, the miserable flour, and all sold by the squatter to the shearer, who dare not buy elsewhere. We had no Truck Act to prevent the shearer being robbed. The overseer had power at will to 'raddle' the sheep shorn by a shearer, which meant that so much was deducted from his pay on the plea that the sheep was badly shorn. The men were ill-treated, half-starved, or poisoned with bad provisions, and robbed of half their wages, without the power to appeal, and no force to back it up if they had. Under these circumstances, there is a lot to be said on the shearers' side in the 'non-union wool' case, and the last word has not yet been said. But, in spite of Mr. Champion's assurance, this was not the *casus belli*, which was, as I have shown, the marine officers' 'fair and reasonable' demands.

I claim that this conflict was, so far as the grievances of the men were concerned, perfectly justifiable. I claim that it was, on the part of the labour bodies, conducted peacefully, Mr. Champion notwithstanding. I claim that the men were well led, and that, considering the unique circumstances and the magnitude of the issues,

few mistakes were made—that, though the end was a defeat of unionism, yet it is not ‘crushed.’ It will teach us our weaknesses, and show us how to perfect our organisations and remedy our defects. It will teach capitalists, too, that their power in combination is great, and may be used for good instead of harm, though it is questionable whether the very nature of the competitive system will permit of lasting harmonious combination of capitalists. As to Mr. Champion’s vague references to possible organised disorder, and to the possible cognisance of the leaders as to its existence, I point to the fact that a strong coalition government was thrust from office in Victoria owing to their tacit sanction of the incendiary speeches of Mr. Patterson and a certain Colonel Tom Price, of ‘fire low and lay them out’ notoriety. Mr. Patterson had accused the strikers of disorder; Colonel Price made preparations to accompany Mr. Patterson’s words with bullets; and the answer of the Parliament of Victoria was to put Mr. Patterson and the Government, of which he was a member, into the ‘shades of opposition.’

Labour has not met its Moscow in Australia. Perhaps it may be considered with greater truth the ‘Bull’s Run’ of the labour war in Australia. Labour will rise there by means of methods more peaceful than strikes; and if ‘peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,’ we may hope to witness many labour victories at the ballot-box. When the workers of Australia awaken to the primary importance of their being represented in the legislatures of the various colonies, when labour is represented not by capitalists, as now, but by men from their own ranks and of their own sympathies, then we may see the weapon of the strike fall into desuetude. As Mr. John Burns puts it, we must employ the ‘shining sword of political action’ rather than the ‘empty scabbard of trades-unionism.’ The next general election in each colony of Australia will tell a tale, and perhaps convert the labour Moscow into another Waterloo.

JOHN D. FITZGERALD

(*Labour Delegate, Strike Committee and  
Labour Council of Australia*).

[Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., wishes to make the following correction to his recent article on ‘The Scottish Railway Strike’ in the *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1891.]

It has been pointed out to me that I have been guilty of a misstatement regarding the system of superannuation which I alluded to as having been established for the servants of the London and North-Western Railway Company. I stated that it had been put an end to two or three years ago at the demand of the men.

I regret very much having fallen into this error, though I am proportionately glad to find that it *is* an error. The fact is that the Pension Society, composed of the artisans and mechanics employed in the locomotive workshops at Crewe, was discontinued in the way I described; but the general Superannuation Fund, the Insurance Society, and the Provident and Pension Society, maintained partly by contributions of the directors and partly by those of the men, continue in full force, the number of members of the Insurance Society being over 40,000.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

*ILLUSTRATIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE'S  
CONTROVERSIAL METHOD.*

THE series of essays in defence of the historical accuracy of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures contributed by Mr. Gladstone to *Good Words*, having been revised and enlarged by their author, appeared last year as a separate volume, under the somewhat defiant title of *The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture*.

The last of these essays, entitled 'Conclusion,' contains an attack, or rather several attacks, couched in language which certainly does not err upon the side of moderation or of courtesy, upon statements and opinions of mine. One of these assaults is a deliberately devised attempt, not merely to rouse the theological prejudices ingrained in the majority of Mr. Gladstone's readers, but to hold me up as a person who has endeavoured to besmirch the personal character of the object of their veneration. For Mr. Gladstone asserts that I have undertaken to try 'the character of our Lord' (p. 268); and he tells the many who are, as I think, unfortunately, predisposed to place implicit credit in his assertions, that it has been reserved for me to discover that Jesus 'was no better than a law-breaker and an evil-doer!' (p. 269).

It was extremely easy for me to prove, as I did in the pages of this Review last December, that, under the most favourable interpretation, this amazing declaration must be ascribed to extreme confusion of thought. And, by bringing an abundance of good-will to the consideration of the subject, I have now convinced myself that it is right for me to admit, that a person of Mr. Gladstone's intellectual acuteness really did mistake the reprobation of the course of conduct ascribed to Jesus, in a story of which I expressly say I do not believe a word, for an attack on his character and a declaration that he was 'no better than a law-breaker and evil-doer.' At any rate, so far as I can see, this is what Mr. Gladstone wished to be believed when he wrote the following passage:—

I must, however, in passing, make the confession that I did not state with accuracy, as I ought to have done, the precise form of the accusation. I treated it as an imputation on the action of our Lord; he replies that it is only an imputa-



tion on the narrative of three evangelists respecting Ilim. The difference, from his point of view, is probably material, and I therefore regret that I overlooked it.<sup>1</sup>

Considering the gravity of the error which is here admitted, the fashion of the withdrawal appears more singular than admirable. From my 'point of view'—not from Mr. Gladstone's apparently—the little discrepancy between the facts and Mr. Gladstone's carefully offensive travesty of them is 'probably' (only 'probably') material. However, as Mr. Gladstone concludes with an official expression of regret for his error, it is my business to return an equally official expression of gratitude for the attenuated reparation with which I am favoured.

Having cleared this specimen of Mr. Gladstone's controversial method out of the way, I may proceed to the next assault, that on a passage in an article on Agnosticism (*Nineteenth Century*, February 1889), published two years ago. I there said, in referring to the Gadarene story, 'Everything I know of law and justice convinces me that the wanton destruction of other people's property is a misdemeanour of evil example.' On this, Mr. Gladstone, continuing his candid and urbane observations, remarks (*Impregnable Rock*, p. 273) that, 'Exercising his rapid judgment on the text,' and 'not inquiring what anybody else had known or said about it,' I had missed a point in support of that 'accusation against our Lord' which he has now been constrained to admit I never made.

The 'point' in question is that 'Gadara was a city of Greeks rather than of Jews, from whence it might be inferred that to keep swine was innocent and lawful.' I conceive that I have abundantly proved that Gadara answered exactly to the description here given of it; and I shall show, by-and-by, that Mr. Gladstone has used language which, to my mind, involves the admission that the authorities of the city were not Jews. But I have also taken a good deal of pains to show that the question thus raised is of no importance in relation to the main issue.<sup>2</sup> If Gadara was, as I maintain it was, a city of the Decapolis, Hellenistic in constitution and containing a predominantly Gentile population, my case is superabundantly fortified. On the other hand, if the hypothesis that Gadara was under Jewish government, which Mr. Gladstone seems sometimes to defend and sometimes to give up, were accepted, my case would be nowise weakened. At any rate, Gadara was not included within the juris-

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, February 1891, pp. 339-40.

<sup>2</sup> Neither is it of any consequence whether the locality of the supposed miracle was Gadara, or Gerasa, or Gergesa. But I may say that I was well acquainted with Origen's opinion respecting Gergesa. It is fully discussed and rejected in Riehm's *Handwörterbuch*. In Kitto's *Biblical Cyclopædia* (II., p. 51) Professor Porter remarks that Origen merely 'conjectures' that Gergesa was indicated; and he adds, 'Now, in a question of this kind, conjecture cannot be admitted. We must implicitly follow the most ancient and credible testimony, which clearly pronounces in favour of Γαδαρηνήν. This reading is adopted by Tischendorf, Alford, and Tregelles.'

diction of the tetrarch of Galilee; if it had been, the Galileans who crossed over the lake to Gadara had no official status; and they had no more civil right to punish law-breakers than any other strangers.

In my turn, however, I may remark that there is a 'point' which appears to have escaped Mr. Gladstone's notice. And that is somewhat unfortunate, because his whole argument turns upon it. Mr. Gladstone assumes, as a matter of course, that pig-keeping was an offence against the 'Law of Moses;' and, therefore, that Jews who kept pigs were as much liable to legal pains and penalties as Englishmen who smuggle brandy (*Impregnable Rock*, p. 274).

There can be no doubt that, according to the Law, as it is defined in the Pentateuch, the pig was an 'unclean' animal, and that pork was a forbidden article of diet. Moreover, since pigs are hardly likely to be kept for the mere love of those unsavoury animals, pig-owning, or swineherding, must have been, and evidently was, regarded as a suspicious and degrading occupation by strict Jews, in the first century A.D. But I should like to know on what provision of the Mosaic Law, as it is laid down in the Pentateuch, Mr. Gladstone bases the assumption, which is essential to his case, that the possession of pigs and the calling of a swineherd were actually illegal? The inquiry was put to me the other day; and, as I could not answer it, I turned up the article 'Schwein' in Riehm's standard *Handwörterbuch*, for help out of my difficulty; but unfortunately without success. After speaking of the martyrdom which the Jews, under Antiochus Epiphanes, preferred to eating pork, the writer proceeds:—

It may be, nevertheless, that the practice of keeping pigs may have found its way into Palestine in the Græco-Roman time, in consequence of the great increase of the non-Jewish population; yet there is no evidence of it in the New Testament; the great herd of swine, two thousand in number, mentioned in the narrative of the possessed, was feeding in the territory of Gadara, which belonged to the Decapolis; and the prodigal son became a swineherd with the native of a far country into which he had wandered; in neither of these cases is there reason for thinking that the possessors of these herds were Jews.<sup>3</sup>

Having failed in my search, so far, I took up the next work of reference at hand, Kitto's *Cyclopædia* (vol. iii. 1876). There, under 'Swine,' the writer, Colonel Hamilton Smith, seemed at first to give me what I wanted, as he says that swine 'appear to have been repeatedly introduced and reared by the Hebrew people,'<sup>4</sup> notwithstanding the strong prohibition in the Law of Moses

<sup>3</sup> I may call attention, in passing, to the fact that this authority, at any rate, has no sort of doubt of the fact that Jewish Law did not rule in Gadara (indeed, under the head of 'Gadara,' in the same work, it is expressly stated that the population of the place consisted 'predominantly of heathens'), and that he scouts the notion that the Gadarene swineherds were Jews.

<sup>4</sup> The evidence adduced, so far as post-exile times are concerned, appears to me insufficient to prove this assertion.

(Is. lxx. 4).’ But, in the first place, Isaiah’s writings form no part of the ‘Law of Moses;’ and, in the second place, the people denounced by the prophet in this passage are neither the possessors of pigs, nor swineherds, but those ‘which eat swine’s flesh and broth of abominable things is in their vessels.’ And when, in despair, I turned to the provisions of the Law itself, my difficulty was not cleared up. Leviticus xi. 8 (Revised Version) says, in reference to the pig and other unclean animals: ‘Of their flesh ye shall not eat, and their carcases ye shall not touch.’ In the revised version of Deuteronomy xiv. 8 the words of the prohibition are identical, and a skilful refiner might possibly satisfy himself, even if he satisfied nobody else, that ‘carcase’ means the body of a live animal as well as of a dead one; and that, since swineherds could hardly avoid contact with their charges, their calling was implicitly forbidden.<sup>5</sup> Unfortunately, the authorised version expressly says ‘dead carcase;’ and thus the most rabbinically minded of reconcilers might find his casuistry foiled by that great source of surprises, the ‘original Hebrew.’ That such check is at any rate possible, is clear from the fact that the legal uncleanness of some animals, as food, did not interfere with their being lawfully possessed, cared for, and sold by Jews. The provisions for the ransoming of unclean beasts (Lev. xxvii. 27) and for the redemption of their sucklings (Numbers xviii. 15) sufficiently prove this. As the late Dr. Kalisch has observed in his *Commentary on Leviticus*, part ii. p. 129, note:—

Though asses and horses, camels and dogs, were kept by the Israelites, they were, to a certain extent, associated with the notion of impurity; they might be turned to profitable account by their labour or otherwise, but in respect to food they were an abomination.

The same learned commentator (*loc. cit.* p. 88) proves that the Talmudists forbade the rearing of pigs by Jews, unconditionally and everywhere; and even included it under the same ban, as the study of Greek philosophy, ‘since both alike were considered to lead to the desertion of the Jewish faith.’ It is very possible, indeed probable, that the Pharisees of the fourth decade of our first century took as strong a view of pig-keeping as did their spiritual descendants. But, for all that, it does not follow that the practice was illegal. The stricter Jews could not have despised and hated swineherds more than they did publicans; but, so far as I know, there is no provision in the Law against the practice of the calling of a tax-gatherer by a Jew. The publican was in fact very much in the position of an Irish process-server at the present day—more, rather than less, despised and hated on account of the perfect legality of his occupation. Except for certain sacrificial purposes, pigs were

<sup>5</sup> Even Leviticus xi. 26, cited without reference to the context, will not serve the purpose; because the swine is ‘cloven footed’ (Lev. xi. 7).

held in such abhorrence by the ancient Egyptians that swineherds were not permitted to enter a temple, or to intermarry with other castes; and any one who had, even accidentally, touched a pig was unclean. But these very regulations prove that pig-keeping was not illegal; it merely involved certain civil and religious disabilities. For the Jews, dogs were typically 'unclean' animals; but, when that eminently pious Hebrew, Tobit, 'went forth' with the angel 'the young man's dog' went 'with them' (Tobit v. 16) without apparent remonstrance from the celestial guide. I really do not see how an appeal to the Law could have justified any one in drowning Tobit's dog, on the ground that his master was keeping and feeding an animal quite as 'unclean' as any pig. Certainly the excellent Raguel must have failed to see the harm of dog-keeping, for we are told that, on the travellers' return homewards, 'the dog went after them' (xi. 4).

Until better light than I have been able to obtain is thrown upon the subject, therefore, it is obvious that Mr. Gladstone's argumentative house has been built upon an extremely slippery quicksand; perhaps even has no foundation at all.

Yet another 'point' does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Gladstone, who is so much shocked that I attach 'no overwhelming weight to the assertions contained in the synoptic Gospels, even when all three concur. These Gospels agree in stating, in the most express, and, to some extent verbally identical, terms, that the devils entered the pigs at their own request,<sup>6</sup> and the third Gospel (viii. 31) tells us what the motive of the demons was in asking the singular boon: 'They intreated him that he would not command them to depart into the abyss.' From this, it would seem that the devils thought to exchange the heavy punishment of transportation to the abyss, for the lighter penalty of imprisonment in swine. And some commentators, more ingenious than respectful to the supposed chief actor in this extraordinary fable, have dwelt, with satisfaction, upon the very unpleasant quarter of an hour which the evil spirits must have had, when the headlong rush of their maddened tenements convinced them how completely they were taken in. In the whole story, there is not one solitary hint that the destruction of the pigs was intended as a punishment of their owners, or of the swineherds. On the contrary, the concurrent testimony of the three narratives is to the effect that the catastrophe was the consequence of diabolic suggestion. And, indeed, no source could be more appropriate for an act of such manifest injustice and illegality.

I can but marvel that modern defenders of the faith should not

<sup>6</sup> 1st Gospel: 'And the devils besought him saying, If Thou cast us out send us away into the herd of swine.' 2nd Gospel: 'They besought him saying, Send us into the swine.' 3rd Gospel: 'They intreated him that he would give them leave to enter into them.'

be glad of any reasonable excuse for getting rid of a story which, if it had been invented by Voltaire, would have justly let loose floods of orthodox indignation.

Thus, the hypothesis to which Mr. Gladstone so fondly clings finds no support in the provisions of the 'Law of Moses' as that law is defined in the Pentateuch; while it is wholly inconsistent with the concurrent testimony of the synoptic Gospels, to which Mr. Gladstone attaches so much weight. In my judgment, it is directly contrary to everything which profane history tells us about the constitution and the population of the city of Gadara; and it commits those who accept it to a story which, if it were true, would implicate the founder of Christianity in an illegal and inequitable act.

Such being the case, I consider myself excused from following Mr. Gladstone through all the meanderings of his late attempt to extricate himself from the maze of historical and exegetical difficulties in which he is entangled. I content myself with assuring those who, with my paper (not Mr. Gladstone's version of my arguments) in hand, consult the original authorities, that they will find full justification for every statement I have made. But in order to dispose those who cannot, or will not, take that trouble, to believe that the proverbial blindness of one that judges his own cause plays no part in inducing me to speak thus decidedly, I beg their attention to the following examination, which shall be as brief as I can make it, of the seven propositions in which Mr. Gladstone professes to give a faithful summary of my 'errors.'

When, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the Holy See declared that certain propositions contained in the works of Bishop Jansen were heretical, the Jansenists of Port Royal replied that, while they were ready to defer to the Papal authority about questions of faith and morals, they must be permitted to judge about questions of fact for themselves; and that, really, the condemned propositions were not to be found in Jansen's writings. As everybody knows, His Holiness and the Grand Monarque replied to this surely not unreasonable plea after the manner of Lord Peter in the *Tale of a Tub*. It is, therefore, not without some apprehension of meeting with a similar fate, that I put in a like plea against Mr. Gladstone's Bull. The seven propositions declared to be false and condemnable, in that kindly and gentle way which so pleasantly compares with the authoritative style of the Vatican (No. 5 more particularly) may or may not be true. But they are not to be found in anything I have written. And some of them diametrically contravene that which I have written. I proceed to prove my assertion.

PROP. 1. *Throughout the paper he confounds together what I had distinguished, namely the city of Gadara and the vicinage attached to it, not as a mere pomærium, but as a rural district.*

In my judgment, this statement is devoid of foundation. At p. 972 of my paper on 'The Keepers of the Herd of Swine' I point out, at some length, that, 'in accordance with the ancient Hellenic practice,' each city of the Decapolis must have been 'surrounded by a certain amount of territory amenable to its jurisdiction;' and, to enforce this conclusion, I quote what Josephus says about the 'villages that belonged to Gadara and Hippos.' As I understand the term *pomerium* or *pomœrium*,<sup>7</sup> it means the space which, according to Roman custom, was kept free from buildings, immediately within and without the walls of a city; and which defined the range of the *auspicia urbana*. The conception of a *pomœrium* as a 'vicinage attached to' a city, appears to be something quite novel and original. But then, to be sure, I do not know how many senses Mr. Gladstone may attach to the word 'vicinage.'

Whether Gadara had a *pomœrium*, in the proper technical sense, or not, is a point on which I offer no opinion. But that the city had a very considerable 'rural district' attached to it and, notwithstanding its distinctness, amenable to the jurisdiction of the Gentile municipal authorities, is one of the main points of my case.

PROP. 2. *He more fatally confounds the local civil government and its following, including, perhaps, the whole wealthy class and those attached to it, with the ethnical character of the general population.*

Having survived confusion No. 1, which turns out not to be on my side, I am now confronted in No. 2 with a 'more fatal' error—and so it is, if there be degrees of fatality; but, again, it is Mr. Gladstone's and not mine. It would appear, from this proposition (about the grammatical interpretation of which, however, I admit there are difficulties), that Mr. Gladstone holds that the 'local civil government and its following among the wealthy,' were ethnically different from the 'general population.' On p. 348, he further admits that the 'wealthy and the local governing power' were friendly to the Romans. Are we then to suppose that it was the persons of Jewish 'ethnical character' who favoured the Romans, while those of Gentile 'ethnical character' were opposed to them? But if that supposition is absurd, the only alternative is that the local civil government was ethnically Gentile. That is exactly my contention.

At pp. 973 and 976 of the 'Keepers of the Herd of Swine' I have fully discussed this question of the ethnical character of the general population. I have shown that, according to Josephus, who surely ought to have known, Gadara was as much a Gentile city as Ptolemais; I have proved that he includes Gadara amongst the cities 'that rose up against the Jews that were amongst them,' which is a pretty definite expression of his belief that the 'ethnical cha-

<sup>7</sup> See Marquardt, *Römische Staatsverwaltung*, Bd. III. p. 408.

racter of the general population ' was Gentile. There is no question here of Jews of the Roman party fighting with Jews of the Zealot party, as Mr. Gladstone suggests. It is the non-Jewish and anti-Jewish general population which rises up against the Jews who had settled 'among them.'

PROP. 3. *His one item of direct evidence as to the Gentile character of the city refers only to the former and not to the latter.*

More fatal still. But, once more, not to me. I adduce not one, but a variety of 'items' in proof of the non-Judaic character of the population of Gadara: the evidence of history; that of the coinage of the city; the direct testimony of Josephus, just cited—to mention no others. I repeat, if the wealthy people and those connected with them—the 'classes' and the 'hangers on' of Mr. Gladstone's well-known taxonomy—were, as he appears to admit they were, Gentiles; if the 'civil government' of the city was in their hands, as the coinage proves it was: what becomes of Mr. Gladstone's original proposition in *The Impregnable Rock of Scripture* that 'the population of Gadara, and still less (if less may be) the population of the neighbourhood,' were 'Hebrews bound by the Mosaic law'? And what is the importance of estimating the precise proportion of Hebrews who may have resided, either in the city of Gadara, or in its dependent territory, when, as Mr. Gladstone now seems to admit (I am careful to say 'seems'), the government, and consequently the law which ruled in that territory and defined civil right and wrong, was Gentile and not Judaic? But perhaps Mr. Gladstone is prepared to maintain that the Gentile 'local civil government' of a city of the Decapolis administered Jewish Law; and showed their respect for it, more particularly, by stamping their coinage with effigies of the Emperors.

In point of fact, in his haste to attribute to me errors which I have not committed, Mr. Gladstone has given away his case.

PROP. 4. *He fatally confounds the question of political party with those of nationality and of religion, and assumes that those who took the side of Rome in the factions that prevailed could not be subject to the Mosaic law.*

It would seem that I have a feline tenacity of life; once more, a 'fatal' error. But Mr. Gladstone has forgotten an excellent rule of controversy: say what is true, of course, but mind that it is decently probable. Now it is not decently probable, hardly indeed conceivable, that anyone who has read Josephus, or any other historian of the Jewish war, should be unaware that there were Jews (of whom Josephus himself was one), who 'Romanised' and, more or less openly, opposed the war party. But, however that may be, I assert that Mr. Gladstone neither has produced, nor can produce, a passage of my writing which affords the slightest foundation for this particular article of his indictment.

PROP. 5. *His examination of the text of Josephus is alike one-sided, inadequate, and erroneous.*

Easy to say, hard to prove. So long as the authorities whom I have cited are on my side, I do not know why this singularly temperate and convincing dictum should trouble me. I have yet to become acquainted with Mr. Gladstone's claims to speak with an authority equal to that of scholars of the rank of Schürer, whose obviously just and necessary emendations he so unceremoniously pooh-poohs.

PROP. 6. *Finally he sets aside, on grounds not critical or historical, but purely subjective, the primary historical testimony on the subject, namely that of the three Synoptic Evangelists, who write as contemporaries and deal directly with the subject, neither of which is done by any other authority.*

Really this is too much! The fact is, as anybody can see who will turn to my article of February 1889, out of which all this discussion has arisen, that the arguments upon which I rest the strength of my case touching the swine-miracle, are exactly 'historical' and 'critical.' Expressly, and in words that cannot be misunderstood, I refuse to rest on what Mr. Gladstone calls 'subjective' evidence. I abstain from denying the possibility of the Gadarene occurrence, and I even go so far as to speak of some physical analogies to possession. In fact, my quondam opponent, Dr. Wace, shrewdly, but quite fairly, made the most of these admissions, and stated that I had removed the only 'consideration which would have been a serious obstacle' in the way of his belief in the Gadarene story.<sup>8</sup>

So far from setting aside the authority of the Synoptics on 'subjective' grounds, I have taken a great deal of trouble to show that my non-belief in the story is based upon what appears to me to be evident; firstly, that the accounts of the three synoptic Gospels are not independent, but are founded upon a common source; secondly, that, even if the story of the common tradition proceeded from a contemporary, it would still be worthy of very little credit, seeing the manner in which the legends about mediæval miracles have been propounded by contemporaries. And, in illustration of this position, I wrote a special essay about the miracles reported by Eginhard.<sup>9</sup>

In truth, one need go no further than Mr. Gladstone's sixth proposition to be convinced that contemporary testimony, even of well-known and distinguished persons, may be but a very frail reed for the support of the historian, when theological prepossession blinds the witness.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, March 1889 (p. 362).

<sup>9</sup> 'The Value of Witness to the Miraculous.' *Nineteenth Century*, March 1889.

<sup>10</sup> I cannot ask the Editor of this Review to reprint pages of an old article,—but the following passages sufficiently illustrate the extent and the character of the discrepancy between the facts of the case and Mr. Gladstone's account of them:—

'Now, in the Gadarene affair, I do not think I am unreasonably sceptical, if I say that the existence of demons who can be transferred from a man to a pig does thus



PROP. 7. *And he treats the entire question, in the narrowed form in which it arises upon secular testimony, as if it were capable of a solution so clear and summary as to warrant the use of the extremest weapons of controversy against those who presume to differ from him.*

The six heretical propositions which have gone before are enunciated with sufficient clearness to enable me to prove without any difficulty that, whosoever they are, they are not mine. But number seven, I confess, is too hard for me. I cannot undertake to contradict that which I do not understand.

What is the 'entire question' which 'arises' in a 'narrowed form' upon 'secular testimony'? After much guessing, I am fain to give up the conundrum. The 'question' may be the ownership of the pigs or the ethnological character of the Gadarenes; or the propriety of meddling with other people's property without legal warrant. And each of these questions might be so 'narrowed' when it arose 'on secular testimony' that I should not know where I was. So I am silent on this part of the proposition.

But I do dimly discern in the latter moiety of this mysterious paragraph a reproof of that use of 'the extremest weapons of controversy' which is attributed to me. Upon which I have to observe that I guide myself in such matters very much by the maxim of a great statesman, 'Do ut des.' If Mr. Gladstone objects to the employment of such weapons in defence, he would do well to abstain from them in attack. He should not frame charges which he has, afterwards, to admit are erroneous, in language of carefully calculated offensiveness (*Impregnable Rock*, pp. 269-70); he should not assume that persons with whom he disagrees are so recklessly unconscientious as to evade the trouble of inquiring what has been said or known about a grave question (*Impregnable Rock*, p. 273); he should not qualify the results of careful thought as 'hand-over-head reasoning' (*Impregnable Rock*, p. 274); he should not, as in the extraordinary propositions which I have just analysed, make assertions respecting his opponent's position and arguments, which are contradicted by the plainest facts.

contravene probability. Let me be perfectly candid. I admit I have no *à priori* objection to offer. . . . I declare, as plainly as I can, that I am unable to show cause why these transferable devils should not exist.' . . . ('Agnosticism,' *Nineteenth Century*, 1889, p. 177).

'What then do we know about the originator, or originators, of this groundwork—of that threefold tradition which all three witnesses (in Paley's phrase) agree upon—that we should allow their mere statements to outweigh the counter arguments of humanity, of common sense, of exact science, and to imperil the respect which all would be glad to be able to render to their Master?' (*ibid.* p. 175).

I then go on through a couple of pages to discuss the value of the evidence of the Synoptics on critical and historical grounds. Mr. Gladstone cites the essay from which these passages are taken, whence I suppose he has read it; though, it may be, that he shares the impatience of Cardinal Manning where my writings are concerned. Such impatience may account for, though it will not excuse, his sixth proposition.

Persons who, like myself, having spent their lives outside the political world, yet take a mild and philosophical concern in what goes on in it, often find it difficult to understand what our neighbours call the psychological moment of this or that party leader; and are, occasionally, loth to believe in the seeming conditions of certain kinds of success. And, when some chieftain, famous in political warfare, adventures into the region of letters or of science, in full confidence that the methods which have brought fame and honour in his own province will answer there, he is apt to forget that he will be judged by these people; on whom rhetorical artifices have long ceased to take effect; and to whom, mere dexterity in putting together cleverly ambiguous phrases and even the great art of offensive misrepresentation, are unspeakably wearisome. And, if that weariness finds its expression in sarcasm, the offender really has no right to cry out. Assuredly ridicule is no test of truth, but it is the righteous meed of some kinds of error. Nor ought the attempt to confound the expression of a revolted sense of fair dealing with arrogant impatience of contradiction, to restrain those to whom 'the extreme weapons of controversy' come handy from using them. The function of police in the intellectual, if not in the civil, economy may sometimes be legitimately discharged by volunteers.

Some time ago, in one of the many criticisms with which I am favoured, I met with the remark that, at our time of life, Mr. Gladstone and I might be better occupied than in fighting over the Gadarene pigs. And, if these too famous swine were the only parties to the suit, I, for my part, should fully admit the justice of the rebuke. But, under the beneficent rule of the Court of Chancery, in former times, it was not uncommon that a quarrel about a few perches of worthless land ended in the ruin of ancient families and the engulfing of great estates; and I think that our admonisher failed to observe the analogy—to note the momentous consequences of the judgment which may be awarded in the present apparently insignificant action *in re* the swineherds of Gadara.

The immediate effect of such judgment will be the decision of the question whether the men of the nineteenth century are to adopt the demonology of the men of the first century as divinely revealed truth, or to reject it as degrading falsity. The reverend Principal of King's College has delivered his judgment in perfectly clear and candid terms. Two years since, Dr. Wace said that he believed the story as it stands; and consequently he holds, as a part of divine revelation, that the spiritual world comprises devils, who, under certain circumstances, may enter men and be transferred from them to four-footed beasts. For the distinguished Anglican divine and Biblical scholar, that is part and parcel of the teachings respecting the spiritual world which we owe to the founder of Christianity. It

is an inseparable part of that Christian orthodoxy which, if a man rejects, he is to be considered and called an 'infidel.' According to the ordinary rules of interpretation of language, Mr. Gladstone must hold the same view.

If antiquity and universality are valid tests of the truth of any belief, no doubt this is one of the beliefs so certified. There are no known savages, nor people sunk in the ignorance of partial civilisation, who do not hold them. The great majority of Christians have held them and still hold them. Moreover, the oldest records we possess of the early conceptions of mankind in Egypt and in Mesopotamia prove that exactly such demonology, as is implied in the Gadaran story, formed the substratum, and, among the early Accadians, apparently the greater part, of their supposed knowledge of the spiritual world. M. Lenormant's profoundly interesting work on Babylonian magic and the magical texts given in the Appendix to Professor Sayce's *Hibbert Lectures* leave no doubt on this head. They prove that the doctrine of possession, and even the particular case of pig possession,<sup>11</sup> were firmly believed in by the Egyptians and the Mesopotamians before the tribes of Israel invaded Palestine. And it is evident that these beliefs, from some time after the exile and probably much earlier, completely interpenetrated the Jewish mind and thus became inseparably interwoven with the fabric of the synoptic Gospels.

Therefore, behind the question of the acceptance of the doctrines of the oldest heathen demonology as part of the fundamental beliefs of Christianity, there lies the question of the credibility of the Gospels, and of their claim to act as our instructors, outside that ethical province in which they appeal to the consciousness of all thoughtful men. And still, behind this problem, there lies another—how far do these ancient records give a sure foundation to the prodigious fabric of Christian dogma which has been built upon them by the continuous labours of speculative theologians during eighteen centuries?

I submit that there are few questions before the men of the rising generation on the answer to which the future hangs more fatally than this. We are at the parting of the ways. Whether the twentieth century shall see a recrudescence of the superstitions of mediæval papistry, or whether it shall witness the severance of the living body of the ethical ideal of prophetic Israel from the carcase, foul with savage superstitions and cankered with false philosophy, to which the theologians have bound it, turns upon their final judgment of the Gadarene tale.

The gravity of the problems ultimately involved in the discussion

<sup>11</sup> The wicked, before being annihilated, returned to the world to disturb men; they entered into the body of unclean animals, 'often that of a pig, as on the Sarcophagus of Seti I. in the Soane Museum.'—Lenormant, *Chaldean Magic*, p. 88, Editorial Note.

of the legend of Gadara, will I hope excuse a persistence in returning to the subject, to which I should not have been moved by merely personal considerations.

With respect to the diluvial invective which overflowed thirty-three pages of this Review last January, I doubt not that it has a catastrophic importance in the estimation of its author. I, on the other hand, may be permitted to regard it as a mere spate; noisy and threatening while it lasted, but forgotten almost as soon as it was over. Without my help, it will be judged by every instructed and clear-headed reader; and that is fortunate, because, were aid necessary, I have cogent reasons for withholding it.

In an article characterized by the same qualities of thought and diction, entitled 'A Great Lesson,' which appeared in this Review for September 1887, the Duke of Argyll, firstly, charged the whole body of men of science interested in the question with having conspired to ignore certain criticisms of Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of coral reefs; and, secondly, he asserted that some person unnamed had 'actually induced' Mr. John Murray to delay the publication of his views on that subject 'for two years.'

It was easy for me and for others to prove that the first statement was not only, to use the Duke of Argyll's favourite expression, 'contrary to fact,' but that it was without any foundation whatever. The second statement rested on the Duke of Argyll's personal authority. All I could do was to demand the production of the evidence for it. Up to the present time, so far as I know, that evidence has not made its appearance; nor has there been any withdrawal of, or apology for, the erroneous charge.

Under these circumstances, most people will understand why the Duke of Argyll may feel quite secure of having the battle all to himself, whenever it pleases him to attack me.

T. H. HUXLEY.

*THE NEW WORLD.*

WE know how difficult it is to form any true estimate of popular opinion in our own little island, where the area is exceedingly limited, where all shades of opinion are fairly and faithfully represented by an ubiquitous, an independent, and a self-respecting newspaper press mainly intent on recording the facts as they exist, and where, consequently, we have all the appliances for arriving at a reasonable judgment. Yet every general election teaches us how hopelessly even the most knowing ones—the men whose whole function in life is to know—are led astray on great and well-defined issues. We may judge, therefore, how much more difficult it is to arrive at any accurate knowledge of popular opinion among the English-speaking peoples, amounting to double our own numbers, scattered over the vast area of the New World. We run constant risk of attributing to them imaginary states of feeling begotten of our own sentiment and our own egoistic desires, where our wish is father to our thought. A case in point is the confident notion very generally entertained in this country that there is a strong *popular* feeling in our great colonies in favour of Imperial Federation. Perhaps it is scarcely worth while either to deny or to affirm the existence of this feeling, because the scheme of federation is as yet so formless and so vague—it is still so completely outside the area of practical politics—that no one can possibly have formed an intelligent judgment upon it; but while the project is still in the air it may not be amiss to call attention, in the fewest possible words, to certain general principles which must necessarily underlie it, and which have scarcely yet received all the consideration that they merit. We want fairly to envisage the situation—to face its realities. We are concerned with the growth of a New World, and we may be sure that it has a natural principle of growth which can only be departed from under pain of retributive penalties. Is this principle of growth the same for Canada and Australia as it is for England? Have we fully considered the question from their point of view? For instance, if we set ourselves to think of the relations between the New World and the Old, what is the first and the most important consideration that arises in our minds? An Englishman, primed by Professor Seeley, will promptly answer, ‘The expansion of England.’ But an American will certainly

answer, 'The predominance of American ideas,' and an Australian will probably answer 'Advance, Australia!'

Here then, at the outset, we find that the question is not a simple one, as we get these very different answers from the three parties principally interested. The Englishman's answer is obviously too narrow, the American's is perhaps too shallow, and the Australian's is certainly too callow—if the expression may be used in regard to such a rapidly growing young bird. Yet there is some truth in each answer. It may be said that, in a restricted sense, the Englishman's is true of the past, the American's is true of the present, and the Australian's may possibly be true of the future.

But to express the full significance of the New World's development we must find a formula that will combine the three points of view. Perhaps that formula may be 'The expansion of the great humanitarian movement,' which is broader than the expansion of England, deeper than the predominance of American ideas, and higher than 'Advance Australia!' For if we go back to the birth of the New World, and the tradition which it has created, we can trace its descent directly from that movement—a movement which was, in its origin, coincident with the Reformation, which was nourished by the eighty years' struggle of the Netherlands against Spain, and which afterwards received the most quickening impulse from the French Revolution. The movement was based on revolt against tyranny, privilege, and oppression, in favour of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Its ultimate aim was to abolish monarchy, to abolish aristocracy, to abolish the connection between Church and State, and to establish the sovereignty of the people. It profoundly modified all previously existing ideas of religion and politics, and set in motion the great long wave of emigration which has not only been the overflow of population, but has borne onward, in its course, a continuous protest against many of the ideas, the sentiments, and the methods (particularly the military methods) of the Old World, and landed on the shores of the New World a people determined to try a wholly new system founded on the basis of industrialism.

And here we get to the very kernel of the question. Industrialism, as opposed to militarism, is now the central idea of the New World—the pivot upon which the New World may be said to turn. Here we find a vital principle—not merely a vague aspiration as it still is in the Old World—and we must lay hold of it as an elementary and fundamental consideration if we are to understand rightly the relations between the two worlds. For the full accomplishment of this stage of social development signalises a new departure of immense historical importance. It changes the whole attitude and the ideals of a people—whether for better or for worse is a point we need not argue here; there is no doubt much to be said on both sides. For it may be admitted that intense industrial competition often pro-

duces its own miseries, its own cruelties, its own degradations, its own sacrifices of human life and well-being, without the balance of ennobling elements that military undertakings for a great and worthy common end have sometimes, though rarely, called forth. The *change*, however, is the important consideration, and it must never be lost sight of when we attempt to gauge the sentiment and the probable future action of the New World—for change of function leads to change of organism.

What do we mean, for instance, when we speak now of the United States as a dominating power? We mean dominating by *ideas*, not by physical force. They are not an aggressive power (though often a blustering power), but they have been, and are, an incalculably powerful factor in revolutionising the thinking and the feeling of half the world. To the future historian one of the most striking phenomena of the last quarter of this century will be the extraordinary increase that he will discern in the relative weight of America during this period compared with former years. He will be called on to chronicle the fact that her example was relied on as an argument in favour of the scheme for British Imperial Federation, and notwithstanding its curious inapplicability, he will find that the analogy was made use of for years after its absurdity had been demonstrated. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and the flattery is none the less sincere even though the successful imitation be impossible.

We all know what the United States of America are. They are equal sovereign states, which have delegated certain powers to a central authority of their own creation, under a rigid written Constitution. They are contiguous to one another, containing some sixty-three million people, with identical language, identical institutions, identical aims, and identical currency; threatened by no strong neighbouring powers; no part of the federation bound by obligations or treaties to which any other part objects, or is ever likely to object; with absolute freedom of trade internally and protection externally—a commercial policy, by the way, which seems to be the present ideal of the whole New World—alas! for the irony of fate. Compact within themselves and with continuous lines of railroad (about 170,000 miles in all) running through the whole length and breadth of the federation, they form a colossal power, solid by reason of the diffused ownership of the land, the diversity of employment between agriculture and manufactures, the rapidity of inter-communication; and although practically only a hundred years old—not yet older than individuals still living amongst us—they are already in actual wealth the richest community and the greatest manufacturing community in the world, potentially fabulous in population and power, but with no standing army and a comparatively small navy. Yet they are strong for defence, because having no outlying dependencies, and in the last resort, being absolutely independent of external commerce, owing to

their capacity for supplying abundantly within their own borders every need of man, all that they require is a navy strong enough for purely defensive purposes. And we, as free traders, must admit that protection of native industries, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, has given them this incidental advantage of rendering them independent of the outside world in case of war, which is not a negligible quantity even to a New World industrial power 'in this so-called nineteenth century.' The advantage, however, has been bought at the price of the eclipse—at any rate the temporary eclipse—of their mercantile marine, and that is not the only price they have had to pay, and will have to pay, for protection. . . . 'But that is another story.'

These states have had the good fortune, through favouring circumstances, to be able to build up for themselves a tradition of peaceable expansion, so that militarism is no longer a factor in the conduct of their affairs, nor in their thinking. The bayonet has been banished as a standing institution, though ready enough to reappear if occasion requires. The civil war which ended in 1865 was caused indirectly, if not directly, by the abnormal institution of slavery, and instead of increasing the tendency towards militarism, it really advanced the cause of industrialism more than any event in history. The whole armed forces on both sides were at once quietly reabsorbed into the industrial population; the great lesson was taught to the world that industrialism does not necessarily lead to national impotence, and the experience gained by the Northerners, of the difficulty of governing an unwilling South after the war, has made them more averse than before to the responsibility of introducing any possibly recalcitrant elements into their commonwealth.

Perhaps four Americans out of five look on it as 'manifest destiny' that the whole continent must sooner or later come into their system of federation, but they are content to know that if this result is to be arrived at it will be by the peaceful power of railroads and commercial intercourse, and not by force of arms. In any previous period of history sixty-three million people wedged in, as the Americans are, between five million Canadians on their northern border and ten million Mexicans on their southern border, would have been restless in their endeavours to subdue at least one of these weaker neighbours; and the war of 1861-65 conclusively proved that they were not prevented by any lack of the fighting and organising qualities that make conquering nations, but rather by the reasoned conviction that aggression and a feverish desire for extension is a mistaken policy in the case of an industrial people already possessed of sufficient territory for its reasonable expansion. Whatever feeling there may have been forty or fifty years ago in favour of forcible annexation has gradually died out. There is certainly no such feeling to-day; and this national attitude marks an epoch, for it is the practical



acknowledgment that the New World is to be unified, not conquered, by the strongest power, and that the only true, enduring and endurable union is a voluntary one based on community of interests and aims.

But the pact once made has to be kept. Here, then, we have the example of a true federation, the outcome of a natural principle of growth, with nothing forced about it. It is the characteristic product of the century, and carries a world of meaning in its short history, for it has opened a new era to mankind by revolutionising the means for attaining given ends. And this brings us to the probable point of issue between English and American ideas as to the future development of the North American continent. Canada has the proverbial 'three courses' open to her. She may (1) determine to maintain existing relations with the mother country, or (2) to set up for herself, or (3) to be absorbed into the American federation. The difficulty in the first case is the natural instinct, rapidly maturing into a passion, for a real national existence independent of leading-strings, a passion which is palpable to every observer in the Dominion, and which can scarcely be gratified except at the expense of a revolution in our English institutions—a revolution, or an evolution, in the direction of Imperial Federation, for which under existing social conditions we are not yet prepared, and which presents so many practical difficulties that its successful accomplishment within any measurable distance of time is exceedingly doubtful, and time is of the essence of the contract. The difficulty in the second case is the constant impact of 63,000,000 people upon 5,000,000 along an artificial frontier 4,000 miles long, the two peoples being really divided by no irreconcilable differences of race and religion, and having, as a matter of fact, every material interest in common; so that under these circumstances it would scarcely seem to be worth their while to run the risks of perpetual jealousies and collisions for the sake of a sentiment confined probably to a minority of the whole population on the Canadian side. The difficulty in the third case is precisely this anti-American sentiment among 'the classes' in the Dominion—a sentiment in which the French Canadians join, and which is merely based on a broad and commendable feeling of individuality and distrust in the political purity of American institutions, in addition to the sentiment of nationality and loyalty to the British connection. Turn it which way we will, however, we shall find that, whichever of the three facets of the problem fronts us, there is always one thing clear—namely, that by the inexorable logic of facts Canada is essentially a New World industrial power. She is approaching very rapidly to the parting of the ways, and one of the most interesting and far-reaching events of the near future will be the course she decides on as to commercial union with the United States; for it can scarcely be supposed that

she will *permanently* cut herself off from the great market at her doors, and commercial union will almost inevitably bring her to a closer bond. No man can tell yet what her decision will be. All that can be certainly affirmed is that it will be one of the most momentous decisions in the history of the New World, because, if the Dominion and Newfoundland eventually determine to throw in their lots with the United States, the last material link between the Old World and the continents of the Western Hemisphere will be snapped, and the North American continent, under a single federation, will present to view the most solid power that the world has ever seen—purely industrial, armed only for defence, and with no bone of contention between itself and any other power either of the Old or the New World. This solution would not be agreeable to us in England with our present ideas, and all that can be said in its favour from our point of view is that it would minimise the danger of future collisions between the United States and ourselves, and it would have a favourable effect on the whole future progress of industrialism. Again, if we could view the question from a wholly impartial standpoint, it might be said that a diversity of institutions would be a sensible gain in the development of so great a country as the North American Continent; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that the present tendency in human affairs is towards federation—towards unification of contiguous areas, with peoples of the same race, speaking the same language, and having common interests and aims. As the means of communication increase, nationalism becomes a feebler, and internationalism a stronger, motive power; and this is more particularly the case in the New World. This tendency is much the most important and the most interesting feature in the world's politics to-day; and if the federation of the North American continent ever takes place, it will probably exercise a decisive influence in moulding the destinies of Australia.

The United States of Australasia are still in the embryonic stage, and the cry of 'Advance, Australia!' is perhaps premature as the watchword of the New World; but they are, nevertheless, distinctly leading the way in attempting solutions of many social problems, with more or less success. Anyone who has been out there, or who has read the *Problems of Greater Britain*, must be aware that the Australians already show decided aspirations towards separate nationality, combined with a very ardent feeling of true patriotism (in the largest sense of the word), and with a remarkable personal attachment to the Queen and to the Prince and Princess of Wales; but they have long since passed beyond the stage of thinking themselves a part of England, 'as Yorkshire is a part of England.' If they are not building their state on a reformed religion, in the same sense as the Puritans founded the New England Colonies in the early years of the seventeenth century, they are none the less

founding themselves on the evolution of a social faith in which industrialism is a vital tenet and a part of their effective religion. The lesson we have to learn is that our kin beyond the sea are giving us the lead in this direction. They are setting the step for us, not we for them; and it is this consideration which stultifies the comparison so often made, in post-prandial perorations, between the Roman and the British Empires. There is nothing more misleading than a false historical analogy.

We must never forget that, whilst there is warm affection, immense admiration, and great reverence amongst the higher elements of the New World for all that is truly admirable in the Old World, there is also exceedingly free criticism of all that is not admirable. And amongst the lower elements, amongst that large class who emigrated because they were discontented with, or rebellious against, their former lot, there is quite as much of distrust as love. If the New World has been in a certain sense the expansion of the Old World, it has also been the expansion of an 'anti-Old World.' The Germans in America retain still a sentiment for the Vaterland—for the land of Schiller and Goethe—but they glory far more in having got beyond 'Militarismus': the English agricultural labourers or artisans in Australia, and more particularly their children, no doubt nourish a sentiment for the old home—the land of Shakespeare and Milton, the land of all the poetry, the romance, the history, the fine traditions of our race; but it is crossed with memories of a land of privilege, of inequalities of condition, low wages, slums, smoke, spirits, and a sweated residuum. It would be miserably unjust of them to fix their minds only on the latter considerations, but it is foolish optimism to believe that the former alone are held in universally loving remembrance. Their feelings are mixed, and the craving for individual expansion is as strong in a young nation as it is in a young person.

A community settled on a new continent, all its own, even when the great majority of its members belongs to the same race, and even though that race be the English race, is sure almost insensibly to form new ideals, and it does not keep its gods thousands of miles away. It lives more in the hopes of its own future—of subduing the land for itself, of building its railroads, of constructing its great works of irrigation—than in the memories of ancestors in the past, however glorious. This may not be man's best estate, but it is what happens—it is what always has happened—in the history of the world.

And in thinking of the New World we must be careful not to mix up the case of the North American and the Australasian continents with the case of Africa. Happily there is scarce the remotest possibility of the two former ever being made future battle-grounds for the Old World military powers, because England

is the sole European power that now has a substantial foothold on either continent, and there is practically no aboriginal population to reckon with. On the other hand, in Africa there are six European powers—most of them conterminous one with another—all actively and jealously at work on the colonisation or exploitation of a continent already thickly peopled with an inferior and a very prolific race.

Nothing short of a miracle will prevent some of these powers from coming to loggerheads sooner or later, and then we shall see re-enacted there all the miseries—elevated, no doubt, by the heroisms—that wars have erewhile entailed upon Europe. Acquisition of territory can only be a permanent and substantial good in the cases where the acquirers can inhabit the land. Gibbon quotes a very just observation of Seneca, 'Wheresoever the Roman conquers, he inhabits,' and it is confirmed by history and experience. India has always been an effectual bar to the true union of a Greater Britain, and equatorial Africa will prove a second bar, because English children cannot be brought up in these countries. The only interest of the individual Englishman is to make as much money as he can out of them. He hates them and he quits them.

And it is this forward policy in a dangerous direction, this constant tendency in England to increase her already enormously extended liabilities, which is the little rift within the lute that makes the words British Imperial Federation anything but a fascinating strain to great masses of voters in Canada and Australia. Evidence accumulates that they do not dance when we pipe this tune to them. For the truth is that they are dominated, rightly or wrongly, by three main ideas—the sovereignty of their own people, the importance of their own industrial development, and the determination not to meddle with the affairs of other people. The example of the United States of America is very potent with them, and in this sense it is true that American ideas hold the field in the New World. These ideas may ultimately prove to be not wise, but unwise—inadequate at any rate for the development of a higher life in a great people. Anyhow, we may be certain that, like all ideas of all times, they are not permanent but transitory, merely steps in the procession of ideas. Meantime, however, they appeal to 'the masses,' to the average minds, and therein lies their present force.

America's strong points are easily seen, her weak points are more difficult to discern and keep in view; but her negro question, her silver question, her very size, the unprecedentedly rapid growth of wealth (with all the peculiar temptations and degradations that quickly acquired wealth carries in its train), and the absence of a high national ideal, present their own peculiar difficulties. With her enterprising spirit and boundless resources, however, she may still be the first to arrive at a more systematic reconstruction of the social fabric than has

yet been attempted; but, until she does so, her power of repelling one class of minds will be almost as great as her power of attracting another class. The cultured classes of the Old World will find more to enjoy and to admire in any corner of their own countries than in the choicest spots of the New World, but it is otherwise with those who have been the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. To them the New World is the ideal world, and in these days, when the voice of the majority is so widely recognised as the voice of God, we need not be surprised—although it may be a rude awakening—to find that Canada and the United States of Australasia will presently follow in the way that the United States of America have led, because they imagine it to be the way of peace—the way that seems best to secure to them the undisturbed enjoyment of their industries, the precious possession of their individuality and the natural principle of their growth. And just as there cannot be true patriotism in the United States, in Canada, or in Australia without perpetual loyal recognition of the root from which they have all sprung—from which they have derived their language and their laws, their literature and their religion—so there cannot be true patriotism in England without proper consideration for the best interests of all the offspring; and in whatever way they see fit to work out their own future (by separation or otherwise) we shall be better occupied in strengthening our alliances and our fellowship with the whole 75,000,000 of them, in unifying the sentiment of all the English-speaking peoples, rather than in attempting a partial British Imperial Federation which, with its heterogeneous elements, can never really be welded into a homogeneous structure, because it does not represent any natural principle of growth. Even if a scheme could be evolved capable of being practically worked (and none has yet been formulated worthy of serious consideration) it would always remain a highly artificial contrivance, and would end probably in satisfying no one.

J. W. CROSS.

## *JOHN WESLEY.*

DURING the first week of this month, the well-known Wesleyan Methodist Chapel and burial-ground in City Road, London, will be the scenes of such representative Christian gatherings as have never previously been witnessed in this island since the outward unity of the Western Church was shattered at the Reformation. The Established Episcopal Church will be represented by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, Chaplain of the House of Commons. The Presbyterian Churches of Great Britain will speak through the lips of Principal Rainy and Principal Cairns. Dr. Dale and Dr. Allon on behalf of the Congregationalists, Dr. Clifford on behalf of the Baptists, and Mr. J. B. Braithwaite on behalf of the Society of Friends, will represent the ancient Dissenting communities of the realm. The Rev. W. Taylor, a Bishop of the Moravian Church, the Rev. J. B. Figgis, of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, and the Presidents of all the Methodist Churches in Great Britain and Ireland, will complete the representation of Evangelical Christendom. Every variety of Christian theology, and every form of ecclesiastical polity, except Roman Catholicism and Oriental Catholicism, will for the first time heartily combine in an octave of public services. What is the occasion of this unprecedented exhibition of Evangelical Catholicism? On the 2nd of March, 1791, John Wesley, at the great age of eighty-eight, after exclaiming 'The best of all is, God is with us,' fell asleep in the house adjoining City Road Chapel, and on the following Wednesday was laid in the burial-ground behind the Chapel. A hundred years, the most wonderful hundred in human history, have passed away, and the representatives of all the Evangelical Churches meet around the dust of John Wesley to pay an almost unparalleled tribute to his memory. Similar services will be held in every part of the world. It is very astonishing that so little is yet known, even by educated men, about one of the most influential Englishmen that ever lived. The University of Oxford has not yet realised that no son of hers ever 'made history' so swiftly and on so gigantic a scale. I happened once to express my surprise to the late Mark Pattison, when he was Rector of Lincoln College, that even his College had no adequate memorial of the most illustrious Fellow that ever adorned

its common room. What other Fellow of Lincoln, I added, or indeed of any Oxford college, had twenty millions of avowed disciples in all parts of the world, within less than a century of his death? 'Twenty millions!' exclaimed Mr. Pattison, with a start; 'twenty millions! you mean twenty thousand?' And I had to repeat it three times over, before I could persuade him that I meant it. 'I had not the faintest conception,' said the illustrious Rector of Lincoln, positively gasping with astonishment, 'that there were so many Methodists.' As a matter of fact, the figures I gave him were much below the mark. In 1881 the first Ecumenical Methodist Conference met in City Road. It represented every branch of Methodism throughout the world, and included among its appointed delegates a yellow Chinaman from the far East and a Red Indian from the far West. Advantage was taken of this unique opportunity to form an approximate estimate of the total number of Methodist adherents; and those who had most carefully collected statistics from all lands were of opinion that 'the people called Methodists' numbered at least 25,000,000. *Whitaker's* invaluable *Almanack* is the statistical *vade mecum* of the British citizen, and I am therefore glad to have this conspicuous opportunity of correcting a gross inaccuracy which Mr. Whitaker uncensciously reprints year after year, and which I have seen quoted again and again. In giving the 'estimated numbers of religious denominations among English-speaking communities throughout the world,' he puts the Episcopalians at the head of the poll with 23,000,000, the Methodists second with 16,960,000, and the Roman Catholics third with 15,200,000. I do not know by what process Mr. Whitaker makes out that there are 23,000,000 Episcopalians. Does he include those who, like a famous Lord Chancellor, are 'buttresses' because they 'support the Church from the outside'? The Methodist statisticians reckon those only who accept Methodist teaching and attend Methodist services. If Mr. Whitaker wishes to be correct, he must in any case place the Methodists at the top of the list. The youngest of British religious denominations has already become the largest. Professor Seeley, in his fascinating *Expansion of England*, pointed out the extraordinary way in which our vast colonial empire grew almost in spite of us, while we were preoccupied with royal intrigues and party squabbles and European wars—'battles of kites and crows'—that will have no appreciable effect upon the course of human history. In just the same way, while British theologians have been furiously waging their speculative wars, and examining the dead past with mediæval microscopes, Methodism has been silently spreading throughout the world, and sowing in all lands the seed of an unprecedented religious revolution. Its numerical strength is a small part of its influence. The sudden growth of its latest offshoot, the Salvation Army, is a startling illustration

of the extent to which it [has] silently prepared the masses of the people for evangelical teaching even in its most pronounced and defiant forms. Neither is this vigorous and restless leaven confined to the British Empire. A distinguished professor of theology in a South German University has recently issued a pamphlet which is creating a great impression in thoughtful religious circles in Germany. The keynote of this pamphlet is expressed in the following startling sentence: 'Methodism is on the point of becoming, in Evangelical Christianity, practically, if also unknown to many, the ruling power, like Jesuitism in Catholic Christianity.' This learned writer is by no means an admirer of Methodism. He regards the fact he has discovered as 'in many respects one of the gravest signs of modern Christianity.' I believe future ages will prove that this anxious German professor is one of those extraordinary or privileged men who, by some flash of genius or revelation of God, see long before their fellow-men the meaning and the drift of world-history. I am equally confident that his boding fear is quite unnecessary. All modern religious history is summed up in the two momentous facts that Ignatius Loyola has captured the Catholic Churches, and that John Wesley has captured the Evangelical Churches. Jesuitism and Methodism—these are the two ultimate forms of intense, logical, thorough-going Christianity. Absolute subjection to the Church, or absolute subjection to the Christ—there is no other alternative for the enthusiastic 'out-and-out' Christian of the twentieth century. Absolute subjection to a Creed is no longer possible. Men are becoming too much in earnest for any illogical compromise. John Newman found that a *via media* was impracticable and hopeless, and became a Romanist. John Wesley made the same discovery a hundred years earlier, and became a Methodist. In these two facts will be found the ultimate explanation of modern English history. The augurs of antiquity foretold future events by ransacking the bodies of animals. Our historians, who are the real augurs, may anticipate the course of history by carefully searching the *Journals* of John Wesley and the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ* of John Newman. From the combinations and antagonisms of the two movements these works describe they can explain the attitude of the Episcopal bench, construe 'the Nonconformist conscience,' and forecast the democratic progress of the twentieth century.

The time is past when it would be necessary to repeat Macaulay's withering rebuke of literary charlatans who professed to write the history of the eighteenth century without describing the Methodist movement, and estimating its influence upon the course of events. That race is extinct, as Macaulay prophesied it would be. The latest and best-informed of the historians of the period expresses himself thus: 'Although the career of the elder Pitt and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won during his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George



the Second, they must yield, I think, in real importance to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield.<sup>1</sup> But even Mr. Lecky has apparently failed to realise the full import of what men call Methodism. We need to be entirely emancipated from the traditions and prejudices of the literary circles of England in order to grasp the true proportions of a movement which is neither Anglican nor Roman nor infidel. M. Edmond Scherer declared many years ago in the entirely disinterested pages of the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* that Methodism was 'un mouvement religieux qui a changé la face de l'Angleterre,' and he added—

Oui, l'Angleterre, telle que nous la connaissons aujourd'hui, avec sa littérature pudique et grave, avec son langage biblique, avec sa piété nationale, avec ses classes moyennes dont la moralité exemplaire fait la force du pays, l'Angleterre est l'œuvre du méthodisme. Le méthodisme a plus fait que d'établir une secte, il a vivifié toutes les autres, il a étendu son influence jusqu'à l'Eglise établie, il y a remis en honneur les doctrines de la Réformation, il en a réveillé le clergé, il lui a communiqué l'esprit missionnaire.<sup>2</sup>

These are strong utterances: 'Methodism a religious movement which has changed the face of England;' 'England, as we know her to-day, is the work of Methodism.' They will astound all who live in literary or ecclesiastical balloons in the cloud-land of an imaginary world. But those who walk upon the solid earth, mix with the masses of the people, and have eyes to see, will not be surprised that a shrewd Frenchman has observed the most obvious fact of modern English history.

John Wesley, as our most brilliant recent historian has observed, 'embodied in himself not this or that side of the vast movement, but the very movement itself.'<sup>3</sup> Intense interest must therefore attach to the life and work of the man whose Centenary is celebrated this month. By a very happy and timely inspiration, Dr. Rigg has been induced to issue a second and greatly enlarged edition of his *Living Wesley*. No great Englishman was ever more misunderstood or more unfortunate in his biographers than John Wesley. His real biography has yet to be written. It is much to be regretted that Dr. Rigg himself has never been able to achieve the hope of his lifetime, and produce an accurate, complete, and sympathetic life of Wesley. But his *Living Wesley* will correct the errors of previous biographers, and clear the road for the standard life which will some day appear.

It is a remarkable fact that the man who became the greatest and most popular open-air preacher this country has ever known, not only led an academic life for twenty years, but was in no sense one of the people. On both sides 'he belonged,' says Dr. Rigg,

<sup>1</sup> Lecky, ii. 521.

<sup>2</sup> *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, May 15, 1861.

<sup>3</sup> Green's *History of the English People*, p. 719.

‘to an unbroken ancestral succession of English gentlemen, of whom at least his three immediate predecessors were scholars and divines. . . . No fibre of hereditary connection between himself and the artisan classes, or the peasantry of England, can be traced in all his long pedigree; and yet this was the man whose words were to take hold of colliers and weavers, of tinnerns and stonemasons, and hard-handed workers generally, as no man’s words had done before for centuries, if ever, or have done since.’<sup>4</sup> This is a conspicuous evidence of the fact that good birth, high breeding, culture and refinement, instead of hindering, greatly enhance a man’s or, I might add, a woman’s qualifications for effective service among the ignorant, the degraded, and the outcast.

Wesley was born at Epworth on the 17th of June, 1703. His father was the rector of that rural parish, which contained two thousand inhabitants. He was a clergyman of much more than average ability and energy, and made some noise in the world. But Mrs. Wesley was the striking individuality of that immortal home. Rightly does Isaac Taylor declare that ‘the mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism.’ ‘If you wish to train your children aright,’ she used to say, ‘the first thing to be done is to conquer their will.’ And she introduced such method and regularity into the nursery as few even attempt, and scarcely anyone else has ever succeeded in carrying out. At the end of the first year of life, all her children were successfully taught to cry ‘softly,’ if they cried at all. At five years of age, not before, the children began to learn to read. One day only of six hours was allowed to each child to learn the alphabet, and all her numerous family accomplished the peremptory task except two, who were a day and a half. She carried out an inflexible but loving discipline, and they were all rigid ‘methodists’ almost before they could walk. Her determination was inexhaustible. ‘I admire your patience,’ said her husband one day; ‘you have told this child the same thing at least twenty times.’ ‘I should have lost my labour,’ she answered, ‘if I had only told it him nineteen times, since it was at the twentieth time that I succeeded.’ When her children grew up and left home she followed them with careful and frequent letters, ‘such as probably no other mother ever wrote to her children.’ In after life, when John Wesley was at the height of power and success, the wise counsels of his mother decided his tolerance of lay preaching and other momentous innovations of his career. Before John Wesley was eleven, he was sent to the Charterhouse School, and experienced, apparently without much permanent personal injury, the brutalities which then reigned in our public schools. He became a student of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1720, when he was seventeen years of age. A writer in

<sup>4</sup> *The Living Wesley*, 2nd edition, p. 125.

the *Westminster Magazine*, describing him as he was widely known at the end of his undergraduate days, says that he was a 'very sensible and acute collegian, a young fellow of the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments.' He was at that time a general favourite, but the prospect of taking holy orders, and the evolution of the purpose of God in the depths of his nature, were already beginning to produce the great change which ultimately led gay and superficial Oxford to turn her back on one of the mightiest of her sons. He read Thomas à Kempis, and, like every other reader of the *Imitation*, was deeply stirred, although even then his healthy nature resented the sombre asceticism which disfigures the greatest Catholic book of devotion. He also studied Jeremy Taylor, but the new leaven was fermenting in his soul, and as early as 1725, in a letter to his mother, he revolts against Jeremy Taylor's gloomy and morbid notion that we must remain in perpetual sorrowful uncertainty with respect to our own personal salvation. Nevertheless Taylor was a great blessing to him, and, referring to the effect of the *Holy Living and Dying*, he says, 'Instantly I resolved to dedicate all my life to God—all my thoughts and words and actions—being thoroughly convinced there was no medium, but that every part of my life (not some only) must either be a sacrifice to God or myself—that is, the devil.' This is rightly described by Tyerman as 'the turning-point in Wesley's history.'

In the same epoch-making year he and his gifted mother reached a theological conclusion which has already had as great an effect upon Protestant theology as the discoveries of Darwin have had upon science. They finally rejected 'Calvinism,' the doctrine of a restricted salvation, which from the days of Augustine had hung like a dark and deadly London fog over half of earnest Christendom. John Wesley killed Calvinism. No really instructed and responsible theologian dares to assert now that Christ died only for a portion of mankind, although the full logical effect of asserting the redemption of the entire race has not yet been universally realised. Little did the young Oxonian dream in 1725 that he and his mother were sowing the seed of the bitterest theological controversy of his life, over which Methodism would be rent in twain by an irreparable schism, that would unhappily leave the evangelical section of the Established Church on the wrong side of the breach, doomed to the comparative helplessness we witness to-day, although it would burst his fetters, and enable him to exclaim with prophetic truth, 'The world is my parish.' When the decisive hour came, it made his heart bleed to be separated from his greatest colleague, Whitefield, and the majority of the evangelical clergy. But he never faltered, and in his terrific sermon on 'Free Grace,' he argued with the clearest logic and the most deliberate conviction that the doctrine of a limited salvation 'represents the most holy God as worse than the devil, as

both more false, more cruel, and more unjust.' But when he and his mother were calmly corresponding in 1725, all this was hidden in the dark and silent womb of the distant future. In the autumn of that momentous year, Wesley was ordained deacon, and preached his first sermon in South Leigh, near Witney. In the following spring he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, and, eight months later, Greek lecturer in his college, and moderator of the classes. His long and almost desperate struggle with poverty was now at an end. About this time Wesley fell in love with Miss Betty Kirkham, the daughter of a clergyman, and the sister of a college friend. But some insurmountable obstacle—perhaps, as Dr. Rigg suggests, 'a stern parental decree,' more effective then than now—prohibited marriage; and after a time Wesley began to find special consolation in the sympathy of a widowed friend of the Kirkham family, Mrs. Pendarves, afterwards the famous Mrs. Delany, whose well-known *Life and Correspondence* were published by Lady Llanover. Mrs. Pendarves was highly accomplished and very attractive. She moved in the most select society, was indeed 'the idol of the Court circle,' and enjoyed for half a century the intimate friendship of George the Third and his queen. It is curious to speculate what would have happened if this fashionable widow had married Wesley. Those who wish to know all about his susceptibility to the attractions of this and other gifted and beautiful women, can satisfy their curiosity in the pages of Dr. Rigg, who investigates every case with judicial solemnity and fulness. There is no doubt that this and other correspondence 'reveals to us the extreme natural susceptibility of Wesley to whatever was graceful and amiable in woman, especially if united to mental vigour and moral excellence. He had been brought up in the society of clever and virtuous women, his sisters; and it seems as if he could at no time of his life dispense with the exquisite and stimulating pleasure which he found in female society and correspondence. He was naturally a woman worshipper—at least, a worshipper of such women. An almost reverent courtesy, a warm but pure affection, a delicate but close familiarity, marked through life his relations with the good and gifted women—gifted they were, for the most part—with whom he maintained friendship and correspondence.'<sup>5</sup> To complete the story of this phase of Wesley's life, I must anticipate the narrative, and say that, after some very painful disappointments, Wesley finally married Mrs. Vazeille, who turned out to be a 'vain and vindictive woman,'<sup>6</sup> who 'darkened thirty years of Wesley's life by her intolerable jealousy, her malicious and violent temper.'<sup>7</sup> A review of every aspect of Wesley's relation to woman fully justifies Dr. Rigg's thoughtful conclusion that 'on the whole, we cannot but love our Wesley the better for these revelations.'<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Living Wesley*, p. 68.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 206.

<sup>7</sup> *Telford's Life of Wesley*, p. 260.

<sup>8</sup> *Living Wesley*, p. 81.

In 1728 or 1729, Wesley read William Law's *Christian Perfection* and *Serious Call*, and was greatly affected by that powerful writer, as he had been previously by À Kempis and Jeremy Taylor. It is a curious fact that the 'Methodists' first appeared at Oxford when John Wesley was away for two years, serving in one of his father's parishes in Lincolnshire. His brother Charles, then at Christchurch, and a few other undergraduates, began to meet together for prayer and the study of the Bible. They were nicknamed Sacramentarians, Bible Bigots, Bible Moths, the Holy Club, and finally 'Methodists.' When John Wesley returned in 1729 to become a college tutor, he was immediately placed at the head of the little group of serious men, and styled 'the Father of the Holy Club.' Thus humbly and in ridicule appeared a name which is now loved or hated in every land. These original High Church 'Methodists' began at once to practise the Social Christianity which has always been characteristic of 'Methodism.' They visited and assisted the prisoners, instructed poor ignorant children, and relieved the poor, as well as fasted twice a week, and observed a weekly Communion. In 1732 Wesley visited William Law, and on his recommendation read the *Theologia Germanica*, Tauler's work, and other mystical writers. Wesley now became deeply tinged with the Mysticism which, after his evangelical conversion a few years later, he rejected with much vehemence. In 1735 he undertook the mission to Georgia, which failed to accomplish the object he contemplated, but which did accomplish a much greater by bringing him into contact with the Moravian Christians, who lived in the full light of the love of God. He failed in Georgia as the result partly of an unfortunate love affair, and partly of his irritating intolerance. In Georgia his High Churchmanship burst forth into full bloom. He was all that the *Church Times* would like him to be, and strangely imagines he continued to be. He had two daily services. He divided Morning Prayer, taking the Litany as a separate office. He inculcated severe fasting, and confession before Communion. He made a point of celebrating the Holy Communion weekly. He even refused the Holy Communion to all who were not episcopally baptised. He insisted upon baptism by immersion. He re-baptised the children of Dissenters. He refused to bury all who had not received Episcopalian baptism. He even repelled from the Lord's Table one of the most saintly ministers in the colony, Bolzius, the pastor of the Salzburghers, because he had not been 'canonically baptised.' Referring in his *Journal* many years afterwards to this disgraceful incident, he exclaims, 'Can High Church bigotry go further than this? And how well have I since been beaten with mine own staff!' There is only one point on which he probably fell short of the *Church Times* standard. There is no evidence that he believed in the Real Presence in the elements, although he did mix water with the wine. At this

moment in his career he seemed to be on the point of anticipating the work of Cardinal Newman by a century. But events were about to happen which would take him ultimately to the opposite pole of the ecclesiastical world. On the voyage to Georgia he had been greatly impressed by the perfect fearlessness of all the Moravians, even the children, when they were in momentary danger of shipwreck. He felt the immeasurable superiority of their serene faith over his 'fine-summer religion.' His intercourse with many of them in the colony confirmed that impression. When he once more reached his native country, and landed at Deal on the 1st of February, 1738, the man who was to be the instrument of his evangelical conversion was already on his way to England. Wesley always and rightly regarded his intercourse with Peter Böhler, the Moravian missionary, as the turning-point in his spiritual history. It was Peter Böhler who, under God, turned the Oxford Methodist who had failed in Georgia into the London Methodist whose work now fills the world. After much prayerful intercourse with Peter Böhler, Wesley was fully convinced that Christian faith was not the intellectual acceptance of orthodox opinions, but a vital act, and afterwards a habit of the soul, by which man, under the supernatural impulse of the Spirit of God, trusts in Christ, enters into living union with Christ, and then abides in Christ, so that he no longer lives but Christ lives in him, as the vine lives in the branch, and as the controlling mind lives in the body. Then came the ever-memorable 24th of May, 1738, when Methodism as history knows it was born. That day in ecclesiastical annals is like the day on which Saul of Tarsus saw Christ; the day on which Augustine heard a voice exclaim 'Tolle et lege! Tolle et lege!' and the day on which Martin Luther realised the forgiving love of God in the convent of Erfurth. The decisive moment must be described in his own words:

In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart.\*

The Rubicon was crossed. The sweeping aside of ecclesiastical traditions, the rejection of the Apostolical Succession, the ordination with his own hands of presbyters and bishops, the final organisation of a separate and fully equipped Church, were all logically involved in what took place that night. In the strikingly and profoundly accurate language of Miss Wedgwood, 'the birthday of a

\* *Wesley's Journal*, vol. i. p. 103.

Christian was already shifted from his baptism to his conversion, and in that change the partition line of two great systems is crossed.' <sup>10</sup>

The High Church 'Methodism' of Oxford was soon snuffed out, and at last officially expelled by the University. The Wesleyan Methodism of London at once began its world-embracing career. The clergy of that day unwittingly rendered Methodism an invaluable service by closing their pulpits against Wesley and his friends. Wesley was so full of traditional prejudice that he himself confesses he 'should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church.' But the intolerance of the clergy, the example of Whitefield, and the needs of men, drove him into the open air. He made the great innovation first at Bristol, where he preached to 3,000 persons from the appropriate words, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor.' Wesley was an extraordinary man to become the prince of open-air preachers. He was of diminutive stature and peculiarly neat and methodical in his appearance and habits. He always preached in gown and cassock. He lacked the pathetic tone and the dramatic delivery of Whitefield. He had an essentially calm and logical mind. His speech, like Cobden's, was conspicuously 'unadorned.' He preached the Gospel with the least possible admixture of individual colouring. His very language was unusually Biblical, and he constantly used the *ipsissima verba* of Scripture. On the other hand, he had a sweet and penetrating voice, which could be distinctly heard at a measured distance of one hundred and forty yards. He had an ample command of the plainest, purest, and most powerful English. Beneath his calm exterior slept a very volcano of devotion to God and love to man. And his appeal was always directly and unmistakably to the human conscience. As Dr. Rigg has most usefully pointed out, Wesley did not 'enforce his applications by reference to material terrors or painted horrors.' But he never hesitated to depict the sinfulness and dreadfulness of sin with Scriptural vehemence, while with the same breath and with manly and irresistible tenderness he enlarged upon the all-embracing love of God. The result was wonderful and unexampled. He had such audiences everywhere as public speakers in this realm have never addressed before or since. Such vast gatherings as John Bright or Mr. Gladstone has occasionally witnessed were of constant occurrence. During Wesley's itinerancy of half a century ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand people would come together, and wait patiently for hours until, with unfailing punctuality, the expected horseman appeared. The effect of his sermons was unparalleled. Sometimes the silence of immense crowds was as breathless as if they had been turned into stone; sometimes the sobs and the outcries of the conscience-smitten became so loud, that even the clear voice of the preacher was drowned by

<sup>10</sup> Miss Wedgwood's *John Wesley*, p. 157.

them. He made no attempt to excite terror, but the peculiar vividness and force with which he convinced vast heathen crowds of the loving-kindness of God overwhelmed them with a sense of their wicked ingratitude. Many, both men and women, fainted; and not infrequently some 'dropped down as dead.' When he began, the masses of the people were absolutely untouched either by Church or Dissent. As to the spiritual condition of the upper classes I need only quote Montesquieu, who after comparing the two countries said: 'In France I am thought to have too little religion, but in England to have too much.' It is a startling coincidence that Voltaire spent three years in England at the very time that the Oxford 'Methodists' were beginning their work. Voltaire summed up his impressions of the prospects of Christianity in this country in the following significant words: 'They are so disgusted in England with that kind of thing, that a new religion or an old religion revived would scarcely make its fortune.'<sup>11</sup> Never was a keen observer more completely mistaken. France chose Voltaire, the Reign of Terror, and successive revolutions, not yet, I fear, exhausted. England chose Wesley, and the bloodless advent of a Christian democracy. Wesley and his helpers were the first Christian missionaries since 'the coming of the Friars' who reached the masses of the people. The Reformation was essentially a middle-class movement. It never gained either the upper classes or the poor. Evangelical Christianity has not yet reached the upper classes, but the poor are now saturated by it, thanks to the evangel of Wesley. His published 'sermons' give a very misleading impression of his preaching. They are mere skeletons prepared mainly as theological outlines for the use of ministers and other students. His real sermons were largely *extempore*, and he rarely spoke for less than forty minutes. He often preached for an hour, and not seldom for two and even three hours, vast crowds remaining unwearied and eager to the very close. The late Mark Pattison spoke to me disparagingly about Wesley's sermons, through ignorance, as I explained to him, of the fact just mentioned. Other literary men have fallen into the same mistake. Another popular error is to suppose that Wesley preached in all parts of England, and established Methodist societies everywhere. There were, as Dr. Ring has pointed out, 'wide stretches of England, and even some almost entire counties' in which, at the close of his life, Methodism was practically non-existent. He bestowed little labour either upon fashionable localities or upon sparsely-populated purely agricultural regions. He wisely gave his time and strength to districts where the population was large and also sufficiently free from territorial and ecclesiastical tyranny to be able 'to follow his ministry, if they had a mind to do so.' Hence the mass of his converts were colliers, miners, foundrymen, weavers, spinners, fishermen, artisans, yeomen, and day labourers in town. His missionary journeys were

<sup>11</sup> Voltaire, *Lettres Anglaises*, t. xxiv. p. 32.



arranged weeks in advance, and his courage and energy in keeping his engagements punctually were amazing. He never journeyed less than 4,500 miles in any year. He always rose at four and preached at five, as well as two or even three times later. On Sundays he regularly preached four times. Until his seventieth year all his journeys were done on horseback, and he rode sixty or seventy miles day after day, as well as preached several times. This was at a time when there were very few turnpike roads, and when Macadam was unknown. Wesley often rode ninety miles in one day. The winter of 1745 was one of the severest on record, but amid all its 'wind, and rain, and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing cold,' he rode 280 miles in six days. In 1747 the winter was as terrible as in 1745. One morning the man-servant told Wesley that such a quantity of snow had fallen that travelling was impossible. 'At least we can walk twenty miles a day with our horses in our hands,' answered Wesley, and walk they did. On one occasion, when Wesley reached Hayle in Cornwall, he found the sands between that town and St. Ives, where he was expected to preach, covered by the rising tide. As Wesley was then eighty-three years of age, he had exchanged horseback for 'the machine,' as he called the carriage given him by some friends. A sea-captain earnestly begged the patriarch not to venture across. But Wesley was expected to preach at a certain hour, and, putting his head out of the carriage window, he shouted, 'Take the sea, take the sea.' Before long the horses were compelled to swim. Wesley put out his head to encourage the driver, who was not unnaturally afraid of being drowned. 'What is your name, driver?' 'Peter,' said the terrified man. 'Peter,' replied the old veteran, his long white hair dripping with sea water, 'fear not; thou shalt not sink.' When they had reached St. Ives in safety Wesley first saw that the driver had warm clothes, food, and fire; then he himself went on calmly to preach in the crowded chapel.

But Wesley was all his life in much more danger from man than from nature. Terrible persecutions broke out, especially in Staffordshire, Cornwall, Yorkshire, and Durham. In Walsall for example, in 1743, Wesley was dragged round the town at night, amid cries of 'Knock his brains out! down with him! kill him at once!' He received many savage blows. At last he broke out aloud into prayer, and the ruffian who had headed the mob, a notorious prize-fighter, suddenly melted, turned round, and fiercely threatening any who should further injure Wesley, he enabled the battered evangelist to escape to his lodgings. The next day Wesley met his brother Charles, who said 'he looked like a soldier of Christ. His clothes were torn to tatters.' At Falmouth the mob burst open the door of the room in which he was staying. At once Wesley stepped forward bareheaded and said, 'Here I am; which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? or you? or you?' He

continued speaking until he reached the middle of the street. Then he addressed them as his 'neighbours and countrymen.' The mob was conquered. His absolute fearlessness and imperturbable calmness always delivered him. These brutal mobs were generally primed and directed by so-called 'gentlemen'—magistrates and clergymen. He completely outlived persecutions, and the itineraries of his old age were triumphal processions from one end of the land to the other. During the fifty years of his apostolate he travelled 250,000 miles, and preached 40,000 sermons. Originally in feeble health, he ultimately seemed to have an iron frame. This change he himself traced to the habit of rising at four, and preaching three or four times a day, with a journey of sixty or seventy miles in the intervals.

During this busy life he managed to do a prodigious amount of literary work. Here is a summary of it: He wrote short grammars in the English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; a Compendium of Logic; extracts for use in Kingswood School and elsewhere from Phaedrus, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and Sallust; a complete English Dictionary; Commentaries on the whole of the Old and New Testaments; a short Roman History; a History of England from the earliest times to the death of George the Second; a concise Ecclesiastical History from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the last century, in four volumes; a compendium of Social Philosophy in five volumes; a Christian Library, consisting of extracts from all the great theological writers of the universal Church. This library of fifty volumes was prepared especially for the benefit of his itinerant preachers, and consisted of representatives of all the leading writers, ancient, mediæval, puritan, and modern. In addition to this he prepared many editions of the *Invitation of Christ* and of the principal works of such writers as Bunyan, Baxter, Principal Edwards, Rutherford, Law, Madame Guyon, and others; endless abridged Biographies; and, singularly enough, an edition of a famous novel of that time, *The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland*. He also wrote a curious book which he entitled *Primitive Physic, or an Easy and Natural Method of Curing most Diseases*. This work passed through twenty-three editions in his lifetime, and had one great advantage over many medical works. The compiler conscientiously tested the effect of his remedies upon his own body. He further prepared numerous collections of Psalms, hymns, and sacred songs, with several works on music and collections of tunes. In addition to this he published his own Sermons and Journals, and started a monthly magazine in 1778, one of the very earliest published in this country. This magazine still exists with a wide circulation. He anticipated the modern policy of cheap literature, and was so successful in circulating

extracts and abridgments of the best authors, both 'theological and secular, that to use his own words he 'unawares became rich.' He made not less than 30,000*l.*, every penny of which he distributed in charity of one sort or another during his lifetime. It was his boast that he got rid of his money so quickly that when all his lawful debts were paid at his death it would be found that he did not leave 50*l.* behind him.

It is astonishing that so busy and ceaseless an evangelist could have found time for literary work so extensive, especially when we remember that his incessant preaching was supplemented by extensive social charities which anticipated nearly every modern form of philanthropy. During the whole of his career he made constant collections for the poor. Even when he was in his eighty-second year, and the streets were filled with melting snow which lay ankle-deep on the ground, he trudged from house to house to collect money for the starving. He founded an Orphans' House at Newcastle, Charity Schools in London, and a Dispensary in Bristol. He was greatly delighted with electricity, and fixed an hour every day 'wherein any that desired it might try the virtue of this surprising medicine.' He established a Lending Fund, which started several men who ultimately became the owners of great businesses. He even anticipated the latest attempts of social charity by turning a room in connection with one of his preaching places in London into a place for carding and spinning cotton. He also employed women who were out of work in knitting, and otherwise attempted to mitigate distress by opening Workshops. His personal charities were incessant.

There has been as much misconception with respect to John Wesley's creed as with respect to his life and character. The late Dean Stanley always contended that Wesley was the founder of the modern Broad Church. There is undoubtedly very much more to be said for that view than for the strange idea that after his evangelical conversion he continued to be theologically or ecclesiastically a High Churchman. He was a theologian of singularly broad views, which were more advanced than those professed by any orthodox teacher of his time. The London Conference of 1770 adopted certain resolutions which, not unnaturally, produced an outburst of tremendous indignation on the part of his orthodox Calvinistic friends. The resolutions of the Conference, then as now, were expressed in the form of question and answer, and we can imagine the horror with which many of his clerical acquaintances would read the following—

1. Who of us is *now* accepted of God?—He that now believes in Christ, with a loving, obedient heart.
2. But who among those that never heard of Christ?—He that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, according to the light he has.
3. Is this the same with 'he' that is sincere'?—Nearly, if not quite.

Thus, more than one hundred years ago, the Methodist Conference, under the direction of John Wesley, asserted in the most explicit terms the exact opposite to the Athanasian Creed, and declared that the heathen could be saved. No wonder that Toplady, the Countess of Huntingdon, and many other godly people, filled the whole land with their loud complaints. But Wesley, never swerved from the position he then assumed. On another occasion he wrote in his Journal: 'I read to-day part of the meditations of Marcus Antoninus. What a strange emperor! And what a strange heathen! Giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed—in particular for his good inspiration, and for twice revealing to him, in dreams, things whereby he was cured of otherwise incurable distempers. I make no doubt that this is one of those "many," who shall "come from the east and the west and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob," while "the children of the Kingdom"—nominal Christians—are "shut out."' <sup>12</sup>

Here, then, John Wesley anticipated the most liberal Evangelical teaching of our own time, by calmly asserting the undoubted salvation of a heathen Roman emperor; which conviction, I need scarcely add, logically involved the salvation of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, and all the honest and humane teachers of every age and land. Again Baxter's *History of the Councils*, which he read in 1754, led him to speak in the very strongest terms of the 'execrable wretches' who wrangled at these painful gatherings, and he added, 'Surely Mahomedanism was let loose to reform the Christians! I know not but Constantinople has gained by the change.' To assert one hundred years ago that Mahomedanism was probably an improvement upon the Oriental Christianity which it superseded was surely more startling than anything with which Canon Taylor has shocked Evangelical circles in our own time. In the same fearless way when he had read the life of Ignatius Loyola he spoke of him as 'one of the greatest of men.' On the other hand Wesley strongly condemned 'the wickedness' of many of the Puritans who 'spent so much of their time and strength in disputing about surplices and hoods, or kneeling at the Lord's Supper.' The Rev. John Hunt, in his *Religious Thought in England*, says that Wesley spoke confidently of the salvation of sincere Roman Catholics and Socinians, that 'he had a word of hope and charity even for Pelagius,' and that he 'quoted with approbation the words of an author who said, 'What the heathens call reason, Solomon wisdom, St. Paul grace, St. John love, Luther faith, Fénelon virtue, is all one and the same thing, the light of Christ shining in different degrees under different dispensations.' In Wesley's translation of the New Testament which anticipated more than a century ago some of the best results of the Revised Version published in our

<sup>12</sup> *Journal*, October 11, 1745.

own time, he begins his notes on the very first chapter in the Gospel of St. Matthew by asserting that St. Mark and St. Luke in the genealogical tables which they respectively publish,

act only as historians setting down these genealogies as they stood in those published and allowed records. Therefore they were to take them as they found them. Nor was it needful they should correct the mistakes if there were any. For these accounts sufficiently answered the end for which they are recited.

This quotation shows that Wesley contemplated the possibility of error even in the New Testament with the utmost complacency, on the ground that the moral and spiritual object contemplated would not be in the least degree affected by some innocent mistake on the part either of the writers or of those from whom they quoted. I need scarcely say how much such a principle as this implies in the case of a thoughtful and logical writer, and how greatly it is in advance of the usual traditions of orthodox circles a century ago.

No further proof need now be given, although there is an ample supply to show that Wesley's tendencies were Broad rather than High. One of the most singular delusions that has ever been widely accepted is the notion that he continued to be a High Churchman to the end of his life. As early as 1745 he wrote: 'I set out for Bristol. On the road I read over Lord King's "Account of the Primitive Church." In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draft; but if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order, and that originally every Christian congregation was a church independent of all others.'<sup>13</sup> From this conviction he never departed. When in 1784 he ordained presbyters and a bishop for America, Charles Wesley, who did retain High Church convictions, wrote the most earnest expostulations. To these John Wesley replied in the following sentences: 'I firmly believe I am a Scriptural *ἐπίσκοπος* as much as any man in England or in Europe; for the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable, which no man ever did or can prove.' In harmony with these convictions he ordained ministers for Scotland, for the colonies, and ultimately for England. In 1789, within two years of his death, he went even further. He requested his assistant, William Myles, an unordained preacher, to assist him in giving the cup to the communicants at Dublin. That is quite decisive, and would be impossible on the part of any man who could in any sense be regarded as a High Churchman. When Wesley, in a letter to Lord North, in relation to the American colonies, described himself as a High Churchman and the son of a High Churchman, he was describing his political and not his doctrinal position. The oft-quoted 'Korah sermon' in which Wesley rebuked those of his preachers who ad-

<sup>13</sup> *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 6.

ministered the Sacrament without authority means no more than that they were exceedingly presumptuous in taking upon themselves to do so without sanction from himself or the Conference. Precisely the same rebuke would be administered to-day to any among us who took the same liberty, although we are as free from High Church convictions on the question as was Wesley himself when the sermon was preached. No doubt certain influences and prejudices clung to him to the last. But he must be judged, not by these but by the consistent tenor of his teaching, by his actions, which speak more loudly than words, and by his careful provision to transfer to the Conference the whole of the powers which he himself always believed he possessed, and which in the later part of his ministry he frequently exercised. The natural tendency of his mind, indeed, was not mediæval but sceptical. When he was a boy his father said to Mrs. Wesley: 'I profess, sweetheart, I think our Jack would not attend to the most pressing necessities of his nature unless he could give a reason for it.' And to the boy himself he said: 'Child, you think to carry everything by dint of argument; but you will find how very little is ever done in the world by close reason.' Wesley himself in early manhood was so conscious of his sceptical tendency that he positively shrank from the study of mathematics, lest it should strengthen his demand for mathematical certainty in regions of thought where that is impossible. Newman, conscious of the same peril, sought refuge in the infallibility of the Church. Others have tried to build upon the infallibility of the Bible. But Wesley founded himself upon the infallibility of Christ. He was able therefore to attach much less importance than many Evangelical teachers to mere verbal or intellectual orthodoxy. He recognised living goodness wherever he found it; and could see that it was often associated with what he would regard as either a great excess or a great deficiency in the intellectual apprehension of truth. He attached little importance to mere orthodoxy apart from a good life, and often quoted with intense approval the piece of advice which Dr. Potter, when Archbishop of Canterbury, once gave him: 'If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature, but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real essential holiness.'

In a word, Wesley was always willing to adapt his creed to indisputable Facts. He was the first great religious leader in modern times who heartily accepted the Baconian principle of verification in the region of theology. If History did not agree with Dogma, he did not say, like a distinguished ecclesiastic of our own time, 'so much the worse for History,' but so much the worse for Dogma. He gradually abandoned all the most distinctive dogmatic convictions

of his early manhood because, when he left academic cloisters to mix with men, he found that his favourite doctrines were inconsistent with indisputable Facts. He was the earliest of scientific theologians. Hence nothing that Criticism or History may yet reveal can shake the foundations of his faith, which rested, not upon external authority or intellectual speculation, but upon the direct experience of human consciousness, summed up at last in the triumphant exclamation of his dying lips, 'The best of all is, God is with us.'

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

*THE JOKE*  
*ABOUT THE ELGIN MARBLES.*

THE real meaning of the little *jeu d'esprit* which Mr. Frederic Harrison contributed to this Review in Decèmber last, under the title of 'Give back the Elgin Marbles,' has hardly received the full attention it deserves.

Under the guise of a subject remote from politics, it is really a piece of political satire of a very striking character—the more so as proceeding from Mr. Frederic Harrison—and makes a vigorous attack on certain methods and practices in politics which are continually increasing in vogue as the most effective way to influence public opinion, by stirring up public clamour.

It takes the ironical form of an advice to this country to give away unsolicited, and for nothing, the most splendid artistic possession in the world—acquired for England primarily by her great hero Lord Nelson (for it is a direct fruit and monument of his victory at the battle of the Nile); secondarily, by the energy and enthusiasm of one of her ambassadors; and, thirdly, by the money of the British taxpayer, voted after careful and exhaustive consideration by Parliament. The collection includes, by common consent, the highest works of art ever produced by man. Its mere cash value is at the present moment reckoned in millions, and the safe custody of it is a trust for which England is responsible to all future generations.

Mr. Harrison satirically exhorts the English public to hand over this possession gratuitously and unasked, to the mixed little population which now lives upon the ruins of ancient Greece, to send it back from the safe shelter of England—'encompassed by the inviolate sea'—to the most exposed and shattered fragment of rock in Europe, which has already, with everything upon it, been often splintered to pieces by many bombardments of war and tempest, and may be so splintered again any day in the next great clash of the Eastern question.

Advice so extravagant and comical, on the face of it, naturally suggests that it must have some other meaning than a literal one,



for nobody would accuse Mr. Frederic Harrison of advocating a palpable absurdity; and the key to the interpretation soon becomes obvious.

The world has lately been informed that Mr. Harrison intends to abandon public political life, and this article seems to explain why; for it shows that the author has, in some way or other, been suddenly awakened from dreams to the real presence of a kind of Frankenstein's monster, whose rapid and alarming growth fills him with fear, and shocks him into common sense.

This monster, like the smoke that obscured the sea and sky in the Arabian tale, till it finally resolved itself into a frightful and destroying genie, is evidently from the context the growing power of the lowest kind of modern demagogues and mob-orators, who in every direction, in speaking and in writing, are more and more playing upon and misleading the ignorance and the feelings of the public. By cool effrontery, by sounding rhetoric, by suggestion of the false, by perversion of the true, by flat misstatement, by gross appeals to tawdry and shallow sentimentalism, by pandering to all weaknesses and prejudices, they find themselves able to persuade 'the masses' this way or that, to the public loss but to their own gain.

'The masses,' fundamentally sound in heart and head, will presently 'find them out,' and turn and rend them; but meanwhile what havoc may not be wrought, what irruption of the barbarians may not recur!

Mr. Harrison is startled into a recoil from the dark prospect and into an earnest and, perhaps, remorseful wish to open other people's eyes to it, while yet there is time.

But how to express this recoil, and expose this peril—for he himself has freely mingled heretofore with the false prophets?

The happy inspiration has occurred to him to resort to the stratagem of irony, and to accomplish his purpose by a *reductio ad absurdum* of the demagogue's methods, which none should misunderstand who have eyes to see or ears to hear his parable, and which yet should be sufficiently disguised to be heard by those who most need its lessons. If he can succeed in showing how by the methods of the mob-orator to transform some tranquil topic—say, for instance, the art of ancient Greece—into a sentimental *furor* which might conceivably be even acted upon in some hysteric access of public folly, he will have gained his object and seared his lesson into the memory of his readers.

The result is the paper now before us, which, as has been said, is a triumph of ironical treatment.

Tried by this clue, the whole article, instead of being a farrago of inverted fact, inverted sense, and inverted sentiment, falls into entire and coherent intelligibility. It becomes a skilful and elaborate

development of the children's 'game of contraries'—'When I say no I mean yes, when I say yes I mean no; when I say let go, hold fast, and when I say hold fast, let go.' Upon that simple theme the complicated variations of the whole satire are founded.

It would be amusing and interesting, did space permit (as it does not), to follow the interpretation in detail, and to enjoy the admirable acting of Mr. Harrison throughout. The thirteen lines of the opening paragraph alone contain specimens of all the favourite devices of the platform speaker. In its six sentences may be found: (1) assumed confidence; (2) baseless assertion; (3) false suggestion; (4 and 5) direct misstatement; (6) misleading gush. These form, of course, the platform agitator's stock-in-trade, which Mr. Harrison intends to bring into ridicule and contempt.

Quite admirable, however, as the satire is for its own political purposes, there is just the risk that by hasty or careless readers some of its burlesque statements might be taken for serious. It is well to guard against this before going farther, in the interests of the satire itself and of the Elgin Marbles.

Two points of fact, at all events, should be saved in detail from any such risk: (1) as to how England acquired the Elgin Marbles; (2) as to how she has preserved them ever since. On both these points Mr. Harrison's satire is (necessarily and dramatically) so entire a perversion of the real state of the case, as might be easily misunderstood. The rest of it is too obviously extravagant and far-fetched to mislead anybody and is altogether laudable.

Now the *real* story of the acquisition of the Elgin Marbles is set forth in official Blue Books, Reports of Debates, and other contemporary records, and can be recapitulated from them in a very few words.

Their possession is due—as has been already said—primarily to Lord Nelson, whose victory at the Nile began the ruin of the French rule in Egypt. For when, shortly afterwards, Lord Elgin went as ambassador to the Porte, he found that the success of our arms had produced a wonderful change in the 'disposition of all ranks and descriptions of people towards England.' Turkey, of which Greece was then a province, as for many generations before and for many years after, seized every opportunity to show her good-will towards the victorious Power which had so signally defeated her enemies. 'Nothing was refused which was asked.' Lord Elgin, who was an enthusiastic and cultivated amateur of art—especially of Greek art—and who had intended to make his 'appointment beneficial to the progress of the fine arts in Great Britain,' to the utmost of his power, took advantage at once of this favourable disposition. He sought leave to effect what was one of his dearest wishes: to rescue from

complete destruction and oblivion the noble 'remains of sculpture and architecture scattered throughout Greece, and particularly concentrated at Athens,' and which were rapidly perishing and disappearing.

The French had for many years been endeavouring to obtain and to remove parts of the sculptures. They had succeeded by the hand of one of their ambassadors in 'carrying off some noble examples from the Parthenon, which are now in the Louvre; and French agents were remaining at Athens during Lord Elgin's embassy waiting only the return of their country's influence at the Porte to renew their operations.

Lord Elgin, perceiving the greatness of his opportunity, was moved almost to despair by the frightful devastation of the monuments which was continually going on, and by his inability to induce the English Government to provide funds for their rescue. At length, with courageous generosity, he determined, though far from a rich man, to take the serious pecuniary risk upon himself, and set to work, under powers obtained from the Porte, to save these inestimable treasures from utter waste and ruin; involving himself thereby in an enormous loss of money.

The *fermaan* under which he acted was addressed to the Cadi and the Vaivode of Athens, and authorised him to 'fix scaffolding round the ancient temple of the Idols,' and to mould and measure, and make casts and plans and excavations, and to take away any pieces of stone with old inscriptions or figures thereon, &c. &c. Under this *fermaan*, Lord Elgin worked assiduously for years, and completed the salvation of the sculptures of Phidias. In all he spent 74,000*l.* in carrying out the operations thus authorised, and for this, in the end, he received from Parliament 35,000*l.*!

What was going on at Athens when this enlightened patron and saviour of art appeared upon the scene may be gathered from the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1816, and from other contemporary sources.

Lord Elgin's original intention was simply 'to procure accurate drawings and casts of the various monuments.' But in the prosecution of this undertaking his artists and agents 'had the mortification of witnessing the very wilful devastation to which all the sculpture and even the architecture were daily exposed on the part of the Turks and travellers.' Many of the statues from the pediments of the Parthenon which had fallen down 'had been pounded for mortar because they offered the whitest marble within reach,' and the Turks 'frequently climbed up the ruined walls and amused themselves in defacing any sculpture they could reach, or in breaking columns, statues, or other remains of antiquity, to find within them hidden treasure.' One Turk who had been compelled under the power of

the *fermaun* to give up his house, that certain sculpture might be searched for underneath it, exultingly pointed out the places, in the modern fortification and in his own buildings, where the cement employed had been formed from the very statues which Lord Elgin had hoped to find. It was afterwards proved, on incontestable evidence, that these statues had been reduced to powder and so used.

'The numerous travellers and admirers of the arts committed greater waste from a very different motive, for many of those who visited the Acropolis tempted the soldiers and other people about the fortress to bring them down heads, legs, or arms, or whatever other pieces they could carry off.'

'Then, and then only, did Lord Elgin employ means to rescue what still remained exposed to a similar fate.'

When, as in the Temple of Theseus, the walls, columns, and sculpture were in their original position, 'no part of the sculpture was displaced nor the minutest fragment of any kind separated.' So careful and so conscientious was this true lover of art, whom the Philistine Byron lampooned with boyish ignorance, but in flaming and imperishable verse.

At home a fierce little controversy raged upon the subject for a while, chiefly due to political and party spite, and mainly to Lord Byron. He, according to his own confessions, knew and cared no more than his boot did about art, as, indeed, is obvious from many of the objects of his wildest poetic praises. It would have been nothing to him if every scrap of the work of Phidias had perished.

I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
Than all their nonsense of the Stone ideal,

was his declaration about sculptors and their work, and his greatest raptures are poured out over that meretricious doll, the Venus de' Medici.<sup>1</sup> But the removal of the Elgin Marbles gave him an excuse and a peg for rage and rancour which he was burning to express, and from the violent verdicts of which even his friend Hobhouse gravely and publicly dissented.<sup>2</sup> 'Byron's judgment,' says Michaelis, 'even to the present day, is often adopted by the ill informed.' Hobhouse, on the other hand, who was a scholar and a gentleman with a refined and cultivated taste, though quite as strong

<sup>1</sup> 'The little value,' says Moore, 'he had for those relics of ancient art, in pursuit of which he saw all his classic fellow-travellers so ardent, was, like everything he ever thought or felt, unreservedly avowed by him.'

<sup>2</sup> Lord Byron's own frank private opinion of his clients, the modern Greeks, on whose behalf, ostensibly, all this rhetoric was poured out, is to be found in Moore's *Life*, vol. i. p. 318: 'I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals, with all the Turkish vices, without their courage.'

a Radical as Byron, gave expression to what soon became the universal opinion of the educated world. He who had carefully and calmly weighed the merits of both sides of the dispute on the spot and at the time wrote :

We are no robbers. We bought, and dearly bought, every article. . . . We only took that which would have been destroyed by the Turks, and which was in a state of dilapidation. It was better that the sculptures of the Parthenon should be preserved in a museum in England than ground to powder on their own bases. We took nothing from the Thesæum, because it was exposed to no such imminent peril. . . . Present travellers may feel a little mortification, and *those who are utterly incapable of appreciating the merit of the remains in question, wherever they may be fixed*, will join in the fashionable clamour of the day.

The views of Hobhouse were shared by all the great authorities on art, both British and foreign. The Italian Canova, the French Visconti, the German Goethe, began the chorus of gratitude to Lord Elgin which has gone on increasing ever since.

The Report which was presented to Parliament by the Committee appointed to hear evidence on the subject of purchasing the Marbles is a most valuable document, and concludes with the following dignified and sensible words :

Your Committee cannot dismiss this interesting subject without submitting to the attentive reflection of the House, how highly the cultivation of the fine arts has contributed to the reputation, character, and dignity of every Government by which they have been encouraged, and how intimately they are connected with the advancement of everything valuable in science, literature, and philosophy. In contemplating the importance and splendour to which so small a republic as Athens rose, by the genius and energy of her citizens, exerted in the path of such studies, it is impossible to overlook how transient the memory and fame of extended empires and of mighty conquerors are, in comparison of those who have rendered considerable States eminent, and immortalised their own names by these pursuits. But if it be true, as we learn from history and experience, that free governments afford a soil most suitable to the production of native talent, to the maturing of the powers of the human mind, and to the growth of every species of excellence, by opening to merit the prospect of reward and distinction, no country can be better adapted than our own to afford an honourable asylum to these monuments of the school of Phidias, and of the administration of Pericles; where, secure from further injury and degradation, they may receive that admiration and homage to which they are entitled, and serve in return as models and examples to those who, by knowing how to revere and appreciate them, may learn, first to imitate, and ultimately to rival them.\*

The speeches in the House of Commons in the debate on the purchase were full and ample vindications of Lord Elgin from all

\* It may be observed here how completely this paragraph refutes Mr. Harrison's ironical misstatement in his first paragraph, that the reasons which were held to justify Lord Elgin and the British Government have *one and all vanished*. Those reasons are here stated to be : (1) security and preservation of the monuments ; (2) their fullest publicity ; (3) their usefulness as models for the improvement of art. Which of these reasons have vanished, it would puzzle even our satirist to prove !

the ignorant and spiteful attacks made upon him, and the Resolution founded on the Report was carried by nearly three to one.

The action of the Government and of Parliament was completely ratified by public opinion even in the Opposition newspapers, and was immediately recognised and approved by the public at large.

Let us turn now to the second specially perverted point of fact; as to the preservation of the Marbles in the British Museum.

It is doubtful whether any Crown jewels in the world—perhaps even any crowned heads—are watched and kept with the anxious and splendid care lavished in London upon the Elgin Marbles. They are set forth in a hall of magnificent dimensions occupied only by themselves, and especially constructed for their reception, where they can be seen, and studied, and admired at leisure and at ease from every point of view, though quite out of the reach of any accidental mischief. The whole of the relievos of the Panathenaic frieze are hermetically sealed under plate glass, and the great statues from the pediments properly raised upon pedestals above the level of the eye. The room is kept, night and day, at a temperature high enough to ensure the utter absence of moisture from the air in it, so that dust and soot are dried into a light impalpable powder which cannot cling on or bite into any surface of the marbles. This impalpable dust is removed every morning (except, of course, from the hermetically sealed cases), not by contact of any brush or cloth, but by air from a pair of bellows which completely blows it off with the slightest breath. Once, and only once, in about three years, the Marbles are otherwise cleansed. They are then gently and carefully, a few inches at a time, sponged by a skilled attendant with a fine sponge moistened by tepid water, and immediately afterwards wiped by the same man with the same sponge squeezed dry. The hermetically sealed cases are opened a few feet at a time, and their contents treated in the same manner.

What is the result of all this care upon the preservation of the Marbles? Mr. Harrison in his *Joke* implies (of course satirically), Little or nothing; in fact, less than nothing. 'The climate of Bloomsbury is far more injurious to them than the climate of the Acropolis. . . . Go to our Museum and observe the cruel scars that have eaten in parallel lines the breast and ribs of the river god (Ilissus). Night and day these scars are being subtly filled with London soot, &c., &c.'

The impression to be produced is, of course, that these scars are the result of Bloomsbury climate and air, and are being 'subtly' extended and enlarged by London soot—also, that had the Marbles been left at Athens, they would have remained intact. How 'quite other' (as Carlyle would have said) are the facts!

The 'cruel scars' in question were all on the Ilissus before he

came to the Museum, and have not ascertainably increased or altered since, 'subtly' or in any other way. For nearly sixty years past at any rate this has been *ascertainably and demonstrably* the case.

The present writer, moved to anxiety by Mr. Harrison's rhetoric, and before he fully realised its irony, was simple enough to apply for leave at the British Museum to test his statements exhaustively. He asked to be allowed to inspect minutely, as sample objects, the two greatest statues—the 'Theseus' and the 'Ilissus'—in comparison with the plaster casts taken from them nearly sixty years ago, and from which (and not from the original marbles) all subsequent casts have been taken for the supply of the world. By the ready courtesy of the Museum authorities these casts were brought out from the store and placed close alongside the statues themselves. A most minute and careful comparison was then made—inch by inch and even with a magnifying glass—and the result was a great relief; for the wild accusations implied turned out to be only part of Mr. Harrison's fun.

As a matter of fact, no perceptible change has taken place in all that time; but, even to the most minute particulars, the original marbles of those two mighty figures remain, line for line and atom for atom, as they were at least sixty years since. The pattern of the 'cruel scars' themselves, *inflicted at Athens and not in London*, might be traced from the casts, and laid over the marbles in precise correspondence. The little isolated patches of surface which stood up sixty years ago apparently ready to scale off in the midst of those same 'cruel scars' on the Ilissus, stand up to-day exactly in the same shapes and sizes. From the nature of Pentelic marble, they, and much more than they, would have split off and vanished had they remained on the Acropolis, and the proof of this and of much more than this, is given not six paces off in the same Elgin room.

For here, ranged in two rows one above the other, may be seen (below) the casts, made in his own time, of the Panathenaic frieze which Lord Elgin left at Athens: and (above) casts from the same frieze taken at Athens in 1872. The change and destruction wrought in the interval by further waste and mischief and exposure should be seen to be believed by Mr. Harrison's readers. Whole passages of the sculpture have simply and utterly disappeared, heads and faces of men have been knocked off, draperies and limbs have vanished; the legs and entire bodies of horses, split away and gone, and all now beyond record or recovery, except through Lord Elgin's work.

The further twenty years since 1872 have added continually to the decay,<sup>4</sup> and now it is urgently in the interests of art that what

<sup>4</sup> It is but quite recently that a friend of the writer's, when on a visit to Athens and occupied in examining the Parthenon, was attracted by an indignant remonstrance which a young English lady was making to a number of sailors from an American ship then at the Piræus, whom she found breaking a piece from one of the columns of the Parthenon with a large stone they had picked up.

still remains should be rescued after the fashion of Lord Elgin's rescue, and at least put under cover. One almost wonders, indeed, whether, in the interests of art, England ought not to offer to buy from impecunious Greece, and so to yet save, these precious fragments, and add them, for the use and profit of mankind, to those now in the metropolis of the world. Were Mr. Harrison's satiric counsel followed, and what we hold in trust given back to Greece, how soon might not one of its transitory Governments yield to the offer of a million sterling for them from Berlin, or two millions sterling from New York—or for dividing and scattering them among many such buyers?

Having now dealt with the two specially perverted points of fact, and guarded them from the misapprehension even of the most careless, we may return for a few moments to the enjoyment of Mr. Harrison's satire.

Few things have been more amusing for a long time than the *abandon* with which the author throws himself into his assumed part and identifies himself with the character he is personating. The picture of himself as a mob-orator 'boo-hooing' from the streets at himself as one of the clubmen at Pall Mall windows—for Mr. Harrison is a well-known and respected clubman in Pall Mall—is unequalled, except by his pose in the following passage where as the same orator, evidently intoxicated by his own verbosity, the obscurity of his metaphors becomes unique. He is speaking of the Parthenon 'which bears wreckage on its mangled brow, and which,' he says, 'like Œdipus at Colonus, holds up to view the hollow orbs out of which we tore the very eyes of Phidias!'

The phrases used throughout, indeed, about Lord Elgin's operations are delightful satires on street rhetoric: *wrecked and stripped and rent, and wrenched; bare slices; scars; torn marble; dreadful havoc; mangled brow; feeble groans*; and so forth, and so forth.

Very cynical also is his recommendation *quâ* mob-orator to the mob to send the Marbles back '4,000 miles by' sea, utterly out of their own reach, and where they could be chiefly accessible only to leisured clubmen and 'Pall Mall loungers' with plenty of time and money.

But there is one statement, more subtle in its satire and farther reaching in its consequences—as we shall see—than all the others. The satirist (p. 981) is replying to the man in Pall Mall or in the club armchair, who asks 'Are you going to send all statues back to the spot where they were found?' 'That is all nonsense,' he answers; 'the Elgin Marbles stand upon a footing *entirely different from all other statues; they are architectural parts of a unique building*, the most famous,' &c. &c. (sense disappearing into gush!)



Now the consequences of this particular false assertion are the final point and moral to which Mr. Harrison's satire is intended to lead. For what would follow from its promulgation and acceptance, and from the principles upon which the mob is thus (sarcastically) invited to act in 'giving back the Elgin Marbles'?

The first step afterwards would be to clear out from the British Museum the collection of the Phigaleian Marbles, the Mausoleum Marbles, and the Nereid Monument. All these sculptures are 'architectural parts of unique buildings,' and as such come within the scope of the heroic restitutions which are due from a lofty and self-respecting populace to the various peasantries from whose fields or rocks they have been 'torn' and 'rent' and 'sliced.'

The Phigaleian Marbles are especially in the same condemnation as the Elgin Marbles; for not only were they 'rent' from a temple designed by the same Ictinos who was the architect of the Parthenon, but they were paid for by 15,000*l.* of British money. The nobler descendants of shameful grandfathers will hasten to wash their hands clean from all such guilt, and as soon as the Elgin room is cleared the Phigaleian room shall be likewise emptied.

The Mausoleum Marbles are actually architectural parts of one of the traditional 'wonders of the world,' a building absolutely 'unique,' and from which they have been also torn and rent and sliced with true British brutality. How can any righteous and self-regarding platform-Pharisee look mankind in the face while harbouring such ill-gotten 'wreckage' in a building supported by the people? The wonder of the world is that they should have been retained for a month after Mr. Harrison's heart-searching exposure of our Elgin guilt.

The Nereid Monument! Why this is worse and worse! It is incredible, perhaps, but a fact, that here not only the sculptures, but many parts of the architecture itself, of the unique building of which they are parts, are reproduced and flaunted in the face of day and of demagogues at Bloomsbury! Away with them, in the name of evening-journal righteousness, back to the place they were reft from!

Freed from these glaring robberies which stand closely to left and right of the great Elgin 'theft,' we can turn out, more at leisure, but no less unhesitatingly, many other fragments of Greek work hitherto sheltered and preserved for edification and education in the British Museum. Their guilty presence in the national collection will now be made known to the 'masses,' and exposed to the indignant hysteria of mob-orators.

Then the whole of the Assyrian sculptures must go. Is the neo-sentimentalist not aware that all of them are not only 'architectural parts of unique buildings,' but the very walls and structures of the

palaces themselves? What Englishman can henceforth without a burning blush confront in the wilderness the holes and cuttings and excavations from whence they have been 'rent' and 'torn' and 'sliced'?

The horizon of justice and restitution spreads and spreads as we rise (or are raised) to the occasion. 'Breathes there the man with soul so dead' as to doubt that Frenchmen, Germans, Italians will emulate and follow our grand example? The museums of Paris, Rome, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Florence will rid themselves of all such stolen examples of art. They would doubtless, as our satirist implies, 'gladly' and 'proudly' join the new self-denying ordinance, and denude themselves of all they have inherited or bought or won. Pharisaism and Notoriety, if once the foreigner could be brought to see it, are an abundant and exceeding great reward (or can be converted into it).

But the purifying process once begun need not and should not stop at statues from the British Museum. Many pictures from the National Gallery must follow, and things more precious and more vital still. Fresh woods and pastures new will invite the political sentimentalist to further triumphs.

If we give back the Elgin Marbles to please the modern Greek and add to his income from showing the ruins (which Mr. Harrison puts already at more than 100,000*l.* per annum), and also to appease our own sensitive consciences, how can we with any decency retain the many trophies and emblems of victory which our coarse unsentimental grandfathers tore and sliced from their enemies in old time? Are they all still our enemies? Then forgive them in the name of the 'brotherhood of man.' Are they now our friends—how can we keep them so and at the same time these tokens of their national discomfitures? What mean those tattered flags hung up at Greenwich and Chelsea, at Westminster and St. Paul's? What names and memories do they not insult and recall? Away with them also, back to their former owners, or their representatives! They were taken by force or by fraud, and 'obviously an international treaty, in which France' and others 'would willingly join,' can arrange for a formal restitution of them all round. Others would be proud to 'lay down their petty fragments,' as Mr. Harrison says (at length relaxing into a broad grin), 'for the pleasure of seeing Albion disgorge!'

But hold! 'tis not alone the flags of conquered nations we have rent and torn and sliced away from their old and rightful owners. It is the actual countries themselves! What cannot the platform-Pharisee say of Gibraltar, Malta, India, Burmah, Hong Kong, the Cape, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, IRELAND? Will not every imaginable motive cry aloud in his Pecksniffian bosom to purge himself of all this perilous stuff till England, denuded of every possession

which God and our forefathers gave her, shall stand up naked and not ashamed in the midst of a Salvation-Army clamour—clothed only with self-righteousness and self-applause—and the laughing stock of the whole world ?

This is the logic of 'giving back the Elgin Marbles,' and for the clear and clever satire by which Mr. Harrison has brought out the principles and methods and results of that logic he deserves the warm thanks and gratitude of Englishmen.

JAMES KNOWLES.

*COMMERCIAL UNION WITHIN THE  
EMPIRE.*

It can scarcely be necessary now to adduce arguments in favour of the theory that the unity of the British Empire is the one great problem of the age. Time was when a certain school of politicians gauged the value of the empire with weights and scales—a colony was worth the value of its export and import trade—no more, no less. But that school is dead; such short-sighted theories are for all practical purposes extinct. Having in view the growth of the Colonies during the last few years, and considering their vast capabilities, all reasonable men will admit that if the British nation in its largest sense holds together, it must become, if it is not now, the greatest instrument for good or ill that the world has ever seen.

In a comparatively short space of time Canada has developed from a small community to the dimensions of a powerful State exhibiting an amount of self-confidence, energy, and resource that has never been surpassed. She possesses unrivalled fisheries, immense tracts of the best wheat and meat producing country in the world, minerals and timber in great wealth and abundance; she lies in the fair way of intercourse between Great Britain and the distant East, and by the energy she has shown in railway construction and in the creation of two lines of ocean steamers, she has not only materially shortened the distance between us and our Oriental and Southern possessions and colonies, but has provided us with an alternative trade route which may be of inestimable value some day. Material and political development have gone together. We have seen a marvellous expansion of her internal resources and have witnessed her emergence from the chrysalis state to the more complete form of a powerful federation. In some respects Australia possesses even greater natural capabilities of expansion, and, although not yet brought to a completely successful issue, Federation is not likely to be very long delayed. Federation may appear remote in the African dominions of the Crown, but the spirit of enterprise and the dominant character of the Anglo-Saxon race are asserting themselves, and it is not difficult

to foretell what the ultimate future of the colonies and possessions in Africa will be. In her case, too, variety of climate affords variety of produce, and she is rich in gems and in the most precious of all metals. Both New Zealand and Newfoundland possess great capacities of their own, and although the latter island must always rely mainly upon the harvest of the sea, fisheries and a hardy seafaring population are not matters to be despised. Occupying as they do every quarter of the globe, and possessing every kind of climate, soil, and geological formation, the mother country and the Colonies are capable of producing everything that man can use or desire. The British Empire is or might be self-supporting; it is impossible therefore to over-estimate the commercial value of the Empire as a whole to every member of it.

To particularise, it is especially valuable to the United Kingdom for many reasons. We produce at home, roughly speaking, about one half of our annual food consumption, and both from political and commercial motives it is most undesirable that we should be dependent upon foreign countries for the other half. Our best field of investment for capital lies in the United Kingdom, and for this reason, that not only the profit of the manufacturer, but all other costs of production except the value of foreign raw material, remain in the country and circulate in it. The next most fruitful soil is to be found in the Colonies and India, because, though profit only comes back to us, the other costs of production circulate among our friends and customers, develop their resources, increase their purchasing power, and add to the wealth and welfare of British subjects. The least profitable area for investment is to be found in foreign countries, because in that case wages and other costs of production remain in a foreign land, and profit only—the interest on capital—comes back to us. Politics and trade are, in this matter of Imperial unity, inseparably connected. No one will seriously deny the maxim that trade follows the flag, and that the flag follows trade. The strongest and most enduring friendships are created by trade. A cluster of communities well knit together by common trading interests may be strong in unity though attached by the slenderest of political ties; but the most rigid political ties would be powerless to bind them if commercially disunited.

A break-up of the Empire would undoubtedly mean for us gradual decay, or a quick fall from our position as a first-rate power. All history proves that decadence surely follows on loss of empire. In the Colonies and in the various possessions of the Crown we find the most profitable field for the employment of our capital, our energy, and the spirit of adventure which still stirs strongly within us.

From whatever side, therefore, the question may be approached, unity of empire must be considered as of vital importance to us as a

first-class, prosperous, and expanding power. From the colonial point of view unity is equally essential, on account of the prestige attaching to the history, present position, and power of the mother country, by reason of the facility with which the Colonies can obtain the capital so necessary for developing their resources, and for the advantages derived from a very complete civil service. And the importance of unity, socially considered, must not be overlooked.

If labour is to improve its position, and is to be maintained in an improved position, it can only be through the fullest sympathy and the closest inter-communication and co-operation in matters of trade and manufacture between those English-speaking communities under the British flag that entertain similar ideas as to the condition under which labour should be employed, and in which custom and law most nearly approximate. Cosmopolitanism—the notion of a general understanding on social and labour questions between all the nations of the earth—is the wildest of wild dreams; but it is no visionary scheme as applied to the Anglo-Saxon race; and if labour is wise it will see that its future is closely bound up with the unity of the British Empire.

Political unity is all-important in the interests of civilisation and peace. In the overwhelming and indestructible force and strength of the whole nation lies the best security for the well-being and free development of every portion of it.

The time must shortly come when, if the Empire holds together, its potential strength will render it practically safe from attack; even now it is indestructible. Portions of the Empire might be invaded, overrun, beaten to the ground, but no power or combination of powers could kill the British Empire. Nor is the inestimable value of empire confined only to the inhabitants of our Empire; it is impossible to conceive that under any circumstances the communities owing allegiance to the Crown would be seized with the spirit of conquest or annexation. Their force, however great it may be, would always be on the side of peace, would never be exercised but for defence. The unity of the Empire is therefore a consummation devoutly to be wished, not only on our own account but in the interests of humanity at large.

Socially, commercially, and politically, therefore, the question whether the tendency towards disintegration will overcome the tendency towards union, whether centripetal or centrifugal force will ultimately prevail, is the greatest problem that can interest the minds of the English-speaking subjects of the Queen.

Two great laws—attraction and repulsion—have always existed and must always exert themselves in opposite directions. If these principles are properly balanced, the different spheres composing the Empire will revolve harmoniously in their proper orbits; if the prin-

ciples of attraction become too strong, centralisation to an injurious extent would be the result—of that, however, there is no fear. If, however, the spirit of repulsion or, what is more likely, the influence of some counter-attraction, overcomes the natural law of gravity towards the natural centre, the result will be increasing eccentricity of orbit, culminating in absolute independence or in absorption within the sphere of some other political system. The commercial relationship of the various parts of the Empire, one to another, stands at present on a somewhat precarious footing; and this critical condition of affairs is due to the attraction of foreign bodies operating to overcome the natural attraction towards the United Kingdom as the centre of empire.

What are the influences that now attract us together? They are mainly of a sentimental character. A common origin, common religion, common institutions, common ideas of liberty, common forms of government, common literature, art, science, history, and tradition, common blood and everything that springs from it. Strong ties they are, and have abundantly shown themselves to be; but conspicuous by its absence is perhaps the strongest tie of all, community of material interests. What are the forces that operate in the opposite direction? The natural tendency of strong races towards independence, and the inevitable bias of all people towards those nations with whom they do the best and most favourable trade. The communities constituting our first Empire were imbued with a very self-reliant spirit. Thrown upon their own resources by reason of the distance in time which then separated them from the mother country, they acquired independent habits of thought and action; and but little impulse was necessary to drive them into separation. The component parts of the present Empire, though in many respects more closely connected with the mother country than the North American Colonies ever were, are independent in spirit by reason of their inherent strength and capacity for almost infinite development. By a false policy as regards taxation we lost the first, and if the second is lost it will be by a false fiscal policy also.

Statesmen can do nothing to prevent natural laws from producing their natural results. Normal laws of development may not be opposed; but much may be done by recognising that two principles are at work, and by determining that they shall operate only according to their natural strength. It is possible to counteract any artificial accession of strength to centrifugal force and to balance, to a considerable extent at any rate, the attraction of foreign bodies. We can legitimately increase the forces of mutual attraction, and can supply the one strand wanting in the silken cord that binds us one to another. Had the importance of unity of material interest been recognised by former generations, the homogeneity of the Empire would

long ago have been assured. Preferential treatment ought to have been made a condition precedent to the granting of a constitution. This great opportunity was lost through the ignorance and illiberal short-sighted policy, for the most part of Liberal statesmen.<sup>1</sup> But another opportunity presents itself, and it is not too much to say that upon the action taken within the next few years the fate of the English-speaking subjects of the Queen largely depends. We have seen the West India Islands almost thrown into the arms of the United States by the imbecility of our fiscal policy. We are seeing Canada exposed to a gigantic bribe in the shape of reciprocity with the United States, and Newfoundland boiling, rightly or wrongly, with indignation because she is not allowed to make terms with the United States which she considers favourable to herself. We are about to grant self-government to another great colony in Africa. We are revising our commercial treaties, considering the advisability of giving the Colonies a more direct voice in negotiating commercial treaties, and weighing the effect of the 'most favoured nation' clause in commercial treaties upon the rights of colonies to make whatever trading arrangements they think fit one with another. The commercial affairs of the Empire are in a state of solution or suspension, and will form themselves anew according to the impulse and energy given to them. If the impulse is in the direction of greater attraction to, and closer commercial union with, each other and the mother country, they will crystallise into shapes of unity; on the other hand, crystallisation will be in the form of disunion if energy is imparted in the direction of attraction towards, and closer commercial alliance with, foreign countries. With the present generation it lies to decide which shape and form the Empire is to take.

A general consensus of opinion exists here and over sea in favour of closer union if it can be attained—that is to say, if it does not involve any sacrifice of individual liberty of action; but much difference of opinion exists as to the means to be employed. To a

Colony	Date of Constitution	Politics of Imperial Government
Canada . . . . .	1840-1	Liberal
New Zealand . . . . .	1852	Conservative
Newfoundland . . . . .	1855	Liberal
New South Wales . . . . .	1854-5	Liberal
South Australia . . . . .	1856	Liberal
Victoria . . . . .	1855	Liberal
Tasmania . . . . .	1856	Liberal
Queensland . . . . .	1859	Conservative
Cape of Good Hope . . . . .	1872	Liberal
Western Australia . . . . .	1890	Conservative



large body of public opinion here, the desired end appears attainable only by complete free trade within the Empire. That project, however fascinating, must be dismissed. No doubt perfect free trade would in the long run be to the advantage of the Empire as a whole, and of every portion of it, but it is at present, at any rate, incapable of realisation. Complete free exchange within the Empire is impossible. It is absolutely opposed to the fiscal policy of every portion of the Empire. We raise revenue by import duties and all our colonies raise the whole of their revenue by the same means, and they will continue to do so. With one doubtful exception they are all strong advocates of protection pure and simple, and no scheme is practicable that does not admit of perfect freedom of action in all these respects. Commercial union on a free trade basis is therefore out of the question. It may come if steps are taken to prevent commercial disunion; but if action is delayed until free trade principles are universally acknowledged we shall find only fragmentary portions of a once united Empire to deal with, and it will be beyond the power of man to join them together again.

But the same arguments do not hold good in regard to discrimination in favour of British as against foreign products. Preferential treatment may not be as satisfactory as complete commercial union, but it is practicable, because it is compatible with perfect liberty of choice in respect of the fiscal policy to be pursued, and as regards the means to be adopted for raising revenue on the part of every member of the Empire. The practical question is, would discrimination be of any benefit, and, if so, can it be carried into practical effect? Discrimination means that whatever duties may be imposed upon foreign goods, British goods should pay a lower rate of duty, or that where a duty is raised on goods of British and foreign origin, the duty on foreign goods should be retained, and British produce admitted duty free. It cannot and will not be denied, and it would therefore be only a waste of words to prove, that the result of preferential treatment would be to develop production of all kinds on British soil. The effect could not be otherwise, and what are the objections? They are of two kinds, theoretical and technical. Such a course, it may be argued, is protection, and protection is radically wrong. I will not argue that point, but will content myself by denying that it is protection. Protection means such encouragement to native industry as will force production from fields of more profitable into fields of less profitable employment. A low and universally applied preference within the Empire to British goods could not by any possibility have that effect. We must look at the matter in reference to the fact that protection is the universal law of the world, with practically the one exception of the United Kingdom, and even a high duty levied on foreign goods would only have the effect of

partially neutralising the results of protection, would tend to create a natural balance, and would really operate in the direction of the principles of free trade. Preferential treatment would be an act of self-defence, and would be protection in that sense, but it could not possibly be looked upon as protection in the ordinary meaning of the word.

We are free traders. Then duties for revenue are admissible under free trade! Under what principle of logic can free trade be considered incompatible with duties levied for other purposes, provided it be not with the object of unnaturally forcing and fostering an industry? Duties imposed for a great political purpose, duties imposed with the object of counteracting the political effects of hostile foreign tariffs, duties imposed as a means of producing closer commercial intercourse within the Empire, and consequently of inducing closer political union within the Empire, cannot rightly be stigmatised as protection. But, after all, mere nomenclature is a matter of no importance. It affects only the prejudice with which some people cling to a name. Whether you call preferential treatment protection or not, matters little. The practical point to be considered is whether by that means a great political object can be attained, and, if so, whether the object to be gained more than counterbalances any possible disadvantage that may arise from the course pursued. The political importance of unity will not be disputed, nor will the binding force derivable from community of trading interest be denied. The principle of commercial cohesion can be applied only in the shape of preferential treatment, and all we need seriously consider is whether disastrous results are likely to follow upon the adoption of that policy.

It is claimed as an insuperable objection to a policy of discrimination that, as duties would of necessity be imposed upon food products, the price of food must be raised in these islands.

Preferential treatment would obviously necessitate the levying of duties upon food products of foreign origin, but it does not follow that the consequence will be a rise in the price of food. Reasoning by induction it ought not to do so. Take as an example the case of wheat, and suppose an *ad valorem* duty of say 10 per cent. upon foreign productions to be the rule within the Empire. The equivalent specific duty on wheat in our markets would be 3s. a quarter. The result, it is claimed, would be to raise the price of wheat by 3s. a quarter, and consequently to raise the price of bread to an equivalent extent. It all depends upon who pays the duty. It would either be paid by the exporter or the importer. Which of them paid it, or whether each paid a portion of it, must be determined by the relative necessity to buy or to sell, and by competition. If it were essential to us to buy Russian and United States wheat, if they were not subject to external competition, the price of the article would be ruled solely by compe-

tition among the Russian and American producers ; necessity to buy would be paramount, and we should undoubtedly pay the duty. They would compel us to do so, and they would be still more completely masters of the situation if they were under no urgent necessity to sell. But if we were not dependent on their wheat, if the competition with other producers was keen, and if they were actuated by a strong desire to dispose of their surplus wheat to us, the price of the article would be governed not by our necessity to buy, but by competition, and by their necessity to sell, and they would have to pay the duty. The duty, in fact, would be a toll which they would pay to obtain access to our markets. They would contribute to that extent to our revenue, and the duty would be a clear gain to us. It is impossible to say for certain that in every year the whole duty would be paid by the foreign exporter ; but, considering the illimitable resources of Canada and of India, the cheapness of freights, the ever lessening cost of bringing grain to the sea, it is perfectly safe to predict that the competition of Indian and Colonial wheat would generally, and probably invariably, be sufficient to compel foreign producers to pay the whole of any moderate duty that might be imposed upon wheat of foreign growth. And practice bears out this theory, as is shown in the cases of France and Germany.

The duty on wheat in France in 1882 was only 2·8*d.* per cwt.; in 1885 it was raised to 15*d.* per cwt., or 536 per cent. According to some economists the price of wheat should have gone up in like proportion, and the masses have had to pay dearer for their bread. But what are the facts ? The price of wheat actually fell from an average of 10·08*s.* per cwt. in 1883, the year following the low duty, to 9·29*s.* in 1886, the year following the increased duty, or 8 per cent. Instead of the poor man in France having to pay dearer for his bread, he paid less in 1886 than in 1883, as the following table shows :—

Bread	1883	1884	1885	1886
First quality . . .	1·57 <i>d.</i>	1·49 <i>d.</i>	1·30 <i>d.</i>	1·39 <i>d.</i>
Second quality . . .	1·35	1·26	1·17	1·22
Third quality . . .	1·17	1·13	1·04	1·09

In Germany, too, I find the same results follow from increased duties. Wheat went down from 10·30*s.* per cwt. in 1882, when the duty was 6*d.* per cwt., to 9·39*s.* per cwt. in 1889, or 9 per cent., when the duty was 2*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. or 500 per cent. higher, while bread remained at about the same price. Internal development appears in both these cases to have more than compensated for any restriction of foreign imports ; and it is only fair to remember that the resources of the British Empire in respect of food supply are immeasurably greater than those of France or Germany.

It would be arguing on very false premises, therefore, to assume that

preferential treatment for wheat grown on British soil would raise the price of wheat in the United Kingdom. Even if it did, the catastrophe would not be great, for a difference of 3s. a quarter would not increase the value of a quartern loaf by more than the fraction of a farthing. It must not be forgotten either that many articles of consumption which have become almost necessities of life would be cheapened. We levy taxes on tea, coffee, cocoa, fruit, and tobacco. We might of course, under a system of preferential treatment, retain the same duties, increasing them in the case of foreign products; but no doubt the course we should pursue would be to retain the same amount of duties on foreign products while lessening or omitting altogether the duties on the products of India and the Colonies. Cheap tea, coffee, and tobacco would more than make up to the consumer for an infinitesimal rise in the price of bread, and the revenue would be recouped by the duties on foreign wheat. What I have said is equally applicable to meat and tinned provisions of all kinds. A duty quite sufficient to give a distinct advantage to the British over foreign producers could have no bad effect upon the prices of food products; on the contrary, it is more than probable that by inducing healthy activity and thereby bringing larger areas under cultivation, the net result would be to lower their value in these islands.

So much for the question of the effects of duties on foreign foods. The consequences of duties on raw products of manufacture are, I admit, a matter more difficult to treat of. It is probable that in any scheme for preferential treatment, some of the raw products used in our manufacturing industries would for a time, at any rate, have to be exempted. That is a matter which can only be decided by discussion among experts. We should retain our liberty of action and judgment in the matter, just as colonies would maintain their liberty of action in respect of duties, whether for revenue or protective purposes. That we could afford to put a duty on foreign cotton, for instance, I should greatly doubt, but I believe that no harm would result from a low duty on foreign wool.

Statistics on the subject are not quite so complete as might be, but, taking the latest returns, I find that in 1889 the quantity of wool imported from Australasia, South Africa, and India, was 557,000,000 lbs., and the quantity imported from foreign countries was 139,000,000 lbs. If re-exports may be calculated in like proportion, we retained for manufacturing purposes in this country 266,000,000 lbs. of colonial wool, and about 67,000,000 lbs. of foreign wool. Possibly the imposition of a low duty on the foreign product might put up the price of wool; but in view of the relatively small quantity we import from foreign countries it is improbable to the last degree. In this case also the foreigner would pay the tax.

But assuming a rise of price to follow upon the imposition of a duty, that effect could not last, for increased production in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and India would speedily overtake demand. And this view is corroborated by the results observed in the United States, where, during 1850-60—years of low tariff—sheep only increased from 22,000,000 to 22,500,000; while during the decade 1870-80—years of continued high tariff—they increased from 28,500,000 to 42,000,000, and the clip increased 147 per cent. Moreover, the lowest price of wool in 1850 was 30 cents per pound, whereas the lowest price in 1880 was 25 cents, a fall of 17 per cent.

Both theory and facts justify the assertion that a low duty on foreign wool to be used in manufacturing processes in this country would not raise the price of the raw material; and that, if it did, the effect would be very slight and temporary in its character, and, further, would probably be succeeded by a permanent decrease in values. I have dealt at some little length on the question of wheat and wool, because those articles were quoted both by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as affording examples of the impossibility of imposing duties on raw products in this country.

But it may be argued that a preferential policy is contrary to the inclination of the Colonies. They treat us, it is said, as if we were a foreign power, and protect themselves against our importations. It is perfectly true they do so and will continue to do so as long as they think it to their advantage, and preaching will never persuade them to the contrary. Practical experience of the benefits arising from preferential treatment is the only possible means whereby they may be induced to go further in the direction of free exchange. But I deny that preferential treatment within the Empire is contrary to the inclination of the Colonies.

Let us look at the utterances of colonial statesmen upon the matter. It will be remembered that the subject was informally introduced at the Colonial Conference in 1887, and that several delegates seized the opportunity thus offered to express their individual opinion. Sir Samuel Griffith, then Premier of Queensland, who introduced the subject, said:—

I submit for consideration this proposition: That if any member of the Empire thinks fit for any reason to impose Customs charges upon goods imported from abroad, it should be recognised that goods coming from British possessions should be subject to a lighter duty than those coming from foreign possessions; or, to put it in, I think, a preferable way, that the duty on goods imported from abroad being fixed according to the convenience of the country, according to the wishes of its legislature, as to which there should be perfect freedom, with which I would not in the least interfere, a higher duty should be imposed upon the same kind of goods coming from foreign countries.

Mr. Hofmeyr, one of the best known among Cape statesmen, made an exhaustive speech on the subject, in the course of which he laid down undeniable arguments in favour of preferential treatment within the Empire. Sir John Downer, Premier of South Australia, who followed Mr. Hofmeyr, said: 'I entirely agree with the views that have been put forward.' Sir John Thorburn, Premier of Newfoundland, expressed 'a concurrence of opinion in the sentiments uttered by Sir Samuel Griffith and other gentlemen.' Sir William Fitzherbert, the veteran statesman of New Zealand, said: 'I entirely concur in what has fallen from Sir Samuel Griffith.' Mr. Service, late Premier of Victoria, and Mr. Deakin, an equally prominent Victorian statesman, expressed themselves very much in the same terms.

The whole question was well summed up by Mr. Robinson, representing Natal, who said:—

I think if it were possible and proper for this Conference to put forth some definite expression of opinion in the direction indicated by Mr. Hofmeyr and other gentlemen, it might and ought to have a very important effect upon the public opinion of this country and of the world. It seems to me that this is a question upon which the different sections of the Empire ought to close their ranks and to face the world, and if it were possible for us to do so, we ought to put in some more definite form than we have put it hitherto our opinion that a time is approaching—if it has not come—when this question of fiscal reform ought to be considered in the interests of the British Empire. If that expression of opinion was weighted with the common testimony and support of the whole of the members of this Conference, I cannot but think that it would have a great influence upon the Government and people of this country, and upon those foreign Powers who are intimately concerned.

Nor up to the present have any of the Colonies attempted to favour a foreign power at our expense. Canada affords by far the best example, for she is constantly exposed to temptation to discriminate against us in favour of the United States, and she has not done so. On the contrary, although Canada imposes high duties upon the products of the British Isles, her tariffs have been framed with the object—or if not with the object, certainly with the result—that they have been more favourable to our products than to those of her neighbour. In view of these facts it can scarcely be doubted that if the mother country suggested preferential treatment the Colonies would agree.

But, it may be asked, what possible advantage can preferential treatment have for us other than a mere political probability which may never come to pass? Well, in the first place, I do not suppose that any manufacturer would seriously object to a 10-per-cent. advantage over foreign competitors in colonial markets, and I doubt whether many would be found actively hostile to the imposition of a 10-per-cent. duty on foreign manufactures in our home markets. Preferential treatment in colonial markets could not fail to benefit our

manufacturing interests and trade generally. We must look largely in the future to the Colonies and India and neutral markets as our best customers. Foreign countries will not trade with us more than they can help. Everywhere we see tariffs heaped higher and higher against us, barrier upon barrier imposed against our manufactured goods, with the result that, our exportation to foreign countries, as compared with that to colonial and neutral markets, is relatively rapidly falling off.

High and hostile tariffs undoubtedly create an unhealthy condition of trade. Our industries are subjected to sudden bursts of prosperity when demand in protected countries temporarily overleaps the tariff barriers; but these bursts are invariably succeeded by a period of depression arising from a natural shrinkage of demand or from the addition of an extra foot or two to the protective wall. Healthy trade consists of steady progress and gradual development, and that state of things can only be arrived at by relying less and less on foreign markets, more and more upon neutral markets and upon the development of the internal resources of our Empire. Capital is deflected from its natural channels of investment and natural fields of employment by these iron tariffs. If we cannot manufacture goods here and export them to the United States or some foreign country, capital invested in mills in the United Kingdom is withdrawn and devoted to manufacturing those goods in the United States or in that foreign country. If the mountain won't go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go the mountain. This may be all very well for capital, but how does it affect the working men? They cannot be transferred from place to place as readily as money. It would not be difficult to find instances in support of this point. For example, in the *Globe* of the 22nd of November last appeared the following:—

The representative of a large gingham manufactory in Scotland has visited West Port, Connecticut, to seek a site for a factory, and has found one suitable for the purpose. Negotiations for its purchase are expected to follow. The gentleman in question explains that, owing to the new tariff, the removal of the business to America is necessary.

In September the Manchester correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* wrote of the effect of the McKinley Bill on English textile fabrics as follows:—

Should it be passed, many important departments of the textile trades of the North—which have already been curtailed considerably owing to the increase of tariffs abroad—will suffer to a serious extent. Preparations are being made by some of the larger firms of manufacturers interested in the American market to establish factories in the States. Lister & Co., Limited, have, it is understood, decided to erect mills on the other side should the tariff on their silk, plush, and velvet be raised (the McKinley tariff would average 80 per cent. on their value). Many of our prominent dress-good manufacturers contemplate similar action, and this fact is used by the Republicans as an argument in favour of the Bill.

I have endeavoured briefly, as must be the case within the limits of an article, to give reasons why a discriminating tariff would not raise the price of food or create any disturbance of trade; and I have indicated, as far as space will permit me, that, on the contrary, it is likely to give us better and steadier trade, and to lessen the cost of food: but, after, all those are matters of comparatively trifling importance, worthy of notice principally for the purpose of dispelling some of the clouds of prejudice which still hover over the extinct ideal of universal free trade. Be I right or be I wrong in those respects, my position is unaffected. I stand upon the solid grounds that union is most precious, that it is inseparably connected with community of commercial interests, and will be cheaply bought by some sacrifice of principle, and, if necessary, of immediate welfare. It would be better for us to submit to some temporary disorganisation in our industries—better for us to put up for a time with a slight increase in the cost of food-products—than to allow forces to operate unchecked which must eventually lead to the disintegration of the Empire. Can any reasonable man deny that upon this trade question the future of the Empire rests? There is no doubt whatever of the general loyalty and attachment of the inhabitants of the great self-governing Colonies towards the mother-country. "They will hold to us if they can, and it will be our fault if they cannot. Discrimination in favour of British subjects means union; but discrimination by a Colony in favour of the foreigner against the mother-country, or discrimination in favour of the foreigner by one Colony against another, or discrimination in favour of the foreigner by the mother-country against the Colonies, introduces an element of discord that must tend strongly towards separation. It would, in fact, be separation in all but name, and it might produce such a divergence of interests, such a conflict of interests of so hostile a character, as to reduce the national idea to the mere shadow of a shade.

No one can foresee the future or can set bounds upon the natural course of development. We cannot, with our short-sighted eyes, perceive what is the ultimate destiny of British North America, Australasia, and Africa. All we can tell is that, as I have already said, two forces, the one towards union, the other towards disunion, are constantly operating. All that we can wisely do is to give a fair field to both these impulses. The question cannot be forced. The Empire cannot bind itself by artificial ties that would burst like packthread under the pressure of natural law; but we can counteract artificial attractions—we can by wise measures guard against any unnatural stimulus to the principle of disunion. We can see that the spirit of union has at least fair play, and then, content that we have done our best, we must abide by the natural course of events.

In speaking the other day in the House of Lords, I joined the  
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question of preferential treatment with that of national defence, for, although very different, they may be conveniently treated together. I confined my proposition to one species of defence only. In my opinion we have no right to attempt to relieve ourselves of the responsibility of protecting and defending the integrity of the Empire, or of maintaining the supremacy of the nation upon the sea. That may be called the centralised aspect of the case. That the localised side of the case is recognised, has been amply proved by the willingness which the great colonies have shown in taking steps for purely local defence. So far localisation and centralisation are not in conflict, and can well go hand in hand together; but there is a class of defensive measures which hardly come into either category. Commerce is the life-blood of the whole nation. In its water-borne merchandise, and in the ships of peace that carry it, and in the ships of war that protect it, and in the coaling stations which feed and succour those ships of war, every portion of the nation is interested to an extent and in a degree much greater and very different to that in which they are mutually interested in questions of local defence, or of the general offensive and defensive power of the United Kingdom; and the time has, I think, come when the Colonies might be asked to recognise a mutual obligation in this respect, and to discharge a mutual responsibility. That any one colony might refuse to contribute to the armament of a strong place designed especially for the protection of some other colony would be natural, but that they should object to forming a fund for the equipment and maintenance of a cruising fleet, and of certain fortresses and coaling stations which belong especially to no particular member of the Empire, but in which all members of the Empire are interested, would surprise me very much.

Mr. Hofmeyr suggested at the last conference that a duty of two per cent. on all foreign goods should be levied throughout the Empire for the purpose of forming a defence fund. Such a duty would of course have no preferential effect whatever; and it would raise a sum of money unnecessarily large for the maintenance of a fleet of swift cruisers, and for the purpose of keeping the coaling stations and strategic positions of the Empire in thoroughly effective condition. But the theory is right. My proposition is that a duty of about 10 or 15 per cent. should be imposed upon foreign products, and that a portion of the revenue so raised—one-half per cent., one per cent., or two per cent., or whatever was necessary—should be set aside to form a fund for imperial defence as limited in the way I have suggested. Such a fund would, of course, have to be administered, audited, and accounted for, by a council representative of all the contributory parties. There can be no taxation without representation. But no difficulty would arise in a limited case of that kind.

A council conferring some honourable dignity and distinction on its members could be formed of eminent men selected by the Colonies, of the ministers interested here at home, and of the naval and military advisers of the Crown. It would not be necessary for them to meet at very frequent intervals, and their duties would not involve any great sacrifice of time or trouble. The greatest danger to which the Empire is exposed undoubtedly lies in the comparatively defenceless condition of its commerce. All Governments at home are sorely tempted to be negligent of their duties in respect of providing ocean patrols of swift cruisers and in keeping in a thorough defensible condition the sentry boxes and coaling stations of the Empire. By preferential treatment and by the formation of an imperial fund for certain purposes of defence we should accomplish much of immediate practical value in the direction of safeguarding our commerce and of developing our resources; and in addition we shall be introducing into our constitution a germ which, if circumstances are naturally favourable, will largely develop. If it be found that the natural tendency of the Empire, uninfluenced by external pressure and artificial temptations, is to trade together, and if the universal fitness of free exchange is destined to permeate the brains of mankind, then most assuredly preferential treatment will expand into free exchange among all the communities that are sheltered under the British flag. If, as the great Colonies wax strong and wealthy, the feeling of mutual responsibility and mutual obligations grows stronger and the national instinct gathers weight, then a common fund for the common purposes that I have mentioned will develop into some form of Imperial Federation.

But all these matters lie hid in the womb of time and need not now be considered: they are interesting for speculation, but possess no practical value in discussion at present. All that can now be done is to plant a sound principle by providing a fund for certain purposes in which we are all individually and collectively especially interested, and by adopting preferential treatment within the Empire.

I maintain that discrimination is not protection, neither is it retaliation. It is the creation of a national policy; a policy having for its object the counteraction of artificial forces which serve in the material world to deflect capital from the most profitable sources of employment, and which in the political world tend to the disintegration of the British Empire. It would develop the internal resources of the nation, encourage exchange on favourable terms within the nation, and supply the one tie which is wanting to strengthen the bonds of national unity that hold the Empire together. I do not blame foreign nations for the course that they pursue; I think no evil of them for trying to seduce British communities from their allegiance, or for endeavouring to cripple British trade and retard

the development and destroy the solidarity of the British Empire. Ours is the folly, and upon our heads will be the consequence of the folly, if we do not take timely steps to defend ourselves. The Empire is a mighty edifice, and can best be sustained upon a strong foundation by the strong cement of community of commercial interests. Perfect free exchange is impossible, and in preferential treatment lies the only means whereby that binding principle can be applied.

DUNRAVEN.

# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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## *THE SEAMY SIDE OF AUSTRALIA.*

Books and essays treating of the self-governing provinces of Australia have, as a rule, but one story to tell, and tell it with such undeviating uniformity that a whole vocabulary of cant phrases has grown out of it—marvellous progress, indomitable energy, admirable enlightenment, unequalled prosperity, boundless resources, magnificent future, and so forth. From the ordinary globe-trotter, of course, one expects nothing else, and from the travelling politician or Imperial federationist little more. They do not stay in the colonies long enough to examine things for themselves, and, accordingly, take the colonists at their own estimate. As often as not, they are in search of investments rather than information—of literary material rather than truth.

The two latest publications treating of the Australian colonies are, however, of more than ordinary importance: the one from the name of its author; the other from the quality of its matter. Lord Carrington, on the 26th of January, read a paper before the Royal Colonial Institute called *Australia as I saw it*. Now, Lord Carrington was, beyond doubt, one of the most popular governors that ever was in Australia; and he deserved his popularity, if ever man did. His unfailing geniality, his freedom from all pompousness, his keen interest in the colony, his cheerful and zealous performance of the thousand irksome pettinesses expected of a governor, and his genuine kindness of heart, won for him the good feeling of all ranks and classes in New South Wales. As for Lady Carrington, it is not too much to say that she was adored. Now, the exigencies of a governor's position, as well as the requirements of tact, forbid him to speak

openly during his period of office. He is bound to prophesy smooth things—even, if necessary, deceits. But when he returns to England he is free to make such criticism, always friendly, as he pleases; and on this account Lord Carrington's paper promised to be of unusual interest. Nevertheless, one cannot but confess, on reading, to a feeling of profound disappointment. It is better suited to an audience at a Sydney banquet than to a British public that wishes to know the truth. A few figures in illustration of the cant vocabulary, a gentle stab into the corpse of Imperial federation, advertence to the growth of nationalism with a painfully unconvincing assurance that it connotes nothing of disloyalty, and few recommendations, suspiciously resembling those put forward by Sir Henry Parkes some years ago, and torn to pieces by Mr. John Morley, for binding mother-country and colonies closer together—such is Lord Carrington's *Australia as I saw it*. Not a word of social, economical, or climatic difficulties, which avowedly exist. He takes the colony at its own valuation; and his paper is one voice more in the chorus of admiration which lulls England and colonies to rest in a fool's paradise.

The other work to which we have alluded is that of a deeper and more observant thinker than Lord Carrington, namely: the essay by Mr. Charles Fairfield entitled 'State Socialism in the Antipodes,' which forms part of the Anti-Socialistic volume, *A Plea for Liberty*. In my humble judgment this essay is by far the most valuable contribution to colonial literature that has yet appeared. It is true that it is designed as an attack rather on an abstract political system than on concrete existing communities, and hence may be treated lightly as a trifling addition to the armoury of individualism. But it is well known that State Socialism entirely permeates the ruling classes in Australia, and, as Mr. Fairfield tersely puts it, colonial borrowing, protective tariffs, hindrances to emigration and to the growth of population, the labour question, &c., are not isolated and detached phenomena, but the natural outcome of that State Socialism. Every shaft, therefore, that Mr. Fairfield fires into the bull's-eye of the target of State Socialism pierces to the vitals of the Australian administrations that lie behind it. Mr. Fairfield has concentrated his attention mainly on Victoria, partly because it is the best field for trustworthy material, and partly because it is always paraded as the model colony.

My own present purpose is to call attention to the seamy side of the Australian colonies, of which Mr. Fairfield has kindly turned up one corner for us. There is, as we know, such a thing as cotton-backed satin, but the colonists take care to show us only the face of their goods. We have a right to look at the other side also. We gave the colonies absolute possession and control of a huge territory; we have supplied and continue to supply them with millions of capital; and we engage to protect to them their enjoyment of these privileges

against foreign aggression. We are told that they are increasing morally and materially with unparalleled rapidity, and we feel a twofold satisfaction. We are glad to find that our investments are remunerative and safe; we are proud to be assured that our own race does credit to the English reputation for honesty, energy, and hard work. Nor are we worst pleased when we learn that the government of these territories is entrusted to wise, capable, and honourable men—that one of them at least is, according to Lord Carrington, ‘one of the most eminent statesmen that has ever served the Queen,’ under whose direction all may be expected to go as well as possible. Now let us see how far our confidence and our satisfaction are justified. Material considerations—those, that is to say, which affect our pockets rather than our hearts—claim first attention. .

The Australian colonies, as every one knows, are heavily in debt. They have, indeed, been borrowing with increased rapidity for the last seven years. Here are the figures to the end of 1888:—

Colony.	Debt, 1881.	Debt, Dec. 31, 1888.
Victoria . . . . .	£ 22,426,500	£ 34,627,000
New South Wales . . . . .	16,924,000	44,100,000
Queensland . . . . .	13,245,000	25,841,000
South Australia . . . . .	11,196,800	19,147,000

The colonies, however, are sound, we are told, and can stand the burden well enough. Is it so? We shall now proceed to examine the question; first, however, observing that this public debt has increased not only in absolute amount, but relatively in respect of the indebtedness per head of population, and of the multiple of the revenue. In other words, the debt is growing faster than the population or the revenue.

The money that we have lent to the colonies is said to be safe, because it has been spent upon reproductive works—notably on railways. We turn to the railway receipts, and we find that in every case but one (as to which we shall have something to say) the railways fail to pay the interest on their capital cost. I have no wish to stuff this paper with figures, but these, at any rate, must be inserted:—

	per cent.		per cent.
In Victoria the railways paid (1888)	3·80,	the money having been borrowed at	4·21
„ N. S. Wales „ „ „	3·50	„ „ „	3·91
„ Queensland „ „ „	2·10	„ „ „	4·11
„ S. Australia „ „ „	5·26	„ „ „	4·08

The proportion, I should observe, is considered to be unfair to Queensland, because the cost of uncompleted lines is included in the calculation. South Australian railway earnings have made a bound of more than 2½ per cent. in two years, which may be regarded either as satisfactory or suspicious. For there are certain revelations to be made in regard to Australian railways and their accounts. In

Victoria the railways were for some years represented as honestly earning a sum in excess of the interest on the capital cost.

This statement (says Mr. Fairfield) is not and never has been true. The memorandum from the Railway Commissioners read with the Budget statement at last frankly admits that the earnings of the State railways fell short of the accruing interest for the year by more than 220,000*l*.

But this is only Victoria, it will be said. Yes, only in Victoria, the model and favourite colony, reputed most prosperous of all.

Then we are told that the railways could easily be made to pay, but that they are managed on the principle of benefiting those that use them; which indeed is a comfortable doctrine for the Australian working man, if not for the British capitalist who paid for their construction. But it is admitted that there has been much 'log-rolling' over the construction of 'political' railways in the past—railways which never have paid and never will pay, because they were never designed to pay—with, needless to say, considerable extravagance and waste. We know, for example, that there is in New South Wales a line which runs for 500 miles through country carrying for the most part only one sheep to three acres, and having no long distance traffic. This is 'an excellent sample of a 'reproductive' railway—a sample which, however, is not singular in Australia. Nevertheless, Lord Carrington boldly says that the railways of New South Wales could be sold at any time for a price equal to her debt. The railways now open in New South Wales cost 26,630,664*l*. They pay less than 4 per cent.—at least the Australian working man will not allow them, apparently, to pay more—and the total debt of New South Wales is forty-four millions. The total mileage is 2,200 odd miles, including the above sample of 500 miles. I leave it to my readers to estimate the value of Lord Carrington's statement.

But there are always what are called 'contingent advantages' in respect of railways to be placed to Australia's credit. The money could not have been better spent, although it may not be immediately productive, because the railways open up the country for settlement. Leaving out of sight for a moment the fact that land carrying only one sheep per three acres is not the most desirable for settlement, let us accept the dictum and test it. Facility of access to the country would, we imagine, promote a marked increase in the rural population. What we do find, from whatever reason, is an utterly disproportionate increase of the metropolitan population. The general increase of population during the last eight years is reckoned in Victoria at the rate of 26·50 per cent.; in Melbourne at 48·26 per cent.; in New South Wales the general increase stands at 44·43 per cent.; the metropolitan (Sydney) at 59·53 per cent.; in Queensland the figures are for the colony, 81·46; for the metropolis (Brisbane), 175·80. In South Australia alone (where the population

is numerically decreasing) the balance is slightly against the metropolitan population, the general rate of increase being 11·27 and the metropolitan 11·09. It would seem, then, that the railways are not accomplishing much towards the end for which they were constructed, and that something more than railways is necessary to open up the country.

What is that something? Let us accept a common opinion and call it irrigation. There can be no doubt of the vital importance of irrigation to Australia, for the continent is a thirsty land, and the rainfall for the most part very capricious. The great drawback to Australia at present is the periodical cessation of production through want of moisture—and a very serious drawback it is. The great drought of 1888 threw back the number of acres under tillage both in Victoria and New South Wales, while the loss of stock I have heard estimated at 10,000,000 sheep and 200,000 head of cattle. The drought of 1886 caused the abandonment of 5,000,000 acres of squatting runs in Queensland alone; and any old South Australian will tell you how men have been again and again driven off the higher settlements by drought. Irrigation indeed is quite as important as railway making. Still I cannot discover that the Australians have spent more than 9½ per cent. of their public debt on water storage (including sewerage) against 68 per cent. spent on ‘reproductive’ railways: 11,000,000*l.*, in fact, against 80,000,000*l.* It may be said that railways through the worst country will become reproductive, if the country be irrigated. Very likely they will; but where is the water and how is it to be brought to bear? Obviously by more borrowing for water storage. We arrive then at this admirable system: first borrow money to build ‘reproductive railways,’ and then borrow more to make them reproductive. We shall see in a moment that the system is of more universal application than at present appears. But first we must notice that Victoria has taken the water storage question vigorously in hand, and has formulated a State irrigation scheme. The remorseless Mr. Fairfield dismisses it with this pithy comment:—

I know that it is the private opinion of two of the most experienced members of the present and late Victorian ministries, that the whole of the money (some 1,000,000*l.*), already advanced by the State to local irrigation trusts, under the vaunted State irrigation scheme, must be ultimately repudiated by the localities in question.

He infers from this that ‘public works constructed on State socialistic principles never do become productive.’ I should prefer to state more modestly that Australian public works have so far shown small signs of being productive.

So far, then, as regards the actual investment of the Australian loans, the outlook for the British capitalist does not seem very



bright. There is, however, still one more point which requires attention before we examine the influence of general policy as distinguished from purely financial policy upon the safety of Australian securities; and that is the Australian system of book-keeping and the trustworthiness of Australian balance-sheets. As a rule, Australian accounts do not show a surplus, Victoria alone maintaining a high place in financial circles in virtue of a regular annual credit balance. Mr. Fairfield has taken the trouble to go into Victorian accounts and explain how the surpluses are obtained. His account is instructive as showing the ways of colonial treasurers.

A statement distributed to members of the Legislative Assembly in July 1889 showed a credit balance of 1,607,559*l*. On the 21st of November 1889 it was discovered that this large surplus, which the Hon. the Treasurer in August had generously distributed in doles, had no existence. In the last hours of the Session of 1889 the Treasurer announced that the Government balance in the hands of the banks had fallen to 142,000*l*., that he had been compelled, like all his predecessors, to borrow from trust funds, and that he would require to float at once in the London market a loan of 1,600,000*l*. (formally devoted by Parliament to railway construction in 1885), as well as a further loan of 4,000,000*l*. to square his accounts. It was subsequently admitted by ministers that the surpluses of that and of previous years had been mainly arrived at by the strange but time-honoured book-keeping expedient of crediting the revenue with all moneys received during the financial year, and carrying forward certain expenditure or debits to futurity.

There is much more by Mr. Fairfield on the subject of Victorian finance which I have not space to transcribe, but which I earnestly commend to the notice of colonial bondholders. As to the other colonies, Mr. Fairfield says with less detail:—

Chaotic as is the condition of Victorian book-keeping, matters are still more confused in New South Wales. From Feb. 1886 to Jan. 1887 an Irish gentleman was Premier of the colony, who managed, before stumbling out of office, to associate himself with a deficit of two millions, which has since been stated in the Colonial Parliament to have grown to over four millions. The truth is that no one in the colony knows how the matter stands. In Queensland and South Australia the system of book-keeping is 'unthinkable.'

Mr. Fairfield's inference is that nothing definite can be known about the finances of the Australasian colonies, and his comment is that State Socialism there (for which abstract term I should prefer to substitute the concrete 'Australian ministries') dare not present a genuine balance-sheet. Is this news surprising to my readers? It is not so to me, I confess. The story of the Victorian scandal was well enough known in the colonies very many months ago, though apparently it never reached English ears. It was my experience, too, to find that the trustworthiness of Colonial Treasury figures was questioned in the colonies themselves by the few men who looked, saw, and thought for themselves. It was further my good fortune to be in New Zealand, the first of the colonies to come to the end of her credit, at a time when bankruptcy seemed imminent, and to hear

a minister of the Crown declare in homely language that, unless Parliament sanctioned a new loan, the colony must 'file her schedule of assets.' New Zealand prides herself on the exactness of her book-keeping, and it must be confessed that for nearly fifty years in succession she honestly showed a deficit. But it was proverbial that there were only two men in the colony who understood the accounts; and only last year a surplus, very small, it is true, was placed on record in lieu of an actual small deficit, by the simple means of juggling with certain distinct 'funds.' Parliamentary control, as Mr. Fairfield says, is very ineffective over public finance, and the check and audit of public expenditure equally so. Mr. Fairfield further observes that, under the existing hand-to-mouth financial policy in Victoria, it looks very much as though recent loans had been floated to meet accruing interest on old loans—that is to say, on the total bonded debt of the colony. Undoubtedly this was the case in New Zealand until she exhausted her credit; and I question very much indeed whether the same system is not more or less at work, not only in Victoria, but in all the colonies. In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that Mr. Goschen hesitates to open colonial investments to English trustees.

But, it will be urged, the resources of Australia far outweigh her debts. I do not deny it; but I would ask how far those resources are being developed. We have seen that the metropolitan populations increase far more rapidly than the rural, and that the tendency is for the concentration of a lamentably disproportionate number of the people, averaging more than one third, in the towns. Why is this? I can only account for it in the words of an English emissary of the Emigration Aid Society:—

Colonial working men have been so largely employed by Government upon public works that their habit is to demand such work directly other congenial employment is slack, and to insist upon having it in one of the great cities where they prefer to live, even when employers up the country are looking in vain for men. . . . We saw the unemployed in Sydney marching about by hundreds, apparently well fed and well clothed, demanding of the Government 6s. a day without piece-work, because to offer less would be, as they termed it, a degradation of labour in New South Wales, and many of them declining it because, when provided, it was a few miles up the country. This aspect of colonial life deserves careful consideration.<sup>1</sup>

Indeed it does require careful consideration. It is the secret of all the waste, folly, and extravagance now rampant in Australia. The working man is supreme in Australia, and cares for nothing so his wages, raised to an artificial height in the old days of scanty population and discoveries of gold, remain undiminished. The politicians (whom it is the fashion to dignify by the name of statesmen), of course, obey their behests and supply them with the required work, at the

<sup>1</sup> *Journal Col. Inst.* vol. xix. p. 63.

expense of the British capitalist. The Labour Unions in the towns, which are admirably organised, very powerful, very rapacious, and very unscrupulous, of course utilise the Government wage-rate as the standard for its members, taking care not only to fix the minimum of wage, but also the maximum length of the working day. Though population is urgently required in Australia, the working man objects to immigration, objects almost to natural increase, from dread of competition. There was, it is well known, almost as much agitation against the employment in New South Wales of Sir Edward Walter's commissionaires as against that of Chinamen. And the protective spirit is of course predominant, though the farmer, when, as in Victoria, he seeks his share of the profits, is refused protection to his produce. Small wonder if men prefer the easy life and the amusements of the town to the rough work in the country.

For this is the true function of the rural population in Australia—to work that the metropolitan population may play. It is for this that men are called upon to forswear the pleasant town life, to face the monotony and often the hardships of the country, and to battle with a burning sun and a treacherous climate. And, as if that were not enough, there is eternal tinkering at the land laws on the part of most of the governments in the direction of land nationalisation, or some scheme of an equally disturbing kind; while taxation which hits the real producer in the country harder than any one else, steadily increases. It is significant that, although but 36 per cent. of the revenue is raised by taxation in Australia against 84 per cent. in England, taxation per head is higher in the former than the latter. But your townsman cares little for this. If he finds taxation unpleasantly high—and he does not so long as borrowed money is plentiful—he can ‘clear out’ and go to some place where loans are still the fashion. And this he invariably does. The typical Australian working man flits from loan to loan. The man attached to the soil cannot move so easily, and therefore remains where he is, with the pleasing prospect of ultimately paying all the interest on the public debt, the capital whereof has been expended for the ephemeral advantage of others. There is thus no encouragement to a man to live anywhere but in towns, and in the towns accordingly the population continues to congregate.

There is another side of the labour question also which is intimately connected with the development of Australian resources: I allude to that which relates to tropical Australia and Chinese immigration. The story of the Chinese question in general, and of the last anti-Chinese agitation in particular, is highly instructive; not only as illustrating the ways of colonial working men and colonial politicians, but also as showing to what ends are turned the advantages that Australians enjoy from our protection.

First, a few words must be said as to the situation of the

continent itself. From the cant phrase which describes Australia as the 'new and greater Britain of the Southern hemisphere' the majority of Englishmen have formed an entirely erroneous conception of the country, and of its future as a home for the Anglo-Saxon race. Australia lies roughly between latitude  $11^{\circ}$  and  $39^{\circ}$  South; that is to say, that about three-sevenths of the continent lie within the tropics. The situation will be made clearer if I add that, were Australia transferred to our own side of the world, it would extend roughly from a line drawn east and west through Tunis on the north and Sierra Leone on the south. In a word, it would not be Europe at all, but Africa. The comparison must not be pressed too hard, for differences of configuration must necessarily alter climatic conditions; but the fact remains that not much less than half of Australia lies within the tropics.

Now, the history of British colonisation shows, even if it be not accepted as a physiological axiom, that the Anglo-Saxon race does not thrive and cannot, at any rate, without physical deterioration, work within the torrid zone. It is true that at great elevations a temperate climate may be found in the tropics; but, generally speaking, the rule holds good, and, accordingly, the practice has been for the white man in the tropics either to employ native labour found on the spot, as in Ceylon, or to import it from other tropical or sub-tropical countries, as in Mauritius and the West Indies.

In part of Australia the principle was at one time accepted, and coloured labour was obtained from the Pacific Islands for the sugar plantations in Queensland; but the labour traffic gave rise to grave evils, and has now been stopped. The planters of North Queensland are at permanent feud with the Government in the South over the importation of coloured labour which the Southerners decline to grant them. The Prime Minister of Queensland, Sir Samuel Griffith, took up the cudgels against coloured labour with much vigour, and urged that the amount of tropical country in Australia requiring 'servile' labour would be found too small to make it worth while to set up Crown colonies; which, as he justly contended, would be the only course if Australia were opened to Asiatic immigration. He also tried to make out that tropical Queensland could very well be developed by white men.

The Governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave, however, pronounced it to be physically impossible to prosecute sugar cultivation in the tropics by means of white labour; and he was by long experience well qualified to speak on the subject.

A leader of the Separatist North Queenslanders also combated Sir Samuel Griffith's view, quoting the case of some railway contractors who brought up their own workmen to Cairns in latitude  $17^{\circ}$  South and had 50 per cent. continually on the sick list; while by their own written statements in the newspapers they could not have

completed their contract if it had not been for the Chinamen. 'Several places,' he adds, 'in the more temperate regions of Queensland have tried to work with white labour and have failed.'

In the tropical territory of South Australia the story is just the same. The leader of the overland telegraph expedition amply confirmed the truth that the white man could not work in such climatic conditions. I can also quote private letters from Port Darwin (on the North coast of South Australia) which are even more decisive on the point.

I wish, says one, that the Government would put a poll-tax on Europeans of 50*l.* a head, and keep them out of the place. A good many have come lately, and have never even attempted to try the reefs and alluvial fields, but hang about the township and the Government office week after week, growling at the Chinese who are our best colonists. Europeans are no earthly use here; they cannot do a day's work in the sun, and the majority that come are simply loafers. Sixty-six came by one ship the other day, and the same day waited on the Government resident for relief.

Another letter describes every one as 'half dead;' and altogether I think that the idea that tropical Australia can be developed by white labour may be proved to be utterly fallacious. Even south of the Tropic, wherever the heat is damp instead of, as usual, dry, the debilitating effect of the climate may be seen—a fact that should not be forgotten in connection with the irrigation question.

Now, there can be very little doubt but that the very best people that can be obtained to develop tropical Australia are the Chinese. Polynesian labour is unsatisfactory; African negroes are not to be had; Indian coolies would not be supplied by the Indian Government on the terms desired by the Colonial Governments; Chinese alone remain, and are from every point of view the most desirable. They are admittedly orderly, thrifty, and industrious, and safer than Indian coolies as citizens because less subject to religious fanaticism.

In the face of these facts how do we find the Colonial Governments behaving? First we discover a series of enactments to discourage Chinese immigration dating in Victoria from 1855; in New South Wales from 1861; in South Australia from 1857, and in Queensland from 1877; and a bitter hatred of the Chinese, constantly taken advantage of by politicians when a political cry is wanted, the whole culminating in the violent anti-Chinese agitation of 1888.

The first symptom of that agitation appears in a letter written in November 1887 by Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, to his brother premier, Mr. Gillies of Victoria. In it he speaks—*à propos* of nothing in particular—of the advantage of getting all the Australian colonies to agree in a measure of restriction, 'or, more properly speaking, practical prohibition of the influx of Chinese into Australia.' The subject, he added, was difficult, owing to questions of climate, but ought, in his opinion, to be settled in view rather of

the better qualities of the Chinese—their thrift, industry, &c.—than of their worst characteristics. Altogether a very quiet and peaceful letter was this, and admirably timed, as it turned out. In April 1888, ships with Chinese immigrants on board began to arrive in the Australian ports, which immigrants were promptly refused admission. Such refusal was, of course, absolutely illegal, and was pronounced to be so by the Supreme Courts of Victoria and New South Wales; but, the Governments having set the example of lawlessness, the people promptly followed. On the 4th of May a mob of 5,000 people invaded the Parliament House at Sydney, and extorted from Sir Henry Parkes a promise that no Chinese should be allowed to land. On the same day a Chinese camp was destroyed by fire under suspicious circumstances, and two days later a gang of 200 ‘larrikins’ invaded the Chinese quarter of Brisbane, completely wrecked many of the shops, and stoned the inhabitants.

Some weeks before, the Imperial Government had been requested to settle the whole difficulty for the colonies by negotiation; but that was a mere matter of form. A stringent Bill against the Chinese was hurried through the Sydney Parliament, which, in combination with the other previous violent measures that could not be considered likely to further negotiations, showed that Sir Henry Parkes was not going to wait, but meant to take the law into his own hands. When confronted with his illegal action in the Assembly, he replied that he cared nothing for technical law: that he was obeying a superior law, ‘the law of the preservation of society in New South Wales.’ He also declared that neither for Her Majesty’s representative on the spot, nor for Her Majesty’s ships of war, nor for the Secretary of State, did his Government intend to turn aside from its purpose, which was to terminate the landing of Chinese for ever, except under the provisions of a Bill which practically amounted to prohibition. Needless to say that this violence was heartily to the taste of the working man of New South Wales, for whose appetite indeed it was designed. The other colonies, of course, joined in the cry; but Sir Henry Parkes very cunningly outbid all the other Premiers, and thus secured for himself what he chiefly wanted—the leadership of the movement. Of course, not the least attention was paid to the treaty obligations, which give the Chinese right of access to all British dominions, in return for the opening of the Chinese ports which we wrested from China at the bayonet’s point.

The next step was to hold a Colonial Conference at Sydney. The delegates met on the 12th of June, and by the 14th had settled matters to their satisfaction. Three days sufficed to thrash out infinitely the most difficult and complicated question that has yet arisen in the colonies. Lord Knutsford suggested to the Conference that all foreign immigration should be restricted alike, in order that no invidious distinction might be made. The proposal was quietly put

aside by the Conference, which, after resolving that the restriction of Chinese immigration could best be secured by diplomatic action on the part of the Imperial Government, proceeded, after the manner of Australian politicians, to at once secure it for itself by violent legislation. Why the solemn farce of summoning a Conference, and calling upon the Imperial Government to intervene, should have been performed at all is incomprehensible; for the Australian politicians had really no intention of letting the Imperial Government have any say in the matter. This is clear enough, because Lord Knutsford had warned the colonies that the premature action of New South Wales was an obstacle to successful negotiation. Still, it was thought necessary by the Conference that some excuse should be made for its precipitation, and that excuse was thus put forward in an official minute:—

As the length of time to be occupied in negotiations between the Imperial Government and the Government of China is uncertain, and as the colonies in the meanwhile have reason to dread a large influx from China, the several Governments have felt impelled to legislate immediately to protect their citizens from an invasion which is dreaded because of its results, not only upon the labour market, but upon the social and moral condition of the people.

To understand rightly the absurdity of this pretext, I must inform my readers that there were at that time in all Australasia but 52,000 Chinamen against three-and-a-quarter million Europeans. If, therefore, the number of Chinese had been increased by one-half during the progress of the negotiations, there would still have been but one Chinaman to fifty Europeans. The moral condition of Australia must be highly sensitive if it can be so easily corrupted, particularly as the Chinese in Victoria (for which colony alone we have access to statistics) have a lower criminal rate than any other nationality.

The minute continues thus:—

In conclusion, the Conference would call attention to the fact that the treatment of the Chinese in the Australasian colonies has been invariably humane and considerate; and that, in spite of the intensity of popular feeling during the recent influx, good order has been everywhere maintained. In so serious a crisis the Colonial Governments have felt called upon to take strong and decisive action to protect their peoples, but in so doing they have been studious of Imperial interests, of international obligations, and of their reputation as law-abiding communities.

These statements were too much even for Australians. A member of the Legislative Council of South Australia said in his place that the allegation as to 'humane and considerate treatment' was absolutely untrue. 'The Chinese,' he said, have complained, in a memorial to the Conference, that the laws had been strained to torture and oppress them, and even broken to inflict harsh treatment and injustice; and that, by the hasty and violent conduct of various Colonial Governments, the more ignorant of the population had been

incited and encouraged to outrage the feelings and show contempt and hatred to their countrymen.

I affirm, unhesitatingly, that the Chinese have told the truth and that the Conference has not. It is hardly necessary for me to prove it, for every hon. member must know that hardly a month passes that news does not come from one or other of the colonies of harsh and inhuman treatment of the Chinese, of assaults upon them, or even of their murder. Not long ago a case occurred in the northern territory, in which some Chinese who attempted to start in business were disgracefully treated by some Christian Europeans. These men hamstringed the Chinaman's horses, and did it on several occasions. This is only one of a dozen illustrations which might be given to show that the statement of the Conference is not borne out by fact.

But the last paragraph of the minute of the Conference is the sublimest in the matter of effrontery. The Colonial Governments have shown themselves 'studious of Imperial interests' by persecuting Chinese subjects and irritating China, whose alliance they knew to be of importance to England; 'studious of international obligations' by flying in the face of well-known treaties; 'studious of their reputation as law-abiding communities' by a course of violence (quite irrespective of mob outrages) which their own courts of justice pronounced to be illegal.

I have told this story at some length because it gives such an excellent sample of the procedure of Australian politicians, and makes it easier for readers to understand that their behaviour in other affairs by no means raises them above suspicion in matters of finance. Here we see all the old traits repeated: blind subservience to the mob; complete recklessness in the pursuit of their own ephemeral ends, total blindness to the future, and unblushing misstatement in presenting their account to the British public. This anti-Chinese agitation was in reality wholly factitious, and was recognised and denounced as such by not a few prominent Australians.

The main lesson to be drawn from it is this: that the Australians are prepared, not to say determined, to leave a vast extent of their territory untouched and unprofitable sooner than admit another race that can turn it to account; in other words, to cancel a considerable portion of the assets on the security of which they have borrowed and are borrowing millions of money.

This is the end for which the Australian working man, represented by a few unscrupulous politicians, employs British protection. And now the latest cry which has been raised is that of Nationalism. Nationalism, in the face of the foregoing facts, I can only interpret as the formula under which is summed up the determination to obtain as much as possible from the old country, and give us as little as possible in return—to exhaust as rapidly as possible the benefits to be derived from the imperial connection, and then to break it off.



We meanwhile look on and applaud. Why? Simply, I imagine, because we allow commonplace sentiment to get the better of common sense. Now, in the dealings of the Australians with ourselves, there appears only the minimum of sentiment. They live on our loans, they trade on our prestige, they presume on our protection; but they make sport of our interests, and do their best to exclude both our produce and our surplus labour. Granting that as self-governing communities they have a perfect right to do so, the argument applies only to our attitude as a suzerain; it does not in the least affect our position as a mortgagee. Between public and private debt Australia is bound to us hand and foot.

This is a fact which no political phrase can alter. It is futile to talk of Nationalism, Independence, and Separation in respect of communities which have deliberately pledged their existence to the British capitalist, and rely on him to renew their bills to eternity. It is, I say, futile except on one hypothesis, that these words connote repudiation. I do not for a moment insinuate that any such idea is floating in the minds of Australians at present. They believe that their prosperity is real and the result of their own unaided exertions. I maintain that it is artificial, and the outcome of unlimited credit. Still I have heard colonial politicians—not, I grant, of the highest stamp—speak, in conversation, of repudiation as within the range of practical politics. ‘Why,’ they said in effect, ‘should the colonists be the slaves of the British capitalist?’ Now we have an example of a colony which has exhausted her credit in New Zealand; and I do not think that it is encouraging. So demoralised is the working man by long dependence on borrowed money, that he has not the patience to face the change from an artificial to a natural economic existence, and to pay the interest on the public debt by his own honest work. Defeated in more than one great strike, he fell back on the polls, and now has twenty labour candidates to represent him in a house of seventy-four. Hence he has good reason to hope that he will be able to compass by legislation what he failed to attain by striking—viz. the maintenance of an artificial standard of wages and luxury. Knowing something of the instruments to his hand, I have little doubt but that borrowing will be recommenced, if possible, and continued until the colony is more hopelessly exhausted than ever. And then we shall hear the question: ‘Why should the colonists be the slaves of the British capitalist?’

At the present rate, it is only a question of time before all the older Australian self-governing colonies will arrive at the same financial condition as New Zealand. One of them indeed has, I believe, already reached it. Now, here we have some clue to the probable result. In the first place, the population will be found so corrupted by long reliance on borrowed money that it will not have the pluck to face the change from an artificial to a natural

existence. Then a frantic struggle will be made to prolong the old state of things at whatever cost, and finally there will not be wanting men to counsel repudiation, whatever happens.

If the worst should come (and things, though bad, are not past repair) I do not think that the British investor would be entitled to any particular sympathy. He has ample opportunity of testing the honesty of the colonial politician, if he would take the trouble; but he will not. Nor would the British public deserve any sympathy, because it deliberately blinds itself to the truth and will lend an ear to none but those who prophesy smooth things. We are, in fact, by our fatuous policy of confidence and concession, greatly to blame for the present condition of Australia. It is high time that that policy were reversed, both for Australia's sake and our own. It was originally initiated with the avowed object of preparing the colonies for ultimate independence; it is now followed with precisely the opposite purpose. If it cannot be reversed, let it be pushed a little farther, and let England, when next Australia raises an unreasonable clamour, meet the threat of 'cutting the painter' with a quiet assent, and intimate that, as an essential preliminary, an expert financier, with a staff of skilled assistants, will start at once to report on the financial condition of the colonies on behalf of the colonial bondholders.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

*MUTUAL AID AMONG SAVAGES.*

THE immense part played by mutual aid and mutual support in the evolution of the animal world has been briefly analysed in two preceding papers.<sup>1</sup> We have now to cast a broad glance upon the part played by the same agencies in the evolution of mankind. We saw how few are the animal species which live an isolated life, and how numberless are those which live in societies, either for mutual defence, or for hunting and storing up food, or for rearing their offspring, or simply for enjoying life in common. We also saw that, though a good deal of warfare goes on between different classes of animals, or different species, or even different tribes of the same species, peace and mutual support are the rule within the tribe, or the species; and that those species which best know how to combine, and to avoid competition, have the best chances of survival and of a further progressive development. They prosper, while the unsociable species decay.

It is evident that it would be quite contrary to all that we know of nature if men were an exception to so general a rule: if a creature so defenceless as man was at his beginnings should have found his protection and his way to progress, not in mutual support, like other animals, but in a reckless competition for personal advantages, with no regard to the interests of the species. To a mind accustomed to the idea of unity in nature, such a proposition appears utterly indefensible. And yet, improbable and unphilosophical as it is, it has never found a lack of supporters. There always were writers who took a pessimistic view of mankind. They knew it, more or less superficially, through their own limited experience; they knew of history what the annalists, always watchful of wars, cruelty and oppression, told of it, and little more besides; and they concluded that mankind is nothing but a loose aggregation of beings, always ready to fight with each other, and only prevented from so doing by the intervention of some authority.

Hobbes took that position in the last century; and while some of his contemporaries endeavoured to prove that at no epoch of its existence—not even in its most primitive condition—mankind lived

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, September and November, 1890.

in a state of perpetual warfare; that men have been sociable even in 'the state of nature,' and that want of knowledge, rather than the natural bad inclinations of man, brought humanity to all the horrors of its early historical life, he maintained, on the contrary, that the so-called 'state of nature' was nothing but a permanent fight between individuals, accidentally huddled together by the mere caprice of their bestial existence. True, that science has made some progress since Hobbes's time, and that we have safer ground to stand upon than the speculations of Hobbes or Rousseau. But the Hobbesian philosophy has plenty of admirers still; and we have had of late quite a school of writers who, taking possession of Darwin's terminology rather than of his leading ideas, made of it an argument in favour of Hobbes's views upon primitive man, and even succeeded in giving them a scientific appearance. Mr. Huxley, as is known, took the lead of that school, and in a recent paper he represented primitive men as a sort of tigers or lions, deprived of all ethical conceptions, fighting out the struggle for existence to its bitter end, and living a life of 'continual free fight'; to quote his own words—'beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family, the Hobbesian war of each against all was the normal state of existence.'<sup>2</sup>

It has been remarked more than once that the chief error of Hobbes and the eighteenth-century philosophers altogether was to imagine that mankind began its life in the shape of small straggling families, something like the 'limited and temporary' families of the bigger carnivores, while in reality it is now positively known that such was *not* the case. Of course, we have no direct evidence as to the modes of life of the first man-like beings. We are not yet settled even as to the time of their first appearance, geologists being inclined at present to see their traces in the pliocene, or even the miocene, deposits. But we have the indirect method which permits us to throw some light even upon that remote antiquity. A most careful investigation into the social institutions of the lowest races has been carried on during the last thirty years, and it has revealed among the present institutions of primitive folk some traces of still older institutions which have long disappeared, but nevertheless left unmistakable traces of their previous existence. A whole science devoted to the embryology of human institutions has thus developed in the hands of Lubbock, Edwin Tylor, Morgan, MacLennan, Bachofen, Maine, Post, Kovalevsky, and many others. And that science has established beyond any doubt that mankind did *not* begin its life in the shape of small isolated families. Far from being a primitive form of organisation, the family is a very late product of human evolution. As far as we can go in the palæo-ethnology of mankind, we find men living in societies—in tribes similar to those of the highest mammals; and an extremely slow and long evolution

<sup>2</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, February 1888, p. 165.

was required to bring these societies to the gentile, or clan organisation, which, in its turn, had to undergo another, also very long evolution, before the first germs of family, polygamous or monogamous, could appear. Societies, bands, or tribes—not families—were thus the primitive form of organisation of mankind and its earliest ancestors. That is what ethnology has come to after its painstaking researches. And in so doing it simply came to what might have been foreseen by the zoologist. None of the higher mammals, save a few carnivores and a few undoubtedly decaying species of apes (orang-outangs and gorillas), live in small families, isolatedly straggling in the woods. All others live in societies. And Darwin so well understood that isolately living apes never could have developed into man-like beings, that he was inclined to consider man as descended from some comparatively weak *but social species*, like the chimpanzee, rather than from some stronger but unsociable species, like the gorilla.<sup>3</sup> Zoology and palæo-ethnology are thus agreed in considering that the band, not the family, was the earliest form of social life. The first human societies simply were a further development of those societies which constitute the very essence of life of the higher animals.<sup>4</sup>

If we now go over to positive evidence, we see that the earliest traces of man, dating from the glacial or the early post-glacial period, afford unmistakable proofs of man having lived even then in societies. Isolated finds of stone implements, even from the old stone age, are very rare; on the contrary, wherever one flint implement is discovered others are sure to be found, in most cases in very large quantities. At a time when men were dwelling in caves, or under occasionally protruding rocks, in company with mammals now extinct, and hardly succeeded in making the roughest description of flint hatchets, they already knew the advantages of life in societies. In the valleys of the tributaries of the Dordogne, the surface of the rocks is in some places entirely covered with caves which were inhabited by palæolithic men.<sup>5</sup> Sometimes the cave-dwellings are superposed in stories, and they certainly recall much more the nesting colonies of swallows than the dens of carnivores. As to the flint implements discovered in those caves, to use Lubbock's words,

<sup>3</sup> *The Descent of Man*, end of ch. ii. pp. 63 and 64 of the second edition.

<sup>4</sup> Anthropologists who fully endorse the above views as regards man nevertheless intimate, sometimes, that the apes live in polygamous families, under the leadership of 'a strong and jealous male.' I do not know how far that assertion is based upon conclusive observation. But the passage from Brehm's *Life of Animals*, which is sometimes referred to, can hardly be taken as very conclusive. It occurs in his general description of monkeys; but his more detailed descriptions of separate species either contradict it or do not confirm it. Even as regards the cercopithecæ, Brehm is affirmative in saying that they 'nearly always live in bands, and very seldom in families' (French edition, p. 59). As to other species, the very numbers of their bands, always containing many males, renders the 'polygamous family' more than doubtful. Further observation is evidently wanted.

<sup>5</sup> Lubbock, *Prehistoric Times*, fifth edition, 1890.

'one may say without exaggeration that they are numberless.' The same is true of other palæolithic stations. It also appears from Lartet's investigations that the inhabitants of the Aurignac region in the south of France partook of tribal meals at the burial of their dead. So that men lived in societies, and had germs of a tribal worship, even at that extremely remote epoch.

The same is still better proved as regards the later part of the stone age. Traces of neolithic man have been found in numberless quantities, so that we can reconstitute his manner of life to a great extent. When the ice-cap (which must have spread from the Polar regions as far south as middle France, middle Germany, and middle Russia, and covered Canada as well as a good deal of what is now the United States) began to melt away, the surfaces freed from ice were covered, first, with swamps and marshes, and later on with numberless lakes.<sup>6</sup> Lakes filled all depressions of the valleys before their waters dug out those permanent channels which, during a subsequent epoch, became our rivers. And wherever we explore, in Europe, Asia, or America, the shores of the literally numberless lakes of that period, whose proper name would be the Lacustrine period, we find traces of neolithic man. They are so numerous that we can only wonder at the relative density of population at that time. The 'stations' of neolithic man closely follow each other on the terraces which now mark the shores of the old lakes. And at each of those stations stone implements appear in such numbers, that no doubt is possible as to the length of time during which they were inhabited by rather numerous tribes. Whole workshops of flint implements, testifying of the numbers of workers who used to come together, have been discovered by the archæologists.

Traces of a more advanced period, already characterised by the use of some pottery, are found in the shell-heaps of Denmark. They appear, as is well known, in the shape of heaps from five to ten feet thick, from 100 to 200 feet wide, and 1,000 feet or more in length, and they are so common along some parts of the sea-coast that for a long time they were considered as natural growths. And yet they 'contain *nothing* but what has been in some way or other subservient to the use of man,' and they are so densely stuffed with products of human industry that, during a two days' stay at Milgaard, Lubbock dug out no less than 191 pieces of stone-implements and four fragments of pottery.<sup>7</sup> The very size and extension of the shell-heaps prove that for generations and generations the coasts of Denmark were inhabited

<sup>6</sup> That extension of the ice-cap is admitted by most of the geologists who have specially studied the glacial age. The Russian Geological Survey already has taken this view as regards Russia, and most German specialists maintain it as regards Germany. The glaciation of most of the central plateau of France will not fail to be recognised by the French geologists, when they pay more attention to the glacial deposits altogether.

<sup>7</sup> *Prehistoric Times*, pp. 232 and 242.

by hundreds of small tribes which certainly lived as peacefully together as the Fuegian tribes, which also accumulate like shell-heaps, are living in our own times.

As to the lake dwellings of Switzerland, which represent a still further advance in civilisation, they yield still better evidence of life and work in societies. It is known that even during the stone age the shores of the Swiss lakes were dotted with a succession of villages, each of which consisted of several huts, and was built upon a platform supported by numberless pillars in the lake. No less than twenty-four, mostly stone age villages, were discovered along the shores of Lake Lemman, thirty-two in the Lake of Constance, forty-six in the Lake of Neuchâtel, and so on; and each of them testifies to the immense amount of labour which was spent in common by the tribe, not by the family. It has even been asserted that the life of the lake-dwellers must have been remarkably free of warfare. And so it probably was, especially if we refer to the life of those primitive folk who live until the present time in similar villages built upon pillars on the sea coasts.

It is thus seen, even from the above rapid hints, that our knowledge of primitive man is not so scanty after all, and that, so far as it goes, it is rather opposed than favourable to the Hobbesian speculations. Moreover, it may be supplemented, to a great extent, by the direct observation of such primitive tribes as now stand on the same level of civilisation as the inhabitants of Europe stood in prehistoric times.\*

\* It is known that some scientists are inclined to see in the lower races—degenerated specimens of mankind who formerly knew a higher civilisation. To the general arguments already opposed to the degeneration theory by Lubbock and Edwin Tylor let me add the following. Save a few tribes clustering in the less accessible highlands, the 'savages' represent a girdle which encircles the more or less civilised nations, and they occupy the extremities of our continents, most of which have retained still, or recently were bearing, an early post-glacial character. Such are the Eskimos and their congeners in Greenland, Arctic America, and Northern Siberia; and, in the Southern hemisphere, the Australians, the Papuas, the Fuegians, and, partly, the Bushmen; while within the civilised area, like primitive folk are only found in the Himalayas, the highlands of Australasia, and the plateaus of Brazil. Now it must be borne in mind that the glacial age did not come to an end at once over the whole surface of the earth. It still continues in Greenland. Therefore, at a time when the littoral regions of the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, or the Gulf of Mexico already enjoyed a warmer climate, and became the seats of higher civilisations, immense territories in middle Europe, Siberia, and Northern America, as well as in Patagonia, Southern Africa, and Southern Australasia, remained in early post-glacial conditions which rendered them inaccessible to the civilised nations of the torrid and sub-torrid zones. They were at that time what the terrible *ur-mans* of North-West Siberia are now, and their population, inaccessible to and untouched by civilisation, retained the characters of early post-glacial man. Later on, when desiccation rendered these territories more suitable for agriculture, they were peopled with more civilised immigrants; and while part of their previous inhabitants were assimilated by the new settlers, another part migrated further, and settled where we find them. The territories they inhabit now are still, or recently were, sub-glacial, as to their physical features; their arts and implements are those of the neolithic

The first thing which strikes us as soon as we begin studying primitive folk is the complexity of the organisation of marriage relations under which they are living. With most of them the family, in the sense we attribute to it, is hardly found in its germs. But they are by no means loose aggregations of men and women coming in a disorderly manner together in conformity with their momentary caprices. All of them are under a certain organisation, which has been described by Morgan in its general aspects as the 'gentile,' or clan organisation.\*

To tell the matter as briefly as possible, there is little doubt that mankind has passed at its beginnings through a stage which may be described as that of 'communal marriage'; that is, the whole tribe had husbands and wives in common with but little regard to consanguinity. But it is also certain that some restrictions to that free intercourse were imposed at a very early period. Inter-marriage was soon prohibited between the sons of one mother and her sisters, grand-daughters, and aunts. Later on it was prohibited between the sons and daughters of the same mother, and further limitations did not fail to follow. The idea of a *gens*, or clan, which embodied all presumed descendants from one stock (or rather all those who gathered in one group) was evolved, and marriage within the clan was entirely prohibited. It still remained 'communal,' but the wife or the husband had to be taken from another clan. And when a gens became too numerous, and subdivided into several gentes, each of them was divided into classes (usually four), and marriage was permitted only between certain well-defined classes. That is the stage which we find now among the Kamilaroi-speaking Australians. As to the family, its first germs appeared amidst the clan organisation. A woman who was captured in war from some other clan, and who formerly would have belonged to the whole gens, could be kept at a later period by the capturer, under certain obligations towards the tribe. She may be taken by him to a separate hut, and thus constitute within the gens a separate family, the appearance of which evidently was opening a quite new phase of civilisation.

age; and, notwithstanding their racial differences, and the distances which separate them, their modes of life and social institutions bear a striking likeness. So we cannot but consider them as fragments of the early post-glacial population of the now civilised area.

\* Lewis H. Morgan, *Ancient Society, or Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilisation*, New York, 1877. Also, 'Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity in Human Family,' in *Smithsonian Contributions*, vol. xvii. When Morgan first described the clan organisation, and concluded as to its all but general extension, maintaining that the marriage-laws lie at the very basis of the consecutive steps of human evolution, he was accused of exaggeration. But the most careful researches prosecuted since, by a whole phalanx of students of ancient law, have proved that all races of mankind bear traces of having passed through the same stages of development of marriage laws as we now see in force among various savages. See the works of MacLennan, Bachofen, Dargun, Post, Kovalovsky, Lippert, and so on.



Now, if we take into consideration that this complicated organisation developed among men who stood at the lowest known degree of development, and that it maintained itself in societies knowing no kind of authority besides the authority of public opinion, we at once see how deeply inrooted social instincts must have been in human nature, even at its lowest stages. A savage who is capable of living under such an organisation, and of freely submitting to rules which continually clash with his personal desires, certainly is not a beast devoid of ethical principles and knowing no rein to its passions. But the fact becomes still more striking if we consider the immense antiquity of the clan organisation. It is now known that the primitive Semites, the Greeks of Homer, the prehistoric Romans, the Germans of Tacitus, the early Celts and the early Slavonians, all have had their own period of clan organisation, closely analogous to that of the Australians, the Red Indians, the Eskimos, and other inhabitants of the 'savage girdle.'<sup>10</sup> So we must admit that either the evolution of marriage laws went on on the same lines among all human races, or the rudiments of the clan rules were developed among some common ancestors of the Semites, the Aryans, the Polynesians, &c., before their differentiation into separate races, and were maintained, until now, among races long ago separated from the common stock. Both alternatives imply, however, an equally striking tenacity of the institution—such a tenacity that no assaults of the individual could break it down through the scores of thousands of years that it was in existence. The very persistence of the clan organisation shows how utterly false it is to represent primitive mankind as a disorderly agglomeration of individuals, who only obey their individual passions, and take advantage of their personal force and cunningness against all other representatives of the species. Unbridled individualism is a modern growth, but it is not characteristic of primitive mankind.<sup>11</sup>

Going now over to the existing savages, we may begin with the

<sup>10</sup> For the Aryans, see especially Prof. M. Kovalevsky's *Primitive Law* (in Russian). Moscow, 1886 and 1887. Also his lectures delivered at Stockholm.

<sup>11</sup> It would be impossible to enter here into a discussion of the origin of the marriage restrictions. Let me only remark that a division into groups, similar to Morgan's *Hawaian*, exists among birds; the young broods live together separately from their parents. A like division might probably be traced among some mammals as well. As to the prohibition of marriages between brothers and sisters, it is more likely to have arisen, not from speculations about the bad effects of consanguinity, which speculations really do not seem probable, but to avoid the too easy precocity of like marriages. Under close cohabitation it must have become of imperious necessity. I must also remark that in discussing the origin of new customs altogether, we must keep in mind that the savages, like us, have their 'thinkers' and *savants*—wizards, doctors, prophets, &c.—whose knowledge and ideas are in advance upon those of the masses. United as they are in their secret unions (another almost universal feature) they are certainly capable of exercising a powerful influence, and of enforcing customs the utility of which may not yet be recognised by the majority of the tribe.

Bushmen, who stand at a very low level of development—so low indeed that they have no dwellings and sleep in holes dug in the soil, occasionally protected by some screens. It is known that when Europeans settled in their territory and destroyed deer, the Bushmen began stealing the settlers' cattle, whereupon a war of extermination, too horrible to be related here, was waged against them. Five hundred Bushmen were slaughtered in 1774, three thousand in 1808 and 1809 by the Farmers' Alliance, and so on. They were poisoned like rats, killed by hunters lying in ambush before the carcass of some animal, killed wherever met with.<sup>12</sup> So that our knowledge of the Bushmen, being chiefly borrowed from those same people who exterminated them, is necessarily limited. But still we know that when the Europeans came, the Bushmen lived in small tribes (or clans), sometimes federated together; that they used to hunt in common, and divided the spoil without quarrelling; that they never abandoned their wounded, and displayed strong affection to their comrades. Lichtenstein has a most touching story about a Bushman, nearly drowned in a river, who was rescued by his companions. They took off their furs to cover him, and shivered themselves; they dried him, rubbed him before the fire, and smeared his body with warm grease till they brought him back to life. And when the Bushmen found, in Johan van der Walt, a man who treated them well, they expressed their thankfulness by a most touching attachment to that man.<sup>13</sup> Burchell and Moffat both represent them as good-hearted, disinterested, true to their promises, and grateful,<sup>14</sup> all qualities which could develop only by being practised within the tribe. As to their love to children, it is sufficient to say that when a European wished to secure a Bushman woman as a slave, he stole her child: the mother was sure to come into slavery to share the fate of her child.<sup>15</sup>

The same social manners characterise the Hottentots, who are but a little more developed than the Bushmen. Lubbock describes them as 'the filthiest animals,' and filthy they really are. A fur suspended to the neck and worn till it falls to pieces is all their dress; their huts are a few sticks assembled together and covered with mats, with no kind of furniture within. And though they kept oxen and sheep, and seem to have known the use of iron before they made acquaintance with the Europeans, they still occupy one of the lowest degrees of the human scale. And yet those who knew them highly praised their sociability and readiness to aid each other. If anything is given to

<sup>12</sup> Col. Collins, in Philip's *Researches in South Africa*, London, 1828. Quoted by Waitz, ii. 334.

<sup>13</sup> Lichtenstein's *Reisen im südlichen Afrika*, ii. pp. 92, 97. Berlin, 1811.

<sup>14</sup> Waitz, *Anthropologie der Naturvölker*, ii. pp. 335, *seq.* See also Fritsch's *Die Eingeboren Afrika's*, Breslau, 1872, p. 386, *seq.*; and *Drei Jahre in Süd-Afrika*. Also W. Bleek, *A Brief Account of Bushmen Folklore*, Capetown, 1875.

<sup>15</sup> Elisée Reclus, *Géographie Universelle*, xiii. 475.

a Hottentot, he at once divides it among all present—a habit which, as is known, so much struck Darwin among the Fuegians. He cannot eat alone, and, however hungry, he calls those who pass by to share his food. And when Kolben expressed his astonishment thereat, he received the answer: ‘That is Hottentot manner.’ But this is not Hottentot manner only: it is an all but universal habit among the ‘savages.’ Kolben, who knew the Hottentots well and did not pass by their defects in silence, could not praise their tribal morality highly enough.

‘Their word is sacred,’ he wrote. They know ‘nothing of the corruptness and faithless arts of Europe.’ ‘They live in great tranquillity and are seldom at war with their neighbours.’ They are ‘all kindness and goodwill to one another. . . . One of the greatest pleasures of the Hottentots certainly lies in their gifts and good offices to one another.’ ‘The integrity of the Hottentots, their strictness and celerity in the exercise of justice, and their chastity, are things in which they excel all or most nations in the world.’<sup>16</sup>

Tachart, Barrow, and Moodie<sup>17</sup> fully confirm Kolben’s testimony. Let me only remark that when Kolben wrote that ‘they are certainly the most friendly, the most liberal and the most benevolent people to one another that ever appeared on the earth’ (i. 332), he wrote a sentence which has continually appeared since in the description of savages. When first meeting with primitive races, the Europeans usually make a caricature of their life; but when an intelligent man has stayed among them for a longer time, he generally describes them as ‘the kindest’ or ‘the gentlest’ race on the earth. These very same words have been applied to the Ostyaks, the Samoyedes, the Eskimos, the Dyaks, the Aleoutes, the Papuas, and so on, by the highest authorities. I also remember having read them applied to the Tunguses, the Tchuktchis, the Sioux, and several others. The very frequency of that high commendation already speaks volumes in itself.

The natives of Australia do not stand on a higher level of development than their South African brothers. Their huts are of the same character; very often simple screens are the only protection against cold winds. In their food they are most indifferent: they devour horribly putrefied corpses, and cannibalism is resorted to in times of scarcity. When first discovered by Europeans, they had no implements but in stone or bone, and these were of the roughest description. Some tribes had even no canoes, and did not know barter-trade. And yet, when their manners and customs were carefully studied, they proved to be living under that elaborate clan organisation which I have mentioned on a preceding page.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>16</sup> P. Kolben, *The Present State of the Cape of Good Hope*, translated from the German by Mr. Medley, London, 1731, vol. i. pp. 59, 71, 333, 336, &c.

<sup>17</sup> Quoted in Waitz’s *Anthropologie*, ii. 335, *seq.*

<sup>18</sup> The natives living in the north of Sydney, and speaking the Kamilaroi language, are best known under this aspect, through the capital work of Lorimer Fison and A. W.

The territory they inhabit is usually allotted between the different gentes or clans; but the hunting and fishing territories of each clan are kept in common, and the produce of fishing and hunting belongs to the whole clan; so also the fishing and hunting implements.<sup>19</sup> The meals are taken in common. Like many other savages, they respect certain regulations as to the seasons when certain gums and grasses may be collected.<sup>20</sup> As to their morality altogether, we cannot do better than transcribe the following answers given to the questions of the Paris Anthropological Society by Lumholtz, a missionary who sojourned in North Queensland: <sup>21</sup>—

The feeling of friendship is known among them; it is strong. Weak people are usually supported; the ill ones are very well attended to; they never are abandoned or killed. These tribes are cannibals, but they very seldom eat members of their own tribe (when immolated on religious principles I suppose); they eat strangers only. The parents love their children, play with them, and pet them. Infanticide meets with common approval. Old people are very well treated, never put to death. No religion, no idols, only a fear of death. Polygamous marriage. Quarrels arising within the tribe are settled by means of duels fought with wooden swords and shields. No slaves; no culture of any kind; no pottery; no dress, save an apron sometimes worn by women. The clan consists of two hundred individuals, divided into four classes of men and four of women; marriage being only permitted within the usual classes, and never within the gens.

For the Papuas, closely akin to the above, we have the testimony of G. L. Bink, who stayed in New Guinea, chiefly in Geelwink Bay, from 1871 to 1883. Here is the essence of his answers to the same questioner: <sup>22</sup>—

They are sociable and cheerful; they laugh very much. Rather timid than courageous. Friendship is relatively strong among persons belonging to different tribes, and still stronger within the tribe. A friend will often pay the debt of his friend, the stipulation being that the latter will repay it without interest to the children of the lender. They take care of the ill and the old; old people are never abandoned, and in no case are they killed—unless it be a slave who was ill for a long time. War prisoners are sometimes eaten. The children are very much petted and loved. Old and feeble war prisoners are killed, the others are sold as slaves. They have no religion, no gods, no idols, no authority of any description; the oldest man in the family is the judge. In cases of adultery a fine is paid, and part of it goes to the *negoria* (the community). The soil is kept in common, but the crop belongs to those who have grown it. They have pottery, and know barter-trade—the custom being that the merchant gives them the goods, whereupon

Howitt, *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, Melbourne, 1880. See also A. W. Howitt's 'Further Note on the Australian Class Systems,' in *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, 1889, vol. xviii. p. 31, showing the wide extension of the same organisation in Australia.

<sup>19</sup> *The Folklore, Manners, &c., of Australian Aborigines*, Adelaide, 1879, p. 11.

<sup>20</sup> Grey's *Journals of Two Expeditions of Discovery in North-West and Western Australia*, London, 1841, vol. ii. pp. 298, 237.

<sup>21</sup> *Bulletin de la Société d'Anthropologie*, 1888, vol. xi. p. 652. I abridge the answers.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.* p. 386.

they return to their houses and bring the native goods required by the merchant; if the latter cannot be obtained, the European goods are returned.<sup>23</sup> They are head-hunters, and in so doing they prosecute blood revenge. 'Sometimes,' Finsch says, 'the affair is referred to the Rajah of Namototte, who terminates it by imposing a fine.'

When well treated, the Papuas are very kind. Miklukho-Maklay landed on the eastern coast of New Guinea, followed by one single man, stayed for two years among tribes reported to be cannibals, and left them with regret; he returned again to stay one year more among them, and never had he any conflict to complain of. True that his rule was *never*—under no pretext whatever—to say anything which was not truth, nor make any promise which he could not keep. These poor creatures, who even do not know how to obtain fire, and carefully maintain it in their huts, live under their primitive communism, without any chiefs, and within their villages they have no quarrels worth speaking of. They work in common, just enough to get the food of the day; they rear their children in common; and in the evenings they dress themselves as coquettishly as they can, and dance. Like all savages, they are fond of dancing. Each village has its *barla*, or *balai*—the 'long house,' 'longue maison,' or 'grande maison'—for the unmarried men, for social gatherings, and for the discussion of common affairs—again a trait which is common to most inhabitants of the Pacific Islands, the Eskimos, the Red Indians, and so on. Whole groups of villages are on friendly terms, and visit each other *en bloc*.

Unhappily, feuds are not uncommon—not in consequence of 'overstocking of the area,' or 'keen competition,' and like inventions of a mercantile century, but chiefly in consequence of superstition. As soon as anyone falls ill, his friends and relatives come together, and deliberately discuss who might be the cause of the illness. All possible enemies are considered, everyone confesses of his own petty quarrels, and finally the real cause is discovered. An enemy from the next village has called it down, and a raid upon that village is decided upon. Therefore, feuds are rather frequent, even between the coast villages, not to say a word of the cannibal mountaineers who are considered as real witches and enemies, though, on a closer acquaintance, they prove to be exactly the same sort of people as their neighbours on the sea-coast.<sup>24</sup>

Many striking pages could be written about the harmony which prevails in the villages of the Polynesian inhabitants of the Pacific Islands. But they belong to a more advanced stage of civilisation.

<sup>23</sup> The same is the practice with the Papuas of Kaimani Bay, who have a high reputation of honesty. 'It never happens that the Papua be untrue to his promise,' Finsch says in *Neuguinea und seine Bewohner*, Bremen, 1865, p. 829.

<sup>24</sup> *Izvestia* of the Russian Geographical Society, 1880, p. 161, *seq.* Few books of travel give a better insight into the petty details of the daily life of savages than these scraps from Maklay's note-books.

So we shall now take our illustrations from the far north. I must mention, however, before leaving the Southern Hemisphere, that even the Fuegians, whose reputation has been so bad, appear under a much better light since they begin to be better known. A few French missionaries who stay among them 'know of no act of malevolence to complain of.' In their clans, consisting of from 120 to 150 souls, they practise the same primitive communism as the Papuas; they share everything in common, and treat their old people very well. Peace prevails among these tribes.<sup>25</sup>

With the Eskimos and their nearest congeners, the Thlinkets, the Koloshes, and the Aleoutes, we find one of the nearest illustrations of what man may have been during the glacial age. Their implements hardly differ from those of palæolithic man, and some of their tribes do not yet know fishing: they simply spear the fish with a kind of harpoon.<sup>26</sup> They know the use of iron, but they receive it from the Europeans, or find it on wrecked ships. Their social organisation is of a very primitive kind, though they already have emerged from the stage of 'communal marriage,' even under the gentile restrictions. They live in families, but the family bonds are often broken; husbands and wives are often exchanged.<sup>27</sup> The families, however, remain united in clans, and how could it be otherwise? How could they sustain the hard struggle for life unless by closely combining their forces? So they do, and the tribal bonds are closest where the struggle for life is hardest, namely, in North-East Greenland. The 'long house' is their usual dwelling, and several families lodge in it, separated from each other by small partitions of ragged furs, with a common passage in the front. Sometimes the house has the shape of a cross, and in such case a common fire is kept in the centre. The German expedition which spent a winter close by one of those 'long houses' could ascertain that 'no quarrel disturbed the peace, no dispute arose about the use of this narrow space' throughout the long winter. 'Scolding, or even unkind words, are considered as a misdemeanour, if not produced under the legal form of process, namely, the nith-song.'<sup>28</sup> Close cohabitation and close interdependence are sufficient for maintaining century after century that deep respect for the interests of the community which is characteristic of Eskimo life. Even in the larger communities of Eskimos, 'public opinion formed the real judgment seat, the general punishment consisting in the offenders being shamed in the eyes of the people.'<sup>29</sup>

<sup>25</sup> L. F. Martial, in *Mission Scient. au Cap Horn*, Paris, 1883, vol. i. pp. 183-201.

<sup>26</sup> Captain Holm's Expedition to East Greenland.

<sup>27</sup> In Australia whole clans have been seen exchanging all their wives, in order to conjure a calamity (Post, *Studien zur Entwicklungsgeschichte des Familienrechts*, 1890, p. 342). More brotherhood is their specific against calamities.

<sup>28</sup> Dr. H. Rink, *The Eskimo Tribes*, p. 26 (*Meddelelser om Grønland*), vol. xi. 1887.

<sup>29</sup> Dr. Rink, *loc. cit.* p. 24. Europeans, grown in the respect of Roman law, are

Eskimo life is based upon communism. What is obtained by hunting and fishing belongs to the clan. But in several tribes, especially in the West under the influence of the Danes, private property penetrates into their institutions. However, they have an original means for obviating the inconveniences arising from a personal accumulation of wealth which would soon destroy their tribal unity. When a man has grown rich, he convokes the folk of his clan to a great festival, and, after much eating, distributes among them all his fortune. On the Yukon river, in Alaska, Dall saw a family distributing in this way ten guns, ten full fur dresses, 200 strings of beads, numerous blankets, ten wolf furs, 200 beavers, and 500 zibelines. After that they took off their festival dresses, gave them away, and, putting on old ragged furs, addressed a few words to their kinsfolk, saying that though they are now poorer than any one of them, they have won their friendship.<sup>30</sup> Like distributions of wealth appear to be a regular habit with the Eskimos, and to take place at a certain season, after an exhibition of all that has been obtained during the year.<sup>31</sup> In my opinion these distributions reveal a very old institution, contemporaneous with the first apparition of personal wealth; they must have been a means for re-establishing equality among the members of the clan, after it had been disturbed by the enrichment of the few. The periodical redistribution of land and the periodical abandonment of all debts which took place in historical times, must have been a survival of that old custom. And the habit of either burying with the dead, or destroying upon his grave, all that belonged to him personally—a habit which we find among all primitive races—must have had the same origin. In fact, while everything that belongs *personally* to the dead is burnt or broken upon his grave, nothing is destroyed of what belonged to him in common with the tribe, such as boats, or the communal implements of fishing. The destruction bears upon personal property alone. At a later epoch this habit becomes a religious ceremony: it receives a mystical interpretation, and is imposed by religion, when public opinion alone proves incapable of enforcing its general observance. And, finally, it is substituted by either burning simple models of the

seldom capable of understanding that force of tribal authority. 'In fact,' Dr. Rink writes, 'it is not the exception, but the rule, that white men who have stayed for ten or twenty years among the Eskimo, return without any real addition to their knowledge of the traditional ideas upon which their social state is based. The white man, whether a missionary or a trader, is firm in his dogmatic opinion that the most vulgar European is better than the most distinguished native.' *The Eskimo Tribes*, p. 31.

<sup>30</sup> Dall, *Alaska and its Resources*, Cambridge, U. S., 1870.

<sup>31</sup> Dall saw it in Alaska, Jacobsen at Igmitok in the vicinity of the Ioring Strait. Gilbert Sproat mentions it among the Vancouver Indians; and Dr. Rink, who describes the periodical exhibitions just mentioned, adds: 'The principal use of the accumulation of personal wealth is for *periodically* distributing it.' He also mentions (*loc. cit.* p. 31) 'the destruction of property for the same purpose' (of equality).

dead man's property (as in China), or by simply carrying his property to the grave and taking it back to his house after the burial ceremony is over—a habit which still prevails with the Europeans as regards swords, crosses, and other marks of public distinction.

The high standard of the tribal morality of the Eskimos has often been mentioned in general literature. Nevertheless the following remarks upon the manners of the Aleoutes—nearly akin to the Eskimos—will better illustrate savage morality as a whole. They were written, after a ten years' stay among the Aleoutes, by a most remarkable man—the Russian missionary, Veniaminoff. I sum them up, mostly in his own words:—

Endurability (he wrote) is their chief feature. It is simply colossal. Not only do they bathe every morning in the frozen sea, and stand naked on the beach, inhaling the icy wind, but their endurability, even when at hard work on insufficient food, surpasses all that can be imagined. During a protracted scarcity of food, the Aleoute cares first for his children; he gives them all he has, and himself fasts. They are not inclined to stealing; that was remarked even by the first Russian immigrants. Not that they never steal; every Aleoute would confess having sometime stolen something, but it is always a trifle; the whole is so childish. The attachment of the parents to their children is touching, though it is never expressed in words or pettings. The Aleoute is with difficulty moved to make a promise, but once he has made it he will keep it whatever may happen. (An Aleoute made Veniaminoff a gift of dried fish, but it was forgotten on the beach in the hurry of the departure. He took it home. The next occasion to send it to the missionary was in January; and in November and December there was a great scarcity of food in the Aleoute encampment. But the fish was never touched by the starving people, and in January it was sent to its destination.) Their code of morality is both varied and severe. It is considered shameful to be afraid of unavoidable death; to ask pardon from an enemy; to die without ever having killed an enemy; to be convicted of stealing; to capsize a boat in the harbour; to be afraid of going to sea in stormy weather; to be the first in a party on a long journey to become an invalid in case of scarcity of food; to show greediness when spoil is divided, in which case everyone gives his own part to the greedy man to shame him; to divulge a public secret to his wife; being two persons on a hunting expedition, not to offer the best game to the partner; to boast of his own deeds, especially of invented ones; to scold anyone in scorn. Also to beg; to pet his wife in other people's presence, and to dance with her; to bargain personally; selling must always be made through a third person, who settles the price. For a woman it is a shame not to know sewing, dancing, and all kind of woman's work; to pet her husband and children, or even to speak to her husband in the presence of a stranger.<sup>32</sup>

Such is Aleoute morality, which might also be further illustrated by their tales and legends. Let me also add that when Veniaminoff wrote (in 1840) one murder only had been committed since the last century in a population of 60,000 people, and that among 1,800 Aleoutes not one single common law offence had been known for forty years. This will not seem strange if we remark that scolding, scorning, and the use of rough words are absolutely unknown in

<sup>32</sup> Veniaminoff, *Memoirs relative to the District of Unalashka* (Russian), 3 vols. St. Petersburg, 1840. Extracts, in English, from the above are given in *Dall's Alaska*. A like description of the Australians' morality is given in *Nature*, xlii. p. 689.



Aleoute life. Even their children never fight, and never abuse each other in words. All they may say is, 'Your mother does not know sewing,' or 'Your father is blind of one eye.'<sup>33</sup>

Many features of savage life remain, however, a puzzle to Europeans. The high development of tribal solidarity and the good feelings with which primitive folk are animated towards each other, could be illustrated by any amount of reliable testimony. And yet it is not the less certain that those same savages practise infanticide; that in some cases they abandon their old people, and that they blindly obey the rules of blood-revenge. We must then explain the co-existence of facts which, to the European mind, seem so contradictory at the first sight. I have just mentioned how the Aleoute father starves for days and weeks, and gives everything eatable to his child; and how the Bushman mother becomes a slave to follow her child; and I might fill pages with illustrations of the really *tender* relations existing among the savages and their children. Travellers continually mention them incidentally. Here you read about the fond love of a mother; there you see a father wildly running through the forest and carrying upon his shoulders his child bitten by a snake; or a missionary tells you the despair of the parents at the loss of a child whom he had saved, a few years before, from being immolated at its birth; you learn that the 'savage' mothers usually nurse their children till the age of four, and that, in the New Hebrides, on the loss of a specially beloved child, its mother, or aunt, will kill herself to take care of it in the other world.<sup>34</sup> And so on. Like facts are met with by the score; so that, when we see that these same loving parents practise infanticide, we are bound to recognise that the habit (whatever its ulterior transformations may be) took its origin under the sheer pressure of necessity, as an obligation towards the tribe, and a means for rearing the already growing children. In fact, the savages, as a rule, do not 'multiply without stint,' as Mr. Huxley puts it. On the contrary, they take all kinds of measures for diminishing the birth-rate. A whole series of restrictions, which Europeans certainly would find extravagant, are imposed to that effect, and they are strictly obeyed. But notwithstanding that, primitive folk cannot rear all their children. However, it has been remarked that as soon as they succeed in increasing their regular means of subsistence, they at once begin to

<sup>33</sup> It is most remarkable that several writers (Middendorff, Schrenk, O. Finsch) described the Ostyaks and Samoyedes in almost the same words. Even when drunken their quarrels are insignificant. 'For a hundred years one single murder has been committed in the tundra;' 'their children never fight;' 'anything may be left for years in the tundra, even food and gin, and nobody will touch it;' and so on. Gilbert Sproat 'never witnessed a fight between two sober natives' of the Aht Indians of Vancouver Island. 'Quarrelling is also rare among their children.' (Rink, *loc. cit.*) And so on.

<sup>34</sup> Gill, quoted in Gerland and Waitz's *Anthropologie*, v. 641. See also pp. 636-640, where many facts of parental and filial love are quoted.

abandon the practice of infanticide. On the whole, the parents obey that obligation reluctantly, and as soon as they can afford it they resort to all kinds of compromises to save the lives of their new-born. As has been so well pointed out by my friend Elie Reclus,<sup>35</sup> they invent the lucky and unlucky days of births, and spare the children born on the lucky days; they try to postpone the sentence for a few hours, and then say that if the baby has lived one day it must live all its natural life.<sup>36</sup> They hear the cries of the little ones coming from the forest, and maintain that, if heard, they forbode a misfortune for the tribe; and as they have no baby-farming nor *crèches* for getting rid of the children, every one of them recoils before the necessity of performing the cruel sentence; they prefer to expose the baby in the wood rather than to take its life by violence. Ignorance, not cruelty, maintains infanticide; and, instead of moralising the savages with sermons, the missionaries would do better to follow the example of Veniaminoff, who, every year till his old age, crossed the Sea of Okhotsk in a miserable boat, or travelled on dogs among his Tchukchis, supplying them with bread and fishing implements, and thus really preventing infanticide.

The same is true as regards what superficial observers describe as parricide. We just now saw that the habit of abandoning old people is not so widely spread as some writers have maintained it to be. It has been extremely exaggerated, but it is occasionally met with among nearly all savages; and in such cases it has the same origin as the exposure of children. When a 'savage' feels that he is a burden to his tribe; when every morning his share of food is taken from the mouths of the children—and the little ones are not so stoical as their fathers: they cry when they are hungry; when every day he has to be carried across the stony beach, or the virgin forest, on the shoulders of younger people—there are no invalid carriages, nor destitutes to wheel them in savage lands—he begins to repeat what the old Russian peasants say until nowadays: '*Tchujoi vek zayedayu, Pora napokoi!*' ('I live other people's life: it is time to retire!') And he retires. He does what the soldier does in a similar case. When the salvation of his detachment depends upon its further advance, and he can move no more, and knows that he must die if left behind, the soldier implores his best friend to render him the last service before leaving the encampment. And the friend, with shivering hands, discharges his gun into the dying body. So the savages do. The old man asks himself to die; he himself insists upon this last duty towards the community, and obtains the consent of the tribe; he digs out his grave; he invites his kinsfolk to the last parting meal. His father has done so, it is now his turn; and he parts with his kinsfolk with marks of affection. The savage so much considers death as part of

<sup>35</sup> *Primitive Folk*, London, 1891.

<sup>36</sup> Gerland, *loc. cit.* v. 636.

his *duties* towards his community, that he not only refuses to be rescued (as Moffat has told), but when a woman who had to be immolated on her husband's grave was rescued by missionaries, and was taken to an island, she escaped in the night, crossed a broad sea-arm, swimming, and rejoined her tribe, to die on the grave.<sup>37</sup> But the savages, as a rule, are so reluctant to take anyone's life otherwise than in fight, that none of them will take upon himself to shed human blood, and they resort to all kinds of stratagems, which have been so falsely interpreted. In most cases, they abandon the old man in the wood, after having given him more than his share of the common food. Arctic expeditions have done the same when they no more could carry their invalid comrades. 'Live a few days more! *may be* there will be some unexpected rescue!'

European scientists, when coming across these facts, are absolutely unable to understand them; they cannot reconcile them with a high development of tribal morality, and prefer to cast a doubt upon the exactitude of absolutely reliable observers, instead of trying to explain the parallel existence of the two sets of facts: a high tribal morality together with the abandonment of the parents and infanticide. But if these same Europeans were to tell a savage that people, extremely amiable, fond of their own children, and so impressionable that they cry when they see a misfortune simulated on the stage, are living in Europe within a stone's throw from dens in which children die from sheer want of food, the savage, too, would not understand them. I remember how vainly I tried to make some of my Tungus friends understand our civilisation of individualism: they could not, and they resorted to the most phantastical suggestions. The fact is that a savage, brought up in ideas of tribal solidarity in everything for bad and for good, is as incapable of understanding a 'moral' European, who knows nothing of that solidarity, as the average European is incapable of understanding the savage. But if our scientist had lived amidst a half-starving tribe not possessing among them all one man's food for so much as a few days to come, he probably might have understood their motives. So also the savage, if he had stayed among us, and received our education, may be, would understand our European indifference towards our neighbours, and our Royal Commissions for the prevention of 'baby-farming.' 'Stone houses make stony hearts,' the Russian peasants say. But he ought to live in a stone house first.

Similar remarks must be made as regards cannibalism. Taking into account all the facts which were brought to light during a recent controversy on this subject at the Paris Anthropological Society, and many incidental remarks scattered throughout the 'savage' literature, we are bound to recognise that that practice was brought into existence by sheer necessity; but that it was further developed

<sup>37</sup> Erskine, quoted in Gerland and Waitz's *Anthropologie*, v. 640.

by superstition and religion into the proportions it attained in Fiji or in Mexico. It is a fact that until this day many savages are compelled to devour corpses in the most advanced state of putrefaction, and that in cases of absolute scarcity some of them have had to disinter and to feed upon human corpses, even during an epidemic. These are ascertained facts. But if we now transport ourselves to the conditions which man had to face during the glacial period, in a damp and cold climate, with but little vegetable food at his disposal; if we take into account the terrible ravages which scurvy still makes among underfed natives, and remember that meat and fresh blood are the only restoratives which they know, we must admit that man, who formerly was a granivorous animal, became a flesh-eater during the glacial period. He found plenty of deer at that time, but deer often migrate in the Arctic regions, and sometimes they entirely abandon a territory for a number of years. In such cases his last resources disappeared. During like hard trials, cannibalism has been resorted to even by Europeans, and it was resorted to by the savages. Until the present time, they occasionally devour the corpses of their own dead: they must have devoured then the corpses of those who had to die. Old people died, convinced that by their death they were rendering a last service to the tribe. This is why cannibalism is represented by some savages as of divine origin, as something that has been ordered by a messenger from the sky. But later on it lost its character of necessity, and survived as a superstition. Enemies had to be eaten in order to inherit their courage; and, at a still later epoch, the enemy's eye or heart was eaten for the same purpose; while among other tribes, already having a numerous priesthood and a developed mythology, evil gods, thirsty for human blood, were invented, and human sacrifices required by the priests to appease the gods. In this religious phase of its existence, cannibalism attained its most revolting characters. Mexico is a well-known example; and in Fiji, where the king could eat any one of his subjects, we also find a mighty caste of priests, a complicated theology,<sup>38</sup> and a full development of autocracy. Originated by necessity, cannibalism became, at a later period, a religious institution, and in this form it survived long after it had disappeared from among tribes which certainly practised it in former times, but did not attain the theocratical stage of evolution. The same remark must be made as regards infanticide and the abandonment of parents. In some cases they also have been maintained as a survival of olden times, as a religiously kept tradition of the past.

I will terminate my remarks by mentioning another custom which also is a source of most erroneous conclusions. I mean the practice of blood-revenge. All savages are under the impression that blood shed must be revenged by blood. If anyone has been killed, the

<sup>38</sup> W. T. Pritchard, *Polynesian Reminiscences*, London, 1866, p. 363

murderer must die; if anyone has been wounded, the aggressor's blood must be shed. There is no exception to the rule, not even for animals; so the hunter's blood is shed on his return to the village when he has shed the blood of an animal. That is the savages' conception of justice—a conception which yet prevails in Western Europe as regards murder. Now, when both the offender and the offended belong to the same tribe, the tribe and the offended person settle the affair.<sup>39</sup> But when the offender belongs to another tribe, and that tribe, for one reason or another, refuses a compensation, then the offended tribe decides to take the revenge itself. But primitive folk so much consider everyone's acts as a tribal affair, dependent upon tribal approval, that they easily think the clan responsible for everyone's acts. Therefore, the due revenge may be taken upon any member of the offender's clan or relatives.<sup>40</sup> It may often happen, however, that the retaliation goes further than the offence. In trying to inflict a wound, they may kill the offender, or wound him more than they intended to do, and this becomes a cause for a new feud, so that the primitive legislators were careful in requiring the retaliation to be limited to an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and blood for blood.<sup>41</sup>

It is remarkable, however, that with most primitive folk like feuds are infinitely rarer than might be expected; though with some of them they attain quite abnormal proportions, especially with mountaineers who have been driven to the highlands by foreign invaders, such as the mountaineers of Caucasia, and especially those of Borneo—the Dyaks. With the Dyaks, the feuds have now gone so far that a young man can neither marry nor be proclaimed of age before he has secured the head of an enemy. This horrid practice has been fully described in a recent English work.<sup>42</sup> But it appears under quite another aspect when we learn that the Dyak head-hunter is not actuated by personal passion. He acts under what he considers as a moral obligation towards his tribe, just as the European judge who, in obedience to the same, evidently wrong, principle of 'blood for blood,' hands over the condemned murderer

<sup>39</sup> It is remarkable, however, that in case of a sentence of death, nobody will take upon himself to be the executioner. Everyone throws his stone, or gives his blow with the hatchet, carefully avoiding to give a mortal blow. At a later epoch, the priest will stab the victim with a sacred knife. Still later, it will be the king, until civilisation invents the hired hangman. See Bastian's deep remarks upon this subject in *Der Mensch in der Geschichte*, iii. *Die Blutrache*, pp. 1-36.

<sup>40</sup> In Africa, and elsewhere too, it is a widely spread habit, that if a theft has been committed, the next clan has to restore the equivalent of the stolen thing, and then look itself for the thief. A. H. Post, *Afrikanische Jurisprudenz*, Leipzig, 1887, vol. i. p. 77.

<sup>41</sup> See Prof. M. Kovalevsky's *Modern Customs and Ancient Law* (Russian), Moscow, 1886, vol. ii., which contains many important considerations upon this subject.

<sup>42</sup> See Carl Bock, *The Head-Hunters of Borneo*, London, 1881.

to the hangman. Both the Dyak and the judge would even feel remorse if sympathy moved them to spare the murderer. That is why the Dyaks, apart from the cruelties they commit when actuated by their misconception of justice, are depicted, by all those who know them, as otherwise most sympathetic people. Thus Carl Bock, the same author who has given such a terrible picture of head-hunting, writes:

As regards morality, I am bound to assign to the Dyaks a high place in the scale of civilisation. . . . Robberies and theft are entirely unknown among them. They also are very truthful. . . . If I did not always get the 'whole truth,' I always got, at least, nothing but the truth from them. I wish I could say the same of the Malays (pp. 209 and 210).

Bock's testimony is fully corroborated by that of Ida Pfeiffer. 'I fully recognised,' she wrote, 'that I should be pleased longer to travel among them. I usually found them honest, good, and reserved . . . much more so than any other nation I know.'<sup>43</sup> Stoltze used almost the same language when speaking of the Dyaks. They usually have but one wife, and treat her well. They are very sociable, and every morning the whole clan goes out for fishing, hunting, or gardening, in large parties. Their villages consist of big huts, each of which is inhabited by a dozen families, and sometimes by several hundred persons, peacefully living together. They show great respect for their wives, and are fond of their children; and when one of them falls ill, the women nurse him in turn. As a rule, they are very moderate in eating and drinking. Such is the Dyak in his daily life.

It would be a tedious repetition if more illustrations from savage life were given. Wherever we go we find the same sociable manners, the same spirit of solidarity. And when we endeavour to penetrate into the darkness of past ages, we find the same tribal life, the same associations of men, however primitive, for mutual support. Therefore, Darwin was quite right when he saw in man's social qualities the chief factor for his further evolution, and Darwin's vulgarisers are entirely wrong when they maintain the contrary.

The small strength and speed of man (he wrote), his want of natural weapons, &c., are more than counterbalanced, firstly, by his intellectual faculties (which, he remarked on another page, have been chiefly or even exclusively gained for the benefit of the community); and secondly, *by his social qualities*, which led him to give and receive aid from his fellow men.<sup>44</sup>

In the last century the 'savage' and his 'life in the state of nature' were idealised. But now scientists have gone to the opposite extreme, especially since some of them, anxious to prove the

<sup>43</sup> Ida Pfeiffer, *Meine zweite Weltreise*, Wien, 1856, vol. i. p. 116, *seq.* See also Müller and Temminch's *Dutch Possessions in Archipelago India*, quoted by Elisée Reclus, in *Géographie Universelle*, xiii.

<sup>44</sup> *Descent of Man*, second ed. pp. 63, 64.

animal origin of man, but not conversant with the social aspects of animal life, began to charge the savage with all imaginable 'bestial' features. It is evident, however, that this exaggeration is even more unscientific than Rousseau's idealisation. The savage is not an ideal of virtue, nor is he an ideal of 'savagery.' But the primitive man has one quality, elaborated and maintained by the very necessities of his hard struggle for life—he identifies his own existence with that of his tribe; and without that quality mankind never would have attained the level it has attained now.

Primitive folk, as has been already said, so much identify their lives with that of the tribe, that each of their acts, however insignificant, is considered as a tribal affair. Their whole behaviour is regulated by an infinite series of unwritten rules of propriety which are the fruit of their common experience as to what is good or bad—that is, beneficial or harmful for their own tribe. Of course, the reasonings upon which their rules of propriety are based sometimes are absurd in the extreme. Many of them originate in superstition; and altogether, in whatever the savage does, he sees but the immediate consequences of his acts; he cannot foresee their indirect and ulterior consequences—thus simply exaggerating a defect with which Bentham reproached civilised legislators. But, absurd or not, the savage obeys the prescriptions of the common law, however inconvenient they may be. He obeys them even more blindly than the civilised man obeys the prescriptions of the written law. His common law is his religion; it is his very habit of living. The idea of the clan is always present to his mind, and self-restriction and self-sacrifice in the interest of the clan are of daily occurrence. If the savage has infringed one of the smaller tribal rules, he is prosecuted by the mockeries of the women. If the infringement is grave, he is tortured day and night by the fear of having called a calamity upon his tribe. If he has wounded by accident any one of his own clan, and thus has committed the greatest of all crimes, he grows quite miserable: he runs away in the woods, and is ready to commit suicide, unless the tribe absolves him by inflicting upon him a physical pain and sheds some of his own blood.<sup>45</sup> Within the tribe everything is shared in common; every morsel of food is divided among all present; and if the savage is alone in the woods, he does not begin eating before he has loudly shouted thrice an invitation to anyone who may hear his voice to share his meal.<sup>46</sup>

In short, within the tribe the rule of 'each for all' is supreme, so long as the separate family has not yet broken up the tribal unity. But that rule is not extended to the neighbouring clans, or tribes, even when they are federated for mutual protection. Each tribe, or clan, is a separate unity. Just as among mammals and birds the

<sup>45</sup> See Bastian's *Mensch in der Geschichte*, iii. p. 7. Also Grey, *loc. cit.* ii. p. 238.

<sup>46</sup> Miklukho Macklay, *loc. cit.* Same habit with the Hottentots.

territory is roughly allotted among separate tribes, and, except in times of war, the boundaries are respected. On entering the territory of his neighbours one must show that he has no bad intentions; and if he enters a house, he must deposit his hatchet at the entrance. But no tribe is bound to share its food with the others: it may do so or it may not. Therefore the life of the savage is divided into two sets of actions, and appears under two different ethical aspects: the relations within the tribe, and the relations with the outsiders; and (like our international law) the 'inter-tribal' law widely differs from the common law. Therefore, when it comes to a war the most revolting cruelties may be considered as so many claims upon the admiration of the tribe. This double conception of morality passes through the whole evolution of mankind, and maintains itself until now. We Europeans have realised some progress—not immense, at any rate—in eradicating that double conception of ethics; but it also must be said that while we have in some measure extended our ideas of solidarity—in theory, at least—over the nation, and partly over other nations as well, we have lessened the bonds of solidarity within our own nations, and even within our own families.

The appearance of a separate family amidst the clan necessarily disturbs the established unity. A separate family means separate property and accumulation of wealth. But we saw how the Eskimos obviate its inconveniences; and it is one of the most interesting studies to follow in the course of ages the different institutions (village communities, guilds, and so on) by means of which the masses endeavoured to maintain the tribal unity, notwithstanding the agencies which were at work to break it down. On the other hand, the first rudiments of knowledge which appeared at an extremely remote epoch, when they confounded themselves with witchcraft, also became a power in the hands of the individual which could be used against the tribe. They were carefully kept in secrecy, and transmitted to the initiated only, in the secret societies of witches, shamans, and priests which we find among all savages. By the same time, wars and invasions created military authority, as also castes of warriors, whose associations or clubs acquired great powers. But at no period of man's life were wars the *normal* state of existence. While warriors exterminated each other, and the priests celebrated their massacres, the masses continued to live their daily life, they prosecuted their daily toil. And it is one of the most interesting of studies to follow that life of the masses; to study the means by which they maintained their own social organisation, which was based upon their own conceptions of equity, mutual aid, and mutual support—of common law, in a word, even when they were submitted to the most ferocious theocracy or autocracy in the state. That life we shall hope to analyse in a subsequent article.



## SLUM-MOTHERS AND DEATH-CLUBS.

### A VINDICATION.

WHEN Ivàn Ivanovitch, in Browning's fine poem, executed summary punishment on the unhappy mother who threw her children to pursuing wolves to save her own life, the old village pope not only excused him, but proclaimed him 'God's servant' for slaying her with his woodman's axe.

Among what monstrous things  
 Shall she be classed? Because of motherhood, each male  
 Yields to his partner place, sinks proudly in the scale:  
 His strength owned weakness, wit—folly, and courage—fear,  
 Beside the female proved male's mistress—only here.  
 The fox-dam, hunger-pined, will slay the felon sire  
 Who dares assault her whelp: the beaver, stretched on fire,  
 Will die without a groan: no pang avails to wrest  
 Her young from where they hide—her sanctuary breast.

When we read the dreadful records connected with the work undertaken by the Society for the Protection of Children from the cruelty of their parents and guardians; when we study the daily reports of child-insurance scandals, baby-farming cases, and the numerous instances of child desertion which are always cropping up—we are prone to think that the modern mother of the poorer class is only too ready to surrender her 'crown of pride,' and place herself below the maternal level of fox and beaver, at the promptings of greed and self-indulgence.

How many East-End mothers would fail in devotion to their offspring under such a terrible ordeal as the wretched Louÿscha in the poem had to face, the police reports may enable us to judge, but we must be careful not to be carried away by rash estimates as to the prevalence of such inhumanity amongst our poorer classes to any serious extent. The implications on working people which the proposal to limit the insurance of their children's lives suggests are certainly not justified by the facts. It is evidently the opinion of several London coroners and other competent authorities that the practice of child life insurance leads to child murder. In consequence of this prevalent belief, the parents of children on whom inquests are held are often—not to say usually—subjected to interrogations by

the coroner of an unpleasantly suggestive character. 'Is there any insurance on this child?' 'Does anybody gain anything by its death?' are the usual terms in which the parents are addressed. If the case happens to be one of overlaying in bed or of a class that in any way points to negligence, it is held to be suspicious if the mother has to answer in the affirmative. It is most unfortunate that this prejudice against infant life assurance has arisen. The provident habits of the working classes ought to be encouraged, and any legislation tending to deter them from such habits should be founded on very sure ground.

Whatever assists to keep the people away from the parish in time of misfortune renders them the greatest possible service. The family which is led to seek the relief offices of the workhouse has taken the first step on the path of degradation and disgrace. 'Once a pauper always a pauper,' is a workhouse maxim, and no proverb is more thoroughly borne out by the facts. And not only is the applicant too commonly pauperised for life, but the taint clings to the third and fourth generation. When a working man, whose weekly wage may be from a pound to thirty shillings a week, out of which he has to support himself, his wife, and three or four children, loses one of the latter after a more or less expensive illness, it very rarely happens—nor is it possible that it should be otherwise in the majority of cases—that he has a fund saved up out of which he can pay three or four pounds for a funeral, or provide a little decent mourning for his family, and he has no alternative but a loan or parish assistance. Is it not unjustifiable to hurt the feelings of such people, if they have insured their child, by even hinting that the two or three sovereigns insurance money has been the inducement for bringing about its death by direct or indirect means? It is easy to scold the poor for their extravagance at the death of their relatives, but the matter must be judged from their own standpoint.

Funerals in large towns must necessarily be somewhat costly. The removal of cemeteries to a distance from town necessitates a conveyance; there are no 'walking funerals' in London now, and carriage hire of any sort is expensive. Three or four pounds do not go far in paying even a poor man's undertaker and the fees, of one sort and another, which are imperative on such an occasion. Mr. Bradlaugh was laid to rest by friends dressed in their gay Sunday clothes (if such advanced folk make any distinction for Sunday), but we hope the day may be far distant when the British workman and his wife would go to the grave of their child without some mark of mourning such as other decent folk put on by a not unhallowed custom. It is very hard, indeed, to see how, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a family could make any profit whatever from the insurance money on a dead child. The bishops, clergymen, coroners, doctors, and other worthy persons who believe that a child-insurer is a probable child-murderer are led away by their own theories, to

which the facts offer very little support. As an East-End medical man, with considerable experience of the very poorest of the people, I have no hesitation in saying that the facts are quite opposed to the criminal theory.

It has been said that 'the parson sees men at their best, the lawyer at their worst, but the doctor as they really are': I claim this actual knowledge of the ways of the working people of the slums of London, and I can certify to a general tender regard for the welfare of their children which certainly fully equals that which obtains amongst the shop-keeping and lower middle class, to say nothing of higher grades. Woefully ignorant, horribly dirty and indolent, as they often doubtless are, I have generally found them scrupulously regardful of the internal health of their children, though they too often view troubles of the skin in a tolerant light. The money which poor folks spend with doctors and chemists on medicines and medical comforts, as a rule, far exceeds proportionately that which their richer neighbours disburse. Where the wife of a clerk or a shopkeeper will permit a child down with chicken-pox or measles to be doctored with home remedies, the working man's wife will have regular medical attendance if only for a day or two, 'just for safety like,' as she puts it. More depends upon it in the latter than in the former case. The poor are in constant dread of an inquest when there is sickness in their dwelling; their only way of avoiding this annoyance is by taking steps to secure a doctor's certificate to protect them from the inquisitorial visit of the coroner's officer. The money expended in medicines and advice must often be taken by the mother from the sum allowed for household expenses. Very frequently this is expected by the husband to cover everything.

The member of the family who, if anyone, has to be stinted, is the mother. I have very rarely indeed known a sick child to want for anything within her means, even if she have to go without necessaries for herself. After the long illness of a member of a poor household it is a common thing for the mother to break down from scanty feeding and anxious watching. One Monday morning, in the depth of the late terrible winter, a thin, poorly-clad little woman came through a snow-storm to an East-End workhouse to ask for food for her children. Her husband was lying ill in the infirmary and she had five children to support by charing and doing odd jobs. The woman had been an out-patient at the hospital herself for debility, and was taking tonic medicine at the time. The relieving officer was kind, and at once assisted the family with food. Ten minutes after the applicant had left the relief offices I was fetched in haste to see the poor woman, who had just reached home with the badly-needed food. She had placed the bread and meat on the table and had fallen dead on the bed! I was surprised to see five chubby, well-fed children standing by the bed on which lay their dead mother. The story was a common one: the food had all gone

to the little ones: the mother had sacrificed her life to save theirs! We are familiar enough with such things in East London. The parish doctor has no more arduous nor more anxious work to do than attending the children of the poor. Woe betide him if he fail in the regularity of his attendance on a pauper child suffering even from slight ailments! If complaints arise against him for neglect of what the mother considers sufficiently frequent attendance it will usually be in the case of a sick child—far more frequently than on her own account. Great numbers, even of pauper children, are insured, and many such have been under my professional care; but I have seldom been able to detect any greater indifference as to the progress of an illness in the bearing and attention of such a pauper mother towards her sick child than sometimes obtains in not over-affectionate parents of a better class. She is as regular in calling for the medicine, as minute in her attention to the different symptoms as they arise, and as emphatic in making the doctor understand and duly appreciate them, as though she were pecuniarily interested in saving her child's life, instead of being, as is charged, anxious to finger the gold promised by the death-club. I could not give the fathers by any means so good a character in this respect as I am proud to give the mothers.

I am not over-anxious to defend the beery and self-indulgent pauper male parent. He is too often careless enough of his family; but of the mother I can, on the whole, say nothing but good. 'A mother,' says Coleridge, 'is the holiest thing alive,' and I should endorse the sentiment even had I no other experience wherewith to illustrate it than that gleaned from my East London parish work. Once, and once only, in my long experience have I had to give medical evidence against a wedded mother in a criminal court on a charge of neglecting her child, and in her case drink was the cause.

So far as my own experience goes, I have no reason to think that the slum mothers are worse mothers than their more favoured sisters. The dearness of lodgings, the crowded homes, and the temptations to drink, added to the woful ignorance of elementary cooking and the general shiftlessness of the younger women of this class in London, are the most important factors which tend to make their domestic life so wretched and their children so unhealthy; but the hearts of the poor creatures are sound enough. I was called one night recently to see a young woman who was said to be dying; her sister informed me that 'the cold had seized her on the stummick, then she fainted, and so I sent to fetch her two pen'orth of stewed eels, which I tried to force her to swallow; but even them didn't bring her to, and she died in my arms!' This mistaken, but good-natured young woman must have been under the influence of the Board School system—yet it had done no more for her than that!

*THE STORY OF BIANCA CAPPELLO.*

THE Italian *novella* of the sixteenth century was not merely a work of art-invention. It bore but little resemblance to the more complex and profound productions which have distinguished literature in those later days in which the novel attained to its fullest art-development. The old *novella* was usually a plain, straightforward narrative of actual events which were connected with the romance of adventure, of tragedy, or of crime. Many of these *novelle*, or old stories, are still extant, and are written in more or less choice Italian. In the objective day in which the drama most vitally flourished, and in which it had its deepest interest and most effective influence, many of these Italian *novelle* were translated into French and English, and so became known to the dramatists of England in 'the spacious time of great Elizabeth.' Webster used the story of Vittoria Accoromboni, and also that of the Duchess of Amalfi. Shakespeare created his *Othello* out of Giraldi Cinthio's narrative of the Moor of Venice. Thomas Middleton, in his *Women Beware Women*, printed in 1657, showed that he possessed a rough acquaintance with Bianca's story.

Italy, in the time of the Renaissance, and of the Counter-Reformation, with Spain and France struggling for supremacy in a land divided into many principalities, and torn by internal dissensions—Italy, with a profoundly immoral Church, and a deeply depraved nobility and sovereignty—was the scene of many of those terrible tragical occurrences which afford strong motives to the tragic dramatist, and which present subjects for the morbid pathology of history. Passions were fierce and revenge was ruthless; prince and bravo murdered without hesitation or remorse; poison and the dagger were the ultimate arbitrament; and, as was but natural, the land and time produced infra-human heroines—women with the fatal gift of demonic beauty, with all the cunning of conscienceless intellect; women who stirred maddening passion, and who revelled in remorseless crime. Take, as a few instances of these Italian criminal dramas, the cases of the Signora di Monza, of Virginia Maria di Leyva, of Lucrezia Buonvisi, of the Sister Umilia, with her unholy loves and murders in the cloisters of S. Chiara; of the Cenci, of the Massimi, of the Duchess of Palliano, of Vittoria Accoromboni, and of Bianca Cappello.

This last story, which is less known and less clear than some of the others, I now propose to try to tell. It is difficult to get at the exact or the whole truth in connection with the fair Bianca, because dark deeds of violence and of fraud, when committed within the golden shadow projected by the throne, are but timidly recorded, and never by contemporary annalists, who are often but imperfectly informed, and who always dread the displeasure of dangerous princes, and fear the vengeance of the powerful. It is not easy to piece together the facts that can now be known in connection with the sons of Cosimo of the house of Medici, and with that house's most renowned, if most infamous, Grand Duchess, a woman at once so charming and so wicked; but still, to honest labour, it is possible to ascertain much, and conjectural insight can paint some not quite unsatisfactory picture which shall be, at least, imaginatively consistent and true. We must walk warily, and yet firmly, among the conflicting and imperfect records of historians, as we try to image to ourselves the life and times—for they belong with more than usual closeness to each other—of Bianca Cappello.

Among the old houses, the *case vecchie*, of Venice was that of Cappello. Saltini finds that the first recorded member of the family was one Marino Cappello, who lived in Venice in the eleventh century. The race would seem in Venice to have been wealthy, to have served the State with credit, and to have been not undistinguished in arts and arms. One of the family was a member of the *Consiglio Maggiore* in 1297; but the Cappelli had never given a doge to Venice. Of this prosperous race was born, on the 24th of August, 1519, *il magnifico* Signor Bartolommeo Cappello, whose mother was a Pisani. Bartolommeo would not appear to have been a man of great capacity, but was rather a fortunate and dignified mediocrity. In 1544 he married Pellegrina d'Ippolito Morosini, a beautiful young lady, with a large dowry, and of a distinguished family which had given to Venice doges and cardinals. It was a fortunate marriage for the magnificent Bartolommeo. From this union sprang two children—Vettore, a boy, born on the 18th of August 1547, and Bianca, a girl, born about a year later. The dignified, if commonplace Bartolommeo and the gentle and lovely Pellegrina had therefore been married about three years before they were blessed with children. The little girl was a child of quite distinctive loveliness, of singular vivacity, gifted with a strong will, and with individual force of character—qualities which characterised her girlhood and, indeed, her whole after-life. Her education was, no doubt, the education common in that day to the daughters of noble Venetian families; and between mother and daughter there existed a strong and tender attachment—a thing not quite so common in Venice in the sixteenth century. In after-life, when powerful, wicked, and unhappy, Bianca always spoke of, her

mother in terms of the utmost tenderness and of the most vivid regret; but, when about ten years of age, Bianca had the great misfortune to lose this loved and loving mother, a loss which probably had great influence upon her future fate and fortunes. Her father, the magnifico Signor Bartolommeo, gave Bianca a step-mother, by marrying, in 1559, Lucrezia di Girolomo Grimani, widow of Andrea Contarini. She was the niece of a doge, and sister of Giovanni, the Patriarch of Aquileia. This, from a worldly point of view, was another good match for Bartolommeo. The lady was no longer young, nor was she renowned for charm. She is said to have been *di cattivo cuore*—bad-hearted; but to her, as step-mother, was entrusted the young, the lovely and lively Bianca. The choice was unfortunate, since stepmother and stepdaughter could not and did not agree. The position was difficult, and there was no possible sympathy or affection between the two women. The unmarried girls of a noble Venetian family were, in those days, brought up in almost Oriental seclusion; and their lives must have been woefully dreary and full of *ennui*. The case must have been worse than common where a tyrannical step-mother attempted to coerce and constrain a high-spirited step-daughter. Such a step-daughter would become an adept in intrigue and in deception. The natural desires of youth could only obtain some sort of gratification by the exercise of adroit cunning and unprincipled diplomacy. Bianca was clearly being trained in a very bad school of morals.

When the girl was about fifteen, she was already designated as *un portento di bellezza*—a miracle of beauty; and her personal appearance is described in a way which seems like an attempt to depict an ideal through the description of a living person. Special mention is made of *sul mento una gentile fossetta*, of a delicious dimple in her chin. She was of middle stature, softly rounded as a Hebe in her graceful shape. Her hair was light, darkening to a golden, chestnut. Her large, victorious eyes were *di una tinta scura color del mare*; and her forehead was of serene width and space. She was dazzlingly fair of complexion, with just a touch of rose-bloom in the tenderly rounded cheek. The nose was subtly modelled, the mouth beautiful in detail. Her hands and feet were delicate and small. She expressed grace, dignity, charm, passion; and yet was effluent of a certain power of clear intelligence and of distinct will.

Were there already hints, discernible by the discerning, of what her character might become when moulded by circumstance? Still, to look at, she was a poet's beauty, and possessed a rare fascination. We have attained some glimpses of the physiognomy of her figure and her personality. The child of her land and of her time, her worst qualities would be engendered and also developed by the facts of her early life in Venice, and it would go hard but she should better the instruction. Many witch-women have combined the outside of

an angel with a demon within; and, in spite of the snow upon the surface of Bianca's radiant youth, there was, beneath that, a volcano hidden only from observation by the veneer of hypocrisy taught to her by the duenna and the priest. Both the natural and artificial modesty of her repressed youth concealed daring passion and lawless ambition; and Bianca was ready to risk all breach of custom in order to essay the longed-for life of passion, of emotion, of excitement, and of change. The house of her father, and of her step-mother, could not hold her when the fairy prince—were he a real or a sham one—should come, and should call to her. Meanwhile, a crisis in her early life was impending, and her fate was waiting for her—in the next street. The palace of the magnifico Bartolommeo Cappello in Venice was situated at the foot of the Ponte Storto. Almost opposite to this house stood another grand and antique palace, which was the dwelling of the great Florentine bankers, Salviati. The manager or, as we should now say, director of this Venetian branch of the illustrious bank was Giovan Battista Buonaventuri, a man of mature years, of integrity, ability, and dignity. He lived in the Salviati palace, and had with and under him his nephew Piero, son of Ser Zanobi Buonaventuri, a notary, and *cancelliere della Mercanzia* at Florence. Piero was born in Florence on the 6th of April, 1539. He was handsome, showy, vain, and light of character. *Era sempre a caccia di galanti avventure*; he was always seeking love adventures—a pursuit which, in the Venice of his day, in which there were great licence of love and also great freedom of assassination, was dangerous as well as diverting. He was commonly taken to be a son of the great house of Salviati—a supposition which he gladly favoured; *che egli, ambizioso com' era, lasciava credere volentieri*.

One day this gallant young banker's clerk saw Bianca at a window in the *secondo piano* of her father's house. Piero knew well who Bianca was; she took him to be one of the sons of Salviati. Piero also knew well that Bartolommeo Cappello would have slain his daughter with his own hand rather than give her to him in marriage, and he resorted to a clandestine correspondence. The lovers discoursed with speaking eyes and kindling cheeks, until an interview could be arranged. This was not quite an easy matter to manage—but it was managed. At this particular time her step-mother had fallen ill, so that surveillance had become somewhat slack. Bianca had a composure of mind in the face of difficulties which was beyond her years, and she had to the full the Italian genius for intrigue. She was solitary and sad, and her girlish fancy saw in the young Salviati (as she then took him to be) her first lover. Piero obtained an interview, and the young lovers exchanged vows and rings. Interviews became frequent. Piero's uncle favoured the adventure, and Bianca succeeded in corrupting her father's people. She gained over to her ends Giovanna, the matron of the house, her daughter



Maria, and Marietta, wife of the gondolier of the Palazzo Cappello. For months the lovers indulged in stolen assignations, which were never detected, and they would seem to have met indifferently at the houses of the father of the lady and the uncle of the lover. Gradually the knowledge came to Bianca that Piero was not a Salviati, but merely a Buonaventuri. At first the shock to her Venetian patrician pride was great; but she really loved Piero, and the amour had gone too far to enable her to retreat, even if she had wanted to do so.

Love was precipitated into flight and marriage by a singular little incident.

When Bianca went to visit her happy lover in the Salviati palace, she left half open a little side door in her father's house, and through this door she re-entered her home in silence and in secrecy. One night, or early morning, a friend of Cappello passed by the house, and saw this door standing ajar. Fearing thieves, the friend shut the door, intending, no doubt, to mention the fact to the magnifico Bartolommeo. Bianca assumed, in her dread, that all would be discovered; and, afraid to return to her father's roof, she went back to the house of her lover.

On the morning of the 28th or 29th of November 1563, the terrified lovers quitted Venice in hurried flight. Bianca took with her some money and jewels, and the uncle probably assisted Piero. They travelled rapidly by way of Ferrara, Bologna, Pistoia, reached Florence in safety; and went straight, as uninvited guests, to the house of Piero's parents, which was situated in the Piazza San Marco, close to the great church of San Marco; in which Bianca and Piero were married, 12th of December 1563. Meanwhile, the flight of the lovers had, of course, been discovered in Venice. The magnifico Bartolommeo Cappello raged as violently, and as vainly, as did a certain Signor Brabantio on a somewhat similar occasion; but in neither case could the results of love and marriage be undone.

All Italy resounded with the adventure. The romantic *mésalliance* occupied all tongues, and in Venice patrician indignation was deeply stirred. The *orgoglio superbo di que' nobili veneziani* supported the father with great sympathy from all nobles, friends, and relatives. He at once presented a *querela*, a complaint, to the great *Consiglio de' Dieci*, in which he spoke bitterly of the *scelerati e perfidi* who had so basely stolen from him his *unica figliuola di età di anni XVI in circa*. He inveighs against the most wicked Piero Buonaventuri and his helpful uncle, and implores the Council of Ten to make such a demonstration as shall be an *esempio al mondo* (an example to the world). He writes 'not without tears.'

The Council decided that the petition of the *nobil omo messer Bartolommeo Cappello* should be referred to the *clarissimi Avogadori*—that is, to their department of police. The uncle of Piero,

and those unfortunate accomplices of Bianca, whom she had influenced and corrupted, were at once imprisoned.

Florence and Venice were then on friendly terms. We find the envoy of Florence, Signor Cosimo Bartoli, reporting the case to his Prince; and the Venetian Republic no doubt addressed a remonstrance to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, because the Duke, or his son Francesco, at first proposed to imprison Piero and to place Bianca in a convent. Thereupon the beautiful Bianca urged her pretty plea, that what she had done had been done under the strong impulse of youthful and irresistible love; that her sole offence was love leading to marriage; that she had had an unhappy home, a careless father, and a harsh step-mother; and that she had so loved her Piero. The married couple were ordered to confine themselves to the house of Ser Zanobi, a step partly taken in order to secure Piero from Venetian daggers which might have reached as far as Florence.

In following the fortunes of the fair Bianca we often find ourselves upon the debateable ground which is claimed by romance as well as history, and different writers present different pictures of her early life in Florence. Some writers represent that the Venetian lady had entered upon a life of abject poverty—that the one female servant of her father-in-law was dismissed, and that Bianca herself had to do the ‘meanest chares,’ and to discharge all domestic drudgery; while others paint the household of Piero’s father as indeed modest, but not indigent. It seems clear that Bianca had sacrificed much for her love, and that the small dwelling of the Florentine notary must, at best, have been poor and mean when compared with the splendour of the Palazzo Cappello. Of course, her angry father paid no dowry to his fugitive child, and Piero had no fortune. The young pair had only such money and jewels as Bianca had been able to take away with her. By his marriage Piero had forfeited a secure existence in the bank of Salviati, nor did he find any immediate prospect of earning in Florence. He was, in fact, a pauper, supported, as also was his wife, by his parents, while his needs were as great as his vanity. Light, trivial, ambitious and unprincipled, boastful and arrogant, Piero became discontented, and began to contemplate the possibility of ducal favour and protection, to be obtained by means of his lovely wife. One day the heir-apparent, Prince Francesco, rode by the house in which Bianca lived, and chanced to see the beauty at a window. The Duke conceived a passion for the lovely young Venetian, and Bianca was soon exposed to temptation. Everything was in favour of the Prince and against Bianca. Francesco soon found panders. The Spaniard Mondragone, and his wife, invited Bianca to their house, and there arranged a meeting between the lady and the Prince. At first Bianca repulsed his passion, but implored his pity. Francesco’s love increased, and he showered emoluments and employments upon

Piero. The wedded pair moved to a fine house near the ducal palace. The favourite of Francesco became insolent, rapacious, haughty, licentious. He was unfaithful to his fair wife, and he became generally hated. Power, wealth, position were his; and Piero owed to Bianca a life of pleasure and of influence which surpassed the dreams of his ambition or the hopes of his vanity.

In Venice, as time wore on, anger slackened and there was a cessation of all attempts to undo the undoable. The uncle was released from prison, but he had contracted an illness in his dungeon, and he died a day or two after recovering his freedom. The inferior agents in the abduction of Bianca were also released from captivity.

Piero and Bianca had one child, a daughter, named Pellegrina, who afterwards married Count Ulisse Bentivoglio. The unhappy woman was, in 1598, assassinated in Bologna, by order of her husband, for infidelity to him. Bianca never again became a mother.

With prosperity, Piero became intolerable. He was grossly unfaithful to his wife, and indulged openly in illicit amours. He was, however, a complacent husband; and Bianca yielded to the passion of the Prince. She may have been outraged by her husband's conduct, but it is more than likely that her keen Italian brain and subtle ambition realised all the advantages certain to accrue from becoming the adored mistress of an amorous young prince, enslaved to her will, who was about to become Prince Regent (he was appointed to that post in 1564), and who would, in the course of nature, reign as Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Piero grew insufferable, and Francesco wanted him removed—an easy thing to compass in Florence in the sixteenth century, for a man in the Prince's position. Piero had offended the Ricci family, partly on account of an amour, which the doomed man paraded, with a lady of the house; and, with the connivance and approbation of the Prince, Piero was set upon and assassinated in the street, near his own house, by the Ricci and their *bravi*. Bianca was, therefore, a widow, and the mistress of Francesco.

When attacked by his assailants Piero defended himself with resolution, and killed or wounded several of them. He was ultimately slain just before his own house; and legend here gives us a glimpse of a very striking scene. The house was disturbed by the noise of conflict and by the clashing of blades. A light appeared at a window, and this light showed the face of a fair pale lady. It was Bianca that looked out. She had been warned by the Prince that he could no longer protect Piero; who, probably when he was murdered, was returning from an assignation with his mistress. She, the adulterous wife, must have regarded with very complex feelings the bleeding corpse of her unfaithful husband, as it was carried in over his own threshold. And yet Piero had been her first love, and she had once loved him well. His death cleared the way

for her second lover—he a prince, who offered so much to ambition. We can fancy a dramatic picture at the doorstep of his house on the night of Piero's murder.

The position of Francesco compelled him to marry in his own rank; and Bianca, secure of her influence over him, was too wily and too wise to oppose the inevitable. The Duke married Giovanna, Archiduchessa d'Austria, a lady more distinguished for virtues than for charms; and she in her turn had to submit to the inevitable, and to know, though very unwillingly as a wronged and unloved wife, that her husband had a mistress—Bianca did not then aspire to be more—whom he wholly loved and in whom he blindly trusted.

The Duchess was, of course, of suitably high birth, and was a distinguished personage, well qualified, by descent and influence, to become the mother of possible future Grand Dukes of Tuscany. As such Francesco regarded her; but beyond that he cared nothing for her. Giovanna was far from beautiful, nor had her manners any charm. She had no witchery of womanhood; but allowance must be made for the fact that her joyless life was embittered, and her temper soured, by the undisguised relations between her husband and Bianca. In addition to surpassing beauty, the Venetian mistress had gaiety, wit, and will. Her very ability improved with the ampler opportunity of her position of power. She had readiness of resource and promptitude of invention. Her lover was indolent, selfish, sensual. She could advise, and soothe, and help, and charm him. He was wholly enslaved to her will; subjugated by her woman's wit and feminine magic of charm. He was infatuated with Bianca, and she ruled Tuscany through its ruler. So far as Francesco was capable of love, he loved his Venetian witch.

The Duke's great anxiety was to have an heir male, since, failing a son to succeed him, the grand duchy would pass to his brother Ferdinando, the Cardinal de' Medici. Giovanna, to the Duke's angry disappointment, brought him only daughters; while Bianca herself, whose son, if she bore one, might be made legitimate, remained barren. It is time to snatch a glimpse of the family de' Medici in connection, at least, with the Florence of the day of Bianca Cappello.

The first Grand Duke of Tuscany was Cosimo, born 1519, the father of Francesco, of Ferdinando, and of Pietro. Cosimo married, in 1539, Eleanora di Toledo; and had issue by her, Francesco, afterwards Grand Duke, born 1541, Giovanni, Garzia, Ferdinando, cardinal and afterwards Grand Duke; Pietro, Maria (a daughter whose dark death by poison is wrapped in mystery); Lucrezia, who married Alfonso the Second, Duke of Ferrara; Isabella, married to Paolo Giordano Orsini; Virginia, married to Cesare d'Este, Duke of Modena; and a son named Giovanni, against whose name appears in the shield the significant letter N. Eleanora degli Albizzi was the

mother of this natural son; and Camilla Martelli, whom Cosimo afterwards married, was the mother of Donna Virginia, who was born out of wedlock.

Cosimo the First was a tyrant; truculent, cruel, energetic, ruthless. He was feared and was hated; but he was capable and crafty, and raised himself to the position of the most powerful prince of Italy. He had domestic misfortunes as well as domestic relaxations. His second son, Giovanni, was made a cardinal when quite a boy; and this young prince of the Church was slain by the sword in a quarrel, by his brother, Don Garzia. The slayer of his brother went to his father to plead for pardon, but Cosimo, in the very presence of the youth's mother, Eleanora di Toledo, stabbed Don Garzia to death; and the Duchess, the miserable witness of this second crime, died of grief. For some interference with his amours, Cosimo killed, with his own hand, his chamberlain, Sforza. Ferdinando, the fourth son, was made a cardinal in the place of the slaughtered Giovanni. Partly in imitation of Charles the Fifth, partly in consequence of these domestic tragedies, Cosimo, in 1564, abdicated in favour of his son, Francesco, who became Prince Regent. The Grand Duke resigned under certain limitations, and retained, in his own hands, a reserved power of sovereignty. However severely his domestic afflictions may have pressed upon the good man, Galluzzi tells us that *Cosimo inclinato all' amore per sensibilità e per temperamento, dopo la morte della Duchessa non potè lungo tempo sostenersi senza gustare di questa passione*; and, in 1566, he appointed the other Eleanora to the position of his mistress, this arrangement being entered into with the consent of the father of the young lady.

She bore him, in 1567, one son, Don Giovanni, and Cosimo, then getting tired of her, married her to one Carlo Panciatichi. He replaced her by Camilla Martelli, whom, in 1570, after she had presented him with a bastard daughter, Donna Virginia (he acknowledged the child to be his), he married, much in the way in which Louis the Fourteenth afterwards married Madame de Maintenon. Camilla was not Granduchessa, in order not to offend Francesco's wife, l'Archiduchessa Giovanna d'Austria. The relations of the father with the fair sex restrained him from expressing his natural moral indignation at the *liaison* between his son and Bianca Cappello. Each tolerated the weaknesses of the other; but, after Cosimo's death, in 1574, Francesco immured his father's widow in a convent, in which she was subjected to the most rigorous seclusion and treatment. Excusing Cosimo, Galluzzi says that he formed such connections because he 'could not get on without some amour' (*non potendo continuare senza qualche passione*); and the sons took after the father. Violante Martelli, the niece of Camilla, afterwards became the mistress of Ferdinando; but, when he married, the then Grand Duke wedded Violante to Giulio Ricci of Montepulciano. The story

of the house of Martelli, a house so highly honoured by a kind of morganatic marriage with Cosimo the First, is not without its tragedy. The father, Antonio Martelli, a man of good birth, had sunk so low that one of his daughters, sister of Camilla, had married an obscure shoemaker, a certain Ghinucci. Such a man could not be a creditable connection to a grand duke, and poor Ghinucci was assassinated, while his two sons were compelled to assume the name of Martelli. Violante was the daughter of the unfortunate Ghinucci. In 1567 Cosimo sent his friend, Carnesecchi, to Rome and to the flames. The love of the Medici was almost as fatal as their hate. Don Pietro, the fifth son of Cosimo, was the foulest and basest of even the race of Medici. His depravity was boundless, and his crimes unspeakable. He was married to an Eleanora di Toledo, and she leant so far to the morality of her day as to repay his vile infamies by conjugal infidelity. Pietro stabbed his wife at Cafaggiolo, and the monster was not thought the worse of for his bloody deed.

The fairest and brightest of all the Medici was Donna Isabella, daughter of Cosimo, and sister of Francesco, Ferdinando, and Pietro. She was of rare beauty and of charming manners, learned and witty—a true *virago*. She spoke several languages, and was a good musician. Such a woman was the charm of the court of Florence, and, without love on her part, she was married to a man who was held to be one of the great matches of Italy. This was Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano. His Grace was gigantic and corpulent; so unwieldy of figure that he could hardly find a horse to carry him, and so obese that he was excused his genuflexions when in the presence of the Pope. He was lethargic, diseased, and debauched, and had no sympathy for the bright, if unloving, wife to whom he was married in 1553. He was very little in Florence, and Isabella was placed under the guardianship of the Duke's kinsman, Troilo Orsini. Isabella was a Medici, and was tainted with the morals of the court of Florence. She fell into sweet sin, much as Francesca da Rimini had done, with Troilo. Her husband returned to Florence, invited his wife to his villa of Cerreto Guidi, and there, in 1576, strangled the peerless duchess with his own hands. Both Francesco and Ferdinando continued to be on friendly terms with the murderer of their sister; and, indeed, could hardly object to an assassination so similar to that committed by their own brother, Pietro.

But Nemesis overtook the Duke who had avenged his honour—his honour!—by such a murder. He fell desperately in love with the fair Vittoria Accoromboni, the 'white witch' of Webster. She was born, in 1557, in Gubbio, of poor but noble parents, and was married to Francesco Perretti, nephew of Perretti of Montalto, afterwards Sixtus the Fifth.

When she became the mistress and desired to become the wife of Bracciano, her husband was assassinated, and Vittoria was tried for

the murder. The Duke, however, boldly acknowledged the deed, and no unpleasant consequences followed. He married Vittoria, and left a will in which he bequeathed to her the bulk of his enormous property, and then the fair wife poisoned him. His kinsman, Lodovico Orsini, indignant at the will, and detesting Vittoria, sent forty *bravi* to her house in Padua, and they murdered both the guilty widow and her brother Flaminio. The bodies were publicly exposed, and the beauty of Vittoria stirred pity and excited admiration. Lodovico stood a siege, until Padua brought artillery to play upon his house. He was arrested, interrogated by the court of Padua, and was strangled in prison. So ended that tragedy.

Francesco, besotted and lethargic, was as cruel as his father, if not so strong or clear. Cosimo, Francesco, Ferdinando, Pietro, though differing in degrees of character or in shades of crime, were all essentially Medici, and had a fierce family resemblance in their traits and tendencies. The Cardinal was more energetic than Francesco; he was dissolute, extravagant, unscrupulous, but he was a master of craft and of intrigue, and if he had not become a prince, he would probably have obtained the Papacy. He had great influence in Rome, and understood thoroughly the ways and wiles of the Roman court. It was his influence which, exercised to thwart the Farnese, made Perretti of Montalto Pope Sixtus the Fifth. Seeing his brother Francesco without male heirs, Ferdinand tenaciously fixed his ambitious hopes upon becoming Grand Duke of Tuscany. Cosimo was the first Duke of Florence and Sienna who had raised his title to that of Grand Duke of Tuscany. One anecdote of Ferdinand, while he was still cardinal, is so characteristic as to be worth reproduction here.

During the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth, crimes of violence, committed by private individuals, were unusually prevalent in Italy, and were frequent even in Rome; and the Pope forbade, under pain of death, the carrying of short arms in the Vatican. One day, Prince Farnese let fall from his dress a small pistol, which, indeed, dropped at the very feet of the pontiff. Farnese was condemned to be hanged at the first hour of the night; that is, one hour after sunset. The Florentine Cardinal de' Medici, a prelate full of resource and of turbulence, found means to put back by one full hour every public clock in Rome except that of the Vatican. At the hour fixed for the execution, Cardinal Ferdinando went to the Pope, and begged for mercy for Farnese. Sixtus, thinking that the execution must already have taken place, graciously pardoned the culprit, and Ferdinando went off to Sant' Angelo, and delivered Farnese from captivity. When the Pope became aware of the trick played upon him by the cunning Cardinal he was greatly enraged, and resolved to arrest Ferdinando, whom he both feared and hated—feared for his haughty insolence, and hated for his cynical contempt for the sacred occupant of the papal chair.

Ferdinando at once went to the Vatican, his cardinal's robe covering a cuirass and his arms, having first taken the precaution of occupying every door and passage of the Vatican with his own adherents. Sixtus soon saw the glitter of the cuirass under the priestly robe. 'My lord cardinal, my lord cardinal, what may this raiment mean?' 'This, O most Holy Father, is the robe of a cardinal; and—beneath that is the habit of an Italian prince.' 'Cardinal, cardinal, we are able to strike the scarlet hat from thy head!' 'And if your Holiness remove the hat of felt, I must replace it by one of steel.'

And therewith the audacious Florentine retired from the audience and left the Vatican. He summoned his adherents and retreated to his own Tuscany; nor did the Pope obtain any revenge for the daring insult. His comfort may have been, that he owed the triple hat to the depraved, astute, and defiant Medici.

We have now obtained a glimpse of the chief actors in the obscure and tangled story of Bianca Cappello.

Public events of great importance occurred in her day in Florence. In 1571 was fought the battle of Lepanto, while in 1572 occurred the massacre of St. Bartholomew, an event which caused in Florence even more rejoicing than did the victory of Don John. Cosimo sent a special ambassador to Paris, to congratulate the Queen-mother, the young King, and the Church. Tuscany, through the house of Medici, gave two queens to France—Catarina de' Medici, wife of Henry the Second, and Maria de' Medici, wife of Henry the Fourth. The daughter of Maria, Henrietta Maria, became queen of England. In 1574 the Grand Duke Cosimo the First died, and his son Francesco, who had long been Regent, reigned in his stead.

The Grand Duchess had produced only daughters. The unfortunate wife of Francesco had complained loudly of her wrongs, and had appealed to Cosimo and to her brothers; but she was exhorted to patience by men of the world who were in full sympathy with the amatory irregularities of princes.

Francesco's eager desire for an heir male had become a morbid longing, and had increased his lymphatic melancholy. He could not bear the idea that one of his brothers should succeed him on the throne of Tuscany. Bianca also felt keenly the curse—it was a curse to her—of sterility; and she resorted to philtres, to incantations, to medicines, to magic, and to the assistance of a Hebrew sorceress, in the hope of having a son. She left untried no means which quackery or depravity could suggest. Her nature became coarser and more cunning as the peculiar circumstances of her abandoned life worked upon her desires and her interests; and she had become ripe for any great crimes of perfidy or of violence.

In 1576 Bianca procured three women of the lower ranks in Florence who were about to be confined. Two of these had girl children, but the third bore a boy, and this child Bianca passed off



upon her husband and the world as her own. The three mothers were secretly put out of the way. Francesco was in raptures. As a compliment to the saint who had granted a son to their prayers, the young boy was called Antonio. The deceit succeeded for a time; but, in 1577, a *governante Bolognese*, who was Bianca's confidante, and had managed the whole business of the fraud of the pretended childbirth, left Florence on a visit to her native Bologna. Whether this woman would there have revealed the secret, must remain a secret to us; but Bianca would not trust a person who possessed such dangerous knowledge; and, as the unhappy *governante* neared her native city, she was set upon by men in whom she recognised the *bravi* of Bianca, and was fired upon. Though mortally wounded, the woman reached Bologna, and there, before her death, she made an official declaration<sup>1</sup> which revealed the whole infamous fraud connected with the birth of Antonio. This declaration was forwarded to the Cardinal at Rome, and it is not difficult to conceive the feelings with which his Eminence would receive such news; but the strange thing is that Francesco, when the truth was made known to him, forgave Bianca her foul deceit, and did not withdraw his favour from Don Antonio. He must have been a lethargic Antony, wholly unfettered by his vehement and ignoble passion for his enchantress. No one knows who the parents of Antonio were. He may have been a bastard, springing from the very dregs of the people; but he certainly was not the offspring of Francesco or of Bianca; yet this unknown child was brought up in splendour and in affluence, received a title, became a person of influence, and led a life surrounded by luxury, pleasure, wealth.

In after-years Ferdinando compelled Don Antonio to assume the Cross of Malta, in order that he might be incapable of the succession. At the death of Francesco, Ferdinando had nothing to fear from Antonio, who, if he had been dangerous, would probably have been poisoned. The sententious Galluzzi says: *l'orditura di questo inganno costò alla Bianca e suoi complici molte scelleratezze*. The Grand Duchess raised shrill complaints, as loud as futile. The Emperor, and the Archdukes Ferdinando and Charles, remonstrated; but to no purpose. Nothing could shake the infatuated Francesco; no one could conquer the indomitable Bianca. By a strange irony of fate, the Grand Duchess bore a lawful son, Don Filippo, born on the 11th of April, 1578. All the evil done by Bianca and by the Duke seemed to have been idle and useless; but Don Filippo died, March 1582, not without suspicion of poison. No public funeral was accorded to the remains of the young prince and heir. His mother, the Grand Duchess Giovanna, predeceased her son, dying shortly after his birth, in April 1578. She was pitied for her sorrows and her wrongs; she was respected for her virtues, but she had not possessed

<sup>1</sup> (The date of this declaration is November 1577.)

the secret of winning love. Rudolf the Second of Germany proposed, to the widowed Grand Duke, a marriage with the daughter of the Archduke Karl of Austria; but Francesco was not to mate again with a princess. Five months after the death of Giovanna, he privately married Bianca Cappello, whom he installed in the palace as a governess to his three young daughters. It had cost even Bianca some exertions to obtain this concession from her lover's weakness. She claimed an old promise, she threatened, she implored, she charmed, she alluded to suicide. The *frate confessore* who performed the private marriage was made Bishop of Chiusi; and Ferdinando, who expected that his brother would form a royal alliance, and who did not then know of the private ceremony, was surprised to find the Bianca, that he hated and dreaded, a resident of the ducal palace. He remonstrated angrily with his brother, and returned in bitterness to Rome. A duel between the Cardinal and Bianca became inevitable. Bianca, in her turn, must have feared and loathed the energetic and terrible Cardinal. They were worthy antagonists, and they were deadly enemies. They could smile, and murder while they smiled; they could speak fair, and yet keep silence about their dark and deep intents. Contemporaries may well have doubted whether the woman's cunning or the Cardinal's guile would prevail. On the 12th of October, 1579, Francesco the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany, married, in ostentatious splendour, 'the infamous Bianca Cappello.' This was the great triumph in the life of the fair Venetian.

Claudius says of Gertrude:—

and for myself—

My virtue, or my plague, be it either which—

She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,

That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,

I could not but by her.

Bianca had become a necessity to the enslaved Francesco. Her charms, her arts, her dominant will, had wholly subjugated him; and his weakness could not resist her imperious desire for an open and a public marriage. Bianca had risen to be Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

The Cardinal was bidden to the wedding, but he refused to attend. A vague rumour floats through history that he then attempted to poison Bianca. If that were so, he did not succeed. The Medici were adepts in poisoning—Cosimo had a laboratory of studies in the art—but Bianca had probably learned all that they knew, and was also well acquainted with antidotes.

Francesco had a sort of explanation with his indignant brother, in which, *scusando la violenza della passione, le promesse, e la sua debolezza, rivelare le agitazioni interne che lo affliggevano*. His was the confession of a weak man under the spell of an enchantress. The Cardinal was not weak; he was heir to the throne, failing lawful

male heirs, and he had, doubtless, his own thoughts and purposes. He could wait, and ripen a purpose in silence.

Francesco wrote to Venice, saying that he already had one son (Antonio) by Bianca, and that he confidently reckoned upon further offspring from his wife.

For it was Bianca's hour of triumph over that Venice which had used her so harshly. The ardent young girl who, in the audacity of her first love adventures, had fled with her banker's clerk—who had exasperated her relatives, and outraged the feelings of the *nobili* of what Goethe terms *die Biber Republik*—was now Grand Duchess of the foremost principality of Italy. She conquered proud Venice as thoroughly as she had subdued her ducal adorer.

Bianca was formally adopted as a daughter of St. Mark—Venice thus ranking her with the queens of Hungary and of Cyprus.

Venice sent a splendid embassy to Florence, and this embassy was accompanied by Bianca's father and brother, now wholly reconciled to the daughter and sister that they had once so fiercely denounced. Bartolommeo and Vettore were made knights, and were loaded with presents. Francesco, who was naturally parsimonious, spent enormous sums upon the wedding festivities. It was, indeed, a time of triumph for Bianca; and yet, behind her life, there was a haggard horror: there was no heir, and there was a relentless Cardinal. Vettore, or Vittorio, remained in Florence, elevated to the rank of minister. Her father returned to Venice.

Bianca now enjoyed most things for which her heart could wish. Her position was truly splendid. She was rich beyond the dreams of avarice, she had gardens, villas, pleasures, *fêtes*; she was supreme in the State, and received, at least, mouth-honour from the court and from the nobility. Francesco, supine and lethargic, withdrew more and more from public life, and amused himself by looking on while his fair wife governed. He was vengeful, and had a long arm to reach conspirators, some of whom he struck down by dagger and by bowl, even in Paris and in London. Their confiscated estates devolved upon Bianca. This was the time of venality, corruption, caprice, favouritism in government. Bianca reigned supreme, and dispensed all honours and favours. Her brother proved dishonest, shameless, incompetent, and intolerable, and had to be sent back to Venice, with a large fortune.

Meantime the people murmured, and Bianca and the Duke were really playing the game of the Cardinal. Francesco had always been a puppet of Spain, and had despoiled his people in order to furnish Philip with subsidies. Lampoons, libels, satires upon Duke and Duchess were frequent and were bitter. Swollen with pride and vainglory as she was, Bianca must, at times, have felt uneasiness, as she knew that she and her government were held in execration and contempt. Outside the court party she had no adherents. No

heir would come, and she must have known well what eyes, and with what expression in them, were watching her in Rome. She desired, partly out of fear, partly out of policy, a genuine reconciliation—if such a thing were possible—with the terrible and dangerous Cardinal de' Medici. Perhaps she was too sanguine, perhaps she failed to judge her opponent rightly.

Once more the rumour spread that Bianca was *enceinte*, and she herself took all measures to confirm the belief. Francesco was delighted. Surely a good occasion for reconciliation with the Cardinal! He was invited to Florence to be present at the *accouchement* of his fair sister-in-law. This time it was to be a lawful and undoubted heir. No other Antonio was contemplated.

Appearances had deceived the hopes of those who had so intensely longed for an heir. The Duchess was not really pregnant. No heir came; but the Cardinal arrived, on the 1st of October, 1587. He was invited to join his brother and Bianca at *Poggio a Cajano*, a hunting-lodge belonging to the Grand Duke.

At this villa occurred the mysterious deaths of Francesco and Bianca.

In endeavouring to analyse the facts connected with these strange and sudden deaths, we are treading anxiously among pitfalls, and are reduced to hypotheses. We have carefully to weigh and to balance probabilities. No one on earth had the same interest in the deaths of Francesco and Bianca as had Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici. After a hunting party, the Grand Duke was suddenly seized with violent illness; and the symptoms would seem to have been not inconsistent with a supposition of poisoning. He died on the 19th of October, 1587, and on the 20th of October, eleven hours after the death of her husband, Bianca followed him. 'And I too must die with my lord!' said the unhappy woman when she, then lying mortally ill, heard that the Duke was gone. Ferdinando acted with energy. He at once seized the fortresses and assumed the government. The Florentines made no objection to the accession of their new ruler.

The suspicions of foul play were strong, and were strongly if not loudly expressed. Ferdinando ordered a post-mortem examination of the bodies. The doctors reported that death was due to natural causes. It may be pointed out that physicians of that day may have been unable to detect the evidence of subtle poisoning, and it is not probable that Florentine Court doctors would dare to find evidence against a new Medicean Grand Duke.

'Not among us,' said Ferdinando, when asked where Bianca should be buried; and the late Duchess was turned into the common burial-fosse, so that no man could tell where her remains rested. Francesco was publicly interred with pomp and ceremony among his ducal kindred; but the new ruler destroyed sedulously every trace which could recall Bianca to the recollection of men. He erased her arms from the shield of the Medici; and he termed her, in a public act

and document, *la pessima Bianca*. The Cardinal pushed hate beyond the grave. In connection with these strange sudden deaths there is strength of suspicion coupled with obscurity of evidence ; and the historians are vague, uncertain, hesitating. Sismondi states plainly that the Duke and Duchess 'were poisoned;' and that this occurred 'at a banquet of reconciliation given by the Duke to his brother the Cardinal.' The historian does not directly name the poisoner ; but the inference to be drawn from his statement is tolerably plain.

One belief, which obtained a certain currency, and which is alluded to by most annalists as an alternative theory, is, that Bianca intended to destroy the Cardinal (the complicity of her husband is not suggested), and for that purpose placed poison in a *torto*—a tart ; and that the Duke inadvertently ate of the tart, while she, seeing that, and dreading to survive her lord, also partook, knowingly, of it ; so that the poisoned chalice was commended to her own lips.

It is difficult, if not impossible, now to penetrate to the truth of such dark deeds, committed so long ago under every precaution to maintain secrecy, and recorded by men who were either ignorant or afraid to speak truth. The actors in the deadly drama were persons capable of any wickedness.

Bianca was 'cunning past man's thought,' and Ferdinando might well be tired out by his brother's wickedness, and might dread to see his hopes of succession frustrated by that *pessima Bianca*, who would not shrink from any fraud to serve her own interests.

She, if she saw her husband eat of the poisoned tart, might decide to share his fate out of chagrin, or out of a just dread of that which might befall her if she, the widow of Francesco, were left to the tender mercies of the Cardinal, who knew her antecedents and was well aware of her nefarious practices against himself. His hatred of Bianca was clearly proved by his conduct after her death. He knew that Bianca was well capable of other supposititious heirs.

We are reduced to three hypotheses, and have to weigh nicely the balance of probabilities :—

1. That the deaths were natural—in which case they happened strangely, and came singularly close together.

2. That Bianca poisoned her husband and herself in a vain attempt to poison the Cardinal.

3. That the Cardinal, either by his own hands or by means of agents, poisoned his brother and Bianca in order to secure the succession, and actuated alike by revenge for the past, and by dread of future fraud. The case remains an insoluble mystery ; but for those fond of weighing in nice scales the evidences of possibilities, there is good scope for the exercise of the finest ingenuity of historical guessing.

Ferdinando succeeded the 25th of October, 1587. He was thirty-

six years of age. As Cesare Borgia had done, he too resigned the cardinalate, and laid down his priesthood. The robe of the cardinal no longer concealed the armour of the Italian prince.

He married the Princess Christine of Lorraine, the adopted daughter of Catarina de' Medici. She was sixteen years old, tall, and full of vivacity and of grace. Ferdinando died the 7th of February, 1609, a year before the Jesuits, by means of the dagger of Ravallac, assassinated Henry the Fourth of France.

Compared with his contemptible brother, Ferdinando was an able ruler, and he had quiet times. He freed Tuscany from the degrading subjection to Spain, and leaned towards France. He released his father's widow, *née* Camilla Martelli, from her long durance and captivity. He was more genial in intercourse than had been his indolent, morbid, besotted brother; and his wife was much loved in Florence.

Portraits of the three Medici who played such important parts in the life of Bianca show Cosimo fleshly, sensual, cruel, but with determination and intelligence. Francesco is as sensual and as cruel, but is of looser fibre and of weaker will. The Cardinal is the handsomest of the three. His face is rather finer, and he has a more genial and lively expression, though characteristics of his house are plainly stamped upon his features. He has that look of cheerfulness which arises from a really good conscience—*i.e.* a conscience which would not torment its possessor for any crime that he might commit. The heavy Medici face seems to indicate spiritual death.

Bianca was besung by Tasso, and many romances took birth from her many adventures.

The life and times of Bianca Cappello possess romantic interest and historical value; but while we linger with the Grand Duchess we are not in good company, or amid moral surroundings. We meet with no one character of nobleness or of worth. Priest and prince are alike depraved, and most of the women of the time are debauched, and foul, and loveless. Bianca felt the constriction of that net of fate, the meshes of which she had partly woven for herself.

You get, while listening to her story, the *Zeitkolorit*—the colouring of the time—of the Counter-Reformation in Italy. Its body, form, and pressure are reflected in the long struggle between the Grand Duchess and the Cardinal. Each had adherents, and historians are partisans, either of lady or of Churchman; though they generally hesitate to speak clear truth about the Medici. Historian and romance-writer overlap when they tell us of the winsome adventuress, who, if she were originally good, succumbed to the temptations of her position, and descended to the baseness of her times. Her career, sometimes so dazzling, was always surrounded by danger, and was full of anxiety. One crime rendered necessary the commission of another. In her first youth, Bianca, then full of passion and instinct

with vital force of character, rendered desperate, moreover, by unkindly treatment and by strict seclusion, embarked in a turbulent love adventure in which her trustfulness was deceived. She had chosen badly; and her husband proved coarsely unfaithful to her. Her adultery with the young and gallant Francesco is at least comprehensible in a day in which a prince had such power, and in which woman's virtue was rare indeed. Her enchantments and her arts to hold a princely lover, whose coarse passion offered such golden prizes to her vanity and to her ambition, were not unnatural results of her circumstances. Her deceit about the child Antonio is in part explained by the contemptible weakness of an influential adorer, who was so eager for an heir male. Her long duel with the Cardinal was also a thing of necessity. She illustrates George Eliot's profound saying, and experienced the operation of that 'inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good and evil which gradually determines character.'

Bianca was a product and a portent of her land, her Church, her day; and we must judge her always with reference to the Italy of the sixteenth century. It became a question whether Ferdinando should kill Bianca, or Bianca kill Ferdinando; and it would almost seem that the Cardinal was the victor in the fatal contest. As regards her death, history has no choice but to return an open verdict. Fair and yet foul, lovely and yet repellent, is the picture which we ultimately paint in our imaginations of the beautiful and winning, if tempted and wicked, Bianca Cappello.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

*STATE-MADE FARMERS.*

By agreeing to the second reading of Mr. Jesse Collings's Small Holdings Bill without a division, both parties in the House of Commons have committed themselves to the principle of setting farmers up in business with the aid of national funds, and at the expense of the ratepayers. This, when carried into effect, will be quite a new departure in agrarian legislation. It is true that State funds have been used in Ireland for the creation of small landed proprietors; but, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out in the debate on the second reading of the bill under notice, this was a case of assisting tenants to purchase holdings already occupied by them, and in which they possessed a saleable interest; whereas the new plan proposes to make farmers out of agricultural labourers and village tradesmen. Indeed there is no limitation as to the class of people who may be set up in business as owning or renting farmers at the good pleasure of the local authority. Anyone may apply for land up to fifty acres— butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, farmer, apothecary, ploughboy, thief; though the last-named must not be a professional, if he is to have any chance of success. If the plan should be carried into effect, as it probably will be, the local authorities may require testimonials as to ability to manage land, as well as assurances of good character and of the possession of sufficient capital, or they may not. Popularly elected district councils may prove as squeezable as the rival parties in Parliament have shown themselves to be, in their desire to catch votes in the rural districts. As to the urban and rural sanitary authorities, who are to be the administrators of the scheme until district councils have been created, few of them, I imagine, will take action without compulsion, which Mr. Collings does not propose. But when once this new agrarian scheme has been made law, there will be no rest until it has also been made operative.

The bill proposes to empower local authorities to borrow money of the Treasury with which to purchase land, within or without their own districts, to sell or let to those who desire to buy or hire it in portions of from one acre to fifty acres in cases of sale, and from one acre to ten acres in cases of letting; to expend money in erecting buildings upon or improving land which they purchase; to lend



money to purchasers for building or improvement ; and to advance three-fourths of the purchase-money of a holding to any buyer. Each purchaser of a holding is to pay down one-fourth of the purchase-money, the remaining three-fourths to be a perpetual debt on the holding, subject to interest at the rate of 1 per cent. above the rate paid by the local authority to the Treasury at the date of purchase. To meet the expenses of administering the proposed Act and any losses incurred in land-jobbing or land-letting, the local authority will be empowered to levy a rate in the district. Any local authority is to have the right of repurchasing a holding, after due notice and on payment of compensation for improvements and for disturbance, for purposes of public advantage or building, or if the land can be used more profitably than as a small holding. The sub-division or sub-letting of a small holding purchased or hired of a local authority is prohibited.

If the principle of setting men up in business as landed proprietors and farmers with State funds, and at the risk of the ratepayers, were justifiable, the bill might be regarded as an admirable one, as the provisions framed to prevent sub-division and sub-letting, and to enable a local authority to recover the land when desirable for the public advantage, are to be commended. Yet, with strange perversity, the only members of the House of Commons who criticised any part of the bill adversely, including the President of the Board of Agriculture—chose these very provisions for condemnation. They objected to the local authority retaining a perpetual property in every holding, although by no other means can sub-division and sub-letting be prevented ; and they objected also to the power of repurchasing a holding, although that is the only compensation proposed in the bill for the risk of loss which the local public will incur. If Mr. Collings's bill, or any measure on similar lines brought in by the Government, is to be made law, it is most earnestly to be hoped that every one of the safeguards objected to by Mr. Chaplin will be embodied in it. Otherwise we shall have sub-division to the pauperism point, sub-letting with consequent rack-renting, and land-jobbing in its very worst aspects. Land around towns and villages, without Mr. Collings's safeguards, will be more tied up than it is at present, and more costly than ever for building purposes, recreation grounds, and allotments. In short, the evils of private land-ownership and 'landlordism' will be even worse than they are now, and the difficulty of providing healthy dwelling-places and breathing-space for the poor will be greater than ever.

But the main principle of the bill is utterly objectionable, and it would not have passed unchallenged in the House of Commons on its merits. Each political party refrained from opposing it in order to catch the votes of the farm labourers and village tradesmen. In Mr. Collings's sincerity I entirely believe, but it is simply incredible that

all members on each side of the House are in favour of a principle which is the quintessence of the worst kind of Socialism. But, to use the street boy's phrase, one was afraid to oppose the bill, and t'other durstn't, in view of the impending general election. If the bill had come on for second reading four, or even two, years ago, in all probability it would have been rejected by a large majority.

An apology may be needed for the use of the word Socialism, which is commonly flung at meritorious proposals, as if it were necessarily opprobrious. For my own part, I am strongly in favour of many schemes that are condemned as socialistic. But there is good Socialism, and there is bad Socialism, and the principle of Mr. Collings's bill, to my mind, comes into the latter division. I can scarcely conceive of any more objectionable action on the part of the State than that of setting men up in business and providing them with the means for carrying on their business. Unless universally extended, it is a system of favouritism. It discourages thrift by teaching people that, if they do not store up capital for their own use, the State will provide it for them. It interferes with the natural selection of the fittest by treating the capable and the incapable alike, and it destroys fair competition by creating an artificial demand for the subject of the business specially fostered. It is most unjust, too, if, as in the case in question, it requires those who are not specially favoured by State patronage to pay for the losses and failures of those who are.

Mr. Collings's scheme is pre-doomed to failure, because it will establish as farmers men who are unfitted for the calling. If it proposed to offer land only to men who have proved their ability to make it pay by saving on allotments or small holdings, and who could afford to hire or purchase larger portions of land without State assistance, there would be some assurance of success; but there is no such guarantee when unskilled or thriftless men are made landed proprietors or tenants of holdings ranging in area up to fifty acres. The vast majority of those who would purchase land under such an Act as it is proposed to pass would not be farm labourers, but village innkeepers, live-stock jobbers, blacksmiths, carpenters, grocers, and the 'pig-killers' mentioned by Mr. Collings. Why on earth should the public be called upon to provide money to set these men up in business as farmers? And what prospect is there that those of them whose callings are entirely dissociated from agriculture will make their farms pay? The live-stock jobber would have a good chance; but why should the public be called upon to help a man who can take care of himself as well as anyone can, and who makes a very good living, as a rule, out of profits that should be reserved to the cultivator of land?

It is highly desirable, in my opinion, to insist upon land, for allotments or small holdings up to, say, ten acres, being made attainable by farm labourers who can hire or buy them out of their own resources.

Under such a plan, only those who are likely to make land pay would come into occupation of it. But it is a very different thing for the State to start men in business with public funds. One of the first results of passing such a measure as that under consideration would be to enhance the value of land, and especially of land near towns and villages. This, to begin with, must handicap all who acquire holdings under the proposed Act, while it would also handicap all other occupiers of land, more or less, by artificially raising land values. Nor is this all, for it is to be borne in mind that nearly all the land worth cultivating is already occupied, and that some one will have to be dispossessed of the whole or a part of his holding to admit every State-made farmer. Many a landowner, if any such measure as that of Mr. Collings becomes extensively operative, will be tempted by a high offer from a local authority to evict a deserving tenant of, say, a hundred acres, to make way for two State-coddled farmers of fifty acres; and many more will be dispossessed of portions of holdings none too large to afford them decent incomes for the like purpose.

To the banishment of political economy to Saturn, for the sake of any permanent benefit to a great number of people, I have no objection, and if Mr. Collings's scheme were limited to provisions for the increase of spade husbandry, which has undeniable virtues, there would be much to say for it. It is so important to afford the first stepping-stone to a 'career' for the farm labourer, that almost anything calculated to place land up to about ten acres within his reach might be tolerated. But the farmers of twenty to fifty acres are the worst farmers in the country, as a rule. They do no good for themselves, unless they have some other occupation than farming, and they are certainly of no advantage to the community. They employ scarcely any labour, grow wretched crops, keep the most miserable description of live-stock, and impoverish the land. In the struggle for existence they have been pretty well wiped out, except in the dairying and fruit-growing districts. They have too much land for the spade and not enough for the plough, and corn-growing is not remunerative enough to bring in a decent income on such small areas. In the dairying districts some of them are possibly successful, though the majority make the strongest of butter or the most leathery of cheese, and co-operation in working dairy factories is greatly needed among them. As fruit-growers or market-gardeners, occupiers of twenty to fifty acres may do well if they have sufficient capital. As a rule, however, I repeat, the farmers of twenty to fifty acres are the worst farmers in the country, and there is no reason to make special efforts to create more of them.

A separate section of the bill provides for the advance of State funds to enable existing tenants of farms up to fifty acres in extent to purchase them. I fail to see any reason for such an artificial transformation of tenants into landed proprietors. As a rule, these

men have not capital enough to farm well as tenants, and if tempted to pay down one-fourth of the purchase-money of their holdings, in order to become owners, they would become embarrassed with debt, and less able than ever to manage their farms to the best advantage. What they really need is a good Tenant Right Act, in the place of the delusive and almost useless Agricultural Holdings Act. The advantages of ownership are greatly exaggerated. A tenant possessing a legal claim to the whole of any increase of value in his holding produced by his improvements would enjoy, as a farmer, all the advantages of ownership without its disadvantages. The whole of his capital would be employed in his actual business of farming, instead of part of it being sunk in land at an extremely low rate of interest.

If Mr. Collings's bill were confined to the provisions of one part of it, empowering local authorities to acquire land to let in small holdings up to ten acres in extent, it would be altogether commendable. Here there is no proposal of lending State funds to the occupiers of land, and the danger of locking up the land around towns and villages, incidental to the creation of a peasant proprietary, would be avoided. Indeed, the existing monopoly of building land in the neighbourhood of centres of population would be done away with if local authorities were to become its owners, letting it for agricultural and gardening purposes until it was required for buildings or purposes of public advantage. With ordinary care in purchasing land, such a scheme would not involve any considerable risk of loss, as the value of land constantly increases near centres of population as a whole, even when it declines in purely agricultural districts. If the land near one village permanently declined in value, that lying close to another village, or a town in the area of the same authority, would be pretty certain to advance in price. Thus the risk of loss to the ratepayers would be inconsiderable, and their gain would sometimes be great. At the same time, stepping-stones would be afforded to thrifty labourers, and they cannot fairly demand any more substantial public assistance. If they have the chance of a start in the cultivation of a small holding afforded to them, they should understand that they will have to look to themselves alone for any increase in the scope of their business.

The reports of British representatives in foreign countries on the condition of the peasant-proprietors in those countries, recently issued, shows that nearly everywhere the indebtedness of the class has increased in recent years. Perhaps the same might be said of the large proprietors and farmers in the same countries. But if the reports do not prove that peasant-proprietorship has been a worse failure than other systems of land tenure under recent trials, they at least show that it cannot be regarded as a remedy for agricultural depression.

WILLIAM E. BEAR.  
S S

*A STONE BOOK.*

THE newly completed north front of Westminster Abbey will have attracted the notice and the admiration of many thousands who pass it in their daily travelling. The greatness of the architecture comes all the fresher upon us for its long concealment under piles of scaffolding and years of soot and smoke. But comparatively few have time and opportunity to study the many-storied sculptures with which the noble façade is covered. Nor indeed, without some words of guidance, could they easily read the interpretation of them all.

The north transept, the most frequented entrance into Westminster Abbey, is also that portion of the exterior to which the eyes of foreigners and strangers are first attracted, and upon which they rest last as they leave the church. It is also the more venerable of the two great doorways which lead from the Sanctuary into the Abbey. Until the reign of Henry the Seventh, when Abbot Islip completed the west window, the western end of the church remained in an unfinished and ruined state, while the north transept was entirely rebuilt by the pious care of Henry the Third, and formed the most beautiful part of the exterior of his new foundation. True it is that through the west door the great ceremonials of coronations, of royal weddings and royal funerals, of *Te Deum* processions to celebrate England's victories, have ever been wont to pass; but this ancient custom, probably due to the greater space for pageants in the nave, never detracted from the superior glories of Solomon's Porch, the 'gate Beautiful,' as it was also called.

Through the north entrance kings and queens used to come to pray at the Confessor's shrine from the royal palace hard by, often with bare feet and wearing sackcloth next the skin. Within the doorway they bent their knees in prayer before a mighty crucifix, fixed inside the transept, as at their coronation they had bowed to the cross upon the rood screen. Until the days of monastic seclusion had passed away, the threshold of the north door was never profaned by any lay foot, save that of some royal or privileged worshipper; the common folk had to be content with the unfinished nave, where the

distant chanting from the choir and chapels, or the voice of a single brother on the rood screen, or at the Jesus altar below, was all the sound of worship they could hear.

Even the outside was different then. The Abbey church stood in the country outside the city walls, fenced in by its monastic buildings, and guarded on the east by the king's palace, the north doorway turned to the outside world and the city gate.

In the following pages it is proposed merely to speak of the sculpture on the north front, a stone book similar in its symbolic meaning to those of the early monastic builders, full of unwritten history.

When fully finished the whole scheme will bring back to the instructed mind the history of the Universal Church in heaven and on earth, and will become a poem vast in design and in execution. Though yet, mainly for need of funds, the work is incomplete, enough is done to warrant some description, such as I shall venture now to give.

Highest on each buttress left and right of the rose window, the ideal Church in heaven is represented by the four archangels, Michael and Gabriel upon the one side, Raphael and Uriel upon the other.

On the tier immediately below the general history of the real Church on earth is indicated by typical figures, and beneath this again will be found representatives from the individual history of the Abbey itself.

The great triple doorway, worthily named Solomon's Porch, is the grandest portion of the whole scheme, to which the other figures are as it were but adjuncts, all converging and leading the eye to this point. The reader of the stone book will turn oftenest and linger longest over this page, where the consummation of the Church's ideal is reached. Here in the centre is the Christ enthroned in majesty, blessing, with raised hand, not, indeed, the Church alone, but the whole world. On all sides of Him are angels, their faces turned to the glory radiating from His. In the rich mouldings of the doorway are more angels, two rows in attitudes of adoration, casting down their crowns before Him, or playing on manifold musical instruments. Below the Christ, on a tier of lesser thrones, sit the twelve Apostles, all except St. Paul, who is here substituted for St. Matthias, the companions of our Lord's life on earth. St. Peter, to whom the Abbey church is dedicated, is not only seated with the other Apostles, but also appears again and alone in the apex of the gable immediately above, uplifting the key, symbolic of his authority.

Beneath the venerable figures of the Apostles is a panel, upon which a procession, illustrative of those who have done faithful service to God and to man, comes from the East and from the West, representa-

tive of the spiritual and material forces at work in the world. There is no condemnation, no Last Judgment upon this noble portal, as upon the north doors of so many other churches; everyone here looks joyfully upwards in hopeful anticipation of the peace of heaven. Upon the east side of this procession are grouped the arts and sciences—music, painting, sculpture, architecture, letters, poetry, history and philosophy—led by the Church—two Benedictine monks, an abbot, and an archbishop. Upon the west side of it temporal power is here represented by the three royal builders of the Abbey, Edward the Confessor, Henry the Third, and Edward the First. Behind them Legislation is typified by Law, Justice, and Wisdom; War by a crusader and a knight, while Navigation, Astronomy, Physic, and Engineering complete the series of figures.

Upon a corbel which divides the entrance doorway into two, the incarnate Saviour and His early infancy are united in the humble peasant mother holding in her arms the crowned Child. Thus the Divine transfigured Saviour above and the Divine Babe beneath represent together the point around which the martyrs, the saints, and the angels are gathered, and the Church militant on earth and triumphant in heaven is set forth in the great portal as the central teaching of the stone book.

Founders and benefactors to the structure, with perhaps the great fathers of the Church, will ultimately find fitting places upon the still vacant corbels below. No certain list of names has yet been drawn up, since nothing more can be afforded at present, but it is proposed to eventually include the Confessor, Henry the Third, Edward the First, with their queens, the Venerable Margaret of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the foundress of the dean and canons, amongst the statues.

It is now time to turn back to the beginning of the book, and proceed to interpret, line by line, the story written upon the main façade above the portals.

The history of the Universal Church is indicated by the following statues on the topmost tier, reading from east to west and beginning in the eastern corner, technically called the north-east return.

*Latin and Greek Learning.*—(1) Bede and (2) Theodore (*on the north-east return*).

*The Primitive Church.*—(3) St. Alban and (4) St. Aidan.

*Roman Christianity.*—(5) St. Augustine and (6) St. Paulinus.

*Monastic Institutions.*—(7) St. Benedict and (8) St. Dunstan.

*Missions and Martyrdoms.*—(9) St. Boniface and (10) St. Edmund.

*Mediæval Learning and Science.*—(11) Roger Bacon and (12) Grosstête (*on the south-west return*).

First, *upon the front*, comes the Primitive Church in Great Britain, here embodied in two early saints (Nos. 3 and 4), one

St. Alban, the protomartyr of the British Church, the other St. Aidan, the apostle to Iona.

A layman and a soldier, St. Alban was martyred during the persecution in Britain under Diocletian (304). Tradition relates that he, a pagan warrior, sheltered a Christian teacher in his hut to protect him from his persecutors. By his guest Alban was converted to Christianity, and ardently embraced the new faith. Before he could be baptised soldiers came to drag away his visitor to martyrdom, but Alban, concealing his identity beneath the teacher's cloak, gave himself up in the place of his friend. When discovered he openly acknowledged himself a Christian, and was first scourged, then beheaded. He wears here the famous cloak, and holds his military sword and the martyr's palm. At Verulamium, the place of his birth and martyrdom, the great monastery of St. Albans was founded in his honour.

The 'illustrious' St. Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, is another hero of the primitive Church, memorable as the first Celtic missionary to England. A true missionary, he travelled on foot throughout the savage kingdom of Northumbria, where the labours of his predecessor Paulinus (of whom I speak later) had been already forgotten, and restored the land again to Christianity, churches and schools rising as it were beneath his feet. His death-bed was in keeping with his ascetic life; he breathed his last (651) stretched upon the bare ground, sheltered only by an awning and supported by the wooden buttress of Bamborough Church. He was buried in his favourite retreat, since called Holy Isle in remembrance of the saint. The flask of oil in his hand recalls a charming legend. It is said that St. Aidan gave the oil to a priest, who was sent to fetch the young King Oswy's bride, and, telling the envoy that he would be overtaken by a storm at sea on his return journey, ordered him to pour the oil upon the waters. The Bishop's prophecy was fulfilled, and the stormy sea was quelled by the miraculous oil, a story with a germ of truth in the light of modern experiments with oil and rough waters.

St. Augustine bears, like his great namesake, one of the four Latin Fathers of the Church, a book in one hand; in the other is the silver cross, which he carried as his only weapon into barbaric Britain. We all know the story of Gregory the Great and the angel faces of the English boys. St. Augustine was the missionary selected to convert the countrymen of these attractive captives, but, appalled by the tales he heard about the cruel pagans, Augustine got no further than France on his first attempt. He returned to the Pope, who, intolerant of human weakness, forced him to try again, and the event justified Gregory's severity. Augustine ventured with a small band of monks across the Channel, and became the first founder of Christianity in our country, and the first Archbishop of Canterbury.



With him is Paulinus, sent from Rome by Gregory to the North of England. He accompanied the Christian Princess Ethelburga to Northumbria, hoping to convert the King, her bridegroom, and his heathen land to Christianity—a hope which was fulfilled at the time, though, as we have seen, ten years after the death of Paulinus the mission had collapsed. In Paulinus begins the recognised archiepiscopal succession to the see of York. The sculptor has evidently read Bede's description of the Bishop's appearance. He is spoken of as 'tall with a slight stoop, black hair, a thin face, aquiline nose, an aspect at once venerable and awe-striking.' It was under Paulinus's beneficent influence that the great peace reigned in the hitherto rude and barbarous realm of Northern Britain, when it was said a woman and her infant might walk 'unharm'd from sea to sea,' when brazen drinking cups were placed over every spring of water on the highroads and no man durst take them away. Those days of peace lasted, however, but a short time, and were followed by a year 'hateful to all good men,' after the Kings of Wales and Mercia had devastated Northumbria and slain the good Edwin at Hatfield (633).

When his friend and convert's head was brought to him at York all Paulinus's courage forsook him; he was not indeed the stuff of which martyrs are made, and he fled to the South and settled down as Bishop of Rochester, where he ended his days in tranquillity.

Monastic institutions find fitting representatives in St. Benedict and the tough Englishman St. Dunstan.

Benedict, patriarch of the monks of the West, and founder of the great Benedictine order, is an essential figure on a Benedictine abbey. His bare head is bent in prayer; his cowl hangs down behind; he wears the simple habit of his order, a protest in his own day against the ever-increasing luxury and splendour of the great ecclesiastics at Rome. He holds in one hand an asperge, with which he seems prepared to sprinkle holy water in blessing on all his numerous foundations, and on Westminster in particular. The cup and serpent, a very favourite emblem, usually belongs to St. John the Evangelist, who is said to have been offered a cup of poison at the holy supper, a serpent rising warningly from the vessel as the saint was about to drink. A different legend is told about St. Benedict. Two flasks of wine were sent to him as a gift; as he went the messenger hid one of the presents behind a rock, intending to call for it on his way back. When he presented the one flask to Benedict, the saint took no direct notice of the theft, but only bade the boy beware of some unknown danger on his homeward path. When the thief went to find his stolen booty, a snake hissed from the flask, and dropping it in terror he rushed back and confessed his fault.

To St. Benedict a chapel on the south side of the Abbey is dedicated, and his head, which was presented to the Abbot of Westminster

by Edward the Third, who is said to have brought it from Fleury, was one of the most sacred relics here.

St. Dunstan, a statesman more than an ecclesiastic, stands by Benedict's side as the severe reformer of the monastic orders in Britain. In his youth he early showed a passionate love of music, carrying his harp with him wherever he went, and a zest for knowledge which made him famous but roused the envy of his kinsmen. A brutal and unprovoked assault they made upon him brought him to death's door, and with recovered health he took the vows of the Benedictine order. He was, after various misunderstandings between himself and Edmund, King of the West Saxons, advanced to be Abbot of Glastonbury, and remained till Edmund's death, and throughout the reigns of his successors, Edred and Edgar, the chief minister of state. Dunstan's chief qualification for a monkish life was his rigid asceticism, and he waged a deadly war against the married clergy, tyrannising also severely over the boy-king Edgar. He is here represented in his archiepiscopal robes as Archbishop of Canterbury; in his hand are the red-hot pincers with which, the story goes, he pinched the nose of the devil, who unwarily intruded, in the shape of a beautiful woman, into his cell at Glastonbury. Dunstan, who used to employ his leisure by working in metals, had turned his cell into a forge, so snatched up the nearest weapon to expel the fiend. A suggestion that he should hold a sprig of the famous Glastonbury thorn was unfortunately too late to be carried out. A charter given by St. Dunstan to the Abbey was long looked on as genuine, but, later historians have been obliged to reject as spurious all charters earlier than that of the Confessor, and it is only by a vague tradition that any connection between the Archbishop, who is even said to have been abbot here, and Westminster—a small obscure monastery in those days, if one existed at all—can be maintained.

Missionaries and martyrs find fitting representatives in two Englishmen, one originally a humble monk who rose to be the Primate of Germany, the other a royal saint and martyr.

St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, is one of the most striking characters in the history of the Church. His early years, passed in an English monastery, were spent in revolving dreams of missionary labours. His first mission to Frisia was an abortive one, but, undaunted, he pilgrimaged to Rome, and won the approbation of Pope Gregory the Second for his ambitious project, the conversion of the savage German tribes. Boniface plunged into the depths of pathless German forests, amongst heathen whose altars reeked with human blood. Successful in converting thousands to Christianity, he was ordained a bishop at Rome (723) by the approving Pope, and returned to his wild see. He struck the final blow against paganism in Germany when with his own hands he hewed to the earth the sacred oak of Geismar, and instead of the peaceful pastoral staff

might well have been represented here leaning on the axe, in restful contemplation of his successful labours. The Bible, pierced by a sword, in one hand, typifies the struggle in which he fought and conquered, with the Scripture for his only weapon.

St. Edmund, the martyr-king of East Anglia, is a familiar figure, and always known by the arrows in his hand, the English St. Sebastian. The story of his martyrdom is a peculiarly touching one, told, as it is said to have been, by one of his old soldiers to Athelstan. The King, so the legend says, gave himself up to his enemies, his great hope being that by the sacrifice of himself he would save his unhappy people. The Danes, having attempted in vain to make him deny Christ, first scourged him with rods, then binding him to a tree shot arrows at him, and finally cut off his head. A pretty legend tells how a wolf guarded the King's head till it could receive honourable burial. On the place of his martyrdom rose the famous cathedral and monastery of St. Edmundsbury—St. Edmund's. In the Abbey he is commemorated by a chapel dedicated to him, which chapel was regarded as only next in sanctity to the royal chapel of St. Edward, and was used as a burial-place for the relatives of sovereigns. Edmund's figure may also be seen within the Abbey, linked three times over—twice in the chapel of Henry the Seventh, once in the chantry of Henry the Fifth—with that of the Confessor.

In the corners east and west are typical representatives of learning (Nos. 1, 2; 11 and 12).

The Venerable Bede (*Bæda*), 'our first truly national scholar and author, the father of our history,' stands, his bowed head shadowed by the Benedictine cowl, absorbed in writing upon the page of his famous history. A humble monk of Jarrow, he spent his whole life in one monastery, his constant pleasure 'learning, or teaching, or writing.' From him we learn the lives and legends of those English saints, martyrs, and ecclesiastics who flourished from the landing of St. Augustine to his own days, told with a gentleness free from controversy rare in those days of bitter theological strife. He literally dictated the last chapter of his history till his breath failed him, and with the words 'All is finished now,' and chanting the 'Glory to God,' he expired, stretched upon the hard pavement, his head pillowed in the arms of one of his weeping scholars (755). In him, 'first among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians,' as Mr. Green expresses it, 'the whole learning of the age seemed to be summed up,' and in him 'our literature strikes its roots.'

His companion here and elder contemporary, Theodore, the Greek Archbishop of Canterbury, sent (668) from Rome to secure England to the power of the Pope, after the Papal victory at Whitby, is selected as the pioneer of Greek learning in England. Born in St. Paul's

city, Tarsus, he came in his old age to Canterbury, bringing with him stores of learning from the East to enrich his adopted country.

Mediaeval learning and science find their embodiment here, round the western corner, in the figures of Roger Bacon and Robert Grosstête, Bishop of Lincoln. Both were Franciscans, both studied at Oxford, where Bacon is said to have known and come under the influence of the elder scholar. Grosstête witnessed that great political event the confirmation of Magna Charta. Not only was his personal influence most widespread, but for two centuries and more after his death his was the greatest name in English literature, in physical and mental philosophy as in theology. Bacon's influence in our literature is only second to Grosstête's. With Oxford Bacon is peculiarly connected; after his condemnation and imprisonment for heresy by a chapter of Franciscans at Paris (1278) he is said to have returned to die at his favourite university.

In the line below the church typical figures connected with the history of the Abbey are arranged as follows, beginning to read, as before, from the north-east corner:—

*Monastic History.*—(1) Matthew of Westminster.

*Printing.*—(2) William Caxton.

*Early Abbots.*—(3) Wulsinus; (4) Edwin.

*Royal Benefactors and their Queens.*—(5) Richard the Second; (6) Anne of Bohemia; (7) Henry the Fifth; (8) Katharine of Valois.

*Abbots who were Benefactors to the Structure.*—(9) Ware; (10) Littington.

*Deans of the new Foundation.*—(11) Goodman; (12) Williams.

Matthew of Westminster, the name ascribed to the unknown author of the *Flores Historiarum*, is here given as a representative of the monks who wrote chronicles while in the monastery of Westminster. He embodies and recalls to mind the Westminster historians, Sulcardus, the oldest chronicler of the Abbey, who is said to have lived in the time of William the Conqueror, and dedicated his manuscript to Abbot Vitalis; John Flete, prior in 1456, whose manuscript is treasured in our chapter library; Richard Sporley, 1430 to 1490, whose history appears to have been a copy of Flete's with a few minor alterations; John Felix, a monk in the time of Henry the Eighth, whose history, much injured by fire, is still amongst the Cottonian manuscripts. Among the names of the Abbey historians one who belonged to a later time, Richard Widmore, librarian here in the eighteenth century, must not be forgotten; his history is quite invaluable, compiled as it was by one who had access to the archives.

William Caxton, the companion figure to Matthew of Westminster, may fairly be claimed as belonging to the Abbey. His printing press was set up in the Almonry; his early books bore the words 'In the Abbey of Westminster' on the title-page; his grave is close

by the north door, in St. Margaret's Churchyard. In him we reverence the first introducer of printing into our country, and a Westminster abbot, Esteney, whose statue fills a niche below, was the patron to whom Caxton owed a quiet asylum within the precincts. The figure of Caxton here is copied from the best authenticated portrait of him extant, that in an illuminated MS. now in the Lambeth library, which has been engraved by Strutt.

Wulsinus is interesting as the representative of Edgar and Dunstan's traditionary foundation at Westminster. He is said to have been abbot here between 966 and 970, but was afterwards promoted to the bishopric of Sherburn, and on his death honoured as a saint. Two monks of the same name are here recalled in one figure, a figure which, rapt, as it appears, in an ecstatic vision, resembles the obscure brother Wulsinus rather than the bishop and abbot. Of this Wulsinus, an aged monk of Worcester much revered for his sanctity, we are told a legend closely connected with the historical foundation of the Abbey. While the Confessor was hesitating where to establish the monastery he had vowed to dedicate to St. Peter, the saint himself appeared in a vision to the monk Wulsinus. To him he described a place in the west of London called Thorney, 'which I chose and love, which I formerly consecrated with my own hands, honoured with my presence, and made illustrious with my miracles. This let the King, by my command, restore and make a dwelling of monks; stately build and amply endow: it shall be no less than the House of God and the Gates of Heaven.' The famous church, reared in obedience to this vision by the Confessor, afterwards restored and endowed by his successors, may well find a corner upon its walls to commemorate the obscure monk Wulsinus.

Edwin, the Confessor's friend and chosen abbot, stands by the side of Wulsinus. Beneath his care the building of the abbey church proceeded, and he it was who presided at the consecration on Innocents' Day, 1065, when the saintly King lay dying in his palace close by. On the following Christmas Day the Conqueror was crowned in the completed church, Edwin, as abbot, taking a prominent part in the ceremony.

Richard the Second is placed here as one of the early kings who most loved and cared for the Abbey. Beneath, in the portico, the small figures of the Confessor and Henry the Third are, as we have seen, in the tympanum; and at some future day it is hoped that the large statues of these first founders of the Abbey, and others of like importance, will be placed on each side of the central doorway; for them these places of honour below are reserved. To Richard's benefactions the monastery owed much, notably the richly decorated porch (which stood as late as the seventeenth century) before the portico, of which no trace now remains. Within the Abbey much still reminds us of the unhappy and beautiful King. There is the tomb

he raised over the remains of his loved and lost first consort Anne, where his own (reputed) body was afterwards laid by the remorseful Henry the Fifth. The traces of paintings on the walls in two places recall his favourite badge of the white hart. In the sacrum where he was crowned and married his portrait, from which this figure was copied, now hangs. He was, in truth, as Dean Stanley calls him, 'a peculiarly Westminster King.'

The hero of Agincourt, the darling of his people, was also deeply attached to the Abbey. Here he held a *Te Deum* service in gratitude for his great victory. In the famous Jerusalem Chamber, by the side of his dying father, he cast away the sins and follies of his youth, and was shortly afterwards crowned in the Abbey King of England and of France. With money (1,000 marks yearly) that he granted to the monastery the building of the nave was pushed on vigorously in his reign, under the superintendence of that architect Whittington, immortalised by the nursery story. Henry's funeral was one of the most splendid the Abbey has ever witnessed, and, a unique event in a church, the King's three chargers, gorgeously caparisoned, were led behind his funeral effigy all up the nave and choir to the altar. One can imagine the bewildered prancing of the fiery steeds on the uneven pavement in the glare of wax lights and the waving of banners.

By his side is fitly placed the figure of his French queen, the ancestress of the Tudor dynasty.

Richard de Ware is the first abbot represented here with the mitre, an honour which has belonged to Westminster since the days of Abbot Laurence—to whom I shall refer later on. For two reasons Ware is selected as a representative abbot and benefactor. He it was who brought the ancient mosaic pavement before the altar from Rome about the year 1267. In the hand of his statue is a book; this is his famous manuscript, the *Consuetudines*, a valuable account of the customs of the Westminster monastery, the original of which was unfortunately burnt in the Cotton Library (1731), the same fire in which the manuscript of Felix was injured.

Nicholas Littlington succeeded Archbishop Langham, whose figure is placed beneath, and spent the money left for the purpose by his predecessor in improving and rebuilding the monastic buildings, which had fallen into some decay. He also finished the south and west sides of the cloisters, a model of which he holds in his hand.

His head, which is copied here, may be seen carved over the entrance to the present Deanery, part of which he built, as also the organist's house in the cloisters, which still bears the name of Littlington Towers. In the Chapter Library is preserved his bequest, the famous Littlington missal, which is to be the first publication of the Henry Bradshaw Society.

Gabriel Goodman, the second dean of Elizabeth's new collegiate

body, is chosen to represent the first dean and chapter, since he spent nearly the whole reign of the maiden Queen at Westminster, and died only two years before his friend and patroness. He was made a prebendary in 1550, the date of Elizabeth's foundation, and succeeded Bill as dean in 1561. Dean Stanley calls him the 'real founder of the present establishment, the Edwin of a second conquest.' He holds the new collegiate statutes drawn up by his predecessor Bill. His portrait bust upon his monument in the Abbey has been copied here. Another Welsh dean, John Williams, is appropriately placed by Goodman's side; he was educated at Ruthin, a school founded by Goodman. Williams deserves a foremost place amongst the benefactors to the Abbey. He not only repaired the structure, which had fallen into great decay, and put up some new statues, including one of Abbot Islip, in the west front, but conferred a great and lasting benefit upon the chapter by converting a waste lumber room into the present library. He is here represented, after the portraits which hang in the deanery and in the chapter library, in his robes as Lord Keeper, with the great seal. He succeeded Bacon in this office, and held the seal for four years.

Four abbots, who were all special benefactors to the monastery, have been selected to fill the niches on each side of the windows below this line—Laurence and Langham on one side, Esteney and Islip on the other. Laurence, abbot in the reign of Henry the Second, it was who obtained—no doubt by the expenditure of much money—the honour of wearing the mitre for his successors from Pope Alexander the Third, as also the episcopal ring and the gloves. But the Pope's permission only arrived after the death of the old Abbot of Westminster, who never, therefore, wore these marks of royal favour; but though he is depicted without the mitre, yet it should not be forgotten that he is the first Abbot of Westminster who has a claim to it, and he therefore holds the Papal bull which granted the favour. It was Laurence also who at last procured the canonisation of Edward the Confessor from Rome, and superintended, in the presence of Henry the Second and Thomas à Becket, the first opening of the King's tomb, and the removal of the body to a richer shrine. The robes in which the saint was wrapped were made into three copes by the abbot, who also drew from the finger the famous ring, given to Edward by St. John in the disguise of a pilgrim, as may be seen in the legends upon the frieze in the royal chapel.

The companion figure, Simon Langham, dressed in his archiepiscopal robes, wearing the gloves, and holding the archiepiscopal staff, is copied from his effigy upon the tomb in St. Benedict's Chapel. The only Abbot of Westminster who was elevated to the rank of cardinal, and also of Archbishop of Canterbury, was, in spite of successive ecclesiastical honours, ever faithful to the Abbey and buried there, where his father had been laid before him, by his own request,

though he died abroad while on a mission to the Pope at Avignon. His body remained three years in a grave at Avignon, while the tomb in the Abbey was prepared for it. To him the Abbey owed much, and the monastery was, indeed, practically re-founded by his munificence. During his tenure of office as abbot (1349-62) he not only paid the large debts contracted beneath the rule of his predecessor, and during the terrible Black Death of 1348, but brought the monks under excellent discipline after years of lax rule, thus making himself unpopular with the older brethren. The building of the nave, which had long been at a standstill, was pushed on vigorously under Langham, and with his bequests by his successor, Littlington, of whom I have already spoken. By his will he left about 200,000*l.* to the structure, the money spent by Littlington. It must not be forgotten that Langham was a statesman as well as an ecclesiastic, holding the posts of Lord Treasurer and Lord Chancellor successively.

The statues of Esteney and Islip are placed together here; both were benefactors to the fabric, and they are both buried in the Abbey, the one in St. John the Baptist's Chapel, the other in the small chapel next to this, called after his name. To Esteney we owe the completion of the vaultings of the nave, and he built most of the great west window. It may be mentioned in his honour that he kept the work always under his personal direction, superintending every detail of the architecture himself. He it was who protected the queen of Edward the Fourth when she and her children took sanctuary to escape the wrath of Richard the Third, and the abbot had to use his influence to persuade her to part with her sons, and afterwards to trust herself and her five daughters to Richard's honour. It will be observed that his figure holds the key of the sanctuary, and he also wears one of the famous copes made from the Confessor's robes in Laurence's days.

Islip is memorable as the abbot beneath whose rule the beautiful new chapel of Henry the Seventh was built. He laid the foundation stone with his own hands (on the 24th of January, 1503), in the presence of the King and his venerable mother, Margaret of Richmond, whose statue will be amongst those of the benefactors in the portico. In his time the western towers were completed as far as the roof, and in his hand the sculptor has placed a small model of the west end; he also added some rooms to the deanery, and a curious little gallery called the 'Abbot's Pew.' He designed a central tower and lantern with a chime of bells, but the central piers were not strong enough to support it, and the scheme was abandoned, to be taken up again by Sir Christopher Wren and again dropped. Abbot Islip justly deserves the name of the 'Great Builder.' He died, fortunately for himself, in 1532, before the dissolution of the monastery, and received a sumptuous funeral; his tomb has long been destroyed, but his rebus, an eye and a boy slipping from a branch, still remains in the frieze of his little chapel.



It has been impossible in one article to give more than a few details about each of the above figures, and to indicate the reasons why each was chosen ; but if any additional interest has been added to the sculpture on the north transept by these inadequate hints as to its purpose and meaning, the object of this paper has been amply fulfilled.

EMILY T. BRADLEY.

## *THE PROGRESS OF WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.*

MORE than five years ago, in an article which appeared in this Review on the eve of the General Election of 1885,<sup>1</sup> I expressed my belief that the question of Welsh Disestablishment, which had lain dormant for some fifteen years, was about to enter upon a new phase and to take its place within the range of practical politics. The prediction found but scant credence at the time. On the last occasion<sup>2</sup> when the subject had been brought before the House of Commons, a motion for the separation of Church and State in the Principality was rejected by 209 to 45 votes. In the debate which preceded the division, Mr. Gladstone had emphatically declared that 'it was practically impossible to separate the case of the Church in Wales from the case of the Church in England,' and in the division itself only seven of the thirty Welsh members ventured to support the motion, while nearly twice as many voted against it. Since that time the Church in Wales had, it was asserted, advanced by leaps and bounds. Enthusiasm and activity had taken the place of discouragement and apathy. Churches had everywhere been built, church services had everywhere been multiplied, church schools had held their own. Every confirmation, every marriage, every funeral, every attendance at the celebration of the Holy Communion in a Welsh parish church was pressed into the service and made to do duty for the Establishment. With equal confidence, but with considerably less truth, it was alleged that Nonconformity was on the decline, that Welsh chapels were crushed under a load of debt, that the 'Disestablishment farce' was played out, and that before long the stray flocks, which had wandered far and wide into the wilderness of Dissent, would be found returning to the ecclesiastical fold.

The friends and foes of the Church Establishment had not long to wait before these assertions were put to the test in a Parliament chosen by the newly enfranchised constituencies under the protection of the ballot. On the 9th of March, 1886, Mr. Dillwyn moved the following resolution :—

That as the Church in Wales has failed to fulfil its professed object as a means of promoting the religious interests of the Welsh people and ministers, only to a

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, vol. xviii. p. 763.

<sup>2</sup> May 24, 1870.

small minority of the population, its continuance as an Established Church in the Principality is an anomaly and an injustice which ought no longer to exist.

On this occasion the question was somewhat unfortunately complicated by the introduction into the debate of Mr. Albert Grey's amendment advocating 'such reforms in the Welsh Church as would enable it to adapt itself more efficiently to the religious needs and wishes of the Welsh people.' A division taken under such circumstances could hardly be said to turn upon 'a straight issue.' Yet the original resolution was only defeated by twelve votes—twenty-four Welsh members voting for and four against it.

The General Election of 1886, though it resulted in the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone's Government and the return to Westminster of one of the most retrograde Parliaments which the country has recently seen, effected little or no change in the relative strength of the two great parties in Wales. Owing to unforeseen difficulties, Mr. Dillwyn did not succeed in re-introducing his resolution until May 1889, when it was defeated by a majority of fifty-three. That majority was, however, entirely made up of extraneous materials, the Welsh members who supported the motion being to those who opposed it in the proportion of twenty-five to three. On the next occasion,<sup>3</sup> however, when the same motion was submitted to the House by Mr. Pritchard Morgan, the position of its supporters was still further improved, for, while twenty-seven out of the thirty members for Wales voted or paired in its favour, only two, all told, could be induced to oppose it. At the same time, the aggregate majority against the resolution was reduced from fifty-three to thirty-two votes, and Mr. Gladstone, in a very remarkable speech, declared his inability to resist any longer the pressure of Welsh public opinion, and for the first time gave the weight of his support to the motion.

I have dwelt on the overwhelming preponderance of Welsh votes in favour of these resolutions—a preponderance without parallel in parliamentary history—because both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington have laid it down as a cardinal axiom applicable to the case of the Scotch Church—an axiom recently declared by the former to apply with equal force to Wales—that such questions ought to be mainly determined by the views and wishes of the people immediately affected by them, as reflected in the votes of their constitutional representatives. To ignore this axiom is, indeed, to run counter to the first principle of modern Liberalism, and, as one of the most thoughtful of English historians has recently pointed out, 'to make representative government itself a fraud.'<sup>4</sup> I may add

<sup>3</sup> February 20, 1891.

<sup>4</sup> Walpole's *History of England*, iv. 207. 'It is absurd to say that a country enjoys representative government when its delegates are uniformly outvoted by men of a different race.' (*Ibid.*)

that, in the case of Scotland, Mr. Gladstone had declared himself to be greatly influenced by the fact that, in fourteen Scotch bye-elections held since 1886, only three candidates pledged to vote against Scotch Disestablishment had been returned. Tried by this test, public opinion in Wales would seem to be far more pronounced on the question; for in five out of the six Welsh bye-elections which have been held since the last General Election, Disestablishment candidates have been returned either unopposed or by overwhelming majorities, while in the sixth and most recent of these contests one of the few devoted champions of the Church has been replaced by an uncompromising opponent of the Establishment, who carried the Carnarvon boroughs against one of the most popular landlords in the country. Indeed, it is rumoured that at least one Conservative candidate for a Welsh constituency, finding it hopeless to resist the prevailing sentiment of the people, has intimated his readiness to swallow, if required, the Disestablishment pledge. It is scarcely necessary to add that the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England in Wales have now been formally adopted as 'planks in the Liberal platform,' and that the question is officially declared to occupy a position in the programme of the party second only to that of Irish Home Rule.

Of course the opponents of the movement have found no difficulty in accounting for this remarkable advance in its position. It was due to the exigencies of the political situation. Welsh Disestablishment was the bribe by which some twenty or thirty votes had to be purchased for Irish Home Rule. The Liberals were in want of a cry. Irish Home Rule had been forced by recent events into the background, and Welsh Disestablishment was wanted to take its place. These and similar mutually destructive arguments have been freely bandied about, and with the politician who takes his opinions second-hand they doubtless carry some weight. They involve no great effort of thought; they require no close examination of facts. But to those who care to look below the surface they will always appear to the last degree superficial. At any rate, one thing is certain; the Liberal party would never have adopted such a movement as one of their 'planks,' if they had not been perfectly satisfied that public opinion in Wales had steadily set in its favour. If this be 'opportunism,' then opportunism is only another name for a just deference to the desires and demands of those who are most interested in a question, and presumably best qualified to judge of its merits. Should the figures which I have cited leave any room for doubt upon this point in the present case, that doubt ought to be dispelled by a glance at the comparative numbers of the Welsh newspapers which have espoused either side of the question. In the vernacular press Disestablishment literally holds the field. For, while the Church Defence party experience no little difficulty in

keeping alive the two weekly organs which advocate their views in Welsh, the Liberationists maintain in a more or less flourishing condition no less than fifteen weekly or bi-weekly newspapers published in that language. In the face of these facts, the demand for a 'religious census,' in which every dependant or domestic in a Church family might be cajoled or coerced into temporary apostasy, and in which the 'absenters,' as the late Mr. Miall called them, would all be reckoned on one side, seems to be prompted by that audacity which is sometimes said to be the secret of political success.

It has been urged that all these numerical tests leave untouched the higher and broader grounds on which such issues ought to be decided, and that the same arguments would justify not only the retention of the Anglican Establishment in England, but the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Whenever they are called upon to discuss the abstract justice or injustice of Disestablishment, its Welsh advocates will not shrink from the challenge. Meantime, it is not a little instructive to note the progress of the question among a people whose pronounced and distinctive nationality gives them a peculiar claim to be heard in their own cause. For that purpose it is surely more legitimate to count the votes of their accredited representatives, given under an express mandate from the constituencies, than to count heads as heads would be counted under a so-called 'religious census.'

The truth is that the Church party in Wales have been singularly unfortunate both in their spokesmen and in their arguments. When the present Bishop of St. Asaph was appointed by Lord Salisbury to that see, the selection was hailed with delight by the more militant Churchmen in the Principality. The new prelate is an able administrator, an eloquent preacher, and an accomplished platform speaker and controversialist. He comes of a family which has done yeoman's service for the Welsh Church, his elder brother, the late Dean of Bangor, having been one of the most redoubtable if not one of the most judicious of her champions. Yet it may be doubted whether any man has done more than Bishop Edwards to precipitate the downfall of the Establishment. Not long ago he plunged into an undignified newspaper squabble as to the financial position and solvency of one of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. More recently he publicly charged a deacon of the same body with having sanctioned by his presence the perpetration of as gross and blasphemous an outrage on the ritual of the Church as could well be conceived, and when repeatedly and publicly challenged to give the name of the alleged offender and the date and particulars of the alleged outrage, he sheltered himself under the plea that he had in his possession 'seven sworn affidavits,' which, if produced, would prove the truth of his accusation. Curiously enough, the bishop seems to have thought that to submit these documents to the

private but not unfriendly eye of Lord Selborne would answer the same purpose. As, however, they never were 'produced' in any other sense of the word, few persons will question the justice of the popular verdict on the incident, that a charge, thus publicly made, ought, if true, to have been publicly proved, and, if untrue, to have been publicly retracted.

Nor can it be said that the parochial clergy of Wales, with some notable exceptions, have done much to conciliate public opinion either in Wales or England. Let me give one instance. When the Burials Act of 1880 was passed, it was hoped that it would put an end to the bickerings and heart-burnings which sprang from the obligatory use of the Church Burial Service at Nonconformist funerals. That it has not done so is mainly due to the action of those incumbents who have made their consent to the interment of non-parishioners in the parish church-yard conditional on the performance of a Church service, and have thus converted a discretionary trust, vested in them by the common law for the benefit and in the interest of the parish, into an excuse for defrauding Nonconformists of their statutory rights. In many cases every loophole has been resorted to for the purpose of defeating or evading the Act; in others every indignity has been wantonly and systematically heaped upon the mourners who sought to take advantage of its provisions. It is not surprising that such tactics should have swollen the rapidly increasing number of Liberal Churchmen who look favourably upon Mr. Pritchard Morgan's resolution, and it is quite certain that they left their mark upon the recent division list.

But it is from the indiscreet advocacy of her foreign auxiliaries that the Welsh Church has most to fear. It is impossible to speak of a man of Lord Selborne's character and position otherwise than with the respect due to a long and useful career and to his distinguished public services. Yet it may be doubted whether any man ever existed who was less fitted for the delicate task of winning back the Dissenters of Wales to the Church of their ancestors. As was observed at the time, his elaborate homilies on the origin of tithes and the early history of the British Church 'flew over their heads,' while his famous declaration that 'Wales had no more claim to a distinct nationality than Yorkshire' stuck in their throats, like the dictum of the Conservative statesman, who went all the way to Montgomeryshire in order to inform a concourse of patriotic Welshmen that Wales was a parish of England. Still more difficult is it to understand the motives which prompted Mr. Raikes (who, though not a Welshman or a Welsh member, has lived in Flintshire all his life) to tell the House of Commons,<sup>5</sup> that the Welsh had no right to be called a nation, because, until the English conquest, they had never been consolidated into one state. It is strange that so prac-

<sup>5</sup> Hansard, vol. cccl. p. 1268.

tised a debater should not have seen that he was putting it into the power of the Welsh members—who, whatever else may be said of them, are not slow to seize a point—to hold him up to their countrymen as the mouthpiece not only of an alien Church, but of an unpatriotic and anti-national clique.

The argument, however, upon which Mr. Raikes and his friends mainly relied was the amount of money which during the last few years has been spent in the Principality on what are somewhat vaguely called 'Church purposes.' As the members of the Established Church, though they certainly do not comprise one-fourth of the population of the whole country, probably possess more than three-fourths of its wealth, and as their contributions are supplemented by constant appeals to the liberality of English Churchmen, the fact is perhaps not very surprising. Indeed it may be conceded that, as a rule, Welsh Churchmen give more *per head* for the erection and maintenance of Church fabrics and Church schools than their co-religionists in England; though it is at least doubtful whether even they contribute as much out of their abundance as their 'Nonconformist brethren,' without any extraneous aid, raise for similar purposes out of their poverty. But the vice of the whole argument lies in the fact that the localities in which this laudable activity is most conspicuous are precisely those in which, by reason of the paucity of her endowments, the Church has been thrown back upon voluntary efforts. Indeed it may be said that in Wales, as in England, the strength and popularity of the State Church is in inverse proportion to her reliance upon State aid. Yet with a strange pertinacity this fact, which in other countries, and notably in our own colonies, is regarded as the strongest argument for religious equality, is with us constantly put forward as a plea for the maintenance of a State-endowed and privileged Church.<sup>6</sup>

But the point at which the opponents of the recent motion most signally broke down was their attempt to connect the extraordinary immunity of the Principality from crime with the influence of the Church of England. As I pointed out in my former article, everyone who knows Wales is aware that this immunity (which no one disputes) is directly traceable to the exertions of the Nonconformist churches, which for generations have been doing the very work which the Church of England claims as her special province—the work of raising the moral and social status of the masses—as well as that of ministering to their spiritual needs. Looked at from this point of view Mr. Stanley Leighton's ingenuous boast that, in the workhouse of the St. Asaph Union,<sup>7</sup> the Church people outnumbered the Non-

<sup>6</sup> A distinguished member of the Irish Church Commission is said to have observed, as the result of his experience, that 'an Established Church was to Religion what Protection was to Trade;' a sentence which probably sums up in a dozen words the case of the Welsh Liberationists.

<sup>7</sup> Hansard, vol. ccl. p. 1306.

conformists by four to one, becomes a valuable contribution to the controversy.

Perhaps, however, the most striking feature of the late debate was the banishment into the background of the contention, once regarded as conclusive, that the fate of the Church in Wales was inextricably bound up with that of the Church in England. Possibly this argument, viewed in the light of the events of the last twenty years, may have lost some of its terrors, or the experience of those years may have shown the danger of trusting implicitly to so two-edged a weapon. Be this as it may, it is pretty certain that, if upon other grounds the Established Church in Wales is found to be 'an anomaly and an injustice,' the mere fact that it is technically 'an integral part of the Church of England' will not, in the present state of public opinion on the subject, prevent the question from being dealt with and decided on its own merits.

G. OSBORNE MORGAN.



*IS IT TO BE CIVIL WAR?*

SUCH an article as Sir Herbert Maxwell's on the Scotch railway strike is enough to make those despair who have studied the labour question and personally know the workmen and their leaders. If our legislators are so hopelessly ignorant, if, like the French nobility, 'they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing,' we may drift into the same position as the Court drifted into before the French Revolution, and persuade ourselves that a natural, an inevitable, and an irresistible movement of a great class in the community is the work of a few unscrupulous men, and is all a mistake, and will die down presently.

Whenever a struggle takes place between workmen and capitalists it is apparently the correct thing to say that it is the fault of the 'New Unionism,' whatever that may be; and if some of those who write on this subject are to be believed, there are a few mysterious individuals called agitators who are able to stir up the workmen of England to madness at any moment, and persuade them to go out on strike. Why these agitators should trouble themselves to play such diabolical tricks is not explained—though it seems to be generally believed that in some way, not yet demonstrated, it enables them to live a life of luxurious ease—nor why the British workman allows himself to be thus madly inspired, nor what the power is, hypnotic or other, which is made use of.

Surely it is time to cease slandering the labour leaders. Those who know them personally know them to be men of genuine enthusiasm and men of ability; to be men strong in purpose, who pass unmoved through storms of abuse and misrepresentation; to be men of single aim and of simple lives.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's article on the recent railway strike is full of wrath directed against these men, the railway-men, and the New Unionism; it is only towards the close that it dawns upon the reader that there is some little matter of long hours and over-work to be considered, and that this little matter is of sufficient importance to require Government interference and possible legislation. We are told that the men who led some years ago the agitation of the unemployed in London are the same men who, by means of the New

Unionism, have brought the Scotch railway-men out on strike. The only basis for this statement is that John Burns was sent to Scotland after the strike had been in progress a fortnight to address meetings of the men, and that Mr. Cunninghame Graham made some speeches in Glasgow. For the sake of those who can only learn the facts of the labour movement through the press, it is necessary to reply to these assertions. To begin, then, whatever the New Unionism may be, it can have had nothing to do with the Scotch railway strike, as the English Society of Amalgamated Railway Servants is nineteen years old, and Mr. Tait, the secretary of the Scotch Society, has been connected with it thirteen years, and had absolutely nothing to do with the demonstrations of the unemployed in London. Furthermore, the secretary of the English Union, Mr. Harford, has been connected with that union for nineteen years, and is a very good specimen of one of the old-fashioned trade unionists—sober-minded, cautious, and hating a strike as much as any employer of labour can do. To speak of such men as Tait and Harford as violent agitators recklessly leading the railway servants into difficulties is, to those who know these men personally, hopelessly absurd. They are men of considerable ability, anxious to do their best for the railway-men in their union, always prepared to be conciliatory and always ready to avoid a strike if any possible compromise can be effected; and it was these men who conducted the strike.

Nor are the Scotch railway-men likely to allow themselves to be led by a firebrand. Respectable, intelligent, and peaceable men, many of them well up in years, with wives and families dependent on them, many of them teetotallers, and all proud of their skill and willing to work, they are not likely to be led astray by the noisy demagogue. These men, then, struck work, not through a mysterious influence called New Unionism, reckless agitation, or anything else, but for the very simple reason that they were overworked, that (on the North British Railway at any rate) this overwork was increasing, and that all attempts to obtain better conditions had failed. This was the first, but not the only, reason for the strike, as will be presently explained.

Let any candid reader examine the parliamentary return of hours of work on the two Scotch railways, and then ask himself whether such conditions of labour are tolerable. Let him imagine himself to be a goods engine-driver on a North British train starting for a six hours' run, and expected home by his wife for a bit of supper before retiring to bed. Owing to the way in which the company manages its affairs, this goods train is perpetually shunted and shunted, and left on sidings to allow other trains to go by. The six hours' run lengthens out until it has become a sixteen hours' run, and all this time the driver must remain with his engine without proper food, while his wife waits anxiously at home. At last, at four or five in the morning,

he returns to snatch a few hours' sleep and again go on duty. There were many drivers on the North British Railway who had hardly seen their children till the strike, and who enjoyed the holiday immensely, because for the first time they learned what home life meant. One man told the writer of this article that, returning home on account of the strike, he was met by one of his children, who, running into the house, said to her mother, 'Here's the man comin' that sleeps here whiles!' Often when the signal is lowered for a shunted goods train to proceed, the train does not move, and the signalman, knowing the reason, leaves his box and wakes up the driver on the engine, who has fallen asleep from sheer fatigue. Let those who wish to know what this means try to take a nap on a locomotive.

But it will be said, the directors tell us that they are always willing to meet the men and hear their grievances. Never was a statement put before the public more calculated to mislead. How are the men to approach the directors if the officials choose to prevent it? Last April the North British signalmen sent in a memorial to the manager. They never had any reply, or even an acknowledgment of the document until they had been on strike a fortnight, and then it was announced that their demands were being considered.

If deputations are sent instead of memorials, the men who have the courage to be spokesmen are usually dismissed. Just a year before the strike a deputation of Caledonian Railway servants came before the directors and some slight improvements were conceded. But at what cost? The secretary of the deputation and the two spokesmen were spotted by the officials, and before three months were over were all dismissed for trifling mistakes which with other men would have been met by a word of warning. These men can be produced, if necessary. It has been said repeatedly: Let the men obtain reasonable hours through their trade union; this has been done in other parts of the country. True, but these two companies refused to meet the trade-union leaders and discuss the question. In what way, then, except by striking were these men to obtain reasonable hours?

It will probably surprise many to learn that the North British Railway officials who refuse to recognise the union or meet its secretary, and rather than do so preferred to dislocate the whole trade of the country, have frequently met the said secretary in the past, when it suited them to do so. While refusing to discuss with him the hours of work, they have met him when one of their men has been injured and they wished to avert proceedings under the Employers' Liability Act.

The Scotch railway-men have been accused of breach of faith by striking without notice, and it is no doubt true that in doing this they put themselves in the wrong,—indeed, they admitted it more

than once in their meetings. It was done in a moment of intense excitement, against the advice of their leaders, and after two years of fruitless efforts to negotiate with the railway directors.

Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us that during the strike the men were kept from returning to work by wholesale intimidation. This I deny, and I think I have a right to speak on this matter, as during the strike I frequently visited the pickets and spent one night with the captain of the watch visiting the pickets in turn. Here and there through the country doubtless acts of intimidation occurred, very often not done by railway workmen, but by miners and others not under the control of the executive. The railway men were strictly ordered not to intimidate, and they did not do so. The public seem puzzled to understand the efficiency of picketing without intimidation, because they do not realise that a workman who returns to work during a strike is looked upon as boys look upon a sneak at school. He is thoroughly ashamed of himself in many cases, and it is a revelation of the feeling of the workmen on the question to see a 'blackleg' sneaking, with bowed head through a group of his old chums on picket duty, while the pickets cut him dead, and refuse to recognise him, even though he may be the brother of one of them.

There is another misapprehension about this strike in Scotland which requires to be dispelled. Many believe the men to have been beaten. The men have won. They have compelled the company, who at first refused to discuss the matter at all until the men had returned to work, to recognise the union, and to discuss the men's grievances with the union. It is true that the company call this meeting a deputation of the men, and the union executive have humoured them in this matter. But this deputation of the men was selected by the trade-union officials, and contained many members of the executive, so that it was a matter of indifference to the union what it was called, or whether the secretary himself was upon it. The strike has also compelled the attention of the Government to the grievances of the men and the risks run by the public, and the committee now sitting is the consequence. And this leads us to the second cause of the strike, the determination of the men to have the union recognised.

Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us that the strike was not alone on the question of hours. He is right. But why, having made this discovery, did he not go further and try and find out what other motive the men had for striking? He seems to think that the only other motive was a desire on the part of Mr. Tait to be introduced to the North British Railway manager, to which the manager replied by saying, 'Not at home.' I have already said enough to show the absurdity of regarding the trade-union leaders as anything more than the servants of the men appointed to manage their affairs and carry

out their wishes. The request of the men that the companies should meet their paid representative was in no way a personal question: it involved the whole question of the recognition of the union. Why then should the men be so anxious to have their union recognised, and the company so determined not to recognise it? The reason is not far to seek. The recognition of their union is the charter of their liberties. From that day they are no longer servants at the mercy of the caprice of an irresponsible employer; they can through their union meet this employer on equal terms, and thus become co-operators or partners in the conduct of an industry, and are no longer helpless at the will of an absolute despot.

Nothing in the great labour movement seems to puzzle the middle classes so much as this. They can understand men fighting for more wages, but they have so long rested at ease with their liberty secure that they have forgotten that men can fight for an idea, and that they themselves once plunged England into civil war to win their own charter of freedom.

What is the position of the workman to-day?

He has been told that in democracy lies the salvation of the State, that before the State men are equal, and he has been given complete political equality, with a vote as good as that of his employer. He may send, and does send, members of his own class to Parliament to form a part of the body which rules the Empire. These men are there recognised as worthy to be legislators and to play their part in government. He has had for some years the advantage of our educational system, which has roused him from the apathy of ignorance and taught him to study his position in the State, and to reason on his advantages and disadvantages. And what does he find? He finds that *outside* the gates of the factory or workshop he is regarded as a citizen, with equal rights and equal privileges, but that *inside* the factory gates industry is conducted as an absolute despotism, and the word democracy must not be whispered. There he is at the mercy of an ill-natured employer or a bullying foreman; at any moment he may be dismissed with no redress, and he may be compelled to work for an intolerable number of hours or for inadequate pay. He feels that here, where his work lies, is the place where he most requires a recognition of the principles of liberty and democracy; that political equality is a delusion while the factory remains a despotism. He sees that there is only one way in which he can meet the employer on equal terms, and that is by means of combination. He sees that the first step after having combined is to persuade or compel the employer to recognise his trade union. It is this conviction, whether expressed or unexpressed, which is inspiring the workman with an extraordinary enthusiasm, and which lies at the foundation of most recent strikes.

In order to carry out these ideas he feels the necessity of loyalty to his class, and is inspired by belief in the duty of personal sacrifice for a common cause. It is this capacity for combination and personal sacrifice, this appreciation of the fact that society is not made up of isolated units, but requires the devotion of individuals for the good of the whole, which gives the workman his power, for it is here that his employers are hopelessly deficient, as they readily themselves admit, their combinations breaking up through the treachery of individual members. Even those who merely read the daily press, with its misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the labour movement, and do not study these matters personally and come into contact with the workmen and their leaders, can see that this is true. A few well-known examples will make this clear.

During the strike at the London docks, the stevedores, making no demands for themselves, ready to return to work on the old conditions, being a close corporation of skilled workers, came out on strike in order that the poor docker might win his battle. Those who know all that a strike means of pinching poverty, all that a strike risks in permanent loss of employment, can appreciate the sacrifice of this act.

Again, during the strike last year on the Taff Vale Railway, the colliers of South Wales were thrown out of work, and the employers hoped that this would make them turn against the railway servants. But they cheerfully accepted the privation caused by the strike and helped to picket the line for their fellow workers. Again, the strike of the Southampton dock labourers last spring was a breach of discipline, for the central executive had told them not to come out. In spite of this they struck, and scenes of intense excitement and rioting ensued. In the midst of this the London executive met and decided to hold to their original position. An official was sent down to tell the men that they would receive no strike pay and must return to work. They obeyed, and next week paid, as before, their subscriptions to the union.

Opposed to this determination and discipline, we find on the side of the masters divided counsels. Many are prepared to accept the position and meet the trade-union leaders on equal terms. Many have been compelled to do so and are ready to trip up the men at the first opportunity, and many are determined to fight to the last for their present position of absolute power. Perhaps the most interesting, and on the whole most successful, attempt of the capitalists to combine against the workman is the formation of the shipping federation; but even here the individualistic spirit is too strong for the federation, and they issue orders which are ignored by their own members, while many ship-owners make terms with the Sailors' and Firemen's Union behind the back of their own federation.

It is of some interest to note that many large employers of labour

who were formerly members of the Liberal party have taken advantage of the Home Rule movement to leave it, and now denounce the democratic measures which have led to the granting of the franchise to the working classes. Their position is certainly a curious one; they have helped to sow political equality and they are reaping the inevitable crop of industrial equality that might have been foreseen. They are entering upon a struggle in which ultimate defeat is inevitable, though here and there they may gain a temporary victory.

It is impossible at present to foretell what may be the outcome of the labour movement. We may be entering upon an industrial civil war, in which industry will itself be destroyed; but if employers are reasonable in recognising the righteousness of the cause of the workman, and meet the trade unions in a genuinely friendly and liberal spirit, the face of society will be gradually transformed without any great danger to our industrial supremacy.

It lies then with employers to prevent a national disaster, for if they continue in their present delusions—if they persist in believing that this movement is the work of unscrupulous agitators, and that the workman is being deceived and does not know what he is doing—if they attempt to continue to carry on industry in an absolute despotism—the results will be terrible. For the workman inspired by an idea will not be checked by appeals to the danger of foreign competition, and if driven into a hostile attitude will fight with the determined obstinacy that has made the greatness of England in the past. This movement is not the work of one, or ten, or a hundred agitators; it is the work of a million agitators, for the only agitator responsible for the labour movement is the workman himself.

A. P. LAURIE.

*A DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH.*

If it were proposed to dissolve the present organisation of the British army, and to re-form it under a new scheme by which, instead of the service being planned on a national basis with a gradation of officers all directly under the command of central authorities representing the State, the country were to be divided into numerous districts, and captains, colonels, and generals were to be elected by the ratepayers of their respective towns, union districts, and parishes, and were to be independent of each other, and practically independent of State control except on special occasions, and were to be provided by their electors with all sorts of different weapons, including battle-axes and blunderbusses, and were generally to neglect improvements in the use of arms and any efficient military practice, and were to receive rates of salary varying from about one-seventh of the wages of a farm labourer to twenty times that amount, and if there were a prospect of raids by foreign enemies becoming so frequent as to cause daily ravage in some part of the country, few would be found to approve of so dangerous an innovation.

Yet such an incoherent jumble is almost exactly presented by our existing sanitary administration.

If, instead of our excellent fire brigade system, by which the outbreak of a fire in London becomes quickly known both to the local fire brigade and to the central establishment, small districts or parishes were to be left to manage as they chose, and were each to work or not to work a little system of their own, we should soon have a great increase of serious fires, the destruction of property would be enormous, and there would be many extensive conflagrations through the incompetence, the disconnection, and the niggardliness of Local Boards. It might even happen that if a fire passed over the parish boundary the engines belonging to its place of origin might withdraw at the moment of direst need.

Yet exactly such a spasmodic localism prevails in sanitary administration. Fevers, or zymotics of an infectious kind, bear a remarkable analogy to fire in their way of attack and progress, and the question here to be considered is whether our method of dealing with the destroyer of houses may not with great advantage be



extended to the destroyer of bodies; whether, in fact, the present organisation, or rather the present incoherence of sanitary forces, ought to be maintained or superseded.

It cannot be necessary, I think, to show that in country districts and small towns the working of the Public Health Act of 1875 has been on the whole a failure. A number of boroughs and combined districts, and even a few small rural authorities, have distinguished themselves by great energy, and a consequent large reduction of the death-rate; but these successes emphasise the apathy, neglect, and somnolence of the majority, which indeed are sufficiently proved by the small salaries given to their medical officers, and the subordination of public claims to private practice. Let anyone read the story of the struggle of the Rev. A. Robins with the corporation of Windsor, or the report of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People, or let him take a cross-country ride of 100 miles and inquire carefully into the condition of the people, the prevalence of fevers, the amount of inspection regularly carried on, and the extent to which the benefits of scientific knowledge are utilised, and he will have a fair idea of the chances of exterminating infectious disorders from the land under the present chaotic administration. All distinguished sanitarians who have inquired into these matters have condemned in the clearest and strongest manner the working of the present permissive code among a chaos of local bodies. I may here refer especially to Mr. Ernest Hart's very instructive paper in the *Transactions of the Sanitary Institute for 1885-6*, and to the lecture given to the Congress in 1889 by Sir Douglas Galton, who used these words: 'The Medical Officer of Health ought to give his whole time to his duties,' and 'Is it not a matter of astonishment that so little care is taken to obtain skilled officers to perform the duties of supervision, and especially that so little consideration is given to the importance of remunerating them adequately for the knowledge which they have been obliged to acquire to fit them for the laborious duties which they have to perform?' Further, he says, 'the Sanitary Inspector must have a certain amount of scientific knowledge, combined with much practical experience, if he is to exercise his duties effectively.' Mr. John Hamer, Secretary to the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People, says in his paper on 'A Ministry of Health,' 'Such a ministry should have full power to convert the "mays" of sanitary Acts into "shalls." What is the use of continuing to live in a fool's paradise by imagining that a vestry, composed for the most part of house farmers, will honestly and heartily enforce measures involving them in expense? To such a ministry alone should the medical officers be responsible, and only by such a ministry should they be removable.' It seems scarcely credible, but it is a fact, that many medical officers are appointed by their unenterprising districts at

salaries of 20*l.*, 15*l.*, 10*l.*, and even 5*l.* a year, and, what is worse, are often reproved if they make their office, which ought to be a distinguished and beneficent one, anything but a sinecure. If an efficient medical officer saves by his action only fifty cases of illness per annum, his constituency is the richer by at least 150*l.* directly, and indirectly by probably a larger sum, owing to the prevention of cases of life-long crippling of wage-earners after malignant fevers. It is an astounding truth, of which many a revolting instance might be quoted, that the sanitary authority is sometimes the most obstinate enemy of life-saving and of public welfare in their district. Can we imagine a fire brigade which refused to turn out, or even to raise their eyes on being called to extinguish a fire? Can we imagine the officers of a regiment called upon to repel the enemy just landing on the coast declaring that they had themselves never been wounded, had never seen foreign troops, and would not believe in any dangerous foe till they were roused by bullets in their houses?

The typical Local Board of backward places, after the foul condition of the area under their charge has been pointed out and reported upon, has contented itself and reassured its constituents by speaking of 'a few imported cases' or 'exaggerated reports,' or by a sort of belated appeal to the medical officer, whom they have hitherto hampered, to be more careful to keep them informed of anything amiss in future. Often neither he nor the inspector is required to attend regularly and to explain fully the condition of affairs from month to month. Despite the sufficiently convincing experience of other places, it seems that an epidemic of a strongly native character must be waited for ere vigorous measures can be taken. The fate of Little Dawdleton may after all not overtake the corporate pride of Buncombe Magna. There is a content, a conceit of ignorance which amounts to crime, and which far exceeds crime in the suffering which it inflicts. The stagnation into which local currents too often settle requires either an occasional storm from without or, what is better, a strong purifying current continuously flowing from high sources which will render it innocuous.

The fitness of Parochial Boards to be authorities for public health has been truly described by the Board of Supervision for Scotland in 1867.

Many of them (they say), altogether uninformed on such subjects, cannot appreciate the effects of filth and nuisance, of foul air and impure water in generating, propagating, and aggravating epidemic and endemic disease. The people generally are too much inclined to regard epidemic disease as a visitation which cannot by any precaution be averted, and they often object to be taxed for the removal of the most injurious sanitary defects because they have all their lives been accustomed to them, and do not, therefore, regard them as evils. In such cases the members of the local authority are sometimes unwilling to incur the odium of imposing the necessary rates, unless they can escape the consequent unpopularity by showing that they do so under legal compulsion.

These remarks are corroborated by a comparison of the death-rate of the eight principal towns of Scotland with that of the country during the decade 1869-78. By the action of vigorous and enlightened sanitary authorities the towns reduced their death-rate by 12 per cent.; in the country the death-rate rose 4 per cent. But in England the prejudices of a certain proportion of the electing ratepayers are surpassed by the supposed interests of some of the elected vestrymen, who are owners of fever dens and jerry-built cottages. Ought not these criminally disposed persons to be excluded by law from the governing body of their district? The present jumble of sanitary authorities, and the machinery of public health service, as at present existing, is inadequate to attain the purpose for which it was created. In the same volume of the *Transactions of the Sanitary Institute* as that which contains Mr. Hart's paper on 'Local Government Reform,' and as an appendix to that paper, is a remarkable document, written so long ago as 1877, which we may still, I think, take as a kind of sanitary charter, which we may hope some day to see embodied almost entirely in the law of this country. It is a memorial of the Joint Committee on State Medicine of the British Medical and Social Science Associations, and was addressed to the Earl of Beaconsfield. The 'little dabs of doctoring' have continued all these years, and a uniform national system which will add largely to British health and strength and life has still to be established. The County Councils set up by the present Government are, however, bodies of such weight and popularity that we may hope their powers in regard to public health will soon be extended and made compulsory, and that no county will do itself the injustice of leaving the scattered Local Boards to stumble along much longer without support and advice, the unwilling allies of every spreading disease that grows from stagnation and dirt.

In paragraph (2) the memorial alluded to runs as follows:

Your memorialists have been very strongly impressed with the need of economy in carrying out sanitary improvements, and generally in the administration of the functions of local government, and they believe that a reconstruction of sanitary agency, such as hereinafter recommended, is consistent not only with complete efficiency, but with the accomplishment of a much larger amount of work done at a less cost than at present. This can readily be obtained by constituting, instead of the many local authorities under various names now existing, one elected and representative body, clothed with all executive functions, whether municipal or sanitary, within the area of its jurisdiction.

Then, in the fourth paragraph, they make among others the following admirable suggestions: The health officers of the County Boards to be men of high scientific attainments and acknowledged ability, paid adequate salaries for superintending the whole or a division of a county; to these county officers should be added medical officers of a district, with assistants, all forming part of a

great department of the State, under the presidency of a Minister of Health; but all these officers should be under central control, so far as making up one great body of workers for general State medical purposes. In this as in all other departments of local action, there should be the minimum of interference with local government. All Officers of Health should be debarred from private practice, and be holders of diplomas in State Medicine, a portion of their salaries paid out of money voted by Parliament, the rest out of local rates.

It is no exaggeration to say that, as tens of thousands of lives have been preserved and hundreds of thousands of cases of illness have been prevented, especially in large towns, by the Sanitary Acts at present in force, so a State system like that proposed would reduce the most destructive fevers in a few years to very small proportions. But there should be no hesitation in the endeavour to bring every part of the kingdom into sympathetic communication with the Central Board, and the president of the Central Council should be a Moltke of the medical profession. As things now are, a single filthy village or neglected suburb may develop scarlet fever, or typhoid, or diphtheria, and in the course of a few weeks or months neighbouring farms, or watercourses, or lines of railway, assist in spreading the infection far and wide, till the original seat of the mischief is unsuspected. A Local Government Board inquiry, with results beneficial for the future, may in a few instances take place, but long after the inception of the outbreak, and much too late to kill the epidemic in its early growth, when it might be easily extinguished.

What can be done in the way of suppressing infectious disorders, or preventing their spread, has been shown in respect of small-pox and other zymotics by Leicester and by London, under the Metropolitan Asylums Board; in respect of infectious diseases generally by the Sanitary Aid Associations of Hastings and Westminster, and by several local authorities, where the interests of a place make people more alive than usual to the importance of a reputation for salubrity, as at seaside and inland holiday resorts, some of which have attained a death-rate of below 9 in the 1,000 in 1889. Meanwhile places like Preston, where manufactured products are more highly valued than human health, maintain a death-rate of something like 30 in the 1,000.

But although it is true that to a very great extent places may make their death-rate for themselves as they please down to 11, 10, or 9 per 1,000, it is the small minority which choose to do so, and even these are always liable to importations of infectious matter from less careful localities. Infection, by its very nature, is no more local than the people whom it attacks, sometimes rather less. If only fifty localities remained in England where sanitation was neglected, those fifty would be a perpetual source of trouble and

cause of mortality to every other part of the country. As an outbreak of fire in a house is not only the concern of the householder but of the town in which it is situated, so every growth of infectious disease in England is the concern of the State, for it may multiply until thousands have fallen under it if unwisely dealt with, but if treated scientifically will certainly be soon arrested. Infectious diseases, by their method of propagation now so well known, their utter disregard of parochial boundaries, and their easy submission to control at the beginning by means well defined and unerring in result, are in all respects specially fit subjects for national and not purely local management. There can be no question that if invisible sparks which could set fire to and destroy houses and goods were capable of being carried on one's clothes from the scene of a fire to other places, property, always so well looked after, would be guarded by enactments much more stringent than those which apply to the particles which bring destruction to human lives. And if fire could be so easily and dangerously conveyed from place to place, the nation and not the locality would organise a thorough system of prevention, and punish severely the offending carrier of possible commercial damage. How much more urgent is the need of national organisation for preserving the foundations of strength in the vigour of the people, and for exterminating an evil possessing in its organic nature the power of indefinite multiplication!

Sir John Simon, one of the very highest authorities in these matters, wrote in his thirteenth report to the Privy Council:

It seems certain that the deaths which occur in this country are fully a third more numerous than they would be if our existing knowledge of the chief causes of disease were reasonably applied throughout the country; that of deaths which, in this sense, may be called preventable, the average yearly number in England and Wales is about 120,000, and that of the 120,000 cases of preventable suffering which thus in every year attain their final place in the death register, each unit represents a larger or smaller group of other cases in which preventable disease not ending in death, though often of far-reaching ill effects on life, has been suffered.

A great deal of good work in legislation and practice has been done since this report was written, and the destructiveness of zymotic disease has been reduced. Still we know that more than a million cases of infectious illness occur every year, which might have been prevented by thorough organisation and scientific control—a control by which every family in England would be relieved from an ever-threatening cause of trouble and distress, from a tyranny of foulness disgraceful to enlightened times.

One disease which may be put in this class, the most horrible of all, hydrophobia, affords the most striking instance of how local action fails, and State action succeeds, in exterminating pests which have no respect for parish boundaries. A rabid dog is given to running rapidly for great distances, and, therefore, whatever living thing he bites on the way becomes a possible fresh centre of in-

fection. Of course, therefore, local measures, and even county orders, do not suffice to extinguish the plague. But wherever a Government takes the subject seriously in hand, and by general muzzling of a proper kind for a year or two, and strict regulations concerning imported dogs, makes it highly improbable that any rabid bite can be inflicted, this worst of torments may be absolutely extirpated. Australia, Sweden, and some other countries have adopted one or both of these methods with the utmost success. Our own country will probably allow many dreadful examples to take place of *laissez-faire* results, an overwhelming proof of things already proven, before it parts with so-called moderate or half-and-half measures, and applies the only true remedy which is the humane one for the sake both of men and beasts.

Recent action with regard to pleuro-pneumonia in cattle, which has caused so much loss of live stock, gives good hope of the extinction of this plague by skilled officials acting directly under a State department. The county authorities have hitherto dealt with outbreaks within their area, and although the slaughtering of infected herds and other measures of precaution have been enforced with some success, a malady of so highly infectious a character is more likely to be vanquished by the uniform supervision and prompt attention of trained intelligence acting under one authority. Memorials from the agricultural community in Scotland and elsewhere had been presented with a view to more uniform procedure. In the Netherlands there were, in 1875, 2,227 outbreaks of pleuro-pneumonia, and in 1876 it was made the rule that where an outbreak occurs the whole herd is slaughtered by royal decree. The cases consequently diminished until in 1880 there were only forty-eight. The *Standard* of the 7th July, 1890, in an article on 'Home and Foreign Agriculture,' remarks :

The Parliamentary session will be relieved from the charge of barrenness, in the judgment of agriculturists, by the passing of the Pleuro-pneumonia Bill, which embodies the plan of dealing with the disease which they have been demanding for many years. The local authorities, having had a long trial, have ignominiously failed to suppress the disease, or even to keep it within moderate bounds, and now that the Board of Agriculture is to have a free hand we shall see what can be done by a central authority making uniform regulations for the whole country, and dealing with outbreaks of disease and movements of cattle without regard to county boundaries.

'Ignominious failure!' These words apply to a large part of the United Kingdom in respect of the control of human plagues with which those of cattle can hardly be compared in interest.

Recent discoveries give good reason for subjecting the condition and surroundings of milk cows and other animals to regular supervision by specially qualified officers free from local ties; and it has been proved that many outbreaks of typhoid, diphtheria, and scarlet

fever have arisen from the condition of the farm or dairy. In these cases the advantage of large areas being controlled by one medical officer, and of power to investigate in any locality from which milk is conveyed, is beyond question. The recent Act unfortunately was maimed in this particular point.

With regard to the ordinary means of infection, it seems to the last degree unreasonable that adjoining districts are often as ignorant of their respective condition as regards fever, measles, &c., as Jersey is of the Shetland Islands, and that even the medical officer and inspector should be totally unwarned, as I have known them to be, of prevailing infections on their borders, where gatherings of children or adults were almost certain to propagate the mischief.

Schoolmasters might be a valuable coastguard if directed to communicate in these emergencies with the medical officers of adjoining areas.

State superintendence, constant vigilance, and prompt action on lines always hitherto successful will be as conspicuously justified in respect of human beings as of cattle. People are much more willing to give up a little independent evil to obtain a great general benefit than is supposed by the loud asserters of every man's right to mind his own business, which in the case of zymotics means the right to inflict that business on his neighbours. To move a pigsty a little further from a man's front door, and to make him keep it a good deal cleaner, takes a small slice from the owner's independence, but confers upon him better air, better health, and freedom from responsibility in causing possible harm to his neighbours. The man who believes in parish sanitation independent of national control should be condemned to live in a parish-built house, to drive on parish roads, and to confine his reading to the parish magazine for the rest of his life. County roads are incomparably better than parish roads, and Government roads best of all, yet road-making is a simple matter. Sanitary measures, such as isolation, disinfection, reducing density of population, ventilation, the protection of air and water from contamination, are less simple but more important. Great things have been done by some of our towns, as for instance, Glasgow in the north, and on a lesser scale, Brighton, Torquay, Hastings, and Eastbourne, in the south, for the reduction of zymotic disease, and the time will come, we may hope, when similar improvements will take place in our country districts. But either the area must be very large or the motive power must be strong, as in the case of health resorts. The foresight, the science, the skill, the promptness, and the general view of a central authority is necessary in order to attain the highest success. More than three-fourths of England and Wales have now adopted the Notification Act, and we may therefore look forward to the time when the distribution of infectious diseases over the whole of Great Britain

will be known to the Ministry of Health, their progress traced and checked, their breeding-ground ascertained, their causes and their means of spreading removed; when for every kind of endemic pestilence there will be a separate map, on which each centre of virulence will be marked; when the daily reports will come in as to the Meteorological Office in London; and when by the co-operation of brigades as prompt as those against fire the number of outbreaks will be observed to diminish week by week and year by year, until these calamities become as rare as small-pox, typhus, or even the Black Death. It is a question of organisation.

ROLLO RUSSELL.



*A MODEL DAIRY.*

BERLIN possesses a commercial undertaking which, owing to its success, its rapid growth, the benefit it confers on the people, and the philanthropic manner in which it is conducted, is well worthy of notice. I allude to the immense dairy of Herr C. Bolle.

The business was commenced in 1881 with three carts. Now (1891) 600 men, 140 horses, and 107 vehicles are needed to satisfy the demands of customers. The secret of his success lies in the purity, excellence, and cheapness of the milk, the precautions which render adulteration impossible, the scrupulous cleanliness practised in the establishment, and the facilities which are afforded to the poor to become purchasers.

Every driver of a cart is detailed to supply milk to a certain portion of the town. He receives a small map representing his part of the city, with certain spots marked at the corners of streets where the cart has to stop and sell milk to all who care to purchase.

The employés are shielded against temptation to dishonesty by the milk being placed entirely out of their control. The cans, which are made to contain certain measured quantities of milk, are locked and placed inside the cart, which consists of an enormous metal box on wheels, with holes just large enough to admit the taps from the cans inside to be pushed through. When the metal box is closed it is impossible to tamper with the milk. Outside, just above the holes where the taps appear, the nature of the contents of each can, and the price, are clearly painted. As it is known exactly how much each can holds, the employé whose duty it is to sell the milk is responsible for its value, and has to produce the sum which represents the amount of milk missing when the cart returns to the dairy. A similar arrangement is pursued in regard to the sale of butter and cream cheeses, which are handed to the employé in convenient-sized pats and shapes, each having its price clearly stamped upon its face. The following are the articles sold, and the price charged per litre (pint 1·760773). A mark is 11½d., and a kilogramme 2·204611 lbs. avoirdupois :—

		<i>Delivered from Cart into Kitchen.</i>	
		Per 1½ pints (1 litre)	
		d.	d.
Pure Milk	.	0 2½	2½
Stimmed Milk	.	0 1	1½
Butter Milk	.	0 1½	1½
Cream	.	1 0	0
Whipped Cream	.	From 1s. 2½d. to 2 0 1s. 2½d. to 2s.	
		Per lb. (½ kilo)	
		d.	d.
Finest Butter :			
1st Quality	.	10	1 10
2nd „	.	7½	1 7½
3rd „	.		1 5
German Cream Cheese :		cheese.	
		s.	
Square Cheese	.	0	0 :
Ramadour	.	0	0 4
Harz	.	0	0 1½
Camembert	.	0	7½
Moabite	.	0 1½	1½
Neuchâtel	.	0	1½
Children's Milk in sealed bottles containing 1½ pints (1 litre)			3½
Sterilised Milk	..		5
Kefyr	.	per bottle.	2½
Sugar of Milk	.	per lb.	6½
Raspberry, cherry and currant syrup in bottles, containing ¾ pint (½-litre)	.		1 0

Three travelling inspectors are continually employed in watching over the cleanliness and proper handling of the milk from the time it leaves the dairy until it reaches the customers' hands. Almost all the work necessary for the maintenance and repair of this large establishment is carried out on the premises; for instance, there are locksmiths, blacksmiths, coopers, painters, carpenters and joiners.

In autumn and winter from 35,000 to 40,000 and in spring from 45,000 to 50,000 litres of milk are brought daily to the dairy from the different Berlin stations. This enormous amount is poured into great vats or basins after being carefully tested to ensure its sweetness. It is then passed through a filtering apparatus, by which all impurities are arrested, and flows into different parts of the building according to the nature of the treatment it is destined to undergo. One of the specialities of this gigantic dairy is the production of sterilised or germless milk. After the destruction of all germs through the application of heat carefully regulated so as never to reach the boiling-point, the milk which is sent to customers in sealed bottles can be retained sweet and fresh for several days.

Herr Bolle is not one of those employers who regard their work-people merely as tools indispensable to the making of a fortune. He takes a genuine interest in their welfare, and, like a wise as well as a benevolent man, binds them to his service by the links of

self-interest and of personal affection. Whenever his profits exceed a certain percentage on the capital invested, he invites his employés to share in the increased reward of their labours. He has provided a large hall for the use of his workpeople. This building is used for meetings, lectures, and festivities. Here are also held wood-carving and singing classes. The walls are adorned with the portraits of all the rulers of Prussia and Emperors of Germany since the time of the Elector Frederick I., and also with a tablet commemorative of a visit paid to the establishment by the present Emperor and Empress on the 18th of February, 1889. A restaurant has also been fitted up for the exclusive use of the workpeople, where they can obtain excellent refreshments at cost price. For instance, a cup of coffee with milk and sugar costs five pfennigs (a fraction over  $\frac{1}{2}d.$ ), a glass of good red or white wine the same sum, and a mid-day meal from fifteen to twenty-five pfennigs. The interests of the children of the employés have not been neglected, Herr Bolle having provided an excellent school for them. Three deaconesses have charge of these institutions. One superintends the restaurant kitchen and the laundry, another gives daily instruction in the school, and the third visits the sick in their own homes. Herr Bolle does not limit his care to the bodies and minds of his workpeople. He believes that man's nature is threefold, and that the soul needs culture as well as the mind and the body. He has therefore erected a chapel containing 1,000 seats. Every Saturday, at 5 p.m., a service is held here, lasting three-quarters of an hour. Saturday is chosen for the service rather than Sunday, in order that the workpeople who have to be employed all Sunday morning may be able to spend the afternoon of that day in the society of their families. There is, however, a special service on Sunday morning for the children. The number of Sunday-school children is 146. Herr Bolle has erected a fine organ in the chapel, and the musical part of the service is carried out by the men belonging to the singing and choral classes.

In connection with the establishment is a laboratory, under the direction of a trained chemist, for the purpose of testing the quality of the milk as it arrives from the country. There is also a special department for the extraction of sugar from the milk. This is largely used by chemists in compounding drugs. As milk from the mother's breast contains more saccharine matter than cow's milk, this sugar is added to milk specially prepared for the use of infants and very young children, in order to render it as like as possible to the natural milk of the mother. The cows kept for this purpose are separated from the others, and are all fed throughout the year on similar and selected fodder. There is a great demand for this milk, which is sold to the public for the use of infants in sealed bottles. The greatest care is taken to cleanse all utensils after use. There is one department entirely reserved for this purpose. Every receptacle is

carefully washed with soda and water, and then steam is forced into and through it. Thus, every possibility is removed of any sour matter being left behind to contaminate and turn the milk when the vessels are next used.

In conducting the above undertaking to a successful issue, Herr Bolle has given conclusive proof, if indeed proof be needed, that a practical interest in the welfare of employes is not inconsistent with the acquisition of wealth, and has, I am assured, been the means of visibly improving the physical condition of the poorer children of the German metropolis, by supplying them at their very doors with cheap and pure milk, for lack of which, in days gone by, they not infrequently pined and died.

The low stature and weakly frame of many a child in our own large cities, and even in the country, is in great measure due to the absence of milk from its diet. The offspring of the British working man is largely fed upon tea without milk, and white bread, from which the most nourishing part of the flour has been removed—an insufficient and unnourishing diet, which will never produce strong and healthy men and women, and which, I fear, is rapidly becoming customary in the country as well as in the town. We British lack neither enterprise nor capital. Why should not London and each of our large towns possess its Bolle as well as Berlin? Let us hope that energetic, patriotic, and capable spirits will unite self-interest with philanthropic desires, and in enriching themselves, restore to the working classes that wholesome beverage and food which, from various causes, has within recent years been gradually but surely disappearing from the dietary of the poor.

MEATH.

*SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE.*

To the question, 'What has Science to say as to man's survival of death?' the chief spokesmen of modern science are inclined to answer, 'Nothing at all.' The affirmative answer she holds as unproved, and the negative answer as unprovable.

Nevertheless, in spite of, and by reason of, her studied neutrality, the influence of science is every year telling more strongly against a belief in a future life. Inevitably so; since whatever science does not tend to prove, she in some sort tends to disprove: beliefs die out, without formal refutation, if they find no place among the copious store of verified and systematised facts and inferences which is supplanting the traditions and speculations of pre-scientific days as the main mental pabulum of mankind.

And the very magnitude of the special belief in question renders it, in one sense, the more easily starved. Men feel that, if it were true, there would surely be far more to be said for it than they have ever heard. The silence which surrounds the topic is almost more discouraging than overt attack. At first, indeed, in the early days of the scientific dominion, *savants* were wont to make some sort of apology, or disclaimer of competence, when their doctrines seemed too obviously to ignore man's hope of a future. Then came open assaults from audacious and confident *savants*—to whom the apologetic and optimistic *savants* seemed to have nothing particular to reply. And gradually the educated world—that part of it, at least, which science leads—is waking up to find that no mere trifles or traditions only, but the great hope which inspired their fathers aforetime, is insensibly vanishing away.

Now it is important that a question so momentous should not thus be suffered to go by default. There should be an occasional stock-taking of evidence, an occasional inquiry whether, among the multifarious advances of science, any evidence has been discovered bearing on a question which, after all, is to science a question of evidence alone.

It seems to me that, even during this generation—even during the last few years—discoveries have, in fact, been made which must gradually revolutionise our whole attitude towards the question of

an unseen world, and of our own past, present, or future existence therein.

Some of the discoveries of which I speak—in the realm of automatism and of human personality—have already commanded wide scientific assent, although their drift and meaning have, as I hold, been as yet very imperfectly understood. Other discoveries, which I regard as equally valid, are as yet disputed or ignored; but they are, in fact, so closely linked with what is already admitted, that all analogy (I think) leads us to suppose that, in some form or other, these newer views also are destined profoundly to modify scientific thought.

The discoveries of which I speak are not the result of any startling novelties of method. Rather, they are examples of the fruitful results which will often follow from the simple application of well-known methods of research to a group of phenomena which, for some special historical reason, has hitherto been left outside the steady current of experiment and observation.

Now, the whole inquiry into man's survival has thus far, if I may so say, fallen between two stools. Neither those who support the thesis, nor those who impugn it, have thus far made any serious attempt to approach it by scientific method.

On the one hand, materialistic science has, naturally enough, preferred to treat the subject as hardly capable of argument. There is the obvious fact that, when a man dies, you hear nothing more from him. And there is the fact—less obvious, indeed, but more and more fully established—that to every mental change some cerebral change corresponds: with the inference that, when the brain decays, the mind is extinct as well.

This strong negative argument forms the basis of the popular treatises—Büchner's *Kraft und Stoff* and *Das künftige Leben* may serve as examples—which urge mankind definitely to set aside all thought of a life to come. The argument is, necessarily, a purely negative one; it rests on the absence of positive testimony to any mental energy with which some cerebral change is not directly concomitant. The negative presumption will, therefore, be shaken if accepted notions as to man's personality are shown to be gravely defective, while it will be at once overthrown if positive evidence to man's survival of bodily death can in any way be acquired.

To the arguments of Materialism Philosophy and Religion have replied in ways of their own. As regards the nature of human personality, philosophy has had much to say; and man's immortality has been the very corner-stone of the Christian faith. But, with rare exceptions, neither philosophy nor religion has discovered, or even sought for, facts and arguments which could meet materialistic science on its own ground. The spokesmen of religion, indeed, have generally preferred, for ecclesiastical or for moral reasons, to leave

the question of man's survival, or, as they have termed it, man's immortality, to the domain of faith. On ecclesiastical grounds, they have naturally desired to retain the monopoly of spiritual teaching; they have been less concerned to prove by carnal methods that an unseen world exists, than to impress their own crowning message or revelation upon men who already believed in that world as a reality. On moral grounds, also, they have felt it dangerous to allow a dogma so essential to man's future life to be thrown into the chaldron of speculation. So long, indeed, as the earthly prosperity of the righteous was held sufficient to prove the moral government of the world, man's destiny after death might remain an open field for primitive questionings. But when earthly justice was too plainly seen to fail, then the doctrine of future reward and punishment became necessary 'to justify the ways of God to men.'

Since, then, the thesis of man's survival has been far oftener defended with an ethical than with a merely scientific interest, it is no wonder that the moral and emotional arguments should have assumed almost complete predominance.

With those arguments I have in this paper nothing to do. I am expressly laying aside all support which the belief in a future life receives either from 'natural religion,' from philosophy, or from revelation. I wish to debate the matter on the ground of experiments and observations such as are appealed to in other inquiries for definite objective proof.

Yet there is one argument which, since it is historical as well as religious, I must not avoid altogether. It will be urged by many readers that the Resurrection of Christ is 'a fact as well attested as any in history'—better attested, they will say, than many of the recent observations on which I rely. And although on that historical question my opinion has no special value, I must not shirk this appeal. I will say, then, that I still adhere to Paley's view; that I cannot explain that testimony given by the 'twelve men of probity,' in face of bonds and stripes and death, except on the supposition that Christ did in fact manifest Himself to His disciples after bodily life was extinct. But I personally could not press this argument upon other minds. I recognise that, were I not convinced also of those facts of modern occurrence which are actually in dispute, then, although I might have a *moral* right, I should hardly have a *scientific* right to pin my faith to an event so marvellous and so isolated, and dating back to a time and country with standards of historical accuracy so different from our own.

And I observe that, among the newer school of theologians, there is less and less disposition to press the argument on purely historical grounds. Preachers do not often say, 'Apart from all question of what Christ was or did, we have absolute proof that He rose from the dead, and, consequently, that all men are so constituted that they will rise also.'

Rather they say, 'Christ sealed a divine life with this great manifestation of divinity; therefore, we must believe Him when He tells us that we shall rise again.'

It is natural enough to mix historical with moral proof where the purely moral elements in the demonstration have so often been found convincing. Yet it would be a grave mistake to suppose that, however cogent the moral proof of any proposition as to matter of fact may be, a scientific proof is thereby rendered superfluous. A belief which a man cannot connect and correlate with other beliefs relating to similar matters cannot long maintain an independent vitality.

As I have already said, the habit of belief on definite scientific grounds tends to the atrophy of all beliefs on matters of fact which cannot be verified by rigorous historical methods, or by modern experiment and observation. Physical science is in this way far more sceptical—or, rather, far more agnostic—than Law. Law has to act on probabilities; it gives weight to moral considerations when definite proof cannot be had. But science, if definite proof is unattainable, puts the matter aside altogether.

The result is, as we all know, that the great majority of Continental *savants* and disciples of science have practically ceased to regard a future life as a possibility worth discussing. In England and America the case is different; but even here the belief in survival seems now to rest, not so much on any definite creed, as on a temper of mind which in energetic Western races survives for some time the decay of definite dogma. I mean that view of the universe loosely styled optimism, but which some now term *bonism*, with no greater barbarism in the form of the word, and more accuracy in its meaning. These sanguine races, I say, still maintain their trust that the Cosmos, as a whole, is good, even when the definite beliefs on which this trust anciently rested have one by one been cut away. 'We cannot believe,' they say, 'that God or Nature will put us to permanent intellectual confusion.' 'We must hold that life has a meaning, and that man's highest instincts are in accordance with the truth of things.'

One must needs feel sympathy for the various groups, semi-Christian, Theistic, or Pantheistic, who are thus striving to support, on less and less of substantive aliment, the spiritual life within. But, alas! no sooner have the Positivist school succeeded in reducing that aliment to a large H in Humanity—the spiritual equivalent of a *straw per diem*—than the optimistic temper is found to be starved out, and the Western world to be gravitating towards the immemorial melancholy of the East.

It is the pessimists who contribute the most characteristic note to the philosophy of our generation. They tell us that the young vigour of Western races has thus far accepted without question the illusive brightness which Nature's witchery casts upon human fates. But, as these races attain maturity of meditation, they will pass from under



the magic spell ; their restless energy will die down as it recognises that all energies in the end are vain.

Yet it is not in philosophical utterance, but in practical life, that this disillusioned view of the universe is most pervading and potent. The determined egoist has in all ages been hard for the moralist to handle. And now he can turn round on the moralist and invoke the universe to back him. The 'struggle-for-lifeur' can plausibly maintain that it is he who in reality conforms to the fundamental law of all existence—that law being the self-preservation of each separate entity ; and all alliances with other entities being mere temporary aids to self-preservation. 'My ancestors,' he may say, 'instinctively practised tribal virtues, or they would not have survived. I can survive without practising those virtues ; and if others imitate me, and my tribe decays, I shall merely infer that a nation containing many persons above a certain pitch of intelligence must necessarily lose the tribal instinct, the self-sacrificing *naïveté*, which are essential to what you call private virtue, or national greatness.' We may threaten to hold aloof from such a man as this ; but he will reply that the society of dupes or prigs is not the form of enjoyment at which he particularly aims.

To all this, of course, the upright man has for his own part an unshaken answer. He refuses to believe that the universe can be an evil thing. Whatever his personal destiny may be, he is ready to throw himself into the destiny of the whole. No disenchantment can dislodge him from the august self-surrender of Cleanthes's prayer :—

Lead, lead Cleanthes, Zeus and holy Fate,  
Where'er ye place my post, to serve or wait :  
Willing I follow ; if against my will,  
A baffled rebel I must follow still.

To this temper the best men come nearest ; this temper we should wish to be ours. And yet we have no proof that it may not in very truth be entirely irrational. The universe may not expect anything of this kind, nor be prepared to meet our self-devotion in any way whatever. All the moral grandeur which we feel in the Cosmos may be the mere figment of our own imaginations. This may be the last form of man's ineradicable anthropomorphism ; the ascription to the Sum of Things of that merger of individual interests in a vaster well-being which was necessary to our struggling ancestors in order that their tribe might survive.

The universe has no need to struggle for existence ; it exists, and there is no more to say. For aught we know, it may consist of countless units of sensation, with no ultimate end beyond their own individual and momentary pleasure, or surcease of pain, and only linked into a semblance of community by the exigencies of lust or war.

So profound is the atheism of these reflections, that there is something repugnant even in the admission that they need an answer. And yet when, sometimes, an answer is hinted at by some philosopher cognisant of the weakness of the habitual positions, there is apt to be a sinister tone in his reserve. It is suggested that it need not always be deemed incumbent on the moral teacher to proclaim that at all hazards we must seek the truth. If the wisest men have decided that it is impossible to 'maintain Eternal Providence,' it will be well to say and think as little as possible about the destiny of man. Nay, it may be a duty to preach to the young a lying gospel; to hide from them as long as may be the vanity of human hope. Science, it is urged, would thus be only doing what religion has often done before—setting a bar to inquiries which would lead to demoralisation and despair. Nor can one say which would be the better justification; the plea of religion, that she did but restrain the soul from a risk of wilful and fatal error; or the plea which science would have to urge, that she was but hiding the Medusa's head under her robe, and keeping from men innocent and unfortunate the inevitable and paralysing truth.

For my own part, I am opposed to either plea. There seems to me to be something even absurdly premature in this despair of the human republic. And, meantime, it is to the simple, dispassionate love of truth, and to this alone, that I can appeal in urging a line of inquiry on which neither scientific nor religious orthodoxy has thus far bestowed active support.

I maintain, then, that to suppose for a moment that mankind could have already arrived at any valid scientific conclusion negating our possible survival of death, is to show that the very idea that the subject can be treated scientifically has hardly yet entered men's minds. We sometimes see it said that 'the highest intellects have grappled with the problem in vain for many an age.' But what does this really mean? What materials have the highest intellects had to work upon? What observations have they made? What line of experiment have they pursued and found to be fruitless?

And what fraction of the probable duration on earth of the race of civilised men do such reasoners suppose to have already elapsed? Was there any abstract speculation worth speaking of five thousand years ago? And what proportion do five thousand years bear to the millions of years—place the number of millions as low as you will—during which, barring accidents, we may suppose that the slowly-cooling sun will still be keeping our descendants alive? Assuredly 'we are ancients of the earth and in the morning of the times,' in a sense far deeper than our habitual modes of thought, our contrasts between 'antiquity' and the modern world, permit us to realise. We are still in the first moment of man's awakening intelligence; we are merely opening our eyes upon the universe around us.

But even if we choose to speak of the past duration of human thought as long, and of the thinkers who have pondered on man's survival as many in number, we may yet well ask whether a failure thus far to solve any particular problem need be taken as indicating that men better equipped for the research will not solve it in due time. In dealing with any ordinary branch of science such a question could have but one answer. The only reason why it is needful here to press it is, that the existence or nature of an unseen world around us has scarcely, thus far, been treated as a scientific question at all.

And yet, if an unseen world exists—and if it exists, we must in some sense be in it—that world cannot consist only of ideas and emotions, of theology and metaphysics. It must be a world of science too,—a world governed by laws which cannot be moral laws alone, but which must regulate all that goes on in that world, and all communications (if any there be) which pass between that world and this.

The question, then, whether such communications can ever be received or understood, is in reality a question as to the possible extension of our terrestrial science so as to embrace possible indications of a life lying beyond, yet conceivably touching the life and the conditions of earth.

Now, the whole history of science is a history of the recognition and interpretation of continually slighter indications of forces or entities continually more subtle and remote. At each stage of progress there have been *savants* who have declared that the extreme limit of human perception had now been reached. At each stage observers accustomed to one set of inquiries, already easy and fruitful, have protested against new kinds of inquiry as chimerical and useless.

It happens thus, that an inquiry by positive methods into the survival of men, although, of course, like other inquiries, it may be doomed to ultimate failure, is, nevertheless, both an almost new and a by no means hopeless thing. So novel is it, that the very observations which are urged most strongly *against* survival are scarcely a generation old; while the observations which tell *in favour* of survival have only been systematically recorded within the last decade. Nor, in fact, need it surprise us that the problem should have remained thus practically almost untouched. The mere fact that a problem is important to us is no reason why we should expect that our ancestors should have solved it. The priest or the philosopher, indeed, may give us answers on those matters first which it most behoves us to know. But the *savant*, the actual observer and experimenter, gives us answers first, not on the most important problems, but on those which it is easiest to solve. We must discover the proper methods of search before we can get at any given result. Now, the proper methods in questions touching the intimate constitution

of man—on which constitution his survival or non-survival of death must depend—are partly those of physiology and partly those of psychology. The methods of physiology are new and imperfect; the methods of experimental psychology are newer and more imperfect still.

As has been already implied, the scientific arguments *against* survival are themselves very recent. After that first obvious inference from the impenetrable silence of death, no further precision was given to the discussion until the middle of the present century. At about that date men began to realise the fact which J. S. Mill could still treat as unproved—namely, that to every observable thought or emotion of man there probably corresponds some change or movement in the material substance of the brain.

The exactness and delicacy with which these correspondences can now be established have made a deep impression on the public mind. We seem to have tracked mental life to its inmost recesses, and to have found it everywhere enwound with an organism which tells us much of our bestial origin, nothing of our spiritual future. The very pineal gland which Descartes suggested as the seat of the soul is now regarded as a degenerate vestige of the eye of an invertebrate ancestor.

And yet, however exactly the parallelism between psychical and cerebral energies may be established, the exacter correlation can tell us little more than the vaguer told us—little more than we had always known when noting the abeyance of the spiritual life in infancy, its distortion in madness, its decay in age.

No one, indeed, can now claim—but no one could ever reasonably claim—that the soul can sway and dominate the brain as it will, and express itself in its entirety through however defective an instrument. Going back to a metaphor as old as Plato, we know, even more surely than he did, that the musician cannot play sweetly on the lyre if it is strained or broken. But as to the origin or essential significance of this close connection of 'psychosis and neurosis' we avowedly know nothing at all. We do not know whether the mental energy precedes or follows on the cerebral change, nor whether the two are, somehow, but different aspects of the same fact.

Thus far we are most of us agreed. We come now to a point of greater novelty. During the last few years experiments have been made, in France and in England, on the nature of human personality, which must influence our conception of this equation between mind and brain in directions as yet very imperfectly understood.

How quickly matters have moved may be best judged by a reference to the utterance of an advanced thinker a quarter of a century ago.

In 1865 the late J. S. Mill, in his *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy*, had occasion to discuss the question whether

'unconscious mental modifications' do or do not exist; whether ideas can pass through the mind without forming a part, even for a moment, of the normal—assumed to be the only—current of consciousness. The only sentence which need here be cited from that discussion runs as follows: 'The difference between the two opinions being *beyond the reach of experiment*' (the italics are mine), 'and both being equally consistent with the facts which present themselves spontaneously, it is not easy to obtain sure grounds for deciding between them.'

Most of my readers will be aware that it is, in fact, perfectly easy to decide this question by direct experiment in five minutes. Nay, even at the date when Mill wrote, it was perfectly easy so to decide it, and the experiment had been already made many thousands of times; so dangerous is it for even the greatest philosophers to neglect even the humblest adit into actual fact.

For, in truth, ever since the experiments, I will not say of Mesmer, but of De Puységur, it had been known to all those who were willing to take the trouble to read a few books, and to verify for themselves by actual trial the records which those books contained—it had been known, I say, that very many men and women in normal health, could by various simple methods be placed in the so-called somnambulic condition, or mesmeric trance, during which state they could talk and act intelligently; but that when 'awakened' from this trance, they remembered absolutely nothing of what had passed. It is as clear as such a matter can reasonably be made, that thoughts and emotions of almost any degree of strength and complexity may occupy a sane mind for hours together, and yet at no time enter into the current of ordinary waking consciousness.

This in itself is a striking fact enough, and goes far to settle the question which Mill deemed incapable of direct attack. But these experiments have a significance which reaches far beyond the bounds of the ancient controversy. For the question is no longer of mere momentary intrusions into, or exclusions from, a stream of consciousness which is assumed to be practically synonymous with the man's entire being. On the contrary, we are now learning to conceive of our normal consciousness as representing only a fragment of the activity going on in our brains. We know of cases where a secondary current of consciousness—connected in various ways with the primary current—is always ready to take its place; so that the person lives alternately two different lives, with different chains of memory, and even different characters. Nay, we know of cases, both spontaneous and experimentally induced, where the secondary consciousness has definitely replaced the primary one, and the person now possesses what would have been called in old times a different Self from that with which her earthly consciousness began.

These conclusions, I say, are now admitted; but, although admitted, they are still, I think, very imperfectly understood. They

have as yet been observed mainly by physicians, who have seldom realised their profound psychological meaning. That meaning, as I understand it, is that no known form of human consciousness manifests, or comes near to manifesting, the total Self; and, consequently, that this empirical or superficial consciousness with which we habitually identify ourselves can only discover indirectly and inferentially, by experiment and artifice, the extent of our intellectual being. We know not what fraction of ourselves it may be which till now we have taken for the whole.

As thus far stated, these expanding psychological prospects are still consistent with the view that all our mental activities, however extensive and however subdivisible, may be dependent on cerebral changes, and may end with death. Yet even, were there no new powers visible in the widening inward horizon, the very magnitude of the change in our conception of personality might well make us pause before repeating the dogmas of negation which were framed with regard to far simpler and narrower facts.

Such a pause, at any rate, would soon bring its own justification. For in reality there is much more to add. Our notion of personality is being deepened as well as widened; we begin to discern profounder powers—powers difficult to explain by any process of terrestrial evolution, and indicating connections between mind and mind of a character which there seems no logical necessity that death should interrupt or abolish. The direct action of mind upon mind at a distance, without the agency of the recognised organs of sense, is a fact in Nature (as I believe) which, although of frequent, or even of continual occurrence, can rarely be so isolated and observed as to be capable of direct and formal proof. That it has been, and is now being, so isolated and observed, under rigorous conditions, is the belief of a growing group of experimenters in England and other countries—a group which includes not a few names already known for accurate work accomplished in other fields.

Now this fact, as I deem it, of telepathy, or the passage of thought and emotion from one mind to another without sensory aid, does not in itself carry obvious proof of anything in man which the materialistic hypothesis might not cover. 'Brain-waves' might be a form of ether-waves, or in some way analogous thereto; and this view, indeed, is now urged by the eminent Italian *savant*, Professor Lombroso, who regards telepathy as tending to show that thought is essentially a vibratory energy, and possibly capable of correlation with other modes of motion. Assume the possibility of such a view; even thus, what need will there again be of pause and readjustment! But in truth even the slight knowledge thus far gained of telepathy is enough to show something far more complex than any single physical law can explain. When once we have got hold of this transference of thoughts and images as an experimental fact, we find

new analogies suggested, and a new light thrown on many previously inexplicable phenomena.

We find, for instance, that it is occasionally possible for an experimenter to produce by effort of will a hallucinatory image of himself in the perception of a friend at a distance, without any previous suggestion or anticipation that such an image would appear. This fact, of which we have several instances, attested by trustworthy persons at each end of the chain, forms a transition between ordinary experiments in thought transference and those spontaneous hallucinatory images which occur so frequently at or about the moment of death, and represent the dying person to a distant friend, who is often not even aware of the illness. These 'Phantasms of the Living,' again, although they may not actually prove that man is other than a purely material being, do at any rate so extend and alter our conception of his hidden powers that our previous psychology is seen to need fundamental readjustment. Nay more; the connection of these apparitions with the *unconscious self* is significant in the extreme. It appears that the projection of a phantom of this kind, although it sometimes follows on an exertion of conscious will, is much more frequently an unconscious act, and takes place while the 'agent,' or person whose image is projected, is asleep, or fainting, or even in the comatose condition which often precedes death. Now this projection of a phantom into other minds is a psychical activity of some kind, and some cerebral activity must, I do not doubt, correspond with it. But whatever the equation thus implied may be, it assuredly must contain some elements which are not allowed for in the formulæ by which the concomitance between 'psychosis and neurosis' is commonly expressed. We generally suppose, for instance, that a rapid flow of blood through the brain is necessary for vigorous psychical action. But in some of our published cases the dying man seems to produce a strong psychical effect at a distance while he is lying in a state of coma, with bodily functions at their lowest ebb. In short, this special kind of telepathic energy seems to vary inversely, rather than directly, with the observable activity of the nervous system or of the conscious mind.

The solution of this puzzle is not likely to be found without a far wider knowledge of actual facts than we have yet attained. It is encouraging, therefore, to observe that the scientific world is gradually beginning to realise the importance of collecting and analysing all those instructive psychological phenomena which we class under the title of *hallucinations*, since, whatever of truth their purport may contain, they possess at any rate the special hallucinatory quality of suggesting some material object which is not actually present. The International Congress of Experimental Psychology, which was opened in Paris in 1889 by the well-known psychologist, M. Ribot, undertook the continuance of a Census of Hallucinations, which

had been already set on foot, and which is being carried on in France by M. Marillier, in America by Professor William James of Harvard, and in England by Professor Sidgwick of Cambridge. The object of this inquiry—which, be it observed, is not mystical but statistical—is to determine what percentage of sane and healthy persons experience hallucinations of any kind, what the nature or causes of such hallucinations appear to be, and what percentage of them are truth-telling, or veridical—concide, that is to say, with some actual fact at a distance not otherwise known, as when a man sees the figure of a friend who dies at that moment.

This whole quest, it should be understood, is practically a new one. Hallucinations had, of course, been already studied (though in somewhat cursory fashion) as symptoms of disease. And of late years the induction of hallucination in sane and healthy persons during the hypnotic trance had begun to be recognised as an experimental method of great value in psychology. But comparatively few *savants* have yet realised the extreme variety and instructiveness of the phantasmal sights and sounds which occur spontaneously to normal persons, and which it is now for the first time becoming possible to study in a systematic instead of a merely anecdotic manner.

And here we, of course, come face to face with the question whether any of these phantasmal appearances, which we hold to give frequent evidence of an influence of living men at a distance, can be held to give evidence of an influence of the still remoter dead. The first thing needed in such an inquiry has been to set aside altogether, not only the mass of ill-attested stories on which the believer in ghosts has been wont to rely, but also the very grounds of belief to which such stories have mainly appealed. It cannot be admitted that if, say, a mourning husband sees the phantasmal figure of his deceased wife, and hears her speak, there is proof of anything beyond a mere subjective affection. No emotional fitness, no mere vividness of perception, can prove that the figure was not generated by the percipient's own brooding memories. But if the supposed husband does not know that his wife is dead, or even ill, and yet sees her figure shortly after her death, the apparition at once acquires evidential value. And if, not a mourning husband, but some complete stranger, sees a phantasmal figure, and afterwards identifies that figure amongst a number of photographs, and it turns out to represent someone who has recently died in the room where the apparition was seen—then, again, we have a kind of coincidence which, if often repeated, must indicate something more than chance, although the precise meaning of the incident may still be far from clear. Again, if several persons simultaneously or successively (but independently of each other), see a phantasmal figure which they describe in similar terms, it seems probable that some cause is



at work beyond the mere subjective state of the percipients in question.

The study of cases of this type (many of which I have set forth elsewhere) has gradually convinced me that the least improbable hypothesis lies in the supposition that some influence on the minds of men on earth is occasionally exercised by the surviving personalities of men departed. I believe this influence to be, usually, of an indirect and dreamlike character, but I cannot explain the facts to myself without supposing that such an influence exists.

I am further strengthened in this belief by the study of the automatic phenomena briefly noticed above. I observe that in all the varieties of automatic action—of which automatic writing may be taken as a prominent type—the contents of the messages given seem to be derived from three sources. First of all comes the automatist's own mind. From that the vast bulk of the messages are undoubtedly drawn, even when they refer to matters which the automatist once knew, but has entirely forgotten. Whatever has gone into the mind may come out of the mind; although this automatism may be the only way of getting at it. Secondly, there is a small percentage of messages apparently telepathic—containing, that is to say, facts probably unknown to the automatist, but known to some living person in his company, or connected with him. But, thirdly, there is a still smaller residuum of messages which I cannot thus explain—messages which contain facts apparently not known to the automatist nor to any living friend of his, but known to some deceased person, perhaps a total stranger to the living man whose hand is writing. I cannot avoid the conviction that in some way—however dreamlike and indirect—it is the departed personality which originates such messages as these.<sup>1</sup>

I by no means wish to impose these views upon minds not prepared to accept them. What I do desire is, that as many other men as possible should qualify themselves to judge independently of the value of the evidence on which I rely—should study what has been collected, and should repeat the experiments and extend the observations which are essential to the formation of any judgments worth the name. .

To those who have watched with personal interest the slow stages which had to be passed through before the simpler facts of hypnotism received official recognition as facts and not as frauds, the gradual pace at which these more advanced phenomena are finding acceptance is in no way surprising. The general public are little aware of the persistent disregard of good evidence, as well as of bad, with which the early school of mesmerists were met by the medical world of their day. Yet the study of that slow victory over preju-

<sup>1</sup> See *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Part xvi. (Trübner).

dice and apathy forms one of the most instructive chapters in the history of science.

Gradually one phenomenon after another of those discovered and attested by De Puysegur, Esdaile, Elliotson, &c., has been admitted into orthodox science under some slightly altered name. Certain phenomena, rarer and more difficult to examine, but attested by the same men with equal care, are still left in the outer court of the scientific temple. But when one has seen the somnambulist state, the insensibility under operations, &c., which were once scouted as fraudulent nonsense, becoming the common-places of the lecture-room, one can await with equanimity the general acceptance of the thought-transference and the clairvoyance which, from De Puysegur's day onwards, have repeatedly occurred in the course of those same experiments—experiments which sometimes ruined the careers of those who made them, but are now recognised as epoch-making in a great department of experimental psychology.

I place together, then—as I claim that history gives me a *prima facie* right to do—certain experiments which have, so to say, gained general acceptance but yesterday, and certain cognate experiments which are on their way (as I think) to general acceptance on some not distant morrow; and I draw from all these a double line of argument in favour of human survival. In the first place, I point to the great extension and deepening which experiment has given to our conception of the content and capacities of the sub-conscious human mind, amounting, perhaps, to a shifting of man's psychical centre of gravity from the conscious to the unconscious strata of his being—and accompanied by the manifestation of powers at least not obviously derivable from terrestrial evolution.

And, in the second place, I claim that there is, in fact, direct evidence for the exercise of some kind of influence by the surviving personalities of departed men. I claim that the analysis of phantasmal sights and sounds, treated by careful rules of evidence, indicates this influence. And I claim that it is indicated also by the analysis of those automatic messages which, in various manners, carry upwards to the threshold of consciousness the knowledge acquired from unknown sources by the sub-conscious mind.

And now a word as to the special character of the fragments of knowledge as to things unseen which I regard as having been reached in the aforesaid manner. The only claim which I make for this knowledge is a claim considerably humbler than prophet or preacher has usually advanced. I do not say that these are such facts as might be selected from the whole universe of facts to edify or to console us. But I say that they are such facts as we should have been likely, on any scientific method, to get hold of amongst the first, and to assimilate the most easily.

If there be an invisible universe, it will be easiest for us to

imagine it after the analogy of the largest conception which we apply to the visible universe. We shall accordingly conceive it as an immense, coherent process of evolution, in which Thought and Consciousness are not, as the materialists hold them, a mere *epiphenomenon*, an accidental and transitory accompaniment of more permanent energies, a light that flashes out from the furnace-door, but does none of the work—but, on the other hand, are, and always have been, the central subject of the evolutionary process itself.

Now, if this be the case, we should expect that our first intimation of the true extra-terrene character of our evolution might be the accidental discovery of some faculty within us which was not traceable to the action of our terrene antecedents. Here, as elsewhere, we might expect that knowledge of the future might be attained by inference from the past. The comparison of man as he is to the caterpillar, and of man as he may be after death to the butterfly, is a tolerably old one. Let us suppose that some humble larvæ are dissecting each other, and speculating as to their destinies. At first they find themselves precisely suited to life and death on a cabbage-leaf. Then they begin to observe certain points in their construction which are useless to larval life. These are, in fact, what are called 'imaginal characters'—points of structure which indicate that the larva has descended from an imago, or perfect insect, and is destined in his turn to become one himself. These characters are much overlaid by the secondary, or larval characters, which subserve larval, and not imaginal life, and they consequently may easily be overlooked or ignored. But our supposed caterpillar sticks to his point; he maintains that these characteristics indicate an aerial origin. And now a butterfly settles for a moment on the cabbage-leaf. The caterpillar points triumphantly to the morphological identity of some of the butterfly's conspicuous characters with some of his own latent characters; and while he is trying to persuade his fellow-caterpillars of this, the butterfly flies away.

This is exactly what I hold to have happened in the history of human evolution. I will mention one or two great names alone. Plato was the first larva to insist upon the imaginal characters. His doctrine of Reminiscence asserted that our quasi-instinctive recognition of geometrical truths, &c., implied that we, in fact, *remembered* these truths; that geometrical capacity was a character carried into this world with us from some other stage of being. And the view thus pressed by Socrates and Plato, the very founders of science, is now renewed by the foremost of living naturalists. Mr. Wallace holds, as is well known, a modification of Plato's view. He considers that these sudden increments of faculty—mathematical, musical, and the like—which occur without apparent hereditary cause, indicate some access of energy outside the order of purely terrene evolution. Somewhat similarly, I would suggest that telepathy and cognate faculties

now beginning to be recognised as inherent in the sub-conscious strata of the human intelligence, may be the results of an evolution other than that terrene or physical evolution whose successive steps and slowly-growing capacities we can in some rough way retrace.

Yet one more point to complete the parallel which I have suggested between the man and the caterpillar. We have discovered (as I hold) that we men can occasionally communicate among ourselves in a fashion at once inexplicable and practically useless—a fashion for which no origin suggests itself in the history of terrene evolution. And we observe also, that information not attainable by ordinary methods is sometimes conveyed to us by this method. I argue, as the caterpillar argued about the butterfly, that here is a similarity of structure between our own intelligence and some unseen intelligence, and that what that unseen intelligence is we too may once have been, and may be destined again to be. And, addressing myself for a moment to the religious and philosophical side of man, I point out that our small, or even grotesque, cases of telepathic transmission between living men, or between the men called living and the men called dead, stand towards certain of the central beliefs of the Gospels and of some high philosophies in the same relation in which laboratory experiments stand to the vast operations of Nature. That same direct influence of mind on mind which we show *in minimis*, would, if supposed operative *in maximis*, be a form of stating the efficacy of prayer, the communion of saints, or even the operation of a Divine Spirit.

To those who will say that all this is a mere fantasy played on the great theme of Evolution, I would suggest that the theory of Evolution can never be—I do not say complete—but even coherent, until it can say some plausible word on Life, Consciousness, Thought; and that even inconclusive experiments—if ours are inconclusive—and misinterpreted observations—if ours are misinterpreted—may be the inevitable pathway through which the human mind gropes onwards into fuller light. And to those, on the other hand, who disdain the paltriness, the unspiritual character of our results, and who would fain keep alive the religious glow in humanity with no definite basis of proof, I would reply, that by small accretions sure foothold may be upbuilt, and that he who stands on a narrow coral island in mist and night will in the end see more than he who floats dreamily amid the splendours of sunset which illumine an ever-shadowing sea.

But, indeed, whatever be the significance of the facts which in my own view are already established, I am anxious not to claim from my readers more than they can fairly concede. I do not claim that all men ought to be convinced; but only that men whose minds are free from prepossession ought to feel that there is a case for further inquiry. Nor can we even assume that the minds, even of able and honest men, will, in fact, be free from prepossession in such a matter as this. Most men of middle age have formed some decided opinion

on points so vital; and they must for some time continue, I do not say to judge the new evidence in the light of the old opinion, but to retain the old opinion, whatever they may think of the new evidence. I have met with instances on both sides. I know certain agnostic *savants* whose intellect pronounces the new evidence to be very strong, but whose habitual temper of mind does not permit them to dwell upon the conclusions to which that evidence points. And, on the other hand, I know certain theologians and metaphysicians who take for granted, without examination, that the new evidence must needs break down, and the new researches come to nothing, but who nevertheless continue to treat man's immortality as already proved to demonstration by favourite arguments of their own.

Such men as these—and many of our best minds are among them—will never seriously grapple with a new and complex inquiry which lies far outside their habitual line of thought. We must appeal—as is commonly the case in any new departure of great moment—to a somewhat younger generation. There are many men now entering on active intellectual life who are practically devoid of any prepossession; who feel neither the old religious fervour, nor, on the other hand, that ardour of negation which formed the brief reaction from an orthodox domination which could no longer maintain its hold. Such men believe in the methods of science, and in little else; but they are often animated by a deep sympathy for mankind, and are impelled to a practical benevolence which would fain base itself upon a larger hope.

It is these men whom I wish to convince, not that my own answer to any given problem is the true one, but simply and solely that these most momentous problems of human fate can be, and must be, attacked with precisely the same steady care and dispassionate candour as have been already employed upon those myriad problems on which science has established a 'consensus of experts,' and has set mankind at unity.

The time for *a priori* chains of argument, for the subjective pronouncements of leading minds, for amateurish talk and pious opinion, has passed away; the question of the survival of man is a branch of Experimental Psychology. Is there, or is there not, evidence in the actual observed phenomena of automatism, apparitions, and the like, for a transcendental energy in living men, or for an influence emanating from personalities which have overpassed the tomb? This is the definite question, which we can at least intelligibly discuss, and which either we or our descendants may some day hope to answer.

And what, after all, is this appeal of mine except a last assertion of the inductive method in a field from which Bacon debarred that method only because he deemed the position already impregnable without need of further proof? You may say, of course, that the

evidence which has thus far been collected, by a few men, in a few years, is weak and insufficient. You may say this, I repeat, either after perusing the dozen or so of necessary volumes, or, as is more usual, without thinking it needful to study the actual facts at all. But in this age of the world you can scarcely impugn the temper of mind which prompts the inquiry; the readiness to repeat minute experiments, to analyse obscure indications, to prefer small facts to great assumptions—in short, what Bacon calls ‘the true and legitimate humiliation of the human spirit.’ And when Bacon speaks of those who ‘have but cast a glance or two upon facts and examples and experience, and straightway proceeded, as if invention were nothing more than an exercise of thought, to invoke their own spirits to give them oracles,’ are we not reminded of many a proud conclusion of the metaphysician who would by his own mere sign-manual renounce the heritage of the race—of many an ‘*ignoramus et ignorabimus*’ of the *savant* who would fain set his own private boundary to the still-advancing tide-wave of the discoveries and the dominion of man?

What other effort after knowledge is equally worth our pains? What possibility lies before mankind of equal magnitude with this possibility of demonstrating the existence of an unseen world, and man’s communication therewith or existence therein? We are standing, be it remembered, at the very beginning of the probable period of civilised human habitation of this planet. We live in the infancy of our race; but we have not the child’s boundless expectation of knowledge or of joy. On the contrary, the necessary limits of our material science are dimly divined, at a distance which men already begin to measure, albeit with that calmness with which we regard the possible troubles of a hundredth generation. If we allow ourselves a speculation so perilously remote, we have to admit that the nature of light itself, the structure of our own sense-organs, the character of the elements of which our planet is composed, all indicate that there are boundaries of observation which no instruments and no inferences can overpass, and that after a few more thousand years, if you will, of theoretic discovery, we shall be reduced to mere practical applications of such small fraction of the facts of the universe as have proved accessible to men who can but peer through the bars of a prison-house into an illimitable world.

On the moral side, moreover, as well as on the scientific, we know what limitations of the ideal are imposed by the narrowing of our prospect to earth alone. I shall not here enter on the question of the intrinsic value of human life, if that life ends in the tomb. It is enough to say that in the very Utopias framed by so-called Secular or Positivist enthusiasm, the elements of enterprise and aspiration—the ‘high strife and glorious hazard’ of which Plato speaks—avowedly and inevitably tend to disappear. Suppose, for instance, an entirely

successful Socialism—suppose the earth inhabited by a fixed number of healthy persons, living in equal luxury and universal peace. What are these men and women to think of or to look to more? or what will be left *Epicuri de grege porcis* to give to life its mystery, its hope, its charm? Now, I do not say that the consideration of the salutary results of any given belief should lead us to entertain that belief on insufficient evidence. But I do say that such prospect of consequences should urge to strenuous effort along lines of inquiry which can be so straightforwardly conducted, so strictly defined, that it shall be open to all to criticise the process and to estimate the result. ‘If in anything,’ says Bacon again, ‘I have been either too credulous or too little awake and attentive, or if I have fallen off by the way, and left the inquiry incomplete, nevertheless, I so present these things naked and open that my errors can be marked and set aside before the mass of knowledge be further infected by them; and it will be easy also for others to continue and carry on my labours.’ Such, surely, is the temper in which those should work who hold that this same patient subjection of the human spirit to the facts of the universe, this same obedience to Nature—whom we hope in the end to rule—may at last extend beyond the material Cosmos the prospect and the hopes of man.

I will conclude this paper with a curious illustration of that survival of mediæval conceptions which prevents men from approaching this problem with a clear and open mind. The effort to prove there is a life beyond the grave is sometimes spoken of as *selfish*, by the very men who declare themselves most eager to promote the terrestrial welfare of their fellows. It is hard to say why it should be philanthropic to desire the lesser boon for mankind, and selfish to desire the greater; unless, indeed, the genuine philanthropist is forbidden to aim at any common benefit in which he himself may expect to share. In reality, this confusion of mind has a deeper source; it is a vestige of the old monkish belief that man’s welfare in the next world was something in itself idle and personal, and was to be attained by means inconsistent with man’s welfare in *this*. Whether Christianity ever authorised such a notion I do not now inquire. It is certain, at any rate, that Science will never authorise it. We are making as safe a deduction from world-wide analogy as man can ever make regarding things thus unknown, when we assume that spiritual evolution will follow the same laws as physical evolution; that there will be no discontinuity between terrene and post-terrene bliss or virtue, and that the next life, like this, will ‘resemble wrestling rather than dancing,’ and will find its best delight in the possibility of progress, not attainable without effort so strenuous as may well resemble pain.

There will, no doubt, in such a quest, be an element of personal hope as well; but man, after all, must desire something, and what

better can he desire? There is little danger, I think, that with eyes fixed on so great a prospect, he should sink into a self-absorption which forgets his kind. Rather, perhaps, the race of man itself may sometimes seem to him but a little thing in comparison with the majesty of that spiritual universe into whose intimate structure it may thus, and thus only, be possible to project one penetrating ray. Yet we ourselves are a part, not only of the race, but of the universe. It is conceivable that our share in its fortunes may be more abiding than we know; that our evolution may be not planetary but cosmical, and our destiny without an end. *Major agit deus, atque opera in majora remittit.*

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.



## *FIVE THOUSAND MILES WITH RANGE-CATTLE.*

### PART I.—BY RAIL.

A FEW weeks ago I undertook the charge of a train-load of range cattle, part of a consignment of some 940 head of beef steers which were being sent from a cattle-ranch in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains in Southern Alberta to Montreal, and thence to England.

The herd were driven by easy stages across the prairie about 200 miles north-east from the ranch, to a point near the Canadian Pacific Railway where there was good grass and plenty of water; here a camp was made and thence the cattle were driven over, a train-load at a time, a distance of about eight miles, to the corrals alongside of the railroad. They were despatched in four trains, at intervals of about twenty-four hours.

I joined the manager with his dozen or so of cowboys at the camp, which consisted of a large tent and two or three waggons standing on a little knoll on the bald prairie. It was dusk when I got there, but a few hundred yards off the peaceful herd and the mute herders riding slowly round it were just visible. Two train-loads had already been despatched, so there were only about 470 head remaining.

The cook roused us next morning in the dark, and before the first sunrays struck the frosty grass breakfast had been disposed of, the horse herd driven in, saddle-horses roped and saddled, and the hands were riding off to the herd to cut out and drive over to the railroad the 227 head to be despatched that day.

Good cow-hands work their cattle with a wonderful absence of fuss and noise, and it was a pretty thing to see the way in which these steers were separated from their companions and moved off towards the railroad—so quietly that they were well on their way and far from their friends before the nearest suspicious of them grasped the idea that they were not moving merely of their own volition. This gentleness and delicacy of treatment is of course a matter of expediency: a steer, or, worse still, an old cow, that gets on the fight will quickly impart its excitement to its companions, and may cause endless trouble and extra work.

The yards, or corrals, into which the cattle had to be driven before they could be entrained were stoutly built of timber, perhaps sixty yards square, opening to the prairie by wide gates into which long wings of fencing converged.

As the cattle neared these yards, perhaps many a one of them vaguely recalled the only occasion of his having been driven into such a place before: then he had cantered trustfully in by his mother's side, along with a great company of cows and calves; he had soon become aware that he was being shadowed through that restless, bellowing mob by a mounted man, from whom there presently sprang a whirling rope, in which the poor victim's legs became entangled, and by which he was dragged through the dust into the clutches of three fiends in human shape, one of whom knelt on his neck, while another held his hind legs, and the third slit his ears, slashed his dewlap, and otherwise mutilated him; while a fourth had indelibly burnt the occasion on his memory, and the owner's initials on his hide, with a red-hot, hissing branding-iron. For this or some other reason the nearer we approached the corrals the more troublesome the cattle became. At last the foremost stopped short; those behind, pressed on by a dozen riders, and unable to push through the front ranks, gave a little to one side, the leaders swinging off the opposite way, and in a moment the whole 227 were in full operation of that curious performance called 'milling'—moving round like a wheel in a solid mass, increasing their pace each instant, and pressing inwards always more closely. One tries to stop them and make them break towards the desired point, but it is lost labour: one may just as well sit still and rest one's horse. Presently, the pace still increasing, one beast is flung out of the living whirlpool, of course heading straight for the open prairie; then two or three, then a dozen follow him at full gallop. Impossible to stop them: they will roll over any one who is rash enough to try it, with but one preliminary shake of head or brandishment of tail: the only thing to be done is to let them all break back, then round them up and try again. Before bringing them up a second time, two or three head of tame cattle belonging to the railroad men are driven in front of the gateway to act as decoys, and not without effect: we get our steers well up within the wing fences without much trouble; then comes the pause. We hurry from side to side of the rear, pushing the stragglers into the main body, that are now almost at a standstill; we drive our horses right up among the hindmost steers, striking them and slapping them with our hats. At last one 'tenderfoot' of the party does the fatal thing, giving vent to a wild and unexpected yell: the wavering leaders at once swing off again, the repeating is repeated as before, and with the same result; this time the cattle gallop fully a mile before we head them off. The foreman during this second attempt had been a sight to see: he was justly proud of the condition of his

cattle, and was most anxious to put them on the train as little excited as possible. As the psychic moment approached, and the leaders of the band hesitated whether they would enter the fatal corral or stay outside, 'Pat' had been one jingling mass of suppressed excitement from the tips of his waxed moustachios to the rowels of his silvered spurs: and now as the cattle 'went to milling' for the second time, he had for a moment blood in his eye if ever it was there; yet he contained his wrath like a hero, only remarking incidentally, as he led the gallop back to head off the fugitives, that 'hollerin' was h—ll.'

Nothing so excites range cattle as the human voice, unless it be the human figure on foot. Your genuine cowboy never shouts at his cattle. It is permissible to curse cattle, but this should be done in a conversational tone of voice, and you must depend for your effect, not upon noise, but upon a nice taste in profanity.

At the third attempt the cattle were corralled, but were in such a heated condition that it was thought advisable to allow them to rest for two hours before beginning to load into the cars.

Canadian cattle-cars are about twice the size of ours; they are always roofed in, and the sides are boarded horizontally, narrow spaces being left between the boards. A bed of about three inches of gravel is laid over the floor of each car to afford foothold. My train comprised seven cars containing seventeen head each, and six containing eighteen each. It is the opinion of those who know that cattle cannot be too tightly packed for railway journey: the closer they stand the less are they able to fight, and the more reluctant they are to lie down: my own opinion is that at the beginning of such a journey as ours it was advisable to pack them as tightly as possible, but that toward the end of the trip, when they had become used to their environment, if there had been only twelve or fourteen head in each car, those that lay might have been safely allowed to remain lying and would have been very much helped by doing so.

The operation of loading is in this wise. The necessary number to fill a car are cut out from the main body and driven through a gate into an intermediate passage, a resolute man being perched on the outer corner of the gate ready by a vigorous kick to swing it to and keep it to as the last beast passes; the car-load are then driven through into a smaller yard in shape of a triangle, the apex ending in an inclined plane leading up to the floor of the car. It is the nature of these cattle to be very shy to graze, an idea except by contagion, so that it is almost impossible to subvert seventeen out of two hundred head that they shot never go through a certain gate, without finding that as soon as one of them passes the entire outfit are bent on following. Sometimes fifteen or sixteen head would be run out into the passage easily enough; then the gate would have to be shut to prevent an ugly rush following them; being again opened

when the rush was checked, to allow the remaining two or three to pass. In the meantime the first detachment, having galloped wildly up the passage, and having found no outlet to their beloved prairie, would be coming back on the dead jump to rejoin their comrades, flinging wide the half-opened gate, cannoning the laggards who would be dallying near it, and starting a game of general post for the entire herd round the corral.

As the blood of both men and beasts grew heated, the scene became more magnificent but less businesslike: the steers began to get wicked, and to chase their persecutors; those of the men who were on foot, demoralised, perhaps, by the novelty of working dismounted, grew reckless and intent rather on emulating each other's escapades than on the business in hand, with the result that when the journey began most of the cattle were in a fever of excitement, covered with sweat, with lolling tongues and heaving flanks.

The cars are closed by a sliding door on the outside, while on the inside there is 'the bull-bar'—a thick, narrow plank of ash hung on a pivot on one side of the doorway, and secured by being swung up and run through a staple on the opposite side, thus affording a ready means of temporarily securing the contents of the car while the sliding door with its more elaborate adjustments is being made fast. The cattle were very shy of ascending through the sloping shoot into the car, but as soon as one could be driven a little way up, the whole party of seventeen or eighteen would rush madly after him, sometimes quite jamming themselves in the narrow end of the passage, often knocking down and trampling over each other; and, most painful to see, two beasts would often half-enter the car together and jam themselves in the doorway, straining and scraping themselves pitifully, and at last heaving themselves by a supreme effort past the door-frames, scraping the skin off their hip-bones as they went. It was of course impossible to put up the bull-bar until the last of the car-load was fairly inside; and it would often happen that, before one could get the bar clear from the fissure of the beasts in the car and swing it into its staple, one of the steers would find his head towards the doorway, and make a frantic jump through it and down the shoot, most of the distance followed by the rest of the contents of the car, which, after having taken half an hour to load, would thus be entered in half a minute.

The adjustment of the bull-bar is an operation requiring nerve and discretion—one cannot get it except by standing right in the doorway, and from what I have just said it will be seen that one has to 'keep a look-out for a bay steer heading towards one, and not any tails turned the same way. The less has one to beware of. The a bay steer' is a well-earned tribute to the kicking powers of all range steers alike, whether bay or any other colour—indeed, I found it to be a necessary part of the drill,

when putting up the bull-bar, to grasp the tail of any steer commanding a free kick out, and twist it over his back—not wrenching it, but having it, as it were, just ‘on the wrench’: thus threatened, the maddest steer will not dare to move a muscle, and, using him as a shield, one can adjust the bull-bar at one’s ease.

At last my train was loaded and my responsibilities began. I had under me three assistants, who were working their passage without receiving pay. There always are plenty of men in the Far West ready to accomplish the long and costly journey to the seaboard on these terms. My men were, fortunately for me, Englishmen, and of gentle birth, although very wild and woolly in appearance, and they worked at our somewhat harassing job with all the ungrumbling zeal peculiar to their tribe.

I had instructions from the manager of the ranch to unload at four specified points, where hay and accommodation in the yards had been bespoken; the duration of our stay was nominally at my discretion, but was practically controlled by the necessity of keeping clear of the train which had started the day before, and of that which was to follow me next day.

My men and I accordingly collected our blankets and valises, our prod-poles, and our lanterns, and as soon as we had got into the caboose, with our belongings, the train started.

A caboose—every one may not know it—is a kind of guard’s van and gipsy van combined. It is inhabited normally by a conductor (guard, as we should say) and a brakeman. It has a door at each end, and is fitted with two broad benches on each side of a central gangway, a small stove, a sink, and a reservoir intended to contain, and sometimes containing, water. At the after end the roof of the caboose is raised, and below this excrescence, which is fitted with sliding windows, are platforms, one on each side of the central gangway, on which sit the conductor and brakeman, and whence they command a view of the train and the line ahead of it. It is the function of the brakeman from time to time to pass through the sliding windows, in obedience to whistles from the engine, and, running along the roofs of the cars forming the train, to apply or release the brakes with which each is fitted. There is a narrow, level pathway along the apex of every car, and at each end of this pathway is an axle and wheel by which the brakes are actuated. A caboose also accommodates chance passengers and people like ourselves having charge of stock on the train.

For some unexplained reason a caboose travels for ever backwards and forwards over the same section of the line, and on arriving at the end of its section it is detached and deserted by its functionaries until the return journey is begun. Thus, about every 130 miles, the average length of a section, whether by night or day, we had to bundle out of our unabiding dwelling-place, with our belongings, and find its successor as best we could, perhaps hundreds of yards.

away on some siding, which our train would proceed to hook on to and make away with, sometimes almost before we could reach it—at least, such was our practice at first; but we soon hit on the alternative of climbing, with our belongings, on to the roof of the hindermost cattle-car and going with it and the rest of the train in search of the next caboose.

It would have been a great convenience if we could have taken the same caboose from one end of the journey to the other, as we took the same cattle-cars. Though one can understand the object of working conductors always over the same bit of road, as each will thus get an accurate knowledge of the gradients and other features of his particular section, there seems no reason why they should not pass from one caboose to another, except, indeed, that it would perhaps have a bad influence on the men to deprive them of the focus for their domestic instincts which each conductor's caboose seems to afford him. Some of them carry their sense of proprietorship to amusing lengths, and exhibit little codes of rules for the behaviour of passengers which, in the case of the unconventional Western man at least, they must despair of enforcing. The walls are usually decorated with a happy combination of illuminated texts and photographs of actresses, and in each caboose is to be found a copy of a kind of trade-union magazine for train-men giving prominence to a long list of deaths and injuries, generally to brakemen—their work on the roof of the train, especially when the gangway is slippery with frost, being cruelly dangerous.

We found anything like 'turning in' at night while travelling quite out of the question: we nodded and dozed till the train stopped to take in coal or water, or for some other reason, then tumbled out half-asleep, but waking up as we went, with our prod-poles and lanterns to attend to our charges. The great business during a run is to lose no chance of getting such of the cattle as may be lying down on to their feet again, as the longer they lie the more reluctant they are to rise: their legs get swollen and sore from strains and constant kicks against the sides of the car, and soon when under them as they lie; while they are in imminent danger of being trampled on and disabled by their companions. Though it is wonderful how much hanging about they will survive, there appears a delicate place across the small of the back, an injury to which destroys all power in the hind legs.

In the first fifty miles or so, several of the cattle lay low, but tremendous fights took place. In several cases we found some single steer gloriously holding one level of the car against all comers, and now and then charging forward to end and causing a general scrimmage among the occupants. Towards early morning the cattle began to lie down in numbers. In some cars two or three would be lying on each other, and we take so long to disentangle that we often were unable to attend to more than half the train before moving

on again: in this way the mischief accumulated, as those at the further end of it, having lain long enough to stiffen, would take doubly long to get on their feet again. During the night we had to work in couples, a man passing up one side of the train holding a lantern high over his head, and keeping pace as far as possible with his mate on the opposite side, who, peering through the side boards, was thus able to detect any steer lying down, and use his prod-pole with effect.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad has but a single line of rails, which rest on a track so narrow that one can only keep in touch of the contents of the cars by walking along the sloping side of the bank of ballast on which the sleepers are laid: the loose gravel slips away at every step, and, one's attention being of course riveted on the cattle in the cars, progress along the train in the dark is a stumbling performance. About ten times in the course of a night we would tumble half-asleep out of our caboose and pass along tormenting the tired brutes on to their feet. Generally, the first announcement from a steer of his being fairly on his legs again was a thundering kick which sent a good footful of filthy gravel flying through the side boards as from a catapult, a part of the charge often taking effect in the face of the man with the prod-pole.

These intermediate stoppages were in no way under my control: the engine-driver whistled and turned on steam when he pleased. As soon as the train moved off we made the best of our way each to the one—about 200 yards on an average—and its progress so fast, and ours so slow, that we generally had to climb up on to the cars and make our way back along the roof and into the caboose through the sliding windows; the oscillation being sometimes so great that we often found ourselves obliged to get down on our hands and knees to crouch and hold on anyhow till we reached the next stopping-place.

After a run of twenty-four miles we reached Moosejaw, a hideous collection of dirty wooden houses, huddled together on a boundless stretch of inhospitable prairie. It was noon on Sunday when we arrived; there had been a heavy rain the night before, and the stockyards were almost everywhere hock-deep in mud and slush. Most of the smaller pens were simply ponds, but there was a large yard in connection with them, part of which was comparatively dry. I went hastily round it, before unloading, to satisfy myself as to its security, and found that along one side of it the posts were so rotten that I could hardly find in many places broken out of the yard myself; however, there was along this part of the fence a manger which would have to be negotiated before the fence could be attacked. I decided to put the contents of those cars in which there had been the most turbulence into two of the smaller pens where the slush was less deep in some spots than in others, while I turned the

rest of the cattle into the large yard, and kept two of my men on sentry along the weakest part of the fence. I found the hay which had been bespoken for my use to be the merest rubbish, evil-smelling and black with mould; and, though I had the mangers filled with it, I was not at all surprised to find that the cattle, even after their long fast, refused to touch it except in a most desultory fashion. On exploring the town I found there was nothing better to be had: there was good hay eleven miles off, but the roads were so heavy that it would have been impossible to get any in that night.

I returned to the yards to find the fences crowned with groups of Sunday idlers, who were amusing themselves by fostering, with yells and gesticulations, the excitement of my unhappy charges as they stampeded wildly through the deep mud from side to side of the corrals. Across one end of the larger yard was a pond, along the further side of which ran a steep bank with a fence on the edge of it: every now and then the whole herd would rush violently down a steep place and wade across this pond, apparently with the idea of escaping from what they may well have thought an Inferno, making frantic but unavailing efforts to get a footing on the steep bank opposite. This went on for several hours, until dusk came on and the sightseers left us.

I then moved the contents of the larger yard, the fence of which was rotten, in small detachments into pens, where, if the mud was deeper, they could not at any rate break down the fence and escape. I had to avoid an escape at all cost, for, had they broken out, the cattle would have had the whole prairie before them with nothing to stop them short of the Missouri River. Without cow-horses as we were, I suppose we should have lost many of them entirely, besides upsetting by several days' delay all the arrangements for shipment to England.

That night there was a frost, and when we began loading again next morning there was a distinct crust on the mud, through which the wretched cattle broke at every step. The passages through which we had to drive them were fenced with close boarding eight feet high; the mud in these passages was ankle-deep, and of the consistency of dough.

It may be worth while to give some idea of the process we followed in loading our train on this occasion, as at each place at which we stopped, although the yards and passages were differently arranged; the same sort of thing repeated itself.

One of us was stationed at the gate of the small loading-pen which connected with the cars, I took my post at the gate of the feeding-pen in which the cattle were confined, while my other two men showed themselves one on each side of the yard, trying to suggest the idea of movement to the few steers nearest the gate without setting up a stampede of the whole party. It seldom happened that



we could get out an exact car-load at one operation : although the first few steers would dribble out singly, there would generally come an ugly rush before we had got our number. The gates dragged so heavily in the thick mud that we could only leave them to, a foot at a time, by a great effort ; and it was always an open question whether the men on the fence could hold the main body in check while I was shutting the gate. Sometimes also the steers which we had allowed to pass out into the passage would come charging back while the gate was still half-open, and still further complicate the position, making me climb the gate as best I could with huge masses of mud clinging to each foot.

The passages were in shape like a capital T, along the head of which were shoots giving on to the platform from which the cars were loaded. The corrals in which the cattle were confined lay on each side of the stem of the T, and opened into it. When we had got the exact number for a car-load out into the passage, they would gallop up into one or other of the branches at the top : our object was then to shut a gate across that section of the top passage in which they were, before they charged back to rejoin their companions. While struggling up towards the cross-gate through the mud, which was such as to make running quite impossible, one would often become aware that the eighteen steers were coming full tilt down the fifteen-foot alley. It was out of the question to wait for them, and a rapid calculation had to be made whether one could reach the gate in time to shelter behind it, or whether one was to scramble up the boarded fence, to drop down into the mud again when the onslaught was past. This cheyving process through such heavy going of course exhausted the cattle speedily, as most of them had really eaten nothing for two days : they looked painfully tucked up in the flank by this time, and I could not believe it possible that another twenty-four hours of starvation and tight packing could be endured without heavy losses.

Hardly had we loaded the last car when we found, at the other end of the train, a beast lying in great distress on whom his companions were apparently venting all their pent-up rage. We unloaded the car as quickly as possible ; the poor brute was quite unable to get up, and was covered with bruises and horn-thrusts. I sold him to a bystander for a fifth of what he would two days before have been worth, and we started rather aghast at the prospect of a fourfold repetition of the feeding and resting process, if this were a fair sample of the accommodation supplied.

During the next night the cattle lay down in heaps, and great severity was necessary to get them to move. Two steers remained prostrate in spite of our efforts : they were evidently injured in the spine, and were being literally trampled and gored to death by their companions.

We stopped at Swift Current, where there was a small pen just big enough to hold the contents of one car, and got rid of one of the injured beasts; but, as this involved unloading and reloading the entire car, I found it consumed so much time that, having regard to the exhausted condition of the train-load, I left the other victim to his fate, determining to get to Winnipeg as quickly as possible. At every stopping-place we found the cattle lying down in greater numbers, and more difficult to rouse; while, at the same time, those still on their feet grew more vicious to their weaker companions.

I was very glad when we reached Winnipeg, where, with the help of two energetic men in charge of the yards there, we got the cattle unloaded in a few minutes. The morning was sunny and warm, the yards were dry, the racks were filled with excellent hay, and I thought for a moment that here was a resting-place for the cattle where they could rest indeed. Vain delusion! The water-supply was dependent on a windmill, which, there being no reservoir, pumped straight from the well into the hose by which the troughs were filled. There was a little water in these when we arrived—enough, perhaps, for a tenth part of my cattle: it was gone directly, and I had the mortification from then till 3 P.M. of watching the fitful and utterly inadequate dribble from the hose as a light draught occasionally gave the windmill a languid turn or two. The cattle were too thirsty to eat, and too hungry to lie down; and it was pitiable to see them restlessly moving between the hay they could not eat and the water-troughs, from the damp sides of which they tried in vain to suck the moisture. There were here more than two hundred cattle besides my own, and much competition for the dribbling hose. About three o'clock a breeze sprang up, and in half an hour every trough in the place was full, and my cattle, having at last quenched their thirst, were feeding freely.

I saw the racks well filled up with hay, and left them for the night: they might now, on Tuesday evening, for the first time since being driven to the railway on the morning of the preceding Saturday, be said to have a chance of restoring lost vitality. We began reloading with the first of the daylight next morning. Two ponies used to the work are kept at the Winnipeg yards for the handling of wild cattle, and, as the yards are conveniently arranged, the operation of loading was simple and effective: the only fault to be found with the proceedings was the violence of the yard-men and the excitability of one of my own, which resulted in the cattle jamming themselves cruelly in the long, funnel-like shoot through which they were passed into the cars. Wild cattle should be driven in the cars on the same principle that ducks are driven in a decoy: the least glimpse of a man from behind a screen is enough to move them on gently; anything more produces a rush.

While we were loading the last of our cars the next train-load, which started a day behind us, drew into the station, and in a few minutes more we were leaving Winnipeg behind us.

Hitherto, though the miseries of Moosejaw had gone far to damn the entire journey by so pulling down the strength of the cattle at the outset, we had at least been free from vexatious stoppages on the road: we had on no occasion been shunted to allow another train to pass, and had evidently, as had been promised to the manager of the ranch should be the case, had precedence of all other traffic.

East of Winnipeg we found matters change in this respect greatly for the worse. Besides many lesser delays, we on four occasions stood on sidings for more than half an hour to allow freight-trains not carrying any live stock to pass us: and between Fort William and Port Arthur, a distance of two or three miles, we actually potted about for more than three hours; and the only explanation I could get of this monstrous state of things was that Fort William was the end of one division, and Port Arthur the beginning of the next, and that trains always were delayed on the no-man's-land lying between the two. This seems absurd, but the absurdity of the whole system of the cattle-conveyance on this line is egregious. The engine-driver and the conductor were powerless to quicken our proceedings. I sent many telegrams to various officials upon whom the station-masters put the blame of our delays. I got fair answers and foul to my expostulations, but no acceleration of pace, and we reached Schrieber, our next stopping place, thirty-three hours after leaving Winnipeg. The line between Port Arthur and Schrieber, passing along the rock-bound shore of Lake Superior, describes very small curves and many of them, the road itself being very rough compared to that over the prairie; and the swinging of the train from these causes accounts, I have no doubt, in a great degree, for the number of raw bruises developed on the cattle between Winnipeg and Schrieber, and for the complicated tangles in which they involved themselves. At Schrieber both hay and water were abundant and good; but the yard-space was quite inadequate, and the cattle were so crowded that very few of them lay down, and the weaker ones had to wait for access to the hay until the others were satisfied.

The arrangement of the yards and passages here was simple and good, and the mere fact that spaces were left between the planks of which the fences were made, so that we could get ready footing anywhere, greatly facilitated our manœuvres.

The next stopping-place was North Bay, on the shore of Lake Nipissing, which we reached in the dark, twenty-six hours after leaving Schrieber. Here the yards were very crowded with various consignments of stock, and those which were assigned to me as the last comer were deep in mud and strewn with a quantity of stumps of

trees—in fact, the yards were unfinished, and we had to make them good in several places in order to retain the cattle.

The next day was Sunday, and all North Bay came down in the afternoon to see us load up our train. It is no doubt an interesting sight to see four panting and extremely dirty men coercing and coerced by a couple of hundred wild nor'-westers and playing hide-and-seek with them through deep mud, among stumps of trees and hay-racks, but I soon found it impossible to make any progress. Rows of men, and even women and children, kept settling on the roofs of the very cars into which we were trying to put the steers; if appealed to individually, they would sulkily move off a few yards, and soon reappear as before; and all round the corrals the same sort of thing was going on. Brightly-dressed women, with similar children, would appear at every place from which the proceedings could be watched, and the wretched cattle were in consequence crazy with excitement. I had given myself two hours in which to load and get off and out of the way of the following train before dark: half an hour went by without a single steer being on board. I stopped all proceedings, and made a short, and, as I thought, a moving, speech to the sight-seers—workmen themselves, who, as I told them, ought to have known better than to persist in interfering, for their amusement, with the work of others. They paid no attention to me, so I then said that it seemed that reason was thrown away upon them, that I was bound to get my cattle loaded, that the resources of Western civilisation were not yet exhausted, and that I was about to try blasphemy; so that if they did not want their women and children to hear bad language, they had better take them out of that at once. I suppose they disbelieved my threats or doubted of my powers—at least, they made no move until I in fact began to deliver a loud, wailing, Western adjuration such as I had often heard addressed to a string-team when stuck in a mud-hole. I had not got more than half-way through the epithetical portion of the curse before there was a distinct wavering in the hostile ranks, and before I had entered upon its more curious developments the place was absolutely deserted except by those having business on the premises. The cattle quieted down as if by magic, and we were steaming out of the station as the light of the next train came in sight.

The delays between North Bay and Montreal were perhaps the most harassing, as they were certainly the most frequent. Nothing but the great probability of broken backs if the cattle were allowed to remain lying down, and the way in which they were bullied by those that remained on their feet, could have hardened one's heart to the perpetual harassing and prodding which it was our duty to inflict. Our own commissariat, too, played out soon after leaving North Bay, and we were disappointed in our hope of obtaining meals at the stopping-places; so that hunger and sleeplessness combined

with rage at the obstinacy of the cattle and sympathy for their misery to increase our impatience of delay.

As we neared Montreal we passed for miles by sunny farmyards, orchards blushing with great piles of freshly-gathered apples, and pastures where happy beasts were fattening at their ease—our surroundings contrasting curiously with the load of misery of which we were in charge.

Even when within sight of the stock-yards at Montreal we were shunted about for more than two hours before being run alongside of the shoots. With our arrival there my duties were ended until the cattle were put in the steamer, two days later, for the voyage to England, and I was free to go in quest of a hot bath and change of clothing.

The cattle which, eleven days before, I had seen in their pride on the prairie, sleek, fat, and well-looking, were now mere ghosts of their former selves; their sides had fallen in and their backbones had come out, their legs were in many cases sore and swollen, and most of them had raw bruises on their quarters. Yet I was given to understand that my train-load compared satisfactorily with previous consignments from the same starting-point.

Certainly, if whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, it cannot be worth while for the Canadian Pacific Railway to carry cattle at all. In the United States, where cattle-trains are run for long distances, all other traffic is subordinated to the consideration of getting the cattle as quickly as possible from one resting-place to another, even passenger-trains being shunted for the purpose. On the Canadian Pacific we were often held in sidings for long periods to allow of the passage of mere goods-trains; and even where, over one portion of our journey, we encountered work-trains engaged in getting out ballast for the maintenance of the road, no arrangement had been made for their being withdrawn to let us pass, and a long stoppage occurred while they were being moved out of our way. It is strange that the affairs of a great corporation should be so managed that the fences of the yards into which customers are invited to turn their stock should be, as was the case at Moosejaw, utterly unsafe, and that at so important a centre as Winnipeg there should be no means of getting water except by so uncertain an agent as a windmill—that when every hour's rest is priceless the cattle should know no rest for half a day from want of a drink.

I was told at the Winnipeg yards that a definite assurance had been given from headquarters months before that the windmill should be replaced by a steam-engine, but that this had been withdrawn on account of the numbers of cattle shipped falling short of expectations.

Unless the service of the cattle-traffic is improved by the erection of a steam-pump or a reservoir at Winnipeg, and by various altera-

tions of the existing state of things, I feel sure the company may anticipate a still further falling-off in the number of cattle for transport.

Considering, moreover, the great extent of country, owned in part by the company, which is fit for little else but cattle-raising, it is curious that they should not think it policy to foster that industry by supplying every convenience for the transport of cattle over their own line to Montreal, the nearest practical market. The officials I interviewed from time to time admitted the inadequacy of accommodation and want of traffic management. There is evidently a feeling abroad that the energy of those at headquarters is being diverted from the efficient administration of the traffic to smart strokes of policy for the development of business in connection with United States roads.

The great blot on the prospects of the Canadian Pacific which strikes an untechnical observer is the want of local traffic over the greater part of the road. Yet it is certainly the opinion of dwellers along that portion of the road lying between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains that by the rates now in force they and their goods are taxed to compensate for the low rates on trans continental traffic, and the exorbitant character of the rates to intermediate points is bitterly complained of as necessarily tending to check local developments.

As to the treatment of the cattle on the trains, I can see no reason why they should not be tied by the head as they are on board ship: this would prevent almost entirely the fighting and bruising which take place. It would be easy to devise movable hay-racks and troughs which might be kept in readiness at the different stopping-places, and attached to the sides of the cars for a few hours, sliding shutters being arranged through which the cattle could protrude their heads and get at the hay and water; or a siding might be arranged with permanent fittings, alongside of which the train might be drawn up, where the cattle could feed without disembarking. In this way they would be saved all the wear and tear of loading and unloading, and the journey could be accomplished in nine days or less instead of eleven; while if fewer were put in each car they might be allowed to lie down or stand according to their inclination.

## PART II.—BY SEA.

The stockyards at Montreal are some two or three miles from the wharf of the steamship company upon whose vessel the cattle were to cross the Atlantic. On the afternoon of the second day after their arrival at Montreal they were loaded on to the cars, and there they remained standing on a siding in the stockyards until three o'clock the following morning, when the train was run down

on to the rails which pass along the wharves. Inasmuch as the rails are laid on the same level as the roadway, and are not partitioned or fenced off from it, trains are only allowed to be run over them by night, when the road is free from horse traffic. This is a very reasonable arrangement as regards the delivery of inanimate merchandise, but it might well have been relaxed in favour of cattle already reduced to great weakness by the hardships and privations of their railway journey, which were ill prepared for the ocean passage by being thus kept thirty-six hours on the cars without food or water before being put on the steamer. I had secured betimes my own engagement as foreman, and that of two of the men who had come with me from the West as drovers, for the ocean passage. Having been warned that we should be wanted at the ship at three in the morning to help load the cattle, I made a point of attending on the wharf at that hour, but found the ship still in the hands of carpenters who were busily knocking-up pens for the cattle; a few men, all tattered and torn, who might have been drovers, or who perhaps were merely homeless outcasts, were sleeping heavily amid the noise of many hammers in the loose straw thrown down in those pens which had been completed. I was not long in following their example.

The steamer herself was a fine specimen of the ocean tramp. She was a new vessel (two years old, I think), built of mild steel, seventy-five feet in breadth and nearly ten times that length. She was engined at the rate of about one horse-power to every twelve tons. She had a round bottom and flat sides, and all the lines of an oblong box pinched in at the ends. She was to carry on this voyage, besides other cargo, about 730 head of cattle, which were stowed on the upper and lower decks, both before and abaft the engine room and cabins, and on the hurricane deck. On the lower deck they were disposed in four rows, a row on each side of the ship looking inwards, and two rows along the middle line of the ship, back to back. On the upper deck the same arrangement prevailed, except that the hatches and donkey-engines occupied part of the space which would otherwise have accommodated a double row of cattle along the centre of the ship. Both on the upper and lower decks a false floor was laid down, consisting of inch boards raised on scantling an inch or two from the deck, and to this flooring transverse battens, intended to help the cattle to keep their footing, were secured. The pens were not partitioned off, except at rare intervals to preserve access to the side of the ship for such purposes as the controlling of portholes or the adjustment of hose pipes. Stout upright scantlings at irregular distances formed the front of the framework of these pens, and to these scantlings two planks were nailed—one, the head board, eighteen inches from the deck, and another two feet higher. These stout planks were nailed on the inside of the scantlings, the lower plank was bored with holes about

two feet four inches apart, and through these holes the head ropes, which were fitted round the horns of the cattle as they came on board, were passed and secured. On the upper deck the pens supported a rough roof of boards. This board roof formed, in fact, over the greater part of the vessel, a temporary upper deck, and had the same convexity as the decks below it. It was inadequately fenced round the ship's side by two boards, one inch thick, nailed to uprights, two inches square.

The cattle were loaded on to the steamer through a long shoot, built for the purpose, from the ship's side across the wharf and through the warehousing sheds to a point alongside of the rails, where the extreme end of it sloped up on a level with the floor of the cars. A small army of men lined the outside of this shoot, some urging the cattle forward, some tying ropes to their heads as they passed, and some checking their progress by sliding barriers so as to prevent congestion. At the ship's side there was a knot of men to direct the steers into the different quarters of the vessel arranged for their accommodation. In the alley-ways on the ship were more men, ready to reach over and catch the head ropes, pass them through the auger holes in the head boards, and make fast. All these men seemed to be of the cattle-drover class, very quick and skilful, but treating the wild nor'-westers just as they would have handled stall-fed beasts, shouting furiously, and beating them about the eyes and nose with heavy sticks. This sort of treatment seems barbarous enough when it effects its object, but it becomes doubly revolting when, as is certainly the case with range cattle, it only bewilders the patient. When night came on, the loading was proceeding apace, and the scene was a singular one. The ship and the wharves were brilliantly lit up with electricity. At the fore-part of the ship a troupe of ragamuffins were rolling countless cheeses on board from the wharf; on the opposite side of the vessel a pneumatic elevator was sucking thousands of bushels of wheat into its iron throat from an adjacent lighter, and spitting them into the vessel's hold; while close by another lighter was putting in a mixed assortment of lumber, and in the after-part of the ship the clatter and rush of the cattle along the shoot, and the shouts, curses, and blows of their tormenters resounded over all.

My two companions and I occupied ourselves in catching the head ropes as the steers were passed into the pens, and securing them with a slipknot in the auger holes. The cattle were crammed in anyhow, so that in many cases we had to secure two beasts to the same auger hole, the allotted space being thus halved, and in many places the cattle were simply jammed together in a mass and remained so till late next day—the principle being to get them on board and the ship under way as speedily as possible, and to straighten them out during our passage down the river. I am told that it is not the business of any Government inspector to see to the proper stowage of the cattle, their only duty being to see that none are diseased.



when they come on board. The men who buy the deck space from the shipowners are directly interested in getting as many cattle upon it as possible, since they are paid by the head. The owner of the cattle, I suppose, does not care what happens since his cattle are insured; but why the underwriters do not insist on the cattle having a fair chance is hard to be understood.

The pens were fitted with boxes built in the floor and intended for the reception of *moulé*, a coarse mixed meal on which the cattle of Eastern Canada are largely fattened. The range cattle would have nothing to do with the *moulé*, so that we fed them entirely on hay. As there were no hay-racks we had to distribute it in the alley-ways left between the rows of cattle. These were so narrow that the cattle on opposite sides often interlaced their horns, so that we could only pass by stepping over them; yet they had to discharge the double function of hay-racks and gangways, and as the crew of the ship as well as the drovers as they passed through were perpetually trampling the hay into the filthy slush which was for ever washing about the decks, a great deal more forage was wasted than was consumed. In the matter of passing from one part of the vessel to another when she was rolling, we were indeed between the devil and the deep sea. The pens were soon so broken, and the alleys so blocked with cattle, that it was a long and risky business to pass along the upper deck, while, to a landsman at any rate, an excursion along the board roof over the pens was even more thrilling, for considerable lengths of the temporary bulwarks were broken away, and the roofing itself had weak places, where, if one trod, one went clean through on to the deck below; and at that height from the centre of gravity the motion of the ship was such that one had often to lie down on one's face and spread out one's limbs like a starfish to avoid slipping off altogether.

The crowding on the upper deck was aggravated by the fact that the shrouds and other rigging encroached on the space supposed to be occupied by the cattle, and prevented them from standing square to the ship's side. The main source of all our troubles with the cattle, and of all the cruelties they suffered, lay in the system of tight packing, the effect of which was that, as soon as an animal lay down and so withdrew his support from his next neighbour, this latter at once stepped over him with either one leg or two, apparently in response to the one-sided pressure on his outer flank; his neighbours, again, would each take up a little more room inwards, and thus, after a few moments, the place of the prostrate steer would know him no more.

So much so that, in order to get a steer on its feet again, we almost always had first to untie and crowd still more closely together those on each side of him, and on many occasions it was necessary to knock out the front planks, and take one or two animals out into the

narrow alley-way, before we could extricate the recumbent wretch from among the hoofs of his comrades.

We met with no bad weather; we shipped no sea during the whole voyage; there was, however, at times, a swell running from the north-east, and the result of a few hours' exposure to this was shocking. The cattle, in adjusting themselves to the rolling of the vessel, threw their weight in great part on the battens on the false deck which were put there for the purpose indeed of giving them foothold, but, being inadequately nailed, were quickly torn up in all directions. The cattle, slipping helplessly backwards and forwards as the vessel rolled, threw their whole weight at times upon the head boards, several of which soon broke, while in other instances they were torn bodily from the uprights by the strain put upon the head ropes as the cattle hung on them. In this way we soon had steers loose in the alley-ways, and steers loose in the pens, and steers trampling on each other in all directions. The risk incurred in getting in among the cattle at such times is of course very great, the prospect of a kick, or a blow from a horn, being less to be feared than the chance of being squeezed between two beasts as they crowd together, or of falling and being trampled upon as they struggle to keep their feet.

Various forms of torture are made use of to get the fallen animals on to their feet again. The twisting of the tail is the most effective; but much may be done by pouring water into their ears, and by kicking their noses if it is done persistently; but, unless a steer's back is broken, he will get up if his tail is twisted, so long as there is an unbroken joint in the tail to twist. But it is a horrible fact that on this vessel were several steers whose tails from frequent twisting became incapable of sensation, limp, and jointless.

A truly painful task it was to keep torturing the wretched beasts on to their feet; yet the alternative for them was not a happy release, but a lingering death by trampling, starvation, and thirst.

There was no power to put an injured animal out of his misery; the loss falls upon the owner of the animal if it reaches the port of destination alive, however badly injured, while the underwriter has to pay in case of death during the voyage. In the interests of the underwriter broken-backed steers have to die by inches, some of them lying for many days without food or water, breathing and suffering, but beyond hope of recovery.

Perhaps the worst feature about the ship as a carrier of cattle was the want of ventilation in the lower deck. As soon as we got out to sea the ports were all closed, and there was then literally no ventilation whatever in either hold except from the hatchways. On the forward half of the vessel there were two hatchways, and in each of these were two wind sails; the after-part of the vessel was similarly arranged. A wind sail is a long canvas pipe with a head

like the cowl of a chimney, which is hoisted into the rigging and set so as to promote the ingress of the breeze. When the wind was not a following one, and so neutralised by the vessel's progress, and when the wind sails were set correctly, they supplied a considerable volume of fresh air; but, inasmuch as this was all discharged directly under the hatchway, it immediately escaped again, benefiting only the steers in the immediate vicinity, while the bulk of the unfortunates sweated and panted in a hot, sickly stench impossible to describe; the consequence was that one animal died within a few hours of our getting under way, and that during the voyage we lost forty on the lower deck. It is true that of these some died from losing their foothold and being mangled to death by their mates, but most of them died of suffocation.

I went down and helped to attend the cattle between decks on our first day out; but after one day's experience in that awful air I elected during the rest of the voyage to undertake, with the help of three men from the West, two of whom had been with me on the train journey, the care of the range cattle on the forward half of the upper deck.

Inasmuch as we encountered no gales, we were fortunate in the fact of my making this arrangement; yet, even so, the structure of the pens at times so gaped and groaned with the motion of the vessel that we were warned that it was unsafe to remain among the cattle in view of the possibility of the pens breaking up bodily in the event of an extra bad roll, and, now that one is safe ashore, it is interesting to speculate on what would have happened in really bad weather.

Besides myself and two other foremen there were in charge of the cattle a headman and fifteen helpers. The headman and the other two foremen were experienced in the business, having made many voyages in charge of cattle; the helpers were mostly 'dead beats,' and they gave the headman much trouble. His hold over them was of the slightest; there was no money coming to them at the end of the voyage, whether they did their duty or not. They were simply working their passage. If they struck work altogether they could not have been more vilely fed or worse treated than they were already. The headman told me his difficulty in dealing with them lay in his liability to be summoned for assault on our arrival in England in case he laid violent hands on any of them—that, therefore, he had to exercise great self-restraint and never inflict a marking blow; he had made many voyages, and had never been fined except on the external evidence of some mark of violence. He was a passionate man, and it was curious to see him spring savagely on some mutinous satellite and hurl him to the deck, and then pause, evidently paralysed by the thought of the impending fine, and methodically plant his blow, not where it would be most effective, but where it would be least in evidence.

The life of these poor fellows, mere lads most of them, was certainly one of concentrated wretchedness. I have seen, in recently published correspondence on the cattle traffic, the suggestion made that, if the drovers did their duty, the cattle would do well enough; but a man can hardly be expected to display zeal, nerve, agility, and patience in such plight as were most of those on board this vessel. They were sea-sick; they were wet through from morning till night; they were bullied by each other and knocked about by their 'boss;' and most of them had to spend their day between decks in an atmosphere so vile that the hot swirl of it up the hatchway would make the passer-by on the upper deck reel with nausea; their food was slopped by the dirty hands of a coloured cook's mate into a large pan, over which they had to scramble for their meals, and was such that my mates who came from the West, and were well used to coarse living, found themselves forced to bribe the cook to give them decent food in a separate mess. The sleeping accommodation for the drovers was of a piece with their food supply, and was deserted by all but three or four of them in favour of the bales of hay piled on various parts of the deck. A few of them obtained the precious privilege of sleeping in the steerage among a number of turkeys and ducks which had the run of the place. Few of these men possessed any bedding or change of clothing; their practice was to dry themselves and their clothes together by standing over the stoke-hole gratings after their day's work was over.

By desire of the owners of the vessel the captain on three evenings during the voyage held religious services, which all the cattlemen were desired to attend. Here, after spending the whole day in torturing God's creatures, or at least in witnessing their agonies, it was a beautiful thing to hear a glowing sermon on the almightiness of love, heavenly love, which, if we could only see it, was the one all-pervading influence in the universe; and with one's ears ringing with the perpetual chorus of obscene blasphemy, which flows unconsciously from the undisciplined under strong excitement, to listen to our excellent commander's denunciation of profanity. The cant of pity seemed here well exemplified.

The drinking water for the cattle was carried in iron tanks lying between the two skins which formed the vessel's double bottom. It was pumped from these by means of hose pipe into puncheons which were lashed at intervals along the deck. The water was red and thick with rust, the lower contents of the puncheons as thick as pea-soup. These puncheons were intended to be filled each evening, ready for watering in the early morning, and to be then filled again in time for watering in the afternoon. On three days during the voyage the cattle got no water at all. The rolling of the vessel spilt all the water out of the puncheons in the course of the night, and they were, reasonably enough, not filled again till the sea went down.

In any case, it would on these three days have been impossible to water the cattle to any purpose, as they were furling about in all directions, and quite unable to steady themselves enough to drink out of a bucket.

We were provided with wooden pails, containing each two gallons ; and, as no water troughs were fitted in the pens, we had to enact the crowning absurdity of watering these wild range cattle by holding our buckets to them one by one. Now, most of them had been at least forty-eight hours on the ship before they were offered any water, and I shall fail to describe the pathetic behaviour of the poor brutes on being presented, for the first time in their lives by human hands, with an unknown object—to wit, a bucket—which yet contained at least the smell of the veritable elixir of life. Here is one : his eye red and fevered, his muzzle dry and hard as a board, his coat staring and defiled with dirt and sweat, his flanks going like a bellows ; the enrapturing smell of the water, for which he has been longing these many hours, reaches him from afar ; rusty as it is, he makes an eager dive at it, but the hand that holds it to him is too awful to be faced, it smells of man ; he jumps back with a snort, and then prods viciously at the bucket and the bucket-holder. After this has been repeated several times he will perhaps get confidence enough to lick the outside of the bucket, and by much patience you will at last get his nose into the water, while his neighbours, excited almost to frenzy by the smell of it, push and hook and struggle to get a share. One of them, with a quick flourish of his horns, sends the pail flying, perhaps breaking his head rope at the same time, and giving half an hour's work to two men to secure him. When a steer could be persuaded to put his nose in the pail and drink, his neighbours would at once be encouraged to do likewise, and three heads would be competing for one little pailful at once—all this while the situation of the pail-holder was itself interesting, steadying the pail with one hand in position below the head board, with the other hand hauling on the head rope of the next steer on one side, to keep him from attacking the pail, at the same time standing off the enemy on the opposite flank by vigorous kicks on the muzzle. If the process was going on in the narrow parts of the alley, the situation was made more lively yet by the horns of the steers on the opposite side, which rattled about between one's legs and everywhere.

After one heavy night's rolling the after-between decks contained piles of steers thrown together in such confusion that the foreman hauled them out on to the upper deck with the steam winch, alive and dead as they came to hand. Those that were alive were hoisted by a rope passed round their horns ; in two or three cases the horns gave way while the steer was in mid air, and he fell back down the hatchway only to be hoisted again a mangled corpse and dropped over

the side. Those that were successfully hoisted alive were tied up in the alley-ways, and increased the incredible confusion on the upper deck.

My object is to call attention to the cruelty and wastefulness of the cattle traffic, as I experienced it, rather than to describe my trip from a subjective point of view. Yet I cannot but mention the sense of guilty oppression that weighed on one in the midst of this mass of suffering animals of whom one was put in responsible charge, but under conditions which made their well-being impossible.

The hideous business came to an end at last; we reached the port of destination, and with the mooring of the vessel to the wharf my connection with the cattle ceased.

A gang of men boarded the ship, knocked away the pens, and let the steers escape on to the wharf. Stiff, bruised, and spectre-like as they were, one of them yet had enough of the old rollicking spirit left in him to deliver a tottering charge, and overturn a drover on the quay who ventured to approach him as if he had been a stall-fed beast. Good old steer! After bowling over his man, he stood there, a gaunt but still imposing skeleton, looked around with an air of pained surprise at the ribald crowd on the ship and on the surrounding fences, then turned, cocked his tail in the air, and galloped as gaily as might be after his companions into the abattoirs. There the wicked cease from troubling. •

It is found impracticable to fatten up range cattle on their arrival in England, and, after a few days' rest to allow them to recover from their fevered condition, all these cattle were sold for immediate slaughter. They were fat when they left the range; at the end of their month's journey they were not only reduced to mere frames, gaunt and narrow beyond belief of people who have seen cattle only in the fields and farmyards of England, but with their sterns rubbed raw and swollen out of all natural shape, their legs also swollen, and in many cases raw round the fetlocks, and with their hides scored with horn marks. When one considers the amount of bruising which these external marks represent, and the way in which the steers had been thrown about in the pens by the motion of the vessel, it is difficult to suppose that any of the little beef that is on them can be healthy human food. I can only suppose it is made into sausages.

NELE LORING.

## TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS.

THE reality of History is so unlike the report, that we continue, in spite of much disappointment, to look for revelations as often as an important personage leaves us his reminiscences. The famous book which has been so eagerly expected and so long withheld will not satisfy those who, like the first Queen of Prussia, demand to know *le pourquoi du pourquoi*. The most experienced and sagacious of men discourses about certain selected events that concerned him, and passes sentence on two generations of contemporaries; but he betrays few secrets and prepares no surprises. Nothing could increase the lustre of the talents which he is known, by the malevolent testimony of Vitrolles, to have displayed at the first restoration, or which are proved by his own correspondence from Vienna. But we are made to know him better; and all that he says and much that he conceals brings into vivid light one of the wonders of modern politics.

Three months after the fall of Napoleon, Talleyrand went out of office, opposed by Russia, disliked by the King, hated by the triumphant royalists. Under that constellation, mainly in the year 1816, he wrote these Memoirs. The undercurrent of motive is to explain, or to explain away, the earlier part of his career; to expose his incomparable services to the crown, the country, and the dominant party; to show that nothing in the various past disqualifies him for the first place in the councils of the Monarchy he had restored. It is not the plea of a vulgar competitor; for, with all his sleepless ambition, he writes with studied moderation and reserve. He has not the tone of a man contemplating from aloft his own achievements, his immense renown, his assured place in the central history of the world. Talleyrand is dissatisfied, satirical, and almost always bitter in his judgment of men. The better to dissociate himself from evil communications, he interpolates a laboured attack on the Duke of Orleans, which would be a blot on the composition but for the redeeming paragraph on Sieyès, the best of all the characters he has drawn. He slurs over his own share in the work of the National Assembly, justifies his attitude under Napoleon by the pressing need for monarchy, and by his breach with him on the affairs of Spain,

and puts himself straight with the Church by a detailed narrative of the disputes with Rome.

He was reputed too idle a man to be a good writer, and it was supposed that Des Renaudes held the pen for him at one time, and La Besnardière at another. Chateaubriand, who devoted his most tremendous sentences to the business of denouncing him as a traitor in politics and religion, and who insisted that the last action of his life was a deceitful comedy, quotes a letter to himself as evidence that Talleyrand was deficient in ideas, and wrote an unsubstantial style. These volumes are composed with much art, and, in the passage which is an express vindication, with uncommon power. Sometimes the author shows that he is accustomed to careless converse with inferior minds. He has more good sense than originality, and few gleams of unexpected light, like his friend Hamilton, or his master Machiavelli.

Although Talleyrand was in the habit of showing portions of the Memoirs to many persons in his time, his literary executor, Bacourt, determined that they should not be published until the year 1888. At that time they were the property of M. Andral, who would have liked to protract the suppression. This excessive caution has not been explained. Andral, the grandson of Royer-Collard, who presided over the Council of State under MacMahon, and, in the struggle for class government, was once thought of as the head of an extra-parliamentary ministry on the American model, was much consulted as a shrewd adviser, steeped in the knowledge of public and private affairs. The business of the day left him without time or care for remoter things, and he lightly eluded inquiry into his precious deposit. He communicated the manuscript to the Count of Paris, though he refused it to his friend Thiers; and he died, bequeathing it to the distinguished writer, who is at the same time a party leader and the bearer of an historic name.

Talleyrand is not favourable to men in authority, or to precepts of attachment and respect. His Memoirs forcibly proclaim that there is no such thing in reason as personal loyalty to a party or a man; that whoever serves one order of things, does well to be preparing for the next; that it is the note of a strong man to employ principles, and of a weak man to obey them. They are especially injurious to the house of Orleans; and a passage relating to Philippe Egalité is the one portion of the manuscript which has been allowed to disappear. This hiatus of several sheets raises the question of the second copy. The Duke de Broglie publishes the final and authentic text; but an earlier transcript exists, and bears marks of having been retouched by the author himself. For appreciable reasons, its possessor has never chosen, hitherto, to make any use of it; but it will now be known whether it completes the published text, and throws light on the successive growth of the Memoirs. Two or three



passages are evidently later insertions; some were written earlier; and it will be interesting to inquire whether the Spanish and the Roman chapters are entirely the work of Talleyrand himself. One of them is hardly in keeping with the usually secular turn of his mind, and both are out of perspective.

French critics will easily detect inaccuracies besides those which the editor has pointed out and corrected. It is not true that the Austrians were defeated in Germany in 1796; Carnot never was at Cayenne; Oudinot was not a marshal in 1808. In one of his letters, Talleyrand showed how little he knew about English politics, when he says that the Whigs were seldom in power for more than a short time since 1688. Slips of memory and involuntary mistakes will not discredit the Memoirs. The omissions are more suspicious and indicate design. The remark that Marengo almost made Hohenlinden superfluous, curiously ignores the treaty with St. Julien, one of the less creditable transactions in the life of the French negotiator. But it would be unjust to insist on things untold; for if the author, sweeping a vast horizon, passes discreetly over treacherous places, he has not sought opportunities for vainglory, and is too well bred to record the scenes which exhibit his promptness in emergencies and the ease with which he disconcerted opponents. He describes neither the deliberations of the Provisional Government, nor the arts of management by which a Senate peopled with regicides was brought to declare for the Bourbons. He does even less than justice to himself when he relates that Napoleon, refusing to preserve his crown by reducing the territory, said: 'Find other masters—*je suis trop grand pour vous*.' This saying, made known last year, and bearing the mark of the lion's claw, proved that the mysterious duplicate is authentic. What Talleyrand does not say is that Napoleon, after these heroic words, assented at last to the conditions offered at Châtillon; and that he himself, in May, signed peace on more favourable terms. Instances of this kind are so many, that the Duke de Broglie esteems that the work he has published was not designed for an apology.

He complains that Madame de Staël is not mentioned among those who procured the author's recall from proscription. But Talleyrand acknowledges that he owed to her his introduction to Barras, and his first appointment to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He affirms that he, for his own part, would have preferred to stand aloof, and that he yielded reluctantly to her influence. He allows full credit to her initiative in a step which was to lead so far. The story has been told in another shape. Talleyrand, it is said, declared to Madame de Staël that his money was exhausted, and that he would have to blow out his brains if, in a month, she could not find him a way to supplies. This is the version of Barante, the least inventive of men, who knew them both well, who had seen the Memoirs, and

who goes on to describe the meeting with the director and the scene at Suresnes, as they do. If the well-informed and disinterested historian deserves credit, the Memoirs must be discarded as a concatenation of insincerity. But he is not a sufficient witness to carry such a verdict. For he says that the friends soon afterwards quarrelled, that Talleyrand never ceased to detest the woman to whom he owed so much, and that she, in her anger, never again dreamed of a reconciliation. Nevertheless, in February 1809, she entreated his intervention with the Emperor, in terms which would have been barely dignified in any circumstances, and are incompatible with unforgiveness. The breach on her side cannot have been as incurable as Barante has described it. Yet the occasion was one which might have justified strong feelings.

The American envoys made it known that they had been invited to bestow a present of money on the French minister, and Talleyrand had laughed at the idea of being challenged to repel the accusation. The reproach of official corruption is, perhaps, the most difficult to meet of all those that he incurred. Count Senfft, who, when I knew him, was an inmate of the Jesuits' College at Innsbruck, but who had been Talleyrand's warm admirer and friend as early as 1806, relates that he caused a sum of four millions of florins to be returned to the Poles, when he found that he was unable to serve their cause; but that he accepted gifts of money from the German princes, whose interests he promoted, including one payment of forty thousand pounds from the king of Saxony. Senfft himself was Saxon minister, and as such in the secrets both of Dresden and Warsaw. Baccourt, who has been careful to ascertain that Metternich and Nesselrode received no millions from France, says nothing in exoneration of his chief and patron. The next volume, which will contain Talleyrand's account of the execution of Enghien, may possibly give some reply to this more formidable imputation. In one of his earliest despatches he censures the venality of Thugut; but his papers, so far as we have them, say nothing of his own. It might be urged that what he did was not really done in secret, that the reconstruction of the European ruin after the revolutionary war, during the Confederation of the Rhine and at the Congress of Vienna, afforded opportunities so exceptional that they amount to excuses; that Napoleon, who allowed his brother to bring back bags of diamonds from Madrid, admitted the practice of diplomatic *douceurs*, and distributed enormous sums in that way. Enemies of the United States used to affirm that the Ashburton treaty was carried by a method which may be traced in the books of Barings.

Talleyrand gives himself all the advantage to be got by depreciating others. He speaks warmly of Hamilton, and respectfully of Lansdowne and Fox in England, of Mollien and Caulaincourt in France; and he is above the vulgar and inefficacious error of reviling

enemies. Friends enjoy no immunity from his satiric temper; and he is severe towards his tutor, Langfois; his secretary, Des Renaudes, and his intimate associate, Narbonne. He says that the choice of Necker was the worst the king could have made; Lafayette is beneath the level of mediocrity; Breteuil is fit for the second place anywhere; Sieyès would not be a rogue if he was not a coward; the hands of Carnot are dripping with blood; Fesch is a corsair disguised as a cardinal; Joseph and Jerome are inglorious libertines; the most prosperous of the marshals, Suchet, is *quelque peu bel esprit*; his own successor, Champagny, begins every day trying to repair his blunders of the day before; Humboldt is a bore; Metternich is tortuous and second-rate; Wellington has no head for principles; Castlereagh strains the Englishman's prerogative of ignorance.

Most historical characters will probably suffer if we try them fairly by a fixed standard; but Talleyrand displays no such thing as a standard of public or private morality. He tells how, greatly to his honour, he remonstrated with the Emperor upon his Spanish policy, saying that much evil-doing may be condoned, but that a mere cheat becomes contemptible. He was ready to make sacrifices to his sense, not of duty, but of propriety. The thing that shocks him is the indignity offered to the royal family, not the wrong done to the Spanish nation, for he himself had proposed that France should annex Catalonia. This passage, jointly with one or two others, gives the measure of his notion of right and wrong. He relates that, as a student at the seminary, he was silent, resentful and morose, and was rescued from this unhealthy condition by an actress, whom he met under an umbrella, and with whom he lived for two years. He confesses that she was stupid; but he adds, with unmixed complacency, that the improvement of his manners and disposition was very much her work, and that the authorities had learned not to interfere with a youth of good family, predestined to become a minister of State, a cardinal, perhaps even the dispenser of Crown patronage. To write like this in memoirs addressed to the society of the Restoration shows more than a flaw in his knowledge of good and evil. Elsewhere he tells how a lady, whose intimacy with himself had not been free from scandal, requested him to stay away from the place where she was residing, as his presence might hinder her intended marriage. He publishes her name, and adds that the marriage came off without impediment, although there were others about who might have been as much in the way as himself. Here it must be admitted that the great master of ceremonial and the social art touches low-water mark; and we learn to suspect that a low moral vitality had as much to do with the stains on his life as violent passions or extreme temptation.

Talleyrand means it to be understood that, in all his versatile career, he was not the mere servant of opportunity, but that he was

a man steering by fixed stars, applying principles to policy, occupied and possessed by certain general ideas superior to time and place. Many volumes of his letters produced in the last ten years show what truth there is in this thesis of the *Memoirs*. They show that Talleyrand accepted the essential philosophy of Liberalism, construed from Montesquieu and Turgot, Smith and Bentham. In 1786 he defends the Commercial Treaty as a policy based on the true natural laws, that will put an end to the rivalry of nations. He believes, even then, that France and England ought to be inseparable in the cause of reason and justice against the world of divine right. A little later he declares that the traditional alliances terminate with the traditional monarchy; and anticipating in 1792 the language of James Mill, argues that arbitrary governments labour for their own good, and free governments for the good of mankind. At a time when it was said that there were only two tolerant prelates in the Church of France, he was one of them. If it cost a sceptic no meritorious effort to emancipate the Jews, the ex-bishop of Autun attested his sincerity in an hour of passion and peril, by insisting that the State has no authority over the conscience of citizen or monarch, and that the priests who refused the oath must be protected against the popular rage. He deems it the interest and the duty of France to rest content within her own wide borders, and to respect the integrity and independence of other countries by the same law as her own. He pleads for non-intervention in 1792, and still more in 1798, as plainly as in 1830. He acknowledged more and more that every people has the right to shape its own government, and maintained that France would have done well to create a United Italy, an independent Poland. As an avowed convert to the doctrine of Nationality and Revolution, he doubted the supreme masterpiece of political compromise and half measures, the Orleanist monarchy, and exhorted Lamartine to reserve his genius for a worthier cause than the support of a baseless throne. At the height of authority and fame he defies the wrath of his Government, and compels Louis Philippe to refuse for his son the proffered crown of Belgium.

When we touch the hard formation and come to the convictions he expressed when circumstances did not sway him, and his language was apart from his interest, this is what we find. His *Memoirs*, letters, and State papers contain a buried picture unlike the familiar one on the surface of history. The old lines are not effaced. We have not got to expunge from memory the unscrupulous priest, the money-getting sybarite, the patient auxiliary of the conqueror and the tyrant, the royalist who defended the tenth of August, the republican minister who brought on the Empire, the imperial dignitary who restored the Bourbons, the apostle of Legitimacy who hailed its fall. The Talleyrand of manifold tradition remains, and he remains a more valuable study than the most consistent doctrinaire.

But the doctrine is there as well as the policy, and the contrast gives an import to his life beyond any measure of practical success. It was characteristic of his public conduct repeatedly to undo his own work, and the problem is to find any constant motive under the glaring outer inconsistencies. Principles, in his easy philosophy, depended a good deal upon circumstances for their available use; and his saying that non-intervention is a term that means about the same thing as intervention, was more than a jest. Accustomed to hold dogmas loosely and conditionally, even in the science of which he was master, he described his own principle of Legitimacy as nothing more than a supreme expedient.

He gives the keynote at once by declaring that he will not call his Memoirs 'My View of the Events of my Time,' because that would be too positive a title for the work of a man *qui a autant que moi douté dans sa vie*. He understands the economists and believes in their doctrines, but he confesses that, having found human nature a poor material to carry them out with, he cheerfully ceased to care about them. Wessenberg records that he heard him say, '*Le seul bon principe est de n'en avoir aucun.*' The interior Talleyrand is a man with a nucleus of distinct opinions, which have not enough sanctity, or even certainty, to be worth the waste of an existence. He knows his shortcomings, his failures, his mistakes, but he assigns most of the blame to others. He brings an indictment against the many resisting and disturbing influences under which he strayed; and the times he lived in, like nothing else in history, have to answer for much deviation. The first enemy was his father.

The accident that lamed him robbed him both of his birthright and of his home. During boyhood he never spent a week in the house of his parents. They not only showed him no affection, but gave him no encouragement, lest success should awaken importunate hopes and claims. They did not even inform him that the meaning of all this coldness, humiliation, and neglect was that he had been dedicated to the service of God. At last he was sent to Reims, to his uncle the coadjutor, that he might be made aware of the sweets of episcopal life; and he went through his course at St. Sulpice and the Sorbonne. He never had the choice of an alternative or the opportunity of escape. His father would give him no other provision; and the cost of his education was paid out of his first benefice. The family insisted absolutely on putting him into the Church; and the Church received him as he was, without moral fitness, and apparently without religious faith. He was not more unworthy than others of the French clergy in his time, and he was far the ablest. His narrative, with measured but repeated touches, produces an impression stronger than his words. It is not he that sinned, but his parents. If, by taking orders without vocation, he became a sacrile-

gious priest, destined in his long life never to know the security of a tranquil conscience, the crime was theirs. In this man, yet more than in Mirabeau, the ancient order of society, operating in conformity with accepted usage, prepared its doom.

When he last appeared before the world, mindful of his early training, he said that theology imparts certain qualities to the mind—*une force et en même temps une souplesse de raisonnement*—conducive to political excellence. He names the example of Lionne who, having been educated for the Church, became the chief organiser in France of that diplomatic subtlety and *finesse* which Richelieu and the Père Joseph developed between them. He had in mind that which divines learn on the benches of the Schools, the extreme subdivision of thought, the habit of threshing out all the contents of a proposition, the dialectics verging on hair-splitting and sophistry, inherited from long ages that were undeterred by observation; not the advantages of a system with imposing traditions, fixed maxims and a constant policy, whose agents are never taken by surprise and know the uses of time. He was thinking of the priesthood negotiating more than governing. He had seen in his own vicinity, in his own person, things more memorable than the diplomatic art of Cardinal Du Bellay and Cardinal de Bernis. The Revolution had been started by one priest; the Republic had been proposed by another. Three out of eight in the constitutional committee were ecclesiastics. The constitution of the year III. as well as that of the year VIII., were chiefly devised by divines. The four ministers who, at the Restoration, inaugurated parliamentary government belonged to the clergy.

His own studies were principally profane. The first book he mentions is the *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz*, a man often compared to him in point of character and ability. He tells us that he read political writers and historians; but when he puts Polignac next to d'Ossat among negotiators, he betrays the limits of his knowledge in that sort of literature. He had read Montesquieu, and, like all the best minds of that age, he was influenced by the *Esprit des Lois*. He pays Machiavelli the tribute of intelligent imitation, and fortifies his Legitimacy by the authority of a grim passage from the *Prince*. He collected a choice library; but he was too much a man of the world to resign himself to study and the dominion of silent masters. Books, he says, have enlightened him: he has never allowed them to govern him. He describes how much he owed to conversation in chosen society, and how he picked the brains of specialists.

In old age Talleyrand used to say that life had never had so much to recommend it as at Paris in his youth. In the *Memoirs* he speaks of a diminution of refinement and a falling-off from what had been before the approach of revolution. He regards

himself as belonging to a higher and earlier epoch of good manners, and describes as bearing an inferior stamp 'men who were the guide of contemporaries and their mould of form. Choiseul, the man he liked best, gesticulates too much and has a cold heart. Narbonne's cleverness is all for show, and is exhausted by a joke; his spirits are higher than good taste allows, his familiar grace makes him friends, especially among rather vulgar men. *Il a une politesse sans nuances.* Nevertheless, they were all such good friends that their intimacy, in the course of five years, was never disturbed by tittle tattle or misunderstanding. He attributes his own reputation for wit a good deal to the power of holding his tongue. He explains what he considers that the best conversation should be, by the example of his mother, whose charm consisted in pleasing, and passing on, without saying a word that could strike or remain. *Elle ne parlait que par nuances; jamais elle n'a dit un bon mot: c'était quelque chose de trop exprimé.* Much of the thought, the talent, the discipline, the exertion which goes, with other men, to the conduct of affairs, the making of speeches, the writing of books, was concentrated, by him, on the business of pleasant intercourse. His perfect mastery of so much that makes mere society enjoyable, acquired among men who had beheld the evening rays of Louis the Fourteenth, became one of the elements of his superiority; and he spoke with meaning when, after an outbreak of Napoleon's fury, he said that it was a pity so great a man had been so ill brought up. An ambassador described him in 1814 as, one 'qui posséda si éminemment l'art de la société, et qui en a si souvent usé avec succès, tantôt pour en imposer à ceux qu'on voulait détruire, en leur faisant perdre contenance, tantôt pour attirer à lui ceux dont on voulait se servir.' The prestige of his grand manner, of his lofty distinction, was a weapon both for attack and defence. The Emperor himself recognised the political force residing in the region where his aristocratic minister was supreme, when a report from Madame de Genlis on the conversations of the Faubourg St. Germain, which Talleyrand read to him, put him beside himself with anger, on the evening of Austerlitz.

The young Abbé de Périgord was so obviously marked out for promotion that he was made agent-general of the clergy before he was ordained. In that capacity, he relates that he endeavoured to be more than a man of his cloth, and attempted measures of general use. He generally failed; and he professes to have failed because of that common vice of inexperienced men, too much idealism, and an artless belief in human nature. He was so conspicuous that he was spoken of for the Archbishopric of Bourges, and looked forward to a position which would have given scope to his talents as an administrator. The Pope, urged by Gustavus the Third, who came to Rome in 1784, consented to make him a cardinal. But Périgord, being connected with the Rohans, shared the disgrace which the

Diamond Necklace brought upon them; and the Queen, through Count Mercy, who calls him a scoundrel, prevented the appointment. Louis the Sixteenth hesitated for months before nominating him to the see of Autun, which happened just before the meeting of the States-General.

Talleyrand appeared at Versailles with the reputation of a man of business, expert in money matters. By his management of the affairs of the clergy and his association with Calonne, he was better known by his head for figures than as a master of ecclesiastical policy. Mirabeau, with whom he had had a serious quarrel, meant to offer him the department of Finance. At that time he is described as a man without enthusiasm or illusions, pliant, patient, and calm, sure of rising to the greatest elevation. He was no orator and obtained no popular ascendancy. In his address to his clergy, he demanded the *Habeas Corpus*, trial by jury, free-trade, a free press, and the codification of the law. But he thought it madness to double the Third Estate, and wished that the king would dissolve the Assembly and summon another on different lines, with a definite plan of action, which Talleyrand had prepared. He took the lead in discarding instructions and the division of the orders; but, after the fall of the Bastille, he, with his friends, called on Louis the Sixteenth to adopt their policy. At midnight, on the 16th of July, he roused the Count of Artois, explained to him during two hours what would happen if the unresisted Assembly was allowed to send France down the entire cataract of deductive logic, and made him get out of bed and carry the ultimatum to the king. Louis, judging that this was a bid for office by a man who had given no extraordinary proof of capacity, and who in public had taken the opposite line of submission to the majority, rejected the warning, and the Count came back, protesting that the game was lost and that he would be off for the frontier in the morning. Talleyrand vainly dissuaded him from emigrating. At last he said, 'Then, sir, as the king and the princes abandon the Monarchy, nothing remains for us but to shift for ourselves.' Twenty-five years later when, as head of the Government, he invited the Count to return, he was able to remind him that the advice he had given at their last meeting was good.

The famous decree with which Talleyrand is identified, though it altered fundamentally the conditions of religion in France, was a financial measure, not the outcome of a scheme of Church government. At a conference held in May, the Archbishop of Arles made, with applause, the insane proposal that they should take the opportunity to have the debt of the clergy paid by the State. It was soon apparent that the clergy would be called on to supply the deficit of the State, and after the 4th of August, and the abolition of tithes, the property of the Church could not be saved. As soon as the Assembly had removed to Paris, the bishop of Autun, quick to



recognise the inevitable, moved that the nation should take over the Church property, allowing a pension exceeding by a million sterling that which is now paid, which, while reducing the income of prelates, improved the situation of the parish clergy. The effect was not what he intended, for he did not save the public credit, and he ruined the Gallican Church. The Assembly would neither leave the patronage to the executive, nor salary a body of men to be nominated by the Pope. It therefore adopted the principle of election, which was the substance of the *Constitution Civile*. In questions of Canon Law, ancient or modern, Talleyrand was neither competent nor interested. The scheme was not of his devising, but it was executed by his instrumentality: he consecrated the first of the new bishops. Writing amid the environments of 1816, he states his reason. Nearly all the bishops had refused the constitutional oath. If none had accepted, and if there had, consequently, been nobody to transmit the succession, the State might have lapsed into Presbyterianism, which was a form that harmonised with the spirit of the new institutions, and Calvinism would have been established. This far-fetched argument may have been a genuine reminiscence of Bossuet, and of the doctrine familiar to Gallican divines, that a Huguenot is a republican, that a Presbyterian is the same as a Whig, and that hierarchy in the Church responds to monarchy in the State.

It may be that the bishop employed schism as a supreme preservative against democratic heresy. The establishment of the new episcopate gave him a welcome opportunity of abandoning his position in the Church and seeking a new career. There was no French abbé on whom his orders sat more lightly, or who was so secular in his conduct. But though he wore no mask of hypocrisy, and submitted to little restraint, when he could not win twelve hundreds at play without being made the talk of the town, the falseness of his position became intolerable. He resigned his bishopric, and refused to have himself put forward for the see of Paris. Three years later, when, riding at night in an American forest, he called out to his servant, and a voice answered, 'Here I am, Monseigneur,' he could not help laughing at this reminder of distant Autun. In 1802 Pius the Seventh, although he loved his excommunicated brother less than he will have it, secularised him for his services to the Concordat. The *Memoirs* specially observe the tone of ecclesiastical decorum; and once, addressing Louis the Eighteenth, Talleyrand is aghast at the incredulity of the age.

For a short time, when his Parisian rival, Narbonne, became minister, he obtained considerable influence, and came to England early in 1792 on an acknowledged, but necessarily unofficial, mission, to ensure the neutrality of Pitt. In August he was again in Paris, and witnessed the overthrow of the Monarchy. He induced Danton to send him back to London, under cover of some scientific negotia-

tion, and was thus able to declare that he had not incurred the pains of emigration, and yet to assure Grenville that he was not in the service of the Republic. But with all his dexterity and coolness he could not hold a position between the upper and the nether millstone. He was outlawed in France, he was expelled from England; and having sold his books in London, he sailed for Philadelphia. He would have been glad to get a passage to India, to be shrouded in sufficient obscurity until his time came.

It came at the end of two years. In 1796 he found himself restored to France, in the embarrassing company of a lady who had got Francis into trouble before him, and having no position but that of a member of the Institute. In the scheme for a national system of education which he presented to the Assembly, the whole was to have been directed by a central board composed of the ablest men in France; so that the idea of the Institute may be said to belong to him. The Duke de Broglie, following his father's *Souvenirs*, believes that Talleyrand's Report was not his own work; while Jules Simon affirms the contrary, and the Memoirs claim that he drew it up after consulting Lavoisier, Laplace, and the scientific men of the day. In his new character he read two papers exposing the wisdom he had gathered in exile. During his two years' stay in England he had made a friend of Lord Lansdowne, and in the Bowood circle had met men who were working the problems of the hour on different lines from those he had learned at home. In the United States he came under the influence of Alexander Hamilton. He had gone away a disciple in economics of Dupont de Nemours, without his dogmatism and without his fervour. He came back a believer in the doctrine of Utility, in the colonial system of Adam Smith; and he informs his countrymen that nations act by self-interest, not by gratitude or resentment, and that nothing can divert the trade of America from England to France. He said afterwards that a sound political economy was the talisman which made England, for thirty years, the first of European Powers.

Academic exercises were not the road to greatness; and Madame de Staël rescued him from penury by telling Barras what manner of man he was. Talleyrand's fortune was made that day. He grasped his opportunity; fascinated the director by that pleasant talk which aged men still remember with admiration; and was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs by a bare majority over the most obscure of competitors. With an interval of four months in 1799, he held the office during the ten extraordinary years from Campo Formio to Tilsit. His despatches written for the Directory have been published by M. Pallain, who, but for names and dates, would be an excellent editor, and they are not worthy of his later fame. As the executive agent of a deliberative and fluctuating body he is not seen to advantage. His employers distrusted him, and he despised his

employers. The Swiss and Italian questions were decided without him; the question of the negotiations at Lille was settled against him. He made way slowly, and carried to extremes the compliance which is expected in a subordinate and in a colleague. He tried in vain to be elected one of the directors, and the Prussian envoy writes that his elevation would put an end to the convulsions of Europe. He craved for a master more intelligent than the directors, or at least firmer and more constant. Together with Sieyès he thought of Moreau, of Joubert, of the Duke of Brunswick, the grand illusion of the time. Together they contrived the Eighteenth of Brumaire. He had seen from the beginning that Bonaparte had more than a military genius. He felt for Monarchy like the Vendean chief who, when he was asked in whose name he fought, replied, 'In the name of the king, that is, of any man who may occupy the throne.' He had found what he wanted—a master worthy of such a minister.

By the account which he gives of his own system, his endurance in office during all the ascending years is a prodigy of suppleness. Talleyrand at all times wished to restrict the limits of France to the Rhine. He would have made terms with England by the sacrifice of Malta, and thought us justified in the breach of the peace of Amiens. He regarded Austria as the natural and necessary ally, and would have granted overwhelming compensation, by the partition of Turkey, for her losses in the sphere of French influence. He advised the restoration of Venice, and exposed the folly of surrounding the empire with a girdle of helpless Bonapartes. On the topics of agreement with Napoleon he does not enlarge, and asserts some merit for sympathy and generosity shown to the vanquished Hohenzollerns. But in his political construction Prussia was the inevitable adversary. He constantly described it as a neighbour on whom there was no reliance, with a barren territory and an open frontier, compelled by nature to be ambitious and aggressive, and to scheme for the subjugation of Germany. *Tout prétexte lui est bon. Nul scrupule ne l'arrête. La convenance est son droit.* His encounter at Vienna with the Prussian statesmen, when he got the better of William Humboldt, must have been a prouder moment than when he set up his chancery at Berlin.

From his entrance into office he pursued the policy of secularisation. From Salzburg all round to Liège Europe was covered with ecclesiastical proprietors and potentates, and it was an opportune and congenial resource to suppress them in order to satisfy the princes who had to be consoled for the conquests of Buonaparte. This process of ecclesiastical liquidation was Talleyrand's element. He had destroyed the Church of France as a privileged and proprietary corporation; and by the like impulse he helped to deprive the clergy of the Empire of their political prerogative. And he was still on the same ground at the Congress, when he reduced political right to the

hereditary rights of families, and the Prince of Reuss was a weightier personage than a doge of Venice or an archbishop of Cologne. There was little to boast of in following with a despatch-box where the sword of Napoleon cleared the way; but Talleyrand claims to have done his best for the victims, and he angered his master by drawing clauses from which he could not escape. He had to submit to the instrument of violence; to see his State papers transformed; and, as in the Lauderdale correspondence, to publish as authentic letters he had been too wise to send.

Not much in the description of Napoleon is new. There is a good deal between the lines of the grotesque account of the Spanish princes at Valençay; and in the complacent details of the interview at Erfurt, the point of the dialogue with Wieland has been lost. But the portrait of the Emperor by the most intelligent man in the Empire will always retain its value. The idea it suggests is that Napoleon failed by excess of talent. The flaw in the reckoning was that he calculated too much, and carried his thinking too far. He set himself to provide against contingencies which he could detect, but which were so remote that they practically did not exist, and weakened himself by defences against dangers not likely to take shape amongst obvious-minded men. He brought on perpetual war because the increase of France having been the work of other generals, he was afraid of their renown. Therefore he annexed Piedmont as a trophy of his own campaigns. In the same way he thought that Spain could never be reduced to a trusty satellite, as the king would some day remember who the Bourbons were, and how they came to reign beyond the Pyrenees.

In 1807, when the Empire was at its best, Talleyrand resigned his office; but as a great dignitary of State he continued to be consulted and employed. His proper place at that time was in opposition. He implored Alexander not to ruin his master by too much yielding. His advice to Metternich was an encouragement to Austria to prepare for the war of 1809. Napoleon proposed to send him to Warsaw in 1812, and made the mistake of changing his mind. In the following year he again offered him the Foreign Office. Talleyrand refused; he was not good on a sinking ship. It does not suit everybody, as he said to Savary, to be buried in the impending crash. Before Napoleon started for the campaign in France, that scene of violence occurred which Molé described to Dalling. Talleyrand offered to resign his dignities. Insult had released him from personal obligation; and when the fortune of war turned, after the victories of February, he allowed his friends to open communication with the invaders. Their emissary made his way through the French lines to headquarters, carrying two names as a password, names which had a meaning for Stadion; and, for Nesselrode, these dangerous and significant words traced in invisible ink: 'You march on

crutches.' The bearer of these credentials was the most acute, the most alert, and the boldest of royalists. He found, in the middle of March, less than a fortnight before the capitulation of Paris, that the allies were agreed in rejecting the Bourbons. This mission of the Baron de Vitrolles, of which there are three narratives in the second volume, is an epoch in the life of Talleyrand. When he knew that Louis the Eighteenth, who was forgotten in France, was repudiated by Europe, he resolved that he should be king. It was the one solution entirely his own. And he made him king, imposing his choice with invincible ease on an Assembly of Republicans and Bonapartists, and on the wavering and bewildered master of twenty legions. It is the stroke of genius in his career. The conquerors of Napoleon found themselves at Paris in the hands of a gracious cripple in powder, who, without emphasis or exertion, crumpled up their schemes, and quietly informed them that the Bourbons alone were a principle.

With those words he legislated for Europe. By that law, so convincing to his generation, he was providing an organic force that enabled him at Vienna to subdue the Congress, to scatter the victorious allies, and to achieve his own chosen scheme of an alliance between England, Austria, and France. The implacable analysis of history has since made known that the doctrine which makes hereditary right paramount in politics is unscientific, and cannot combine with the rights of nations. Talleyrand was no advocate of arbitrary power, either at Paris or at Vienna. He was disgusted with those who sent Ferdinand the Seventh to reign without conditions. Although it was not his hand that drew up the Charte, it was his mind chiefly that inspired it. In 1815 he denounced the reactionary counsels of the Count of Artois before the king and the count himself, and insisted on the principle of a homogeneous and responsible ministry; and he retired before the Holy Alliance. The Bourbons, if they had reigned by his advice, would not have fallen. When he wrote his narrative of the events in which he performed the part of kingmaker, he did not see that he had made a blunder. The dynasty he had enthroned persisted for fifteen years in excluding him from power. After 1830 he regrets that he had forgotten Fox's saying that the worst sort of Revolution is a Restoration. When Madame de Lieven affected surprise that the man who had crowned Louis the Eighteenth should appear in London as the plenipotentiary of Louis Philippe, he replied that the king he served would have been the choice of Alexander in 1814. They do not seem to have remembered who it was that prevented it.

*PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND THE DUKE OF  
ARGYLL.*

A FEW sentences, written in a characteristic tone, at the close of his last reply to Mr. Gladstone in the current number of this Review are devoted by Professor Huxley to an intimation that for 'cogent reasons' he declines to answer my criticism on his previous assertions about geology and the deluge. This result is entirely satisfactory to me. I quite understand what these cogent reasons really are. It has been proved that in his attack upon 'Christian theology' he has been betrayed into assertions which cannot be defended. Very wisely, therefore, he declines the task. He says that my paper can 'be judged by every instructed and clear-headed reader.' This also is true, and has proved to be true, as a matter of fact. Before publication it was submitted to, and judged by, several men quite as 'instructed and clear-headed' as Professor Huxley; and since its publication letters have reached me from some of the most distant parts of the world which have been written by men of like qualifications, and these do not indicate either the judgment of the Professor, or the feelings by which that judgment is obviously inspired. Meanwhile, I only desire to point out the fact, first, that a teacher of great eminence in science has made a broad and confident assertion that Quaternary geology has established a certain negative conclusion as to any possible submergence which can have caused a deluge, or can account for the universal human tradition of such an event; and, secondly, that when challenged to defend this assertion, and when confronted with an array of admitted facts which are subversive of it, he refuses to reply. Even this, however, is not so bad as the alternative he adopts. Like certain combatants of the Celestial Empire he throws a malodorous missile at his opponent—and retires. If Professor Huxley is satisfied with this method of conducting a scientific controversy, I have no cause to remonstrate.

His Chinese missile, however, remains to be dealt with. Therefore, notwithstanding its unpleasant fumes, I proceed to handle it as representing the ostensible excuse for his turning aside in the day of battle. But, since I have no reason to expect the readers of this Review to know anything of the personal dispute with

Professor Huxley into which I was drawn three years ago, and which he has now thought it worth his while to revive for the purpose of covering his retreat, I am compelled to enter into a few words of explanation.

In the earliest and perhaps the most charming of all the works of Darwin—*The Voyage of a Naturalist in the 'Beagle'*—he propounded, as is well known, a theory on the origin and growth of the coral islands, atolls, fringing and barrier reefs, which are so common over certain areas in the Pacific. This theory was set forth and expounded with such ingenuity of argument and supported with such an array of facts, that it speedily became almost universally accepted by the scientific world. For the best part of half a century it held its place as one of the most splendid generalisations of modern science, and one of the most striking discoveries of its illustrious author. It became an acknowledged doctrine, an accepted creed. One of its great peculiarities was its alleged certainty. The reasoning on which it was based seemed so closely knit that it afforded no loophole for escape. It was not merely a theory as to one possible origin for the coral islands and atolls. It was set forth as the only possible origin for those remarkable oceanic spots of land, and Darwin himself expressly said that he defied any other explanation to be given of the peculiarities of their position and structure. The imposing grandeur, and at the same time the simplicity, of the conception of a great continent slowly sinking into oceanic depths and presenting its mountain surfaces and its mountain tops in successive stages to the attachment of the coral-building larvæ, until at last its highest peaks became ringed round by an atoll—all this was most attractive to the imagination. It allured and seemed to satisfy. And then the growing authority of Darwin, built upon this and many other achievements, put a final seal upon the conception, as not a theory, but a fact. With a charming and a charmed simplicity we all delighted in the idea of seeing in the lovely coral islands of the Pacific the palm-tree'd buoys which were anchored over the submerged ranges of one of the long lost continents of the globe.

At last, and not many years ago, visitors to the Pacific, becoming more numerous, began to report a few facts which they had themselves observed as to the structure of at least some of the coral islands there. One of these reports happened to attract my own attention at the time it appeared, as testifying to certain facts which, if clearly ascertained, were absolutely incompatible with the received Darwinian theory. For it must be remembered that in science it is quite possible that one single well-established fact may be of such a character as to break up, not only a whole mountain of hypothesis, but a whole chain of apparently conclusive reasoning, when that reasoning has been founded on imperfect observation. Not having myself any independent knowledge of the facts, I was content to

watch the intimations which came from time to time as these new facts were confirmed in respect to one island after another, and I was surprised to see that they attracted comparatively little attention among somnolent believers in a glorious dream. I have some reason to know that this slumber was not quite so universal as it seemed to be. There were some men—perhaps many—who never were quite satisfied with the dream, and nourished a secret scepticism in their hearts. Then came the now celebrated papers of Dr. John Murray, not only assailing the theory of Darwin, but supplying a new and rival explanation of all the phenomena—an explanation which appeared to me to be much more probable, because much more consistent with the analogies of nature. But whether his substituted explanation was complete or not, there was at least one conclusion which seemed to me to be proved to demonstration—namely, that the submergence of pre-existing land was certainly not the *only* cause by which corals could be built up either into fringing or into barrier reefs, or into atoll islands. On the contrary, Dr. Murray's facts proved that the very opposite cause—namely, the elevation of oceanic floors, and not the submergence of elevated lands—was capable of originating coral reefs, and had almost certainly done so in many cases. Numerous coral islands which have been uplifted were seen to be founded on deep-sea deposits. But if this were true Darwin's theory was gone. That theory essentially consisted in an exclusive claim; and it did, and does now, seem strange to me that this should not have been at once and universally admitted. I attributed this to the well-known slowness of even the scientific world to confess a great delusion, and to a special indisposition in England to admit that a fatal breach had been made in any doctrine so long accepted under the authority of Charles Darwin.

It was under these circumstances that I contributed to this Review in September 1887 a paper setting forth Darwin's theory in all its apparent glory, and showing how it had then come to be overthrown. The paper was entitled 'A Great Lesson,' because, although it is a very old lesson in the history of science, it is a lesson ever needing to be learnt anew—that we should be awake to the retarding effect of a superstitious dependence on the authority of *great men*, and to the constant liability of even the greatest observers to found fallacious generalisations on a few selected facts.

It was in urging this lesson that I used some emphatic language as to the slowness and reluctance which had been shown, as regards the origin of coral islands, in seeing and admitting the liberation of science from a false hypothesis, and in hailing the appearance of a new explanation which was really quite as grand in its bearing upon the wonderful work of Nature in the building up of so many of the loveliest habitations of men. But my language was wholly impersonal. I neither spoke of, nor at, anyone in particular. Yet I was



immediately assailed by a whole troop of indignant professors, of whom Mr. Huxley was the most irate, as having attacked 'the character of scientific men, and as having accused them of intentional suppression of scientific truth. I repudiated this interpretation of my language in a letter published in *Nature* of the 17th of November, 1887. In that letter, however, I went farther, and in answer to a challenge from Professor Huxley I gave, as an example of the discouragement thrown in the way of all assaults on any Darwinian teaching, the fact that Dr. John Murray has been prevented by his official chief, Sir Wyville Thomson, from an earlier publication of his paper on coral reefs, from a fear that the staff and the work of the *Challenger* Expedition might be injured in England by so open an attack on the great idol of the scientific world. And this was in spite of the fact that Sir Wyville Thomson was himself not a Darwinian, and was more than disposed to accept Dr. Murray's counter theory. Professor Huxley now returns to this matter after an interval of three years and a half, and puts it forward as a pretext for declining to defend certain disapproved assertions of his own, on a wholly separate subject, with which no theory of Darwin has the smallest connection. He says that my statement as to the delay in the publication of Dr. Murray's views rests on my personal authority alone, and that the postponement was ascribed by me to some 'person unnamed.' This assertion is unfounded. In my letter to *Nature* I gave Sir Wyville Thomson's name, and I added that I had seen one of his letters to Dr. Murray insisting on the delay. If Professor Huxley wishes to know the truth more fully, I refer him to Dr. John Murray himself.

I have not yet done, however, with the Chinese missile of Professor Huxley. In the course of our dispute in 1887 I was enabled to quote some very strong language used by Professor Huxley against some of the most distinguished members of the French Institute, published in Darwin's *Life* (vol. ii. 186). It is well known that Darwinism does not enjoy on the continent of Europe, or especially in France, the worship which has long prevailed in England. A preferential tenderness for the memory of Lamarck may have something to do with this. Nevertheless, the French Institute is one of the most illustrious scientific bodies in the world; and if Professor Huxley is to stand up for the doctrine that scientific men are never susceptible of prejudice—never swayed by preconceptions—always exempt from the impositions of authority—he had better apologise for speaking of 'the ill will of powerful members of that body producing for a long time the effect of a conspiracy of silence.' But this is not all. When in December 1887 I quoted this language as infinitely more personal and more offensive to scientific men than anything at which I had even hinted, Professor Huxley rejoined in a letter of which I took no notice at the time, and to which I should never have referred again had not my opponent on Quaternary geology thought

proper to rake up a subject so irrelevant. It was published in *Nature* of the 9th of February, 1888. It denied the accuracy of the above quotation, because—he says—what he meant was that, ‘though the members of the Institute did *not* enter into a conspiracy of silence, the notorious antagonism of some of them to evolution produced much the same result as if they had done so.’ The distinction is not very obvious, because I suppose nobody ever does use the phrase ‘conspiracy of silence’ in its literal signification. I certainly never used it in this literal sense, or in any other sense than as referring to that kind of silence which men observe when they discourage and avoid discussion where some favourite dogma is in danger. But, allowing to Professor Huxley all the benefit of this refinement in contradiction, we find him repeating and aggravating his offence against French scientific men in the very next sentence of the same letter. It runs as follows:—

The ‘effect’ of the known repugnance to Mr. Darwin’s views of some of the most prominent members of the Institute, to which I refer, is the effect upon the younger generation of French naturalists. Considering the influence of the Institute upon scientific appointments, the chances of a candidate known to be an evolutionist would have been small indeed; and prudence dictated silence.

Here we have an accusation against a very illustrious scientific body which is tremendous indeed. It is an accusation, not merely of a half-unconscious conspiracy to be silent, but of a more than half conscious conspiracy to persecute. I hope this accusation is unjust. But whether it is just or unjust—true or rather reckless—it does not come well from a scientific man who sets up such lofty claims to immunity from criticism as those on which he founded his indignant rebuke of my paper.

ARGYLL.

*To the EDITOR of the NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

SIR,—In your March number, and in relation to the 'Swine-Miracle, Mr. Huxley' has shown (p. 456) how keenly he feels an imputation, which I had inadvertently cast upon him, of having censured the character of our Saviour, when I ought to have seen and borne in mind that what he censured was a narrative in the Gospels, of which he declared his disbelief. He considers my expression of regret for this want of care an 'official' expression, or, as I understand him, a phrase without reality.

I am very familiar in public life with the statement of regret as the proper sequel to errors of inadvertence or precipitancy, but of the official or formal use of such a phrase I know nothing; and I should, like Mr. Huxley, regard it as an aggravation of the offence. I sincerely regretted the fault I had committed, and I regret it all the more when I perceive how broadly he draws on his own behalf the distinction between an attack upon our Saviour in Himself, and an attack upon the narrative conveyed to us by the three Evangelists; and how laudably desirous he is not to compromise in any point that respect and veneration, the strength and sincerity of which on his part I gladly acknowledge.

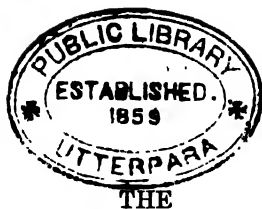
I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

18 Park Lane: March 18, 1891.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*



# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CLXXI.—MAY 1891.

## *THE JUDICIAL SHOCK TO MARRIAGE.*

MARRIAGE, as hitherto understood in England, was suddenly abolished one fine morning last month! The compulsory union of two persons for life was reduced to a voluntary union during pleasure! Henceforth any wife may walk off any day from any husband without assigning any reason, and there remains no legal power to compel her return at any time to fulfil her contract. A decree for the restitution of conjugal rights turns out to be mere waste paper. The husband may be left without a wife and without the possibility of taking another.

Police magistrates, as in duty bound, are already proceeding to act in cases brought before them, upon the law as now declared. But a deep shock of surprise and indignation is thrilling through the country. If the law be thus, no time should be lost in amending it.

We know where the prancing desires of the free lovers and the grimmer designs of the woman's rights women would lead us—the one to the destruction of the family by the virtual abolition of marriage, the other to the absolute supremacy of women over men and justice alike. The more sober-minded citizens have hitherto contented themselves with a weighty protest against the mad claims of these two bodies of insurgents, then have put the questions by as idle fancies of no real danger to society—as merely the irresponsible utterances of a few wild women and their hysterical champions on the press. That chaos and universal topsyturvydom should be the ultimate attainment of civilisation seemed too self-stultifying a thesis

to be worth serious thought ; and the natural inclination of the wise to leave folly alone carried the day over that other inclination, just as natural, to stub up young weeds when they begin to grow and before they have seeded, and to knock little serpents on the head.

But it was reserved for a deliberate judgment from the grave judicial bench to show the inexpediency of trusting to natural wisdom and the tendency of things to right themselves. This judgment, upsetting the previous decision of acute reasoners and sound lawyers, has pushed forward by a long stage the exciting struggle for social anarchy which the free lovers and the emancipated women have begun. By it the insurgents have scored. If they have not got all they want they have pocketed a large number of the concessions they have striven for ; and the wedge, driven right into the heart of the roof-tree of society, has made a very respectable rift indeed.

Now, reluctant wives may not only dance in but may dance off their slack chains to a merry tune. They can snap their fingers in the face of that effete and humiliated old law which once regulated the conditions of married life. That law which suppressed the individual in favour of the institution, and did not attempt the impossible feat of including exceptions in the rule and providing for individual fancies as well as for general conformity, that law is dead and done with ; and in its place the merriest little grig that ever capered over a morass—the very Puck of pleasure and disorder—heads the reel to the tune of ‘Go as you please.’ The wife may now pledge her husband’s credit and not contribute to his comfort. She may withdraw herself from his home and not give him the power of a substitute. The law has nothing to say against it. She may break her vows and play at ninepins with her duties, and so long as she keeps clear of the seventh commandment, that one solitary sentinel left to guard the temple of marriage and the sanctities of the home, she may make mince-meat of all the rest. She may live her own life and play for her own hand, and have no more regard for her partner’s than the traditional four at ‘bumble-puppy’—those who never answer the call and who head their partner’s thirteenth card with the last trump in.

What an exciting time all the discontented Emmas and unappreciated Angelinas are going to have of it ! It will be interesting to watch the issue, and what the good sense of society and that somewhat discredited thing we call morality will make of the new rules—whether that good sense, that morality, will prevail over the disastrous license consecrated by our judges, or whether the centrifugal force of the undutiful and selfish will sweep the board.

The worst of the new ruling is the supremacy given to a woman’s caprice, while leaving untouched certain evil circumstances which destroy the essential value of marriage. A woman gets bored with her husband and her home—it is a way some women have. She

gets tired of housekeeping—of ordering the day's dinner; of looking after the moths in the blankets, the week's tale of towels; of sewing on tapes and buttons. She therefore betakes herself to some happy hunting-ground where domestic duties exist no more than lions in Lapland. The 'bereaved' cannot get her back again. His mutton chops and beef-steaks may be done to a cinder, or sent up like a Tartar's steak, cooked between the horse and the saddle. Cook, like libellula, may lightly range at her will over the stewpan and the gridiron; and Mary, the housemaid, may neglect her brooms and brushes while she leans out of the window and flirts with the passers-by. There is no one to control, to check, to prevent; and the man who is neither bachelor nor husband drifts over the domestic sea a veritable rudderless and water-logged derelict. The core of his marriage is destroyed, leaving the husk entire, like a tree eaten by white ants. But with the seventh commandment duly honoured he has no redress and she has all freedom. The proverb 'Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée' is as untrue now as is that other about the black swan; for the door of matrimony is neither open nor shut, and he who would close it cannot, and she who will not may keep it as far ajar as she will. Yet, with this wide range given to woman's fancies, drunkenness and madness and felony are kept on the statute book as rational conditions of continuance and as insufficient causes for divorce. The chains binding the miserable partners to these several bodies of death are not unloosed. The gain is solely to the caprice of women, not to anything more solid or important.

Not anticipating that the lawless prancers and uneasy malcontents will swamp the main body of faithful, noble-hearted, duty-doing women who make the very life of the nation and keep the sacred fire alight, there is yet no doubt but that this disastrous decision will be utilised by many who else might have conquered their criss-cross impulses and rubbed on with more or less success in the art of self-control. And, indeed, where are the causes of feminine dissatisfaction to cease? Does a husband indulge in that 'meteorological metropolitan tobacco,' which so strongly roused the royal Gossip's wrath, and has the wife an objection to the 'filthy weed'? She has but to pack her trunks and retire to some sweet bower of roses and myrtles belonging to a friend, where she will be free from her husband's importunities of affection and impertinencies of self-indulgence. As she has nothing against her moral character and is neither a light o' love nor an atheist, her children while at school will probably be allowed to spend half their holidays with her. When they are sixteen they can choose their own guardian, and may then, if they will, throw over the father and the pipe for the mother and the myrtles.

Again, the æsthetic sense in some women is a powerful factor in

the sum of modern life. Fancy a devotee to half-tones bound to a monster who will wear aniline dyes—say a Magenta tie and a blue-striped flannel shirt with broad-checked green and grey trousers! Think of the delicate ears of a Wagnerian doomed to endure the scraping of a violin, the tootling of a French horn, the groans of a 'cello playing 'The girl I left behind me,' with flats for sharps, and twists and twirls like so many ramping worms flipping the strings. What Rhadamanthus would compel such a one to listen to all these horrors, and not allow her the key of the fields and the right of flight into space? A Soul mismatched with one of the same kind and calibre as the twopenny 'bus young man; a natural grisette bound to a Psychical Society young man; a thick-skinned rhinoceros who will stick to his bachelor friends—that lumbering old Jack and that h-less 'Arry—on the plea that they have been staunch to him in dark times past, and a fine lady wife with thin nostrils and a short upper lip; a father-in-law who takes snuff; a mother-in-law with her own ideas about perquisites and Sundays out, frankly expressed; a step-son who demands a latch-key, which the father grants and the step-mother would deny—all these and more to the back of them are grievances more substantial than the shadowy distaste of the famous Clitheroe paradigm, which seems to have been founded on nothing more solid than the froth of caprice and 'I have changed my mind.'

Thus the woman wins all round and the man has to digest, as he best can, the bitter herbs offered him by a partial fortune. Bound hand and foot, the humiliated slave at the triumph, the man will now be the true captive of the woman, even more than he is already by 'the sweets of her bosom and hair,' and the conditions of old Egypt will be repeated. Her fancy will be the working law between them; and what she does not like he must not adopt, under pain of her displeasure and probable withdrawal. She, on her side, may do as she likes—wear her own hideous fashions and follow her own rasping pursuits—but he has no redress. She may prevent his having an heir to his estate—a family to inherit his fortune and carry on his name—and he can only bite his fingers, like an imprisoned giant looking through the bars of his iron cage at the free-skipping wife who, with the help of the law, has put him there, as unable to indemnify as to free himself. If she holds the purse she takes it with her, and the husband may whistle for it—rather longer than the sailor whistles for the wind, which must come at last if only he holds on long enough. If she is penniless he is bound to support her according to the scale of his state and means. Thus the poor down-trodden woman has the best of it all round, according to the late decision. She has the good of both states and the crown of the causeway, thanks to the judgment which allows a wife to free herself from her obligations, but keeps her husband strictly held to his to the end of the chapter.

So now part of the dream of the wild woman, as part of the grim

design of the emancipated, is fulfilled; the sceptre of sovereignty is in the hands of the weaker, and the stronger has to beg for bare justice. Our law lords have destroyed the old balance as completely as if a tornado had passed over a stately shrine and flung the holy image to the winds. No one seems able to exactly predict the result, but that there will be grave results everyone can foresee. Old enactments and time-honoured traditions are not destroyed without some kind of convulsion in the body politic; and radical revolutions are not made as easily as spinning a teetotum along a groove. From that stick no bigger than a man's thumb, and that brutal distich about a woman, a spaniel, and a walnut tree, to absolute freedom from all the obligations of a solemn contract is a wide jump—as wide as the Rubicon and nearly as momentous as the ferry across the Styx. 'Baron and feme' have lost their signification; and what chivalry did for the ideal world, where all the working conditions of life were inverted, the new decree has done for the actual present.

Modern feeling does not countenance any form of compulsion. We have become soft-hearted and weak-nerved, and pain is more abhorrent than dishonour. 'Fay ce que voudras' is written on more doors than those of the Abbey of Theleme; and whether you ought or ought not to do what you wish, influences modern action no more than the law of elemental justice influences the cuckoo when it shoulders out the hedge-sparrow's nestlings. Marriage by capture is obsolete. Cows are more to the purpose. To carry off *vi et armis* a reluctant spouse hurts the public sentiment as much as if the spouse were a spinster and the reclaiming husband a marauding savage with his club in his hand. So far from willing obedience to the bond she herself has voluntarily undertaken to fulfil, the modern wife has been known to throw over the husband altogether, after she has got from the man what she wanted—e.g. that grand historic title which not so long ago an astute lady purchased with the mere appearance of her wealth—her part of the contract being on all-fours with the sound of the clinked money which paid for the smell of the cook's roast. Like a fool with the instincts of a gentleman and the inconsequence of a rattlebrain, that young *étourdi*, who had run through all his possessions but his name and title, forgot to demand settlements; in consequence of which, after a few days of matrimony—a very few days—the translated Miss snapped the slender ties she had undertaken to maintain, and went back to her own world as Madame la Duchesse, which was that for which she had married. The young *étourdi* was emphatically *enfoncé*. He had nothing for it but to follow his inclinations as they might lead him—devote himself to baccarat or *lionnes*, or imitate my lord and call to his own special Jerningham for his garters. His interest in the marriage into which he had been duped was at an end. He had no wife; he might have no heir



to his title; he had no money; but Miss with her millions had her grand historic name, and the cruelty of the fraud by which she had gained it never troubled her conscience.

Of course the converse of this is true—bitterly true. A man buys a woman with his title or his money, and ill-treats the one who has given him herself, her beauty, her love, her future. The story is as old as society itself; but the difference between this outrage and that other is the difference between human nature and law. Human nature has always been a sadly rickety kind of thing. Do the best with it one may, it has the bad habit of breaking down under pressure; and when it does fall to pieces it makes but a sorry job of its 'pie.' But law is, or ought to be, the expression of the highest conscience, the strictest justice, undeflected by passion and unstained by selfishness—conscience in its purest aspect of divine impartiality. The law does not sanction the brutality of man; and when that brutality waxes strong enough to come within its cognisance it punishes and prevents. But according to our latest authorities the law does sanction the undutifulness and the selfishness of women. The husband may not desert the wife and get off scot free; but the wife may desert the husband and her horn is exalted.

There has been a loud and well-deserved outcry against the injustice and tyranny to which women have been subjected. The old seigniorial laws lingered too long on the statute book; and echoes of the time when might was right and brute force ruled the world sounded through the home, often to the dolorous disadvantage of the weaker. Even in this century a married woman had no rights. If her property was secured to her it was only through the medium of trustees, and without these at her back she was not entitled to a farthing she possessed. She had no right to her children if her husband chose to deprive her of them. Before Sergeant Talfourd's Act a husband could take his child from his wife's breast and give it to his mistress if he chose, as indeed one man confined in the Marshalsea did choose to do. The mother was as helpless as the wife. The wife could not make a will, save as a grace specially secured to her by her settlements. Her earnings were her husband's, and she was to all intents and purposes his chattel. He might leave her at pleasure, return to her at pleasure, break up her home and sell her goods if the desire took him; then leave her again, denuded of all her savings, and perhaps with an extra burden to support. The lives of the poor were full of these pitiful tragedies, these sordid acts of brutal tyranny; and the rich too were under the heel of this iron despotism—slaves possessing nothing but their bare lives. For even those hard-handed barons were not allowed by the law to beat or starve their poor femes to death. Anything short of this they might do; but here was the limit.

The wrong became too heavy to be borne. The *Zeitgeist* was

outraged and clamoured loudly for redress ; so that one by one these oppressive laws have been set aside and justice has been done to the poor sufferers, if tardily yet so fully that now the pendulum is swinging too far the other way. When a couple of judges pronounce against the old-fashioned doctrine of a woman's duties and a husband's rights, and the validity of an otherwise legal order, we begin to ask ourselves where we are going, and to look anxiously at the foundations of social order and morality. The break made in the social dyke is as yet no larger than that which the boy stopped with his little finger. If suffered to go on, not the biggest tree in the Yosemite valley will be able to fill the hole. It is the true beginning of the end, and so all thoughtful men and women feel.

This judgment has destroyed the sentiment as well as the fact of marital authority. But the old saying is true :—When two people ride on one horse one must sit behind. In cases of dispute between husband and wife one must have the final word and casting vote. Hitherto this has been accorded to man as the stronger, the more capable of bearing responsibility, and the more fitted to judge of probable results by a wider experience and a more varied knowledge of life and its conditions. And the woman has had to submit with a good grace or a bad as it might chance. She might grumble, and she probably did, but she had to content herself with grumbling while things creaked and jarred along as usual. And she always had, extra to remonstrance, the sweet cajoleries to which men are only too prone to yield—too glad to submit. Now, if she is offended—if she is crossed in her desires or thwarted in her actions—she may carry her 'huff' into a wider region and graver issues than mere peevish discontent. She may take herself away if she have a mind, and no law exists that can bring her back. It is nothing to the purpose to say that the majority of women will not do this, and that only a very few cantankerous and conscienceless exceptions will be found capable of such criminal folly. We are not dealing with the chances, bad or good, of human nature, but with the possibilities, sanctioned by the law. And in the long run these prevail. Possibilities sanctioned by the law become first probabilities, then actualities, and finally increase to majorities.

For uneasy marriages we have already sufficient machinery of relief. When husband and wife strain at the leash and face each other only to snap and snarl, they can separate by mutual consent, and reflect in peace on the folly of their union in the first place, and of their impatience in the second. If one of the two outrages the decencies of life beyond what we are called on to endure, and yet does not consent to a separation *à l'amiable*, a magistrate will give a protection order to the wife and sanction the putting away from a man's home of a woman unfit to be the mistress of that home. Where there is wrong there is remedy ; but until now there was no sanction

for caprice—no one-sided allowance whereby a wife might desert her duties while a husband is kept up to his. Certain reasons for which women can and do obtain divorces from their husbands are of no account on the other side. A man cannot obtain a divorce from a childless woman, but a woman can at any time reduce her husband to the condition of a married celibate and an heirless possessor; so that, although a woman cannot as yet get rid of her husband for simple infidelity, unaccompanied by cruelty or specialised exaggeration of guilt, she can leave him for this, as for the most trifling cause of displeasure, or for no cause at all, and the law has no machinery to compel her to return. When two people have undertaken to carry a common burden between them, is it quite fair that one should be allowed to throw down the carrying-stick at will, while the other is forced to keep hold of his end, good or bad as it may be?

By this Clitheroe decision we shall probably come to a thorough overhauling and revision of the marriage laws. As things are they are both imperfect and unjust—both unsymmetrical and absurd. They do not fulfil their intention; they are not uniform throughout the empire; and while giving a free hand to undutifulness and selfishness generally, they perpetuate hardships, which tell against morality as well as against elemental justice. Men can divorce women for one thing only. Women can divorce men for two things—the combination of adultery with cruelty or desertion, and that other cause alluded to already. But drunkenness, madness, and felony still remain solid links in the matrimonial chain, and no length of time in desertion pure and simple breaks the terrible thread of continuity. It merely reduces the offence of bigamy to a venial mistake, so that no punishment worth mentioning is awarded the man or woman who, deserted for a certain term of years, fills the empty place with another occupant; but it does not legalise the union nor make the children legitimate.

In the overhauling that must needs come on this upsetting decision by our two great legal authorities these three circumstances will surely find their place. Persistent drunkenness is as strong a case for divorce as adultery itself. It leads to even greater domestic disorders; and though, in a woman, it does not introduce bastard blood into the family, it introduces, whether by her or the man, such vitiated blood as is infinitely worse. The children of a drunkard have their signs, as well known to science as the almond-shaped eyes of a Mongolian or the prognathous jaw of a negro. They are prone to certain vices, they inherit certain deficiencies, they are handicapped by certain proclivities, they are liable to certain diseases. They are essentially the children of parents who have eaten sour grapes, and that their teeth should be on edge is a logical necessity. The drunkard destroys the whole meaning of marriage in all that concerns domestic peace, personal honour, the welfare of the family; and he

or she gives the worst kind of citizens to the state. No matter what the rank of the family, the children of a drunkard are bound to be failures in one form or another—in morale or in physique. But the law holds this ghostly simulacrum of a marriage sacred, and denies to these overwhelming evils any more relief than that which it grants a woman's petulance.

Again, madness is no cause for divorce; yet hereditary madness does still more damage to the family and the state than drunkenness itself. This terrible inheritance is as indestructible as the *forçat's* fatal letters. No care, no science can eradicate the taint. It is burned deep into the flesh and bone of the race, and no one knows when it will not reappear. The sin of selfishness feeds the fire of evil, and those who have inherited this curse, and nobly refuse to perpetuate it, can [be counted up on the fingers of one hand. A sense of duty to the community, overmastering individual desire, is no part of the furniture of the *Zeitgeist*; and parents will deceive while the angling for a fine fish goes on, and the man who knows the true name of the spectre which haunts his house will carefully conceal it from the hapless girl whom he swears he loves and sets himself to sacrifice. But no deception by which the innocent and ignorant have been inveigled into so disastrous a marriage is held as a valid reason for a divorce. 'Caveat emptor,' says the law, which yet permits a solution of continuity in cases of technical fraud.

Felony too, with its disgrace and enforced separation, counts for as little as madness or as drunkenness. A man or woman is sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, or to a life-long imprisonment; but the miserable partner is still bound to this living death. The father cannot provide another mother for his children; the woman cannot accept the faithful love and support of an honest man. The shadow of that grim sentence lies like the naked sword between them, and reality has to give way to superstition. Talk of the current superstitions of the world—the thirteenth at table, the ill omen of Friday, the crossed knives, or the gambler's belief in luck—what are they compared with that superstitious respect for the letter of the law when the spirit is dead? Truly this is a case when the letter killeth! The sacredness of the marriage tie between a felon doing his twenty years and a woman with a family of children to support, or a woman with no children at all, young, pretty, full of loving instincts, and left to withstand as best she may both importunities and treacherous inclinations for the sake of a few words, now of no more value than the rattling of dried peas in a bladder—what folly!—what a sacrifice of truth and justice to a mere fetish!

The Roman Catholic position is both logical and intelligible; but our weak permissions here, and unreasonable denials there, are neither logical nor intelligible. Having conceded the principle of divorce for certain faults, we have no *locus standi* whereon to refuse

this relief to others, as grave as or even graver than those already recognised. It is a coarse and elementary view to make unfaithfulness the sole valid reason for divorce. The three crimes we have enumerated are quite as destructive of the essential value of the bond.

Out of evil, then, we may hope to secure some good. From the rude shake given to the stability of the home by the late decree we may hope to reconstruct a more logical and homogeneous institution. The relative position of husband and wife has to be more accurately defined; and we have to learn by authoritative enactment, not by a mere snap decision, whether the terms of the contract are to be still regarded as binding, or whether individual pleasure is to be the pre-potent solvent. Against mutual desire to be rid of each other not a word is to be said in favour of arbitrary union. Against the desire of the one to be rid of the other not a word is to be said in favour of coerced continuance. But let that desire be cause for divorce in the one deserted, not only classed as legitimate separation. Let the husband from whom his wife has withdrawn herself be allowed to replace her by another. Let the wife, whose husband has left her to battle with the world as she best can, have liberty to fling off the fetters which bind her only, and find refuge with another protector. What the law does now is to condone undutifulness in women and to create temptations to disorder—in the case of men certainly too strong to be resisted, in the case of women perilously near the breaking-point.

The wild women are elate; the sober-minded are perplexed. It is all a muddle. As things are we are out of our course, and we do not know where we are drifting. Change is not necessarily progress—reconstruction after pulling down is not necessarily improvement. We may come to a better marriage law, and we may not. But in any case things cannot remain as they are; for to have at one and the same time unjust liberties and fetishistic restrictions reduces the whole thing to an absurdity from which the common sense of the world revolts.

E. LYNN LINTON.

*ITALY AND THE UNITED STATES.*

THE tragedy of New Orleans, seen from an international point of view, seems gradually to be attaining its right perspective. It is ascertained that at least seven of the eleven victims were registered American voters; and though numbers do not affect the question of the right of Italian subjects to justice and to protection in a friendly, foreign state, the reduction from eleven to four of the numbers murdered gives plausibility to the assertion of the Governor of Louisiana, that the lynchers were prompted, not by hostility to the Italians, but by a sense that ordinary methods of administering justice were insufficient, in that crime-infested city of New Orleans, for the conviction and punishment of criminals such as, indeed, must have been the assassins of Hennessey. Certain it is that the Federal Government is willing, nay anxious, to give to Italy the utmost reparation compatible with its relations to the 'sovereign States;' would gladly see the lynchers put on their trial, and an indemnity accorded to the families of the victims. Whether the Federal Government has the power to enforce this, is a point on which the best Americans and the highest English historian are in doubt; and if Italy should get no redress, she may console herself with having raised a question concerning the relations of the United States, as a national unit, with other nations, which the best, most patriotic, and enlightened Americans have taken seriously to heart, admitting the necessity of a solution.

The Italian colony in New Orleans is estimated at between 25,000 and 30,000. Many of the members are wealthy merchants, large importers from Italy, the chief traders with Central America. The two lines of steamers which run there are owned by them. They have created and developed a fruit trade of large and increasing proportions. They have ten political and benevolent societies, of which the names of the members and the amount of the paid-up funds are published. Of late years many Sicilian peasants have gone from the 'golden shell' to the 'golden shore;' also many Neapolitan peasants from the continental districts, and these are employed in the sugar plantations, where they are regarded as more 'hardworking, obedient, frugal, and less exacting than the negro.'

These save up all their earnings to send home, either for the

support of their families or to bring them out also. The remittances in this last January alone, from Sicilians to Sicily, amounted to 300,000 lire; and the Italian Consul, at a mass meeting of Italians, called attention to the fact that for the want of properly organised savings banks, their earnings are less productive and their remittances less secure.

But even taking the reports in the Italian papers, before the murder of Hennessey, it is clear that one quarter where the Sicilians of the poorest order congregate is a very undesirable neighbourhood. The Sicilians, irascible, quick to take offence, to quarrel over a game of cards, or if their jealousy is excited 'to stick a fellar thru,' had committed a number of vendettas in this horrible slum of theirs in Decatur Street, an alley between St. Philip and Dumaine, and Mr. Hennessey, suspecting that the 'avengers' were recruited by certain notorious criminals escaped from the researches of justice in Sicily, receiving from the Italian Government a photograph of one of their missing men, captured, 'extradited,' and sent him home, where he was, it is said, condemned to the galleys. But as his name was Esposito, of which name for a foundling there are thousands, we have not been able to ascertain with certainty the facts of the case. At the same time Mr. Hennessey carried on his researches in 'Vendetta Alley,' as the slum has come to be called, and ascertained the certain existence of a number of so-called *Mafiosi* of whom we shall presently speak. Probably he extracted information from some of the Sicilians themselves, as in May 1890 there was an increase of vendetta murders; four Sicilians were killed in a fray by other Sicilians, and a number escaped (to Chicago, it is said) to avoid a similar fate.

Mr. Hennessey, with a courage greater than that needed to face an open foe on a fair battle-field, pressed ever harder on what he believed to be an association of malefactors. There is every probability that he had obtained a pretty clear idea of their antecedents, their intentions, and their methods of action, and that the real miscreants were aware of this, and had resolved on his death. It is quite possible, also, though the 'system' savours of the Camorra rather than of the Mafia, that the gang drew lots to decide who should 'kill the chief.'

On the night of the 15th of last October, Mr. Hennessey bade good-night to his assistant officer as he neared his own house, and, just as he was entering it, several shots were fired; the assistant, running back to the spot, found Mr. Hennessey weltering in his blood, no sign of the murderer, or indeed of any one. It is stated by some that the dying man murmured the word 'dagos,' the epithet applied to the Sicilians for their dagger-handling propensities. Another account says that he whispered, 'The Sicilians have done for me.' No evidence seems to have been furnished on the trial, save by negroes, as to hearing what they call the Sicilian whistle, and a boy Marchesi say, 'The chief, the chief.'

On the death of Mr. Hennessey, the mayor, described as a rabid, pro-temporal Irish papist, assumed his functions, made raids on the Italian colony, arresting who came first, with hatred-blinded promiscuity, to such a point that the Italian Consul, who was naturally more anxious than most men that the real culprits should be arrested, was compelled to intervene, and he proved that many of the arrested were men of spotless character, that some had only entered the city after the murder. Consequently a number were released. Some eighteen were detained, but there is nothing to show that in the delay and random seizures the guilty men did not escape.

The Italians subscribed largely, and retained for the defendants the best counsel of defence that New Orleans can furnish: all Americans—one of them noted for his refusal ever to defend a prisoner who, in his belief, was guilty of the crime. Seven hundred jurymen were passed in review before any were empanelled, so numerous were the challenges on both sides. When at last twelve *supposedly* honest men and true were accepted they were asked by the judge 'whether they approved of capital punishment,' and, on their answering in the affirmative, the trial commenced—five months, be it remembered, after the murder of Mr. Hennessey.

The jury acquitted six of the accused, and could not agree on a verdict for the remainder, but all were detained in the state prison. A self-constituted vigilance committee met, decided that the jury must have been bribed or intimidated, summoned a mass meeting inviting all good citizens to meet at Clay's monument 'prepared for action.' On the morrow these heroic leaders of the chivalrous South, at the head of an armed and bloodthirsty mob, broke open the prisons; murdered by shooting, hacking, bludgeoning, and trampling nine defenceless, unarmed prisoners; one, Giacomo Caruso, received forty-two bullets; the Irish mayor approving, the sheriff refusing the reinforcements demanded by the governor of the prison—Captain Davis, the only man who did his duty from first to last. Then—the mob without clamouring to share in the fiends' fun—two of the remaining prisoners were dragged out—Antonio Bagnetto and the supposed informer, the 'crazed, crouching Manuel Polizzi.' These two were strung up outside, the rope breaking; kicked, beaten, and strung up again; the rope breaking a second time, the people 'tied their hands and pulled them up into the air;' only the fourth time successfully, which last triumph was greeted by deafening shouts by the crowd; a number of ladies and their escorts waved their handkerchiefs from the balconies, cheering the murderers on the way to their crime. Returning from the butchery, the butchers were again cheered by the ladies and their children on the balconies.

Such are the main facts of the New Orleans episode, which, but for the passion-misguided arrests in the first instance, and the



ghastly horrors of the lynching scene, might have resulted in bringing to justice and extirpating criminals who are a disgrace to any country, and who rarely nowadays escape punishment in their own. In no case (the noble, spotless leaders and teachers of New Italy be praised) could such a lawless, loathsome, cowardly spectacle have been offered there; and in no country in the universe has a steadier, more relentless war been waged (and is still being waged) against vice and crime—the fruit and offspring of three centuries of priestly and pope-king defender's rule.

For the last twenty years has Italy been combating crime of every species with fire and sword in a terribly literal sense; and at the same time striving to extirpate ignorance and superstition, and to alleviate misery, the true progenitors of the criminals who fill her prisons and her reformatories; and who, liking neither her mercies nor her justice, escape when they can to more congenial climes. A horror of lawlessness and its hideous results is a characteristic of all the inhabitants of northern and central Italy. The Italian revolutions have been singularly free from crime, because their leaders were the purest and the noblest of mankind.

When Italy had united Lombardy to Piedmont, then Tuscany, and set herself to free and annex the island of Sicily, the Neapolitan provinces, the States of the Church, she discovered what was the real consequence of three centuries of slavery in its effect on the masses left to pope-kings, their ministers of religion, their police, their only defenders in the peninsula. During the last twenty years vast progress has been made in every department of national life, as foreigners who revisit Italy are the first to admit. And though it will not easily be credited, there is very great progress in the diminution of crime. Of this, Comm. L. Bodio, the intelligent, impartial, and indefatigable head of the statistical department in Italy, gives the incontestable confirmation of figures and dates. Taking ten years from 1879 to 1889, he shows that murders which were 3,291 in 1879 have diminished steadily and gradually to 2,611; burglary without homicide from 1,041 in 1879 to 571 in 1889.<sup>1</sup>

In the new penal code for capital punishment, which is abolished as a non-deterrent to crime, is substituted the terrible penalty of the *Ergastolo*, for murder—premeditated murder, brutal murder without extenuating circumstances, incendiary, drowning, and murder committed to prepare or facilitate other crimes, or murder committed after other crimes. The criminal thus condemned is confined for life in one of the convict establishments, generally on an island or lone rock, isolated from all contact with innocent humanity. For

<sup>1</sup> A fair summary of this pamphlet, entitled *Di alcuni indici misuratori del Movimento Economico in Italia*, is given in the Blue (or, rather, white) Book of the Miscellaneous Series, No. 195, by Mr. Dering to our ambassador in Rome, entitled 'Report on the Economic Progress of the Kingdom for the past twenty-five years.'

seven years he is kept in solitary cellular confinement with hard labour. For the rest of his life, if his record be good, he is allowed to work in company with his fellow convicts, but still sleeps alone, and is condemned to silence.<sup>2</sup>

But what, we have constantly been asked of late, are the special forms that crime assumes in Italy? What is the Mafia? What is the Camorra? Of the Mafia we can only speak by hearsay and with the greatest diffidence, for scarcely any of the students of, and the writers on, social questions, who have gone purposely to the island of Sicily as members of Enquiry Commissions or for their own researches, agree as to its origin, its methods, the classes from which its members are enrolled, or even as to its present existence—at home. A year or two since the Italian papers quoted the report of the British Consul on the general condition of Sicily, showing that brigandage was extinct, and that foreigners travel with perfect security in even the interior of the island—Oxonians and ladies, without any escort, starting from Palermo, and visiting towns and districts whose names are hardly known outside of Sicily, while two ladies drove from Cefalu to Messina unmolested and hospitably entertained.

We heard two educated Italians discussing the matter. Said one, 'I would take an even bet that their coachman was a member of the Mafia and had orders to protect them.' 'Nonsense,' said the other, a Sicilian, 'there is no such thing as a society of Mafiosi. The Sicilians are brave and honest. They never hire other people to do their business for them—they are passionate and vindictive and use their knife, as Englishmen use their fists—the peasants use their guns and now many of them use the revolver, as do most of the townsfolk. When they have wounded their man they hide him till he is cured. He rarely denounces the crime, probably avenges himself on the first occasion. If he is killed, the police find the body and make inquiries, which sometimes result in securing the criminal, but as often as not he escapes and emigrates clandestinely. The *malandrini* are just highwaymen and burglars who rob and murder, or detain their victims in the hope of ransom, which now they rarely obtain, as the police and the military unearth them, shoot them if they resist, or bring them to justice, when they are invariably condemned. The country people detest and do not protect them; and the jurymen do not fear them. If public works were carried out on a scale with other provinces, land properly cultivated, and work found for those willing to work—and Sicilians are frugal, industrious and thrifty—you would hear no more of crime in Sicily than in any other portion of Italy. But their destitution is unequalled save in parts of the

<sup>2</sup> In the rare case of an amnesty granted to a convict or to a prisoner condemned for more than ten years, the liberated man is subject to the surveillance of the police authorities for three years.

Neapolitan provinces. The priests set them against the Government and the schools. What we want are industrial schools and decent houses, real division of produce, the *mezzadra* system as in Tuscany—not the so-called *metateria*, where the proprietor takes what he chooses and the tiller of the soil starves on the rest.

This view of the case coincides with the accounts given by the best writers on the subject; and, certainly, during the 'Year of Jubilee,' when Sicily threw off the Bourbon yoke, we heard nothing of the Mafia. The populations fought like their liberators, the Garibaldian volunteers. Their hospitality and kindness, their generosity to and tenderness for the wounded never failed. The very poorest brought their beds, their clothing; they nursed and tended the sick and wounded, carried them away from the hospitals to their homes, while the well-to-do clothed them and gave them money when they recovered. Garibaldi instituted a military college for the poor lads, and in a month they were little soldiers, and escaped—many of them to fight under Garibaldi on the Volturno. Every now and then we heard of a *sorcio* (a spy) being 'stuck,' and Bixio came upon a horde of brigands and gave them short shrift. Of late years failing harvests, diminished exportation to France, the cruellest of all taxation, that on consumption—the detested *octroi*—have increased destitution. The conscription takes off a goodly number, and it is a blessing in disguise; for the thousands that have no work and must beg, or starve, or steal, get well fed, well disciplined, and taught to read and write, and to speak otherwise than in their unintelligible dialect. Emigration seems on the increase, as from 3,000 to even 5,000 now leave the island yearly; and these it seems go chiefly to New Orleans. But they go with regular passports, and the poorer classes are skilled workmen—peasants who are adepts in all agricultural pursuits, in fruit-growing; and many of these return home after a short sojourn in the States to fetch their families. Of course among these many an escaped criminal will have intruded, and to such are owing the causes of the late catastrophe.

We have collected from time to time all the opinions and suppositions of Italians on the subject, but they throw very little light on the origin, the growth, or the actual existence of the association. Sydney Sonnino and Franchetti, who spent a year in Sicily in 1876 and published two large volumes on *The Sicilian Peasants and Administration in Sicily*, say people of every rank, profession, and occupation, who have no other ties, unite for their common interest without regard to law, justice, or public order. They believe, as in the middle ages, that they can best provide for the safety of their own persons and of their property by their own strength and personal influence, independent of all authority and of all law.

Professor Villari, now Minister of Public Instruction, has written on the Mafia as on most other subjects connected with crime and

misery. He affirms that 'the Mafia has no written statutes; that it is not a secret society, and hardly an association. It is formed by spontaneous generation.'

It is some comfort in affliction to see that the writers or newspaper correspondents who, since the tragedy of New Orleans, have had to report on the Mafia, all fall back upon the authors who wrote between 1863 and 1877. Since then, as our own consular report shows, some improvement in the condition of the island has taken place, and every year we do see that crime grows less, and that the order-loving population increases in strength and in numbers.

Passing from the Mafia, about which so little is known, to the Camorra, there seems no doubt but that this criminal association must be dealt with as a 'peculiar institution' of Naples and the Neapolitan territory. The generic definition of the Camorrista is that they are loafers, vagabonds, thieves, bullies, and murderers by deputy, who live by the sweat of other people's brows; who herd together for the concoction of crime and for its concealment, fully understanding the strength of numbers and the terror inspired by illegal but recognised authority.

We have had some facilities for studying the Camorra during three not brief sojourns in Naples, where, at the special request of friends, and even of some 'in authority,' we went especially to study the conditions of the poor in all its multiform phases. In 1860 we were the guests of Ferdinando Mele, a patriot who had accepted the office of commissary of police during Garibaldi's brief dictatorship, simply and solely to help in the purging of his native city from the loathsome taint of the Camorra. The noblest feats of the Camorrista in those days, when the Garibaldians inspired them with a most wholesome terror, and the patriotic Neapolitans had the upper hand, were despoiling the *opere pie*, under pretence of reforming them, for the poor, and in pilfering from the *fratelli*, who had come to rescue them from the perhaps not much hated yoke of Francischiello. They especially preyed on the Sicilians who had come over to fight for them.

As ill luck would have it, our hospital director, a Tuscan, engaged a gang as nurses and cooks after the battle of the Volturno. The bill of fare was by Garibaldi's order to be *ad libitum*, to be regulated by the doctor's daily orders. Fish and fowl were in great demand, and to see the bills paid we ought to have had the freshest and the finest. But the food as a whole was uneatable; the fish stank, the *paste* was mouldy, and, strangest phenomenon of all, the fowls were all *drumsticks* and necks—whereas all the patients demanded *petti di pollo*. One evening, exasperated beyond endurance, we made a descent into the kitchen. All the cooks and *infermieri* were feasting on the fat of the land; every fish of the sea and fowl of the air was on their board, and lo and behold on a tray, delicately egged and breadcrumbed,

some forty or fifty of the missing *fowls' breasts*. These were set aside for the chiefs. Every one of the delinquents was paid and turned out 'neck and crop.' There were plenty of volunteers glad to come and nurse their sick comrades. Then the ladies of Naples and the English residents came. Finally we had some 'sisters of charity,' and, despite the curses and threats of the miscreants expelled, who vowed vengeance on us and on our wounded, we did not take one of them back or treat with any of their emissaries. Mele, who knew of our trouble, said at once 'Those are Camorristi;' but, having quite another idea from his description of their exploits, we fancied that he must be joking, and that if such were their feats they could not be very terrible. 'If I could have my way and choose all my agents,' said Mele, 'I would extirpate all the cowardly sneaks in six months.' 'Don't provoke them; don't be so rash,' pleaded his sweet little wife; at whom we laughed also, telling her that the bad old times were all over, and that with Garibaldi only the *galantuomini* would rule. And, during the brief bold dictatorship of the Liberator, Mele had his way in his own quarter, but on his departure, brigandage, protected by the French troops, and encouraged by the dethroned Francischello, the guest of Pio Nono in Rome, spreading over the provinces, revived the drooping spirits of their *manutengoli* (sackholders in the city). Silvio Spaventa (the ex-galley slave and companion of Poerio and Settembrini, now the last of that noble band of martyrs, venerable and venerated in his native city) was sent as head of the police.

About the middle of 1861 Mele had captured a gang of the scoundrels and secured their papers, which he rightly guessed were hidden at Pozzuoli. Returning thence, he called at the day-school for his little son, and a beggar woman asked for alms. As he turned to give her some cents a lad slit his throat from ear to ear with a razor, and he fell weltering in his own blood under the school windows, and just as the little son joined him. Only the papers were taken from his pockets, where his watch and money were found. The murderer was a *picciuotti di sgarro* who would assuredly have obtained the necessary votes from the *giovannotti onorati* and have graduated as a Camorrist had he not been taken red-handed and sentenced as a minor to the galleys with hard labour. The police department was invaded; the Camorristi spread the report that Spaventa was hostile to Mele as a Garibaldian; and in the confusion he nearly lost his own life, but was rescued, and lived to make his name a terror to Camorristi and to all evildoers. It was not until the French quitted and the Italians took possession of Rome, that brigandage was really quelled in the Neapolitan provinces; and naturally a number of those who escaped, recruited the Camorristi in the city. Nicotera, Minister for the Interior in 1876, consequently responsible for the police, scotched and nearly killed the reptiles.

After his resignation (1877) home ministers followed in rapid suc-

cession, and the miscreants began to reassert their old sway in the markets, in the gambling houses, in the hospitals, and then as ever in the brothels and haunts of patented vice. During those months we left no corner of underground Naples unexplored, always accompanied by members of the police, and by friends as anxious as ourselves to fathom its mysteries. Everywhere we found traces of the Camorra; everywhere the brave delegates and commissaries tracked and captured them.

Certainly 'deeds of blood' were less frequent after the deadly war waged by Nicotera against the Camorra, but in 1880 a bad case excited special attention. In one of the haunts of the *picciuotti* (the first grade of the Camorra), a man named Borrelli was murdered, murdered by a *picciuotto* named Esposito, the commonest name in Naples, taken from the old word for 'foundling.' It was proved that the murderer had no personal quarrel with the murdered man, who had a short time before rendered him an essential service; but Borrelli, who was suspected of being a spy, had offended some of the rules or members of the association. Esposito was arrested by one of the most courageous of the police, and with him several others were captured. But the inspector of police, Di Donato, said at once, 'It is useless to try them in Naples; they will either be rescued from prison or we shall fail to secure witnesses.'

The prisoners were tried at Viterbo, and, on the whole, the witnesses summoned by the Crown spoke out as to the facts of the murder; but nothing would wring from them the admission that the crime was ordered or committed by an association. 'The word Camorra seems to burn their tongues,' wrote the special correspondent of the *Pungolo*; and this psychological phenomenon evidently made an impression on the jury, revealing to them, as it did, the terror which the very name inspires in the minds of the Neapolitan plebs. But after listening to the depositions of the inspector Di Donato, who gave all the details of the special crime, and explained the rules and regulations which govern the gangs of malefactors, the 'twelve honest men and true' found Esposito, with his accomplices Siniscalchi, Romano, Langella, Trombetta, guilty of premeditated homicide, and they were condemned as Camorristas to the galleys with forced labour. Di Donato was acclaimed by the entire Neapolitan press and by the public as a benefactor. 'You will end as poor Mele ended,' was said to him in my presence after his return to Naples. 'Una bella morte tutta la vita onora,' he answered; 'if I could extirpate the Camorra I should be as proud as if I had met my death on the banks of the Volturno.' His own opinion, which was justified, was that the sentence on the murderers of Borrelli would deter the Camorristas from any deeds of blood for some time to come. But the miscreants, tracked in the city, took to the provinces, and the trial now taking place at Bari proves that Felsani and his colleagues—who have spread their nets, caught, and caged over a hundred tattooed vagabonds, presumably

criminals for the most part (as is shown by their savage denunciations of informers, if by nothing else)—are worthy 'descendants of the murdered Mele and the, we hope, living Di Donato.

Whoever wishes to study the habits and customs of the Camorra cannot do better than follow the reports of the trial called the *Mala Vita*, a most appropriate title for this 'branch office' of the Camorristas, for it would be difficult to combine as many manifestations of 'evil life' as these *miserables* in every sense preach, practise, and gloat over. It is not to be hoped that the police will have succeeded in netting the whole gang. It is probable that some of the arrested may be mere ne'er-do-weels who have drifted into the association without a full knowledge of their 'duties' towards it. It is pretty certain, also, that some will have been 'denounced' out of spite and revenge, but the council of defence is composed of the ablest and purest advocates of the forum, and we have no manner of doubt but that twelve honest *fearless* men and true will find a just verdict, while of the independence of the judges there can be no question whatever.

As the police inspectors of Naples told us, here also the chief Camorristas make their subordinates do the dangerous and dirty work, and rarely will they split upon their chiefs. If one of the 'unfortunates' offend a Camorrist he orders the *picciuotti* whose turn it is to *dipingere* and *sfreggiare*, to disfigure her face and paint it so that the scar remains. Hence, in walking about Naples you see so many of this class with hideous scars and wounds. The same punishment they inflict on the disobedient members, while worse penalties are reserved for informers.

In the prisons, the mixing up of young boys with old criminals was formerly the order of the day; and though now the utmost efforts are made to separate them, it is not always possible. We were going through one of the prisons in Naples with the courteous director when one of the prisoners, a young fellow whom you would hardly have marked as a criminal, begged the director to send him to another prison where he had been before, as in the present one there were no facilities for continuing to learn to read and write. The demand seemed so reasonable that, as we were going into the very prison, we asked the director to see if the lad's prayer could be granted. 'Is it L.?' asked the governor. 'Yes!' 'For God's sake don't ask it! L. is a Camorrist of the worst species; so many and so atrocious have been his extortions that I would not answer for his life if he return here.' 'What could he extort in prison?' we asked. 'Everything—soup, bread, clothes, the few *soldi* that the relations of the prisoners bring in with them on the visiting days. There are his companions,' pointing to about thirty 'minors' (criminals under age) who were taking exercise in the courtyard. 'Would you like to have L. back among you?' we asked several of the nearest, as they

all gathered round us. A glance of intelligence passed from the elder ones—at once a command and a threat. ‘Yes, oh! yes,’ they all answered in chorus. ‘Is he a good fellow?’ ‘Good as gold; excellent!’ said several of them. ‘You will not wring a word in his dispraise,’ said one of the under gaolers. ‘They are all *picciritti*, and would not speak against a member, both because that is their rule and for fear of punishment; but if L. were to come back they would summon him before a tribunal of their own, and we should have a hard matter to hinder them from giving him short shrift. He himself has no idea of their hatred, and since we had him removed, other of his victims have been brought in, and we know what they have decreed. It was not long since that they made an end of Luigi Mileti, called *piè di porco* (pig’s foot), because his extortions passed all limits and he would not divide the spoil. ‘We don’t want another such affair.’ One other instance of the Camorrist’s method of action we will give as especially set down for us by a well-known Neapolitan student of ten years ago, who went about with us often into the dens of misery and vice, and frequently sent us notes afterwards. In the house where he lodged there lived a so-called doctor, who, however, was never known to have any patients, and was generally shunned and disliked by the other tenants. The house porter was a civil, kindly fellow—a cobbler by trade—and always used to greet the incomers by name. The doctor never answered his salutation, so he ceased to speak to him at all. One day he was summoned on some slight pretext to one of the dens, and soundly thrashed and disfigured. ‘You will learn next time to behave yourself to a Camorrist,’ said they. My friend complained to the landlord. ‘Hush!’ said he; ‘don’t get me into a hobble. The doctor pays no rent, but I know he is a *pezzo grosso*—a big gun among the Camorrists. I prefer a quiet life and a whole skin.’

The wholesale, cruel, mean pillage of the emigrants who arrive in Naples to embark is one of the proofs of the despicable character of the sect. They meet them on their arrival, mulct them of their clothes and cash, take them to the vilest lodgings, make them pay three or four times the proper price for shelter, food, or any articles they may require, even of the poor provisions, home-made bread, wine, the cheese, and the sausage which is to be their sole *companionatico* on the voyage. This is the legitimate spoil of the Camorrists. But often an interloper despoils the emigrants of all they possess, even of the money which they pay for their voyage at the moment of departure. Sometimes the *bona fide* Camorra refunds the passage money, and the false Camorrist pays for his poaching on their manors. Sometimes the police track them; but though one gang in one quarter detests that in the next, they all protect each, and each protect all. The worst feature of the relations between the Camorra and the emigration is that they have an organisation for ‘shipping



merchandise' which defies the police and the special agents employed by the Government to detect them. A criminal escaping from justice or a fugitive from the *leva*—one of their own number who has made the place too hot for him—seeks assistance. Torre del Greco used to be a famous haunt. The Camorristi have friends everywhere among the 'expeditioners,' the carters, the cabmen, and we quite believe among the emigrant agents, the skippers, and the dock authorities. If the fugitive can afford it, the Camorrist procures him a passport under a false name, keeps him in hiding to the last moment, then accompanies him on board, making him pay very dearly for these services. If he has no means they pass him as a stowaway. When he lands in the United States, or even elsewhere, it is more than likely that the association has adepts at the landing-places warned by cablegram—'So many bales will arrive by such and such a steamer.' The late law on emigration, one of the many beneficent laws which Francesco Crispi proposed and succeeded in passing in 1889, is extremely severe on the emigrant agents and on clandestine emigration. Heavy penalties are inflicted on companies, on agents, on ship captains who contravene the regulations; and certain it is that if the captain of the emigrant ship does not do so, fugitives and criminals, as such, cannot land from Italy on foreign shores. But there are other transports than emigrant ships, and the Camorra probably avail themselves of these.<sup>3</sup>

The enormous emigration from Italy, belonging to the catalogue of 'permanent' or more properly emigration for an unfixed period, now takes the Argentine Republic and Brazil for its chief objective points. In 1888, when the exodus reached its highest point, out of a total of 227,238 Italians who left their country openly for foreign shores, 104,353 went to Brazil, 75,029 to the Argentine Republic, and 47,856 to the United States. As a number of these compulsory exiles went from the northern provinces (Mantua and the Polesine), we have been able to follow the story of numbers; and, as far as Brazil is concerned, it is a desolate one indeed. Large numbers died of black

<sup>3</sup> Professor Bodio, in his Report on Emigration, gives very careful separate and comparative statistics; and here, as in all his information, his statistics may be relied upon as far as patience, and the starting without any *a priori* theory, can make them. Besides dividing emigration into temporary and permanent—or emigration for an indefinite period—he shows how the real *bona fide* permanent emigrant secures a passport, for which, if poor, he only pays 2 lire 40 ces. (2s.) instead of 10s., the price of an ordinary passport—so that he may be able, when in foreign lands, to appeal to Italian consuls for assistance and protection. But, on the other hand, many temporary emigrants who go to countries in Europe, hoping for work and finding none, embark at French and other ports, hence are not registered by the syndics of their communes; others go in false names, and often buy the expensive passports. He considers that the clandestine emigration is chiefly composed of deserters or, strictly speaking, young men who 'flit' as the year approaches when the mayor of the commune in which they reside would publish their names as bound to present themselves at the conscription roll-call. And in the same way the criminal classes 'emigrate.'

and yellow fever as soon as they landed, especially the women and the children. 'No' doctor, no priest,' wrote one poor fellow; 'my dead wife and children are rotting in a ditch, and I have no means to return home with the rest.' So the next year the emigrants to Brazil diminished to 36,000, and those to the Argentine Republic increased to 88,647, while the United States received 150,238 out of a total of 155,009. But last year affairs in the Argentine Republic came to grief, and the United States received in some months alone as many as 900 emigrants. At the present moment they probably have some 800,000 of Italian-born and Italian-speaking sojourners in the various States.

Hitherto, Italian emigrants in America have been welcome guests as a whole. The report on European emigration, published by the statistical department of the United States, contains some interesting particulars concerning the Italian contingent, which, as a labour-seeking community, was insignificant before 1870.

Organ-men, and children with monkeys and white mice, and the traditional knife-grinder, excited the curiosity and pity of the Americans, but did not form any notable element of the population. But these found that life was more worth living in America than in the tax-burdened country from whence they came; so they wrote to their friends and families in Calabria, Basilicata, Salerno, to come and join them. Brothers and sisters, uncles and cousins, answered to the call. Then of course Italians from other parts of the country followed the example, and the rivulet became a stream and the stream a river.

The Italian race (continues the report) possesses certain intellectual and industrial qualities which render it acceptable to the American people. The genius of a people whose institutions and whose laws are the germ of all modern governments and legislations survives even in the illiterate classes. Character is the most appreciable quality of people who come among us; hence it is of primary importance to study the character of the Italians who land in our ports. It is well to begin this study in the Neapolitan provinces, because it is from these that the greater number of emigrants come to us. Hence (says Mr. Dingley), I have visited several ships full of emigrants as they arrived. Very few of them come from the cities, and generally whole families come at once. They are rustics with bronzed faces, work-hardened hands, stalwart frames and if they are illiterate they are by no means stupid. They are chiefly peasants from Calabria. Many of them had been in the United States before, and had returned for their families. They have courteous manners, and are well conducted. The Italian authorities visit every individual, examine his passports, ascertain whether they have been vaccinated and are in good health, and that they are not criminals (which in Italian would be that they have *la patente netta*—a clean police record). During the March of 1890 the current of emigration set in strongly again for the United States, owing to the crisis in South America.

The United States are the Eldorado for the Italians. One element in the Italian is more important and intense than in any other nationality: I allude to his love of country. The Irishman loves Ireland, the Englishman England, the German Germany; but more intense is the love of the Italian for his Italy, now become, with the conquest of her unity, a great country. Hence, when he has saved a pile of dollars earned in the United States he hastens home. He likes to spend his savings in his own land; it seems to him a sacrilege to spend them elsewhere.

The American Consul at Naples writes: 'Ninety per cent. of the emigrants who start from here are peasants. They are not turbulent, but extremely docile, serious, and sober. Only one passion transforms an Italian into a demon: that is jealousy.'

Another witness is Mr. Landor of New Jersey, who went expressly to study Italian agriculture in its home, and who now employs numbers of Italians in the United States. Here is the pith of what he said to me (we are continuing to quote from Mr. Dingley's report): 'There are 40,000 Italians in the city of New York and 20,000 in Philadelphia. In neither of these cities is there an Italian prostitute. . . . The Italians have numerous families. In the Italian colony called Vine Land there are about 1,000 Italians; about 200 are small land-holders. There is not a single Italian in the almshouse, not a single Italian beggar. The Italians are well conducted, industrious, and saving. The produce of 10,000 hectares of land cultivated by this little colony is enormous. The colony gives no trouble to the police. The Italians are not quarrelsome; they do not get drunk. . . . They speak English, the children especially, and become citizens and electors.'

The new immigrant law, which provides for the return at the expense of the company of 'undesirable' persons, is a necessary and most wise measure for making the whole new system effective. The United States have given fair warning to Europe. 'We will not,' it says, 'any longer receive your pauper, criminal, dying refuse. That is our decision.'

The report of the Political Reform Union League Club of New York on the recent lynching of Italians in the State of Louisiana is a document worthy of the great American statesmen who *did* believe that the Decalogue and the golden rule must govern politics as well as other human relations. The reformers deprecate the lynching of foreigners who had been tried by jury and acquitted.

No event in the history of our country has been so fraught with peril to our institutions, and it cannot be viewed without the gravest apprehension. Such examples are contagious, and no one can tell where next the mob may undertake to correct failures supposed to occur in the administration of the law. . . . Every city of the United States has a condition of things similar to that which is reported to exist in New Orleans, as the anarchist troubles at Chicago, events at Cincinnati, and the New York riots of 1863 prove.

And in fact, those who remember the 'methods of action' of the Clan-na-Gael political society—the brutal murders committed, the juries intimidated, and the escape of the murderers—and the so-called labour league of the *Molly Maguires*; those who follow up the proceedings of the Knights of Labour, the anarchists (none of whom by the way are even suspected of being Italians, but all society-destroying, individual-life-and-property-imperilling associations), can realise the extent to which Americans have suffered at the hands of their 'foreign populations' (this without taking into account any of their difficulties with their coloured population, whose entrance into their land is due to the mother country, whose growth, increase, and past sufferings and present omnipotence are due to themselves, or rather to their forefathers, and North and South must 'take it among them' to overcome the dangers and disorders arising thence, and cropping up in ever new forms and phases).

Hence we understand the treatment proposed by the reformers of New York, which will be sanctioned, we doubt not, by all, in treating with the 'other side of the question.' The members of the Reform Club, while condemning without qualification the lynching in New Orleans, examine its conditions and find that they demand the full consideration of every American citizen here as in many other States :

. . . While we have taken into our body politic a vast number of honest and intelligent foreigners, who have accepted American citizenship in good faith, and contributed their full share of prosperity and glory to the country, we have also been flooded with ignorance, pauperism, and crime. . . Americanism is being diluted and assailed by ways that are utterly alarming, and an immediate remedy is demanded. *We are unable to assimilate so much ignorance, pauperism, and crime without danger*, and illustrations of this are innumerable. The better elements of the country have been overtaxed in dealing with this flood, and the religious, benevolent, and educational institutions of the country are appalled in the presence of the demands made upon them. The time is now propitious for agitating these questions before it is too late, and to see if something cannot be done to save the country and its institutions from the peril which menaces them. The courts should rigidly and conscientiously enforce all the safeguards of the law against suffrage unworthily bestowed. The Federal Government and the Government of the several States should exercise all the power they possess to keep out of the country all crime and pauperism. If the present laws are not sufficient others should be framed that will be sufficient to meet the necessities of the times, even if it becomes necessary to provide that every immigrant shall produce a consular certificate of good character before he shall become one of our family. It will be possible, and even easy, to ascertain the previous character of every proposed immigrant, and the means for procuring this information can and should be provided by the Government. Neither the cost nor the difficulty of this duty bears any proportion to the importance of the necessity of doing it for the good of the country. To postpone or to flinch from this issue would be perilous and cowardly, and, to a degree, indefensible in a great people. The doctrine contended for must not be applicable to any one nationality, but must apply to all nationalities alike.

We call upon the press and the public to discuss this subject until a remedy is found that will rid us of the foreign bandits, anarchists, criminals, and paupers, who menace this country. Therefore we recommend the adoption of this resolution :

Resolved, that we call upon the Federal Government and upon the several States to use every lawful means in their possession to prevent the importation of criminals and paupers ; and we call upon the courts to rigidly administer the laws of naturalisation, resisting the importunities of political parties to cloak improper persons with the rights of citizenship ; and resolved, that we call upon the press and the public to agitate and discuss the subject of the importation of criminals and paupers to the end that, if the present laws be not sufficient to save the country from peril, others may be enacted which shall be effectual.

A remarkable document this we think ; one which recommends itself to all justice-loving, fair-dealing minds. There is not one word in it to offend Italy, or any other nation which hitherto has discharged its surplus population on to the hospitable shores of the United States—tares and wheat mixed in unascertainable proportion.

As far as Italy is concerned, she has shown herself capable of dealing with her criminals, and it will not be her fault if, escaping from her soil, they are received in Europe and allowed to embark

for the other side of the Atlantic. There at least the Americans will 'defend themselves,' not by lynching and perpetuating the law-defying, justice-cheating propensities of all criminal classes, but by sending them back whence they came at the expense of those who illegally or fraudulently or even carelessly brought them. As to her paupers, Italy can provide for these also by simply carrying into execution without fear or favour the Reform Bill on charitable institutions, for which the preparatory studies were made during his first administration in 1876, when Giovanni Nicotera was then as now Minister for Home Affairs; and converted into law (after fierce battles and strenuous opposition by the Church and her friends) by Francesco Crispi in 1890, the last year of his administration.

The poor of Italy possess in their own right more than two milliards of capital, producing 100,000,000 lire per annum. Hitherto, this wealth, enormous for so poor a country, has been reduced to less than one-half by the ecclesiastical administrators and by lay agents; by taxation and by deductions for *cult.* In Milan, where the reform was made by the province and the communes, the charitable institutions serve their rightful objects, and by the new law will, we trust, maintain the pauper population all the country over. There are 20,000 edifices in which to house all the old, sick, lunatics (for whom other provisions are also made), the deaf, dumb, blind, and incapables, also the orphans, the waifs and strays of incivilisation. Nicotera has pledged himself to the immediate application of this beneficent law, and if a mistaken policy does not lead other members of the Ministry to seek reconciliation with the irreconcilable we do not doubt of his success. Then again we see with joy that the present Minister of Public Works means to carry into effect another scheme of Crispi, and Miceli, late Minister of Public Works, till now tabooed because theirs; namely, the establishment of home colonies, not on the blue-sky-and-green-field-cottage system for irredeemable criminals, for whom there are *ergastoli* and prisons to spare, nor for lazy able-bodied paupers, but by a system of works for workers in the redemption of the marshy, untilled, but fertile lands of the Roman Campagna, of the neglected but most fertile island of Sardinia, and let us hope of some portions of Sicily. Of other schemes long since undertaken and carried on for the housing of the poor, for the establishment of industrial schools, we have not time now to speak, but it can be shown, in much less space than is necessary for the sad subject in hand, that Italy has done more for the 'redemption of the masses' than any one is aware of. Unfortunately in Italy the very classes which in England and America do their best in that direction, the clergy and the religious classes of all denominations, in Italy do nothing for the people save to mulct them of money for masses for the living and the dead, for the 'prisoner in the Vatican,' for the maintenance of illegal associations

and prohibited fraternities. The Pope and the priests do not approve of the *laws of the land*; hence conscription, civil marriage, and other laws are ignored, or open disobedience to them is enjoined at the confessionals, and often from the pulpit.

Of late years the ultra-radicals who, until the death of Dr. Bertani, devoted themselves to the alleviation of misery and the diminution of crime, have abandoned that field of usefulness for sterile and dangerous political agitation, leaving social questions to puddlers in muddy waters, and to anarchists—though these in Mazzini's Italy find a barren soil. There are signs, however, that certain lessons received, and certain dangers noted, have not been useless. If these come back to their old allegiance to real reform and to the faith that made Italy one, free, and united, the next statistics of crime and pauperism in Italy will place her on a quite other footing on the progress-showing table of Europe.

Meanwhile, and without a misgiving, we may assert that Italy will never allow her century-old friendship with the United States to be broken or even cooled by an 'incident' resulting from the combined dark deeds of criminals and cowards.

The 'tall talk stalking up and down' anent sealed orders to Italian admirals; of ironclads and gunboats weighing anchor for the Gulf of Mexico; of passports made ready for the much beloved American Minister in Rome (whose departure thence would be as much regretted as is Baron Fava's from Washington), are but so many *canards* invented by Italy's false friends and envious *fratelli*. Not a word of this bombastic trash do we read in the Italian newspapers. Nor is it possible that a Cabinet which contains two such members as Giovanni Nicotera and Pasquale Villari, than whom no two living men have done more to stamp out misery and crime in their native land, would, for a crime-originated catastrophe, consent to any step which would inevitably precipitate their country into an abyss from which Garibaldi *redivivus* could not extract her.

No! Italy, at an overburdening sacrifice to herself, at a cost which every Italian suffers from, but pays punctually, if not cheerfully, has organised an 'every-citizen-a-soldier' army; has created a magnificent fleet simply and solely for her own defence. And for the same object she has entered into an alliance which, if not exactly 'a union of hearts,' is one of vital interests. Even as she must have the integrity of her own territory guaranteed, so has she undertaken to guarantee the territory of her allies against all *redeemers* and *revendicators* of provinces, ceded by treaty or lost through the fortunes or misfortunes of war. Of such fortunes Italy is, alas, only too competent a judge. But, bitterly as she ever mourns the loss of Nice, and much as she desires to see Savoy ceded to neutral Switzerland, she does not deem it her right to keep Europe in a state

of turmoil and apprehension, or to stir up the inhabitants of those provinces to impotent rebellion.

Consequently she is less inclined than other nations to sympathise with those who do thus bewail 'spilt milk.'

Her fleet she maintains in spick and span order for the protection of her coasts, for the prevention of playful descents on her arsenals or the possible renewals of guards of honour to the prisoner at the Vatican. Insufficient for a filibustering expedition, it is a fair fleet for defence, consisting of 17 iron-clad warships, with other four nearly completed, 270 gun-boats, ocean-torpedoes and torpedo vessels carrying 2,000 guns, of which three-fourths are of recent type, with a crew of 20,000 on active service, besides 559 officers, and 41,000 men on unlimited leave or in reserve. Never a dingy will she spare needlessly from the Mediterranean, which neither she nor, we imagine, Great Britain intends to allow ever to become a 'French lake,' though Tunis, Toulon, Corsica, Nice, and Marseilles form a pretty well-distributed environment. What Italy asks for is to be let alone, to have to think less of her foreign affairs, and to be able to attend to her home policy. The written alliance with Germany and Austria on land, and the unwritten but firm friendship and pledge of mutual defence of Italy with Great Britain on the seas, is, in the opinion of a very large majority of thoughtful, undemonstrative, industrious, law-abiding, and order-loving Italians, the only present security for her own progress, and for the unbroken peace of Europe.

The idea of that peace being broken by a war between Italy and the United States is so ludicrous on the one hand and so revolting on the other, that none but imbeciles or malignants could have even suggested such a possibility.

JESSIE WHITE (Vedova) MARIO.

## *RESUSCITATION BY OXYGEN.*

CASES are constantly being reported in the newspapers of poisoning by gas, as by choke-damp in mines, or by the inhalation of carbonic acid and carbonic oxide fumes from charcoal stoves. Or as in the recent case of Sadullah Pasha, which will be fresh in the minds of most readers, we find a man poisoned by coal-gas and lingering alive for some forty-eight hours after, because, apparently, no efficient treatment was known to or practised by the foreign medical practitioners concerned. If the following case be published for the information of the medical profession and the public generally, it may, it is hoped, point the way to a more efficacious treatment for all such patients.

In the year 1884, it was reported to me one afternoon that a Sapper, engaged under my command at Chatham, in emptying a war-balloon inflated with coal-gas, had been overpowered by the gas. I ran to the spot, and found that the man was lying under many folds of the half-empty balloon, quite insensible, having been breathing an atmosphere of coal-gas for an unknown time before his position was discovered by his comrades. We, officers and men, hastily cut away the intervening netting and folds of the balloon with knives, and drew him out into the open air. I sent off men for medical assistance and brandy, unbuttoned the man's jacket, and, the weather being warm, placed him where he got the full benefit of a fresh breeze that was blowing. The man was, to all appearance, dead. There was no action of the heart that could be felt, and no perceptible breathing. Finding, after a moderate interval, that there was still no sign of life, I thought of the steel tubes of compressed oxygen that we used for the oxyhydrogen light, and sent off a man to the office for one. He quickly ran back with it. It contained pure oxygen at a pressure of over 1,000 lb. to the inch, probably some 1,200 lb. more or less. The circumstances seemed to justify extreme courses, and, spite of the serious evident risk from the tremendous pressure of the gas, I forced open the Sapper's mouth, placed the nozzle of the valve bodily inside it, and gently turned on the valve as little as one could manage. That little, however, was quite enough to inflate every corner of the patient's lungs with oxygen in the briefest possible time. The effect of the oxygen was to cause him instantly to



revive and clutch the nozzle of the valve convulsively with his teeth. It did not occur to me, at the first moment, to 'shut off the valve again with the turnkey which I held in my hand. Instead of doing so, I struggled to draw the steel tube away, at the risk of pulling the man's front teeth out. A second or two later, finding the tube could not be got away, I thought of the key, shut off the valve with it, and then, at leisure, got the man's mouth forced open, and drew away the tube. In the interval the oxygen had of course been still rushing out, and, had it not been for the escape provided by the open corners of the man's mouth on both sides of the valve, his lungs, and probably his whole interior economy as well, would have been ruined by the pressure. As it was, not only his lungs, but his stomach, and every available passage for the gas, must have been filled with oxygen almost to bursting.

Here, as I venture to hope, the medical profession will recognise a crucial experiment on the value of compressed oxygen as a remedial agent in such cases of gas poisoning. The effect in this case was extraordinary. In place of a man to all appearance dead, presenting the aspect of a livid corpse, his complexion being a ghastly purple or plum colour, in perhaps ten seconds, or fifteen seconds at the outside, from the first rush of oxygen into his lungs, we saw him in such violent paroxysms that I was obliged to order four of his comrades to hold him with all their might, to keep him from dashing himself to pieces. His struggles and writhings were exactly like those of a strong man in a violent fit of epilepsy. About this time the brandy arrived, but I need hardly say that we did not administer it. Presently the struggles subsided. Some ten minutes later, the medical officer on duty arrived, pronounced that his life was saved, that, with a few weeks in hospital, he would probably recover, and said he would send an ambulance to take him there. When the ambulance arrived, half an hour later, it met the patient walking calmly back to barracks, and stoutly refusing to go to hospital. Next morning he was reported back at his work again. I sent for him, and examined him closely. There were absolutely no ill effects whatever from the gas poisoning. He said he had never felt better in his life.

Here arises a point to which, with all respect, I would particularly invite the attention of the medical profession. It is well known that even in minor cases of gas poisoning the after effects are considerable. Thus, if I may venture to instance my own experience, when, in making runs in the war-balloons, I have incautiously inhaled the gas escaping from the tail of the balloon, as in a rapid ascent causing it to be overfilled by expansion, I have not probably imbibed one twentieth part of the gas which this Sapper had done. But, besides headache and nausea at the time, I have felt the ill effects for two or three days subsequently in a sense of

constriction round the pericardium. My heart felt as though it were held in a vice, or imprisoned in an iron band, and one could not draw a deep breath without some pain and difficulty. There were no such after effects in the case of this Sapper, in spite of the enormous comparative quantity of poisonous gas which he must have inhaled. I tried him, and found he could draw any number of deep breaths without the slightest trouble. The powerful dose of oxygen under pressure seemed completely to have cleared his system of the poisonous coal gas, and left no room for any ill effect afterwards.

Having narrated the facts, I may now perhaps be permitted to make a few remarks and suggestions.

No man in his senses would propose to dose any patient with oxygen in such a barbarous and wholesale fashion as, under the stress of urgency, I here adopted. But there is no difficulty whatever in applying it in a more moderate, scientific, and regulated way. For portability and convenience it is desirable to store the oxygen under pressure in small strong bottles or reservoirs, made of the finest steel, with a valve giving an absolute hermetic seal. This, for gases under pressure, is evidently a primary necessity. Such valves used to be a great difficulty, if not altogether unattainable. That they are now to be procured, in any required quantity, was perhaps abundantly demonstrated by the experience of the war-balloons in Sir C. Warren's expedition to Bechuanaland. There we carried out from England, into the very heart of Southern Africa, 30,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, a far more subtle and difficult gas to store than oxygen, under a pressure of 1,800 lb. on the inch. And our loss, by leakage of the gas, in these vast distances and varying climates, was absolutely *nil*. Moreover, gases are now regularly so stored and carried about for the production of the oxyhydrogen light. With properly constructed vessels, therefore, there is now no difficulty whatever in storing oxygen, or any other gas, under any required pressure, for any length of time. Nor is there any risk, provided the strength of the vessels is properly proportioned to the pressure of the gas, with an abundant margin for safety. A convenient maximum pressure for the gas, as supplied from the manufacturer, would be, I think, 100 atmospheres, or about 1,500 lb. on the inch. These steel vessels can be made of any required size from about the content of a soda-water bottle upwards.

So much for storage. The next question is, how best to reduce the pressure of the gas, either to that of the ordinary atmosphere, or to some moderate and safe pressure, to be determined and easily regulated by a qualified person, as a medical man engaged in administering the gas to his patient.

This might be done by letting a suitable quantity of the gas out of the steel reservoir into a rubber bag, such as, I understand, is generally used by the medical profession in the administration of

ether or of 'laughing gas.' The operator, by squeezing the bag with his arm or elbow, could then put a slight pressure on the oxygen to force it through a suitable rubber tube, into a respirator, or breathing arrangement, placed over the patient's mouth and nostrils.

I would suggest, however, that a better arrangement than the rubber bag would be a small cylindrical shaped receiver, constructed with flat circular discs or plates at the top and bottom, and with its sides arranged in expansible folds or pleats, like those of an accordion. When not in use this would occupy very little room, as the top would be collapsed nearly down upon the bottom. It would be fitted at bottom with a strong tube and brass union to connect with the valve of the oxygen reservoir, and opposite with an exit or attachment for the light flexible administering tube. Suppose now that it be required to administer, not pure oxygen, but a mixture of one-half oxygen and one-half ordinary air to a patient who is in an insensible condition, having been fished out of a pond, drowned or half-drowned, or overcome by choke-damp in a mine, or by the bad air and carbonic acid in an old well or tunnel, or by the effects of the administration of chloroform or other anæsthetics on an abnormal constitution.

The operator, or his assistant, will then raise the upper diaphragm or cover of the collapsed receiver, through one-half its height, before turning on the valve of the steel reservoir. This, when turned on, will then quickly inflate the other half, making a mixture of one-half air and one-half oxygen in the receiver. The valve must then be promptly shut off. The patient being insensible, and his lungs not acting, or acting very imperfectly, it is desirable to put some pressure on the gas, to inflate his lungs thoroughly with it. This can be readily done by the operator, who presses down the top of the receiver with his flattened hand, synchronously with the inspiratory movements of artificial respiration.

By these arrangements it is clear that either pure oxygen, in extreme cases, or a mixture of any required proportions of air and oxygen in ordinary cases can be forced into a patient's lungs, at any required pressure.

Oxygen, at any required compression, can be readily procured at a moderate cost from Brin's Patent Oxygen Company, and any of the usual makers of surgical instruments, especially those who now make the apparatus usually employed for administering 'laughing gas,' would, I have no doubt, be happy to supply the profession with a suitable portable case, modelled on the above lines, for use in hospitals, or by private practitioners. The whole apparatus, at least of the small size required by private practitioners, who would only seldom require it, would easily, I think, pack into a case about thirteen inches by eleven inches, and say three inches high. This could be conveniently carried anywhere by a handle at the side, or

it could be made still smaller, if required. The only part that need be detachable or removable would be the steel reservoir. This, when empty, would be sent by rail back to the Oxygen Company to be refilled, who would send down a filled duplicate tube in exchange for it. I would respectfully submit to the medical profession, as well as to the public generally, that the advantage to be gained by compressed oxygen, thus readily procurable locally throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, would be enormous. Cases are of continual, almost daily, occurrence, wherein persons are fished out of the water in a half-drowned state, too far gone to take the usual stimulants and restoratives. They die, simply because there is no ready means of giving the necessary stimulus to the exhausted vitality. Many, no doubt, are rescued by artificial respiration, which re-oxygenates the lungs and blood. But, surely, the really sound and scientific way to effect this is not to set a number of ignorant and generally more or less incapable bystanders to pull the poor insensible drowned man about, with the idea of setting his non-oxygenated lungs to work—a rough process which may or may not prove successful—but rather to introduce the life-giving oxygen into his lungs directly and immediately by aid of such a suitable special apparatus. I have not the slightest doubt that many a drowned or asphyxiated person, who is hopelessly gone so far as all ordinary methods, including artificial respiration, are concerned, could be easily and quickly restored by introducing a dose of pure oxygen into his lungs. More especially would this be the case if, side by side with the oxygen for the lungs, there were available a portable electric battery for giving suitable shocks to start the action of the heart if it had stopped, or all but stopped.

These points are well worthy of consideration by the Royal Humane Society, as well as by the National Life Boat Society. Thus, in the case of the last-named Society, many cases were reported in the papers, in connection with the recent gales all round the coasts, wherein persons rescued from wrecks died of exposure and exhaustion *after* they had been brought safely back to shore. They would hardly have succumbed had a dose of oxygen been available, which, by oxygenating the blood, would have quickened the vitality of the whole system, and thereby given sufficient strength to enable these poor shipwrecked sailors to take brandy, hot coffee, or other ordinary stimulants, which are now uselessly offered to exhausted men, who are too far gone to swallow anything.

Is it too much to say that in every well-appointed hospital, where chloroform, ether, or other anæsthetics are administered, there ought to be, side by side with the chloroform-inhaling apparatus, another apparatus for the administration of oxygen? Then, in that small but appreciable percentage of abnormal cases, to which I have alluded above, wherein, as is well known, the anæsthetic causes failure of the

respiration, and later of the heart's action, leading sometimes to the collapse and death of the patient, a suitable dose of the revivifying oxygen would promptly restore the failing lung action, and most probably enable the patient to bear, if required, a longer continuance of the anæsthetic, when this would otherwise be impossible.

And is it too much to say that the manager, or resident agent, of every well-appointed coal mine ought to have on the spot such a supply of compressed oxygen, and to be instructed to administer it forthwith to any man who is overcome by carbonic oxide or choke-damp? Judging by my experience as reported above, he will then be in a position to restore, or bring back to life again in the most marvellous and almost instantaneous fashion, any miner who comes under the deadly influence of the gas, provided only that the oxygen is kept ready to hand, in such a convenient shape for instant use.

There is only one practical danger in this storage of compressed oxygen. It may be easily averted by proper precautions: but it is very desirable that it should be explained to, and carefully noted by, all concerned in its use.

Oxygen, as is well known, has a great affinity for metals. It will not, however, attack the metal of the steel reservoirs and valves, in its cold or normal state. But it is extremely dangerous to expose the oxygen under these high pressures to any oil or any hydrocarbon whatsoever, as it has a still higher affinity for them. Now pressure-gauges, or dynamometers for determining the pressure of gas or steam, as ordinarily constructed and used, are lubricated internally with such oils. When the oxygen reservoir has been partly emptied by use, there is a natural temptation to determine how much oxygen may remain in the vessel by applying such a pressure-gauge to determine the then existing pressure. The danger of this course may be best illustrated by an accident which I have known to happen more than once. The oxygen, rushing into the pressure-gauge, comes suddenly in contact with the lubricating oil. Its powerful affinity for the hydrocarbon, combined with the sudden rush, is too strong for it. The result is a very violent explosion, which blows the glass of the gauge, and probably its metal case also, into fragments. The glass is driven all around in small pieces, at the imminent risk of blinding the bystanders. But the explosion, once started, does not stop there. The heat, and strong chemical action developed by it, brings into active play the great dormant affinity of the oxygen for the metals in contact with it. It instantly attacks and burns any remaining portions of the metal pressure-gauge. It then with extreme rapidity burns back along the small copper tube which is generally used as a connection between the oxygen reservoir and the pressure-gauge, consuming the copper as it goes. In another instant it has attacked the metal, such as gunmetal or Delta metal, of its own main valve, and the steel of the reservoir tube into which

that valve is screwed. The half-melted valve is blown out bodily, like a shot out of a gun, by the imprisoned oxygen within, which then escapes, but not before it has fiercely attacked and ruined the steel of the reservoir itself.

It will be seen that such a disastrous accident as this depends primarily upon the great affinity of the compressed oxygen for the lubricating hydrocarbon of the gauge. After this, the almost instantaneous spread of the mischief depends upon the powerful affinity of the oxygen for metals. For I repeat that oxygen, under these great pressures, will attack anything, once a strong chemical reaction is started by such an initial explosion.

If, therefore, it be desired to test the pressure of the gas, whether on its receipt from the manufacturers or at any subsequent stage, all ordinary pressure-gauges, such as are in universal use for testing the pressure of steam in boilers, must be carefully avoided. A special gauge only, which has been taken to pieces by a skilled and thoroughly trustworthy mechanic, and carefully cleaned from every particle of the lubricating oil, by ether, or by some similar dissolvent to the oil, should be employed. And no oil, or grease, or anything of the nature of a hydrocarbon, should be used in or in connection with it, as for lubricating the threads of the screw by which it is screwed on. It should be kept and applied in a perfectly dry and clean condition. I may refer to the newspaper reports, which I recollect to have seen not long since, of another such accident, in respect of which a clergyman who was using oxygen, supplied by Messrs. Brin's Company, brought an action for damages caused by the explosion against the Company. I would advise Messrs. Brin, and all other manufacturers or firms who may undertake to supply compressed oxygen, that their customers will be likely to avoid such dangerous accidents in future if the firms will supply, as required, with the oxygen, such specially cleaned and prepared pressure-gauges, and warn all users of the oxygen that they cannot be responsible for accidents arising from the use of any other pressure-gauges not so supplied by them. In the ordinary way, for the employment of oxygen as a remedial agent, as here advocated, there is no need for testing its pressure at all, whereby all danger will be effectually avoided, provided always that the operators will take care to avoid the use of oil or grease in or about the valves and fittings generally, so that by no possibility can the oxygen under pressure come suddenly in contact with it.

But again, I do not assert that the use of any quantity of such a lubricant, say on the screwed thread of a union joint, will necessarily or even probably determine an explosion. It is possible, I think, that in order to obtain the conditions necessary for such a spontaneous combustion, we require to have the particles of the hydrocarbon driven round and round with the rushing oxygen, in a state of very

minute subdivision, as may naturally occur on the first rush of the oxygen under pressure into a lubricated gauge. This is a question for chemists and for professors of the natural sciences. But I have small doubt that, whatever their view as to the precise rationale of such explosions, these learned specialists will be found to agree with me, that it is much better to avoid the use of all hydrocarbons whatsoever in or near the apparatus.

If these simple precautions be understood and adopted, I believe that compressed oxygen may be carried anywhere, and used for a lifetime, without the slightest risk.

HENRY ELSDALE.

## *TOWN AND COUNTRY PARSONS.*

IN putting some thoughts on paper under this title I am moved not so much by the manifold contrasts which the work of a clergyman is capable of presenting in the wide theatre of the world as by some divergent aspects of his commonplace home calling. Moreover, I confine the mention of my impressions about town and country clergy to that of their ordinary procedure in these latter days. I do not attempt to touch the evidence of long-drawn ministration and rivalry preserved in ecclesiastical records which summon the spirits of regulars, seculars, monks, and friars before the reader. My books of reference are the city pavements and village pastures of to-day. I do not travel or look out afar. I have nothing to tell of the man who carries his life in his hand among savages of uncertain temper, or spends his ministerial strength in long solitary rides between the lonely stations of the colonist. I think, rather, of the secure position held by one who ministers in crowded centres of keen city life, where the Sunday congregation is a focus of religious intelligence, or serves a mossy church in some still country nook, where the sound of sheep bleating in the next field comes through the open summer door, and a score of peasants (who have been reaping all the week) nod upon the benches which have held their sires time out of mind.

There are, I know, alert and attentive rustic congregations, wakeful in attitude and quick at an inference, but it is with many as I have said, especially if the scholarly preacher be polysyllabic in his language and academical in his aspect of life.

Within these limits the experience of a clergyman is obviously manifold. While righteousness and iniquity are confined to no exclusive soils, and the same species of sin grow more or less rankly in all climates (since the Spirit of God ever moves upon the face of the waters, and the Devil goes to and fro upon the earth), the religious ways of dwellers in the city and in the field at home are often widely diverse. They certainly are so when viewed in a corporate or general aspect.

Nothing, for instance, soon strikes a thoughtful Christian accustomed to a country 'Sabbath' more than the disregard of public worship in London.



Directly he begins to read within the lines of its appearance he is aghast at the religious attitude of the Londoner. Many visitors, indeed, may so enjoy the enthusiasm of the 'May meetings' as to look on them as rising from the spring of a religious life which is found only in London, and fail to realise that they are largely swelled by contingents from the provinces. Others may be impressed by the forest of spires which break the sky-line of the City. The great multitude of worshippers, in e.g. St. Paul's, also suggests a multitudinous acceptance of Christianity. There is nothing really like it in the country, for however popular an occasional function may be in a provincial cathedral, London presents a continuously reassembled crowd in its chief church. But after seeing the thousands gathered under its dome, and apprehending that they may be seen there week after week, the visitor may ask himself 'What are these among so many?' When he thinks of the countless succession of monotonous streets in the poorer parts of the metropolis, each representing the population of an ordinary country parish, and then asks how many Pharisees or Publicans go up from them into the Temple to pray, he begins to realise the gulf between the religious condition of the country and the capital of England. Nor is the contrast much modified if he arrives from a provincial town. Indeed, a place with a population of, say, 10,000 souls frequently presents a spectacle of general church-going more notable than the village, however constant in their devotions the majority of its peasant residents may be. Scattered hamlets and cottages send their twos and threes across the fields and down the lane to the grey tower whence the Sunday chime is heard, and the rustic congregation makes a brave show when it is dismissed. But though, at its dispersal, these accumulated items suggest their claim to be called a 'flock,' the square of the borough town is often alive with special movement before as well as after Divine service. On no day in the week do its inhabitants so display themselves at the same hour.

The contrast afforded on Sunday to their daily passage in provincial streets and lanes is not however to be wholly set down to religious feeling. Social factors operate with silent and profound effect, especially in a country village. There the Sunday coat and dinner are mostly accompanied by a recognition of Divine service at some time of the day. This is due, not merely to traditional habit, but also to current public opinion (involving that of the parson and the squire), which in some rustic circles is likely to be unpleasant to a man who never attends any 'place of worship.' I do not mean that the estimate formed of us by our neighbours should be despised, for it is of incalculably wholesome value in many respects, and yet it sometimes produces the same outward result as the strongest religious conviction when it sends peasants to church. The 'gathering of themselves together,' moreover, has an attraction outside as well as

inside the sacred building. The labourer, in summer time especially, finds an airy 'club' in the churchyard, and the young people a 'garden party' where the simple beauty and fashion of the parish may be seen, met, and criticised. The parochial element, too, as we leave the town, exercises peculiar influence in drawing the inhabitants of a village together on the day of rest. Confirmed city dwellers have small perception of the importance attached to traditional corporate feeling in the genuine country. A native there 'belongs' to a place with a tenacity and exclusiveness which colour his estimate of the world, and especially that part of it which lies on the other side of a boundary hedge. All these elements of distinction and influence are absent from the dull town street, where a man may perhaps be subjected to disagreeable remarks if he dresses in his best to go to church. And even when his nearest house of prayer is fairly attended by his neighbours, there is no such friendly gathering around its doors before and after service as marks the rustic Sunday. The appetite for news is supplied by the study of *Lloyd's* or the *Dispatch*. It may make knots at the corner of a street or in the bar of a public-house, but it creates no weekly general gathering for friendly conversation outside the church porch.

I will now leave for the present these pictures provided by the Sunday habits of their respective flocks, and try in other ways to realise some varied positions and duties of the town and country parson, looking at several points in which the contrast between their circumstances and work is apparent. To make a beginning, let us glance at the 'meet' of a clerical club. Here is something indeed which displays small divergence in one respect, inasmuch as the inevitable 'paper' is generally read, a 'discussion' (more or less forecast) about some 'subject' occupies the assemblage for a couple of hours, or a portion of Scripture provides a comparison of 'views.' In town, at least in London, the guests on these occasions gather late, and their host gives no thought to the mode of their approach, beyond perhaps (if he lives in the suburbs) a mention in the reminding card of the nearest metropolitan station or line of omnibuses. In the country, however, the business consumes the best part of a day, mostly chosen as the precursor of a moon which shall light the visitors home. Stabling is extemporised in the barn. The parsonage is a focus of gigs. A circle of some miles is drained of the clerical element, whose cheery members close the business of a summer day with that chatty stroll in the garden which precedes a hospitable dinner, after which (well wrapped up, if it be winter) they drive off from the door into the night. Meanwhile the 'discussion' of their city brethren is in full swing.

But let us follow them home. The devout parson of a typical country parish, with its population of a few hundred souls, rises the next morning to the familiar duties of a shepherd who knows all his

sheep by name and face, and in many cases has known them since they were lambs. And here, at once, we perceive a feature in his work which some ignorantly imagine to indicate merely a pleasant easiness of relationship, but which, in reality, involves a sense of responsibility which may be almost overwhelming. It is not what we do, or what we cannot do, but what we leave undone, that tries and vexes us. And with the vicar of a small country parish, all the work is assumed to be within the power of the minister. He has, say, only 300 people to look after. Only! But then they represent the 'souls' of which he has the 'cure'; and when this is realised, the assumption that his spiritual duties towards them can be certainly discharged because of their fewness is dissipated, since the consciousness and incidence of the burden may be minutely exacting, however heartily borne. Herein lies a distinction which many feel to 'differentiate' sharply the post of a clergyman in the country from that of one in a populous town. In the latter case, a man's sense of detailed responsibility is often dulled, inasmuch as he is simply unable to feed his flock with that discriminate knowledge of their needs which is supposed to be possible in the former. When a hard day's work is over, he rests with a consciousness that what remains undone lies beyond his power, and has not been neglected, but inevitably left. The other pastor is frequently haunted by the thought that if he had been a little more sedulous he might have compassed his duties to his own honest satisfaction. But he is by no means satisfied, for there are plain faults and failings in those committed to his charge which keenly distress his soul, since they seem to be within reach of his influence, and yet are not reached.

This is felt by men of different minds and 'schools.' It is, however, obviously most pressing in the case of one who clings to the traditional rights of 'authority,' and whose ministration is coloured with strong sacerdotal convictions. He is the 'priest' of the parish, and inherits a sense that the duties of his office should be discharged with minuteness of official reproof, rebuke, and exhortation. He is moved by a desire to maintain and show that affectionate austerity which should precede the loosing or binding of souls under his charge, and he is never more happy than when he feels that he has not feared to magnify his office, nor hidden the candle of his calling under the bushel of mere civility and kindness. I need not say that this priestly attitude is often coldly or rudely resented by those sheep who claim to have outlived the age of simple submission to ecclesiastical rule. They have broken loose from it altogether. Perhaps they not only follow or 'sit under' some minister of their own choice, but (whatever their religious persuasion may be) think more of the newspaper than of any ministerial advice or direction at all. The tide of printer's ink has flooded the altar and the pulpit. A state of things has arisen wholly removed from and unlike that in

which the priest's office was created, but the claims of which he still honestly tries to keep alive or to recall.

The city sacerdotalist (I use the word without any covert sneer and only because I cannot find another better suited to my purpose) is more fortunate. He draws sympathising souls from a surrounding mass of recusants with the magnet of his own ecclesiastical demands, and they gather round him with respectful devotion, while the place of one like-minded with himself who is set in charge of a small country parish is often beset with unfulfilled desires, and accompanied by vexatious disappointment. For him there is no abundant store of outsiders from whom to win a gathering of those who think with himself. To him, the day of 'godly discipline' which prevailed in the 'primitive Church' is most plainly seen to have vanished. Even if it were to return, it has confessedly gone by, at least in the estimation of the framers of the Anglican Prayer Book. And when once in the year its substitute (provided in the Communion service) is set before a small rustic Ash Wednesday congregation, and the 'sentences of God's cursing against impenitent sinners' are read from the 'reading pew or pulpit' and responded to with obedient indifference by a little party of school children, it is felt to be hopelessly faint and inadequate, however sincerely the devout parish priest may wish the ancient order to be 'restored again.' Meanwhile he has no power to put a sinner to 'open penance.' At least, any formal effort to inflict it is met by a derisive proclamation of its impotence, or perhaps the only 'legal proceedings' which follow an attempted claim to back the priest's authority with the civil arm are taken, not against the offender, but against himself. He is left to mourn over the decadence of discipline, and possibly envies the power to put his parish under an interdict which survives in some places where the Roman Church retains its rule. But what Anglican Bishop would intervene to support a country parson in the use of such severity, even if it were legally possible of execution? In fact the parish priest can neither bring about the exercise of secular public rule, nor even find consolation in a belief that the spiritual efficacy of a sentence is regarded. The pastoral crook which he sees conspicuously displayed at episcopal functions in the nearest cathedral city is a significant relic of departed power, rather than a symbol of authority. Its jewelled ecclesiastical claims to catch and pen wandering sheep are like the bright lettered backs on the door of a library which may announce authoritative contents, but have nothing behind them. When the country priest who mourns over lost sacerdotal sway has returned to the parsonage (with his robes packed in a little black bag) he recollects the emblem of departed episcopal authority which headed the procession, and feels himself again, with freshly renewed consciousness of his impotence, in the midst of a flock which he often thinks he might have ruled with better effect if the rod of his

power had not been replaced by that influence which is determined by personal worth alone.

But the position of the country parson who is vexed by no such regrets, and who cordially accepts the modern estimate of his office, or even might strenuously repudiate any charge of hankering after the restitution of priestly discipline, is often found to be keenly exacting. It is not merely that he feels the gravity of his charge. That is felt by all conscientious men, wherever they may be placed. But the smallness of a cure brings with it a peculiar sense of opportunity which makes failure proportionately disappointing. When he has done his best, how many of his sheep (and lambs) are there whose hearts he feels he has not satisfactorily reached! He is vexed by the thought of what he might possibly have done if he had used his manifold occasions for influence to better purpose. The city clergyman is sometimes (rightly or wrongly) freed from the special and insistent sense of official failure. While he feels, keenly enough, a personal interest in those who are anywise drawn to him, he can hardly help reflecting that he cannot be fairly held responsible for much mischief which is beyond his reach. What individual influence can he exercise over many who may live indeed within his parish, but the sense of whose relationship to himself is not assisted by their recognition of any parochial bounds, or whose interests lie wholly outside them? He is thus probably led to recast his attitude towards the flock under his charge, and to substitute a network of supervision, made of assistant curates (who have no 'cure' of souls) and various lay helpers (men and women), for that individual handling of sheep which is assumed to be possible when they are few. And this substitution of machinery for handwork so delegates the duties of his office as to weaken or even dissipate that pressing sense of personal responsibility which is felt by many of his brethren in the country. This presents itself to him as a new thing in his experience, if he should be moved from a populous town cure to a small rustic one. Instead of supervising a factory he finds he has to turn a spinning-wheel. A word more on this presently.

Another phase of contrast between city and rural work may be seen in the inability of the village parson to escape from anyone who resents his influence and office. If this black sheep should be merely an individual in the flock who is defiant or impenetrable, he is still in the fold, and the consciousness of his stubborn presence is in itself distressing; but if he should happen to have been anywise an office-bearer, his irremovable prominence is all the more marked and vexatious. The parson can neither ignore nor forget him. While the 'misunderstanding' or offence lasts, he may be met at any turn, his irrepressible and independent bleat may be heard over any hedge, and possibly he gathers around him a party of buoyant sympathisers. Personal mistakes in dealing with him, which may have led or con-

tributed towards the unhappy severance, are treasured up against the parson with that provoking clearness of remembrance which is possible only in the compressed society of a village where local utterances and events overshadow the current history of the world. I do not forget that this may produce some healthy caution and fear of offence. I have indeed occasionally noticed, especially among peasants, great carefulness in giving an opinion about a neighbour or an incident: and this reticence may unconsciously arise from the mischief that follows free speech; but, too often, a village dispute is allowed to bear a very rank and stubborn crop of ill-will; and wounds, once given, bleed with vexatious obstinacy, especially if caused by some perfectly honest parson's rebuke. But, in cities, if the recusant belongs merely to the ranks, and has held no office (unless he legally takes the odious shape of an 'aggrieved parishioner'), he is impotent. However conspicuous he would like his defiance of authority to be, he can seldom enjoy the gratification of notice, and even if he should have been an official, he mostly disappears. He ceases to attend his former church, and his place is filled by another who perhaps hardly knew his name. He goes, or is dismissed, and there is an end of the business. He is seen no longer. The minister is sorry for him, and is ready to treat him with kindness if he should be met, but he is vexed by no perpetual reminder of a badly healed or still open sore in the body of his ministrants. In this respect the position of the city clergyman is much less trying than that of his brother in the fields. He generally escapes from the small social annoyances which may follow a misunderstanding with a parishioner or an official. I do not say that this is always right, for it is well to feel the consequences of a possible mistake, but it is a fact, and presents no small point of contrast between the experiences of town and country parsons.

Another is seen in the strain felt by a conscientious man in preaching to the same people year after year. There they sit, in their familiar seats, which they fill with customary steadiness, Sunday after Sunday. It is true that the 'old, old story' has endless and manifold sides and applications of its truth, but it is often very difficult for a preacher to feel that he speaks with appreciated freshness. Country congregations are not always responsive, and are sometimes slow to show that indefinable look of apprehension which makes a man feel *en rapport* with his audience. No doubt the prayers are by far the most precious part of the service, and yet the sermon is not unimportant, and in this the minister is compelled to use his individuality, and wishes the people to feel a personal concern. But the cluster of interests most appreciated by a rustic congregation is small, and it is the more difficult to handle, because utterances which are incapable of offence in a town congregation are liable to some provoking local interpretation when heard in a village

church. If there is, for example, one wealthy man present, his poorer fellow-worshippers are only too likely to fit the cap of Dives on his solitary head on the smallest provocation, and their minister is tempted so to veil the purpose of a sentence which touches on the duties of the rich that, in the attempt not to be personal, his words become pointless. This seriously limits the range of his language. Also in handling the position of 'the poor and needy' he is compelled to be circumspect, for Hodge has often a thin skin, and the good minister who may desire a sinner (in any 'class') to be pricked in the heart does not wish him to be stung. Thus, in this respect, the country sermon, which some think the easiest to be preached, becomes really the hardest. Moreover, many educated men have a keen interest in matters beyond the cognisance of their flocks, and, though they feel that the Gospel of Christ is the central and main subject of their mission, perceive many matters about which intelligent Christians are legitimately concerned, and which almost demand some handling from the pulpit. When critics say that sermons should invariably and severely follow the lines of Apostolic preaching seen in the Scriptures, they sometimes forget that the message of the Gospel was wholly new to those who were first addressed. The oldest truths, familiar to the modern worshipper, were fresh to them. They had long breathed the air of exclusive Jewish or Gentile tradition, and the simplest Christian announcements stirred entirely unbroken ground. And yet, even with them, there presently arrived a need for some advance in the method of the teacher. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews himself says: 'Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment. And this will we do, if God permit.'

This is exhaustive advice, and even surprising, if we consider the short time which had passed since these 'principles' were first taught. But if it was needed then, it has a continuously permanent application, requiring fulfilment at the hand of all successive teachers. Certainly now that we have reached an age in which the rudiments of Christianity are assumed to have been imparted to every member of a congregation, the minister is compelled to show, e.g., if he can, the connection between his central message and the main thoughts, facts, and incidents of the day which are moving the world of men. That is comparatively easy to one who addresses people who are in the same boat of intellectual experience as himself, and are quick at a mere reference to general current information, and the thoughts common to educated hearers. But it is different in the case of a scholarly man exercised in seeing the condition and progress of affairs at large, and asking himself how the great questions of

religion and religious thought can best be used in teaching truth, when he finds himself planted in the pulpit of a small country church. How can he best bring himself into touch with the minds of his flock? It is easy to say that the eternal verities of religion provide common ground on which they can always profitably meet. But when he has to preach a hundred sermons in every twelve months, year after year, to the same unchanging little assemblage of peasants, who (however genuine their Christianity may be) are inevitably ignorant of and unconcerned in many matters which impress himself, he must be an unkind critic who does not allow that in this respect the position of a country parson is often far more difficult than that of one in a city. For, after all, however effective and gratifying the daily pastoral intercourse of a good minister may be with his people, the Sunday sermon in which he can deliver himself, and feel an appreciated contact between his spirit and those of attentive and interested hearers, is felt by many a town clergyman to have a distinctly enjoyable place in the round of his ministrations. Its preparation exercises him gladly, and its delivery brings the business of the week to a focus into which he puts his best work.

That may be thought a rosy picture of the performance, but as long as he does not try to show off, and honestly seeks to speak his mind, as before God, according to the proportion of his faith, his Sunday utterance becomes a righteous pleasure, as well as an imperative duty. His preaching, moreover, becomes the more encouraging to him as his congregation always changes to some extent. New faces present themselves, bringing a sharpness of receptivity which is like a fresh edge to an old knife. So city congregations are renewed, not by the growing up of the young as the old are removed from their seats and laid in the churchyard, but by the infusion of more full-grown life. It is true that in towns the unexpectedly recognised presence of a rare and capable critic might dissipate the fabric of a sermon which had (as the preacher thought) formed itself and assumed promising outline in his mind; or it might take all the steam out of the delivery of a written one from which he can extemporise no escape; but, on the other hand, the face of a thoroughly sympathising friend acts like a pinch of salt to the dish of his discourse. The town clergyman is occasionally thus refreshed.

I do not say that this enjoyment of preaching to educated people is always wholesome, or to be preferred to the steady righteous instruction of the more ignorant: moreover, it has its special drawbacks. For instance, the preacher is quickly warned of staleness and exhaustion by the departure of those who, as a rule, go away when his springs of thought become dry, or the accustomed spirit of his language evaporates. It may sound a cruel thing to say, but it is true, that while the charity of the country hearer suffereth long and is kind, city ears will often turn quickly to another preacher if



the old one fails in body or in soul. And if these do not go, the fading of their interest in what he says plainly betrays itself. It is not that they cease to have personal respect for him, but such Sunday appetite as is felt in towns resents a tasteless dish.

I am not sure, though, whether this sensitiveness of spiritual palate is to be blamed anywhere. On the contrary, it might occasionally be well if preachers knew still better than they do what their hearers think of them. In some parts of the primitive Church there was a test of sympathy shown in public applause while the sermon was in progress, and it would not be necessarily a bad thing if such parsons as stand convicted of notorious incompetence were sometimes put to the open penance of sibilation, that others admonished by their example might be the more afraid to offend. I have read (in tracts) of rebukes administered by a godly neighbour (during some imaginary dialogue) to a man who pleads for his neglect in attending church that the minister is 'dull.' The candid friend says, 'The message is the same, whoever delivers it,' or, 'There is always something in the dullest sermon which is good for your soul.' This is nonsense. It might as well be said that a dinner is good, however cooked, provided that the meat is prime; or that however much you may dislike the food set before you, and however badly it may be dressed, there is sure to be some bread and cheese on the board which is wholesome, and capable of satisfying your hunger. We ought rather to say that gospel truth needs special care in its presentation. Divine food deserves the best equipment man can provide, and when he has to give it he will not insult, he will try not to discredit, sacred material by the clumsy, careless, and distasteful way in which he presents it. It is, in truth, not a mere 'message' which has to be delivered with verbal accuracy. As such, the 'Word of God' is uttered from the reading pew, lectern, or altar steps. The sermon is the 'exposition' of a text or subject, and it is idle to defend its defects by saying that the matter is too vitally real to be capable of being seriously spoilt by the expounder. It often is. It is sometimes worse than spoilt. Just as we say that sweet music is 'murdered' when badly played, so the finest truth may suffer from repulsive rendering, and the hearer may be not merely stinted but offended, when he hears the harmony of great Christian verities mauled by raw or slovenly speaking in the pulpit. But where the preacher has not the continued stimulus of an intelligent, attentive congregation, or when he has been in the habit of preaching to precisely the same party of people for a long while, it is hard for him to keep the sword of the Spirit always bright and sharp.

If we pass on to another branch of clerical work, and observe the contrasts in 'pastoral visitation' shown by the country and the town, we shall also find that, as with preaching, its discharge is often most exacting in the former. I have already noticed the assumption that

the cure of only a few hundred souls makes small demands upon a minister, but beyond that, there is a personal acquaintance with all the circumstances of the parish (shared by visitor and visited) which imports a special factor into the due performance of this duty in the country. In towns the clergyman calls upon his fellow-parishioners in a more purely official character than in a village.

I do not mean that anywhere he should be always 'preaching' from house to house. There are other ways of going about and doing good, after the most divine pattern. But yet the point of a distinctly needed religious interview may be blunted by social familiarity. The shyness which many a minister feels in speaking about personal religion to members of his own family (something akin to the reluctance of a physician who seeks other advice if his wife should be seriously ill, though he would treat the case without hesitation if it were that of a stranger) is felt in a less degree when a friend and neighbour has to be admonished professionally. Acquaintance hardly seems to warrant what borders on intrusive advice: nevertheless, occasions arise on which the minister must speak with official authority, or forgo his claim to be what he is, i.e. more than a kindly adviser. Perhaps he does not sufficiently realise that such intervention would often be thankfully recognised by the offender himself if affectionately claimed, but in fact the claim is more difficult of assertion when the delinquent has constantly seen the parson with his armour off, and perhaps even helped him to kill the rats in his barn. Whatever proverbs may say, familiarity has no business to breed contempt, and it is a defect of perception in the *valet de chambre* if he fails to realise that the chin he lathers may be that of a real hero; but, without doubt, continuous propinquity sometimes hinders the exercise of ministerial warrant, and this hindrance is far more likely to arise in a village, where all are bound together by social ties, than in towns where these are faintly recognised.

This is one of the things which frequently make genuine pastoral visitation peculiarly difficult to the country parson. Another occurs from the fact that if the calls upon, say, a bedridden old woman are felt to have been insufficiently frequent, the repeated sight of her cottage kindles a rebuke. Perhaps in this case the minister might be allowed to feel that a mere visit, in which he offers no distinctly religious consolation, may yet be officially effective. The poor dame knows that he is the clergyman, and the repeated tale of her rheumatism and other complaints, given with a minuteness of detail which he has heard dozens of times, is a 'casting of her care upon him' by no means alien to a spiritually apt discharge of the office of his Master. The mere deliverance of her troubles to a receptive ear brings a relief which need be accompanied by no immediately audible response. Again and again I have sat by the bedside of such a sufferer, and after simply listening for half an

hour to the familiar story, been gratefully thanked, with an expression of hope that I would soon call again. But such performance of ministerial duty is common to all experience, and I mention it now only because it seems specially easy and desirable in the case of an insistent country sufferer whose cottage is always presenting itself to the eye of the minister, as he goes daily in and out of his parsonage, and which seems to plead for more comfort and counsel than he has already given.

Then, again, the country parson is especially exercised by the forwardness of the young in his flock. Their questionable sportfulness, or vicious indulgence, is mostly hidden from his eyes in a city. There the lads and lasses for whom he feels anxious affection may seek dangerous amusement in the music hall or streets without his cognisance. But in the country their wild oats are often sown directly under his eyes, or he knows, too well, that some mischief is afoot which he cannot precisely formulate, however painfully aware he may be of its progress. Though he exerts himself to counteract it, the knowledge that it goes on in the young rustic knot of loungers at the cross roads, or in the darkening summer evening down the lane, is infinitely more vivid and vexatious than the suspicion of his town brother that lambs who have been fed in the fold of his school are passing somewhere through a perilous period on their way to sheephood. They are not out of mind, but they are out of sight, and that makes an inevitable difference in the estimate of the situation deplored.

The duties of the country clergyman have, moreover, lately become more exacting, and charged with growing demands, by reason of the serf (I was going to say) having been changed into a master. Before the ink of that signature which gives the royal assent to a Bill became dry, the position of the peasant was reversed, however slowly he may be able to realise the power put into his hands. The direct business of the city clergyman is hardly touched by this revolution. His brother in the country, however, is thereby presented with a new aspect of his relationship towards the flock under his charge, involving sometimes (if, for example, he should happen to be a Liberal in politics) far more than a selfish apprehension of unpleasant divergence between his 'views' and that of a Conservative squire. No doubt he avoids this if possible. He is honestly desirous to evade any public collision of opinions between himself and a lay neighbour who may have always tried to promote the welfare of the parish, but possibly nourishes a latent soreness at the promotion of Hodge. Occasions may thence arise in which the parson, without aggressively figuring as a politician, finds himself unable to avoid thinking aloud, and thus being reckoned as perversely on the side of some disreputable village politician.

He may, too, be compelled to 'see that such as are in need and

necessity have right,' when efforts are made to thwart the utterance of local rustic opinion. I will not attempt, however, to draw any pictures of the particular strain or complications which might thus be caused, but it is obvious that some might arise in a case where a man sees clearly and feels keenly that he has entered on a novel relationship towards the bulk of the men 'committed to his charge.' He has ever bidden them not merely to get their own living, but to 'do their duty in that state of life unto which it *shall* please (not '*has pleased*') God to call them.' They are now set in the hitherto untrodden path of political power.

Once they had voices: now they have votes. Once they could only cheer (or groan) the agricultural candidate: now they represent his country. And thus, though the parson may, and should, scrupulously avoid any personal canvassing of voters in the event of an election, his intercourse with his poor neighbours must inevitably involve some expression of his feelings about the untried responsibility which has been laid upon them. This also, of course, comes to pass if he should chance to be a Conservative and have perhaps a strong Liberal for a squire. Then he feels that he has to guard against the loss of influence or good understanding with such of them as may vote, so to speak, 'against him' at the nearest polling booth. He has to make them understand that his conservatism is sincerely patriotic, not personal; and that he has genuine, not merely academic, views about politics. This factor in the bearing of himself towards his flock (which promises to assume growing importance) is, as I have said, unfelt, and indeed almost unnoticed, in the case of many a town parson, where crowds obliterate those individual proclivities which are conspicuous in a village, and where the working of political machinery is hardly ever heard above the daily roar of the world.

In trying to realise pastoral contrasts I do not, of course, forget that there are unquestionably rustic phases of ministerial life and work which have their peculiar quiet and distinctive charm; and some of these the town clergyman incessantly misses with regret, however strong his attachment to city ways may be. I will refer to them presently; meanwhile I have said enough to show that in several important respects the work of the country parson, which some think to be exceptionally easy and freed from cares, is in fact often more difficult and trying than that of his town brother. Of course it is not so varied and publicly imperative; nevertheless the faithful parish priest knows full well that it has a thousand aspects of anxiety, and involves endless demands which are none the less insistent because they are made upon his own conscience alone.

Here let me say a word more on a matter which I have already touched: I mean the fitting from the streets into the fields, as a relief to aged or worn-out ministers. This transfer is not the turn-

ing of an old horse into a paddock, but the putting of him into wholly new (generally single) harness, and the setting of him to do unaccustomed work. Nay, it is often like taking a coachman from the box and compelling him to wheel a barrow. It is like removing a captain from his quarter deck and putting him to steer (and sometimes row) a boat. Suppose him to have been 'in command' of a large metropolitan parish, with his staff of curates and lay helpers of both sexes and many kinds, his sensations when he finds himself fairly planted in his small quiet country cure are often as perplexing as they are unexpected. He soon makes the humiliating discovery that half his past work has been done by others, and that he must now think of everything and do everything himself. He has no familiar directions to give, for comparatively speaking there are none to whom they can be given. His old *entourage* of beadles, vergers, sacristans, and servers has disappeared—vanished.

I am thinking of one of those mossy nooks into which the hard-worked town parson is expected to subside with a smile. There are, indeed, not a few country parishes where active organisations are at work, and which perhaps are distinguished centres of energy. But there still survive some in which the jaded minister is supposed to enjoy unbroken repose. But, to his surprise, the conscientious man who finds himself transferred from a large to a very small parish finds his hands full of minute duties. He has not merely to look out the places in the Church Bible, and ask on Sunday morning whether the bread and wine are provided for the Holy Communion, but a number of small wheels which have been supposed to move of themselves have to be turned by his own hand. Though the saying of the Service may not weary him, it is moreover an odd sensation to go through the whole of it himself, with no curate striking in, to take up this or that part; and with no trained and surpliced choir to sing the responses or chant more than a canticle. Perhaps in this matter he makes an agreeable discovery, and perceives beauties in the Psalms which have been unperceived till he had to read them aloud himself, instead of leaving them to be sung by others.

But, be this as it may, the change in the respects I have mentioned frequently brings a disillusion to the man who is shunted from the rails of a large town parish to the paths of a small country one. There is a 'vestry' to his church, but the word sounds as hollow as the room itself smells musty. No doubt the civic life of the parish is well discharged by the duly appointed wardens, overseers, and other officials; and the public hardly realises with what quiet care and self-sacrifice much country municipal work was done before the day of County Councils. And yet to the newly installed rector from the city the absence of the committee room, with its officials, reporters, and animated debate, seems to suggest a collapse of parochial life. And in other more important aspects his

change often brings surprise, or reveals wholly unrealised conditions. His withdrawal from the great world is replaced by his introduction into a minutely insistent small one. The publicity of country life is the most open of all, just as the privacy of a street is the most secluded. The villager lives in a house which might as well be called a tent. A whisper soon becomes a proclamation, and attempted secrecy at once provides a focus for a hundred eyes. But this is not all. There are phases of rough elementary ministration which insist on perplexing and laborious discharge. For instance, even in a very small country parish there are growing lads who have probably scant supply of healthy amusement and instruction, unless it is provided by the parson, especially on winter evenings. In town there are plenty of good classes and institutions which satisfy the need I refer to, even supposing it cannot be met by local machinery. No doubt the 'parochial club' (where the place is large enough to furnish a sufficiency of members) is best, but where it cannot be had there is always some wholesome institute or polytechnic within reach. This however is seldom the case in the country. And a man who early in his ministry used to teach with zest in, say, a night school, but who by degrees has inevitably and rightly placed this good work in the hands of young enthusiastic colleagues, is startled to discover (when he legitimately desires repose) that he must see to it himself, if it is to be seen to at all. This business, too, however important, and in many respects interesting, is often of a very rudimentary and exacting kind, which sorely taxes the worthy old gentleman, whose 'night work' outside the church has probably long been confined to the supervision of a meeting in a well-equipped room, or the delivery of an address to an appreciative audience, flanked by reporters.

Happily there has been a great awakening of the ecclesiastical conscience within the last quarter of a century, but the perception of what a clergyman in charge of a parish is expected to do has so penetrated the country that it becomes every year more difficult to point to any post in which he can slacken his labours without reproach. This makes his transference from a conspicuous city position to an obscure country one the more trying in the case of a man who finds, as we have seen, that a new set of duties has to be done, and that if there is no subaltern to do them people will look to the colonel himself for their due performance.

I might remark, by the way, that this causes a growing need for providing ministers with something like the half-pay position of an officer in the army. I know that a man may retire with a proportion of his official income, but if this gives him a crutch, it cripples his successor. The brusque reply of the sensible world is that he should lay by while in health, and above all not contract impecunious marriage. To this it may be replied that, however hopeless it may seem to make Christian ministers show as much forethought as they

may behold 'in the fowls of the air' (who never mate without a sufficient building of their nest), special steps have lately been taken to encourage clerical providence in the shape of pensions and deferred annuities. Nevertheless, the supposed provision for an aged or worn-out town minister by putting him into a country parish is every day becoming more delusive. It is hard on his people and on himself. Villages need just as competent ministerial care as towns, with the added condition that none of the work can be taken for granted, and mostly has to be done at first hand. The personal demands upon the village minister are becoming more and more insistent. It is much to be regretted, indeed, that some parishes are so small as to give no scope to the energies of a young and able man, and yet involve the solemn and onerous responsibility of a 'cure of souls.' 'Numbers,' however, do not really alter the grave conditions which are peculiar to the present economy of the Anglican Church. Nevertheless I cannot help thinking that if several contiguous small country parishes could be occasionally grouped, and served by well-protected assistant ministers (not liable to capricious dismissal) under one wise rector, greater legitimate scope might be given to individual zeal, and a freer, more wholesome action be set up in the ministry. In this case, indeed, provision could be made for old men, who might take that share or department in the general work which relieved them from the necessity of freshly concentrating all the manifold branches of ministration in their own person, and in a depressingly limited area. The younger minister might do the more onerous duties, especially such as demanded night work, and (using the word in a natural and not ecclesiastical sense) the 'elders' of the church might, with special propriety, give themselves most to the visiting of the sick, as well as to the supplying of experienced counsel in cases of parochial difficulty. Alas! such a distribution and concentration of gifts seems impossible, by reason of the Pluralities Act (passed in a hurry), and in the face of those conditions, traditional and parliamentary, which now preclude or impede readjustments of ministerial procedure. Meanwhile the best has to be made of the matter, and it must be remembered that though it is well for young clergy to have a taste of city experience, and not pass at once and for good into country work, the country parish is more and more seen to demand the ministry of men in the full vigour of life.

Let me now look at some sides of a rustic pastorate which the townsman cannot realise, and which can be felt only by those who live in the country. The mere visitor cannot apprehend them. I think, first, of the often unrecognised but potent and accumulating influence of material circumstance. There is a natural atmosphere of artlessness and sincerity which he who works in, and moves about among, the fields cannot help breathing, and which must, however unconsciously, affect his estimate of life, and discount the importance

of 'society' papers. Be the farmer ever so scientific, and the labourer ever so skilful, he is always dealing with Nature at first hand. And (when thus met) Nature inexorably prohibits any tampering with truth. The builder may scamp his work, and yet produce a house so like a sound one that its inhabitant does not discover the deception till it falls about his ears. But no tiller of the soil can make a bad crop look like a good one. With him Nature always and immediately resents a lie. If you lay blind drains under a palace, their failure to do what they profess may not be detected for years; but if you try to play this trick upon the soil of a cottage garden, it proclaims your iniquity at once. Moreover, no 'adulteration' of agricultural produce is possible. You cannot grow shoddy wheat. After it is ground you may mix bad flour with good, but the wheat, as it comes from the threshing-floor, is either good or bad. You may put alum into the loaf which the town mechanic buys, but there can be no tampering with the turnips that are eaten by the sheep. You may wickedly put rivets without heads into the bottom of the iron ship, and no one may ever know what you have done, though the ship be wrecked; but the furrow soon tells the passer by if you have failed to sow good seed. The great law of God, indeed, that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,' always holds in the end, but it may have such remote fulfilment that men fail to perceive its operation. With the husbandman, however, it justifies itself at once.

Now this dealing with material which immediately responds to the treatment it receives, and the refusal of Nature to permit adulteration, must breed a sense of simple righteousness among countrymen, which, if he will believe it, surrounds the ministration of their pastor with a special ability to nourish the good seed he sows. There, indeed, grows up in many rural 'cures' a single-minded exercise of intercourse and affection between the shepherd and the sheep which no town soil or air can produce. Where the peasant trusts, he does so with peculiarly natural plenitude. I remember, some years ago, when a very great thunderstorm suddenly broke upon a village while the vicar happened to have gone away for an August holiday, that a poor woman, thinking the end of the world had come, cried out, with perfect honesty, 'And Mr. P. he ain't here!' The place which many a country minister has in the heart of his people is different from that held by his brother in the town. It is not that the latter is less loved, if he be loveable, but he cannot represent the Church with such central completeness, nor be so continually before their eyes as the village pastor.

Again, I may be wrong in my supposition, but there would seem to be a peculiar ripeness and flavour of scholarly attainment possible in a country parsonage. A town study may be flanked by readily accessible libraries and museums, and some brains may work with



freer and more abundant force by reason of that perception of imperative and compressed intelligence which marks the procedure of cities; but meanwhile there is no surrounding creative calm, nor sense of near contagious natural growth in the stone town rectory with its brass door-plate desiring that the bell should not be rung 'unless an answer is required.' What a metallic hint this is of the feverish temperature which is supposed to distress a town rector. It pictures him as trying to write a sermon in his sanctum, or 'snatching' (a word ill fitted to express any assimilation of repose) a few moments of rest in the midst of his exhausting toils. But the success of his effort is doubtful. The roads are paved. Stamping feet and grinding wheels proclaim the hardness of the ground. Jangling bells from the contiguous, many-serviced church, organs, bands, and 'roaring liars' in the street, fill the weary air. How can the true mood of strenuous and receptive attention be expected to visit one around whose 'study' all these spirits of discord ever flit? Here and there a skull of iron shields abstracted thought or protects an accumulating and retentive brain, but the ordinary town parson in full official parish work can find scant leisure to pursue or even preserve such 'learning' as he may have brought from college. I do not assume that the quiet opportunities of his country brother are always realised and employed in theological culture, scholarly research, or scientific investigation; and yet in contrasting the position of the two men I think it must be allowed that the last is most likely to sustain the character of the clergy for ripe lettered knowledge. One, perhaps, is tempted to live too much in the present, while the other lingers in the past, but a due mixture of the 'now' and 'then' seems hard to be attained by a man who stands up to his chin in the slough of insistent pauperism, labours in the midst of hand-to-mouth surrounding toil, or is engaged in the constant performance of modern high-pressure religious services and functions.

There is one point in which the country parson generally feels more wholesome ease than his town brother: and that is seen in the confidence with which he can absent himself from his duties for awhile. Unless he should be so unfortunate or ill-advised as to leave a firebrand in charge, he goes away with the reflection that (barring, say, the Reformation) nothing has seriously disturbed the ecclesiastical course of his parish for centuries. Since the grey walls of his church tower arose, perhaps four or five hundred years ago, the weekly chime of its bells has seldom been silenced. Anyhow, in his own lifetime, and in that of his immediate predecessors, successive sets of ringers have summoned the dwellers in the same hall farm-houses and cottages, Sunday after Sunday, while generations of rustic sextons have dug their graves and cast earth upon their bodies. His absence for a month or two gives no check to the stream of parish life. It is not, however, so much the bank of a

stream as that of a fold which he has quitted. While the town 'district' is like the reach of a river with a population of shifting fish, the village holds its groups of sheep whose names are all known to him, and who will be all found feeding in the same fields when he returns. His church has enough steady traditional 'way' upon it to carry its congregation safely on while the pilot refreshes himself at Scarborough or in the Engadine. Nay, having probably left as *locum tenens* some city minister who seeks a passing change, he reflects with pleasure that his little flock is enjoying a change of voice in the familiar pulpit. The schools are, maybe, closed; his people are too busy with the harvest to be sick. There is no fear of his representative setting up any dividing or dispersive action among them during his absence, since he ministers in the place for only a few weeks, and then departs to his own work. The town parson does not always leave his duties with a safe sense of security that no lee-way will have to be made up on his return, and no complication found which needs to be put right. He has, however, a 'set-off' in the probable opportunity of making some fresh start when he gets back. He finds it impossible to lay aside all thoughts about his work, but being compelled to look at it from a distance, its character (mobile in comparison with that of a country parish) suggests some untried experiment in its conduct. He does not return to precisely the same circumstances which he left, but probably thinks he sees his way towards a development or correction in the nature of his pastoral ministrations or the line of his teaching, which, however desirable, had not time to ripen before he began his holiday.

Before concluding I must add one word about the growing question of 'Disestablishment and Disendowment;' and in estimating the relative influence of the Anglican Church in its urban and rural aspects in respect to this, few thoughtful observers can, I think, fail to perceive or suspect that it must eventually turn upon the position and power of the country parson. Though there is more parochial sentiment and cohesion in old town parishes than many imagine, it is generally obscured by the inevitable 'congregationalism' which is fostered by the facility with which worshippers group themselves around that preaching or ritual which they prefer. There is small opportunity for the display of such preference in a village where the influence of an individual pastor measures that of the Church. It is the popular perception and measure of this influence which will determine the attitude of the nation towards the claims of an 'Establishment.' And since the acquisition of a vote virtually puts the key of the position into the hands of the peasant, we cannot weigh too gravely the responsibilities of the country parson. It is commonly assumed that his paternal concern for the 'poor' involves such appreciated advantages for them that any dislocation of their traditional relationship will be so

resented by his flock as to baffle the efforts of the agitator to disturb it. Thus, all eventually depends on the way in which this relationship is apprehended by the parson. If he resents the inquiries made into the duties of his office, or the criticisms which are now freely passed upon his conduct, and relies upon the grateful acceptance of a devout and kindly supervising attitude, he will no doubt find many among the departing generation to support him in its exercise and retention. But the rank behind them is being rapidly penetrated by a vague reliance on its political importance, and is being tempted to look beyond the advantage of dependence on that individual kindness which is shown in clothing clubs, soup kitchens, and pastoral visitation.

As the country parson recognises the unformulated aspiring mood of the younger and most free-spoken among his people, and shows genuine sympathy with their growing appetite for higher social distinction and importance, so will he have their good-will as the present claims of the 'democracy' take effective shape, and the question of 'Disestablishment' creeps within the range of practical politics. When the peasant has become more intelligently impressed with the consciousness of his power, and comes to weigh seriously the value of existing ecclesiastical machinery, he will ask with keen and wider interest how the parson has treated and is treating his aspirations. The old order changeth, giving place to new. And if he decides that something more is wanted than a fatherly concern which, however sincere and generous, fails to recognise the ambition and possibilities of children, he will be prepared to welcome a change, though it may have no charm but that of novelty.

The question of Disestablishment really turns upon the attitude of the country parson and the light in which he is viewed by the peasant voter. The town minister virtually stands outside the matter. He may write, preach, and lecture. He may promote the distribution of leaflets pleading for the value of existing relationships; but the hard facts of wide-spread nascent rustic ambition, and the inquiry whether this is apprehended and held in respect by an educated and endowed order of men (who are assumed to be both ministers of religion and leaders in social life) must eventually decide on the claims of a 'national' Church; and in this shape, after all, comes the gravest practical consideration when we set ourselves to look at the respective positions of the town and country parson in regard to the form—and, so far, the influence—of the Church in which they both serve.

HARRY JONES.

## KAISER-I-HIND AND HINDOOSTANI.

If there is one thing more than another which has endeared the name of Queen Victoria to every native of India, it is the great maternal interest which her Majesty has of late evinced in the welfare of the Indian women. Every great step that has been taken towards the elevation and enlightenment of Indian women owes its source, directly or indirectly, to the Empress-Queen. For instance, even the great scheme of female medical aid to the women of India, which has immortalised the name of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, is attributable to her Majesty; for we have been informed in India that, long before the scheme came into existence, the attention of the Marchioness was particularly directed by the Queen to that beneficent work.

But the personal interest which her Majesty takes in the women of India does not end here. There is something still higher and nobler which has won for the Empress the gratitude and affection of her Indian daughters. Desiring to acquaint herself more fully with the manners, customs, and literary productions of the women of India, her Majesty has during the last three years commenced to study the sweet and courteous language of the Court of Delhi, the *lingua franca* of Hindoostan. That the Sovereign of the first Power on the surface of the globe, in the seventy-second year of her life, with the multifarious duties pertaining to her exalted position, should daily devote a portion of her most valuable time to the acquisition of the principal language of her great Eastern Empire will always remain a singular and remarkable fact not only in the history of the royalty of England, but also in that of the sovereigns of the world.

His Imperial Majesty the Shah of Persia, on his last visit to this country, was exceedingly surprised to hear of the great progress which Queen Victoria had made in an Oriental language. The Shah must have critically observed the great and growing regard of the first Empress of India for her Indian subjects. Perhaps this fact more than another has taught his Majesty the great difference between the sovereigns of Asia and Europe. It is not at all unlikely that the enlightened ruler of Persia may devote himself vigorously to the thorough acquisition of a European language.

If England desires to have a permanent interest in India, I think it is but prudent and statesmanlike that such of her sons as are destined to fill places of considerable social position and public importance, specially those in charge of the administrative machinery of the Government of India, should acquaint themselves with the language and literature of a country they are called upon by Providence to govern. It is a fact greatly to be regretted, that the study of Oriental languages should be neglected in a country like England, which is so closely bound in political and commercial ties with almost every country in the East; while Germany, which has but little connection with Asiatic countries, almost monopolises the study and cultivation of the literary treasures of the East. It is thought to be fashionable for a lady of birth and accomplishments to know French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other languages, some of which she may have no occasion in her life to make any use of; but the study of an Oriental language is looked upon as too deep, too philosophical, and too difficult for a lady in England. Will it not be more beneficial, though not so fashionable, for her to study Hindoostani, the language of millions of her fellow-subjects in India, and see what a new world of thought it opens for her? I only hope that the goddess of fashion may be pleased to extend her influence to my mother tongue as well.

Again, it is a great pity that Anglo-Indian officers and their wives, after a stay of as many as thirty or forty years in India, return to England with little or no knowledge whatever of any of the Indian languages. An educated Indian is often ashamed to hear broken, slang, and low Hindoostani expressions falling from the lips of an English gentleman of rank, education, and great Indian experience. Even the most ordinary words are not properly pronounced and understood by many members of the above class. Even missionaries do not always understand the language much better, as the following example may show:—

A reverend gentleman, lately returned from India, while enlightening the residents of Bristol on some points connected with Indian mission work, cast a new light on a word with the meaning of which most of us thought ourselves familiar. He is reported to have said the word *zenana* meant bazaar. The bazaar in India was a dirty street with filthy hovels no bigger than a cab on either side. That was a *zenana*, and that was the seat of the mission work.

Under these circumstances it is exceptionally fortunate, that the Sovereign of the British Empire has appreciated the value and usefulness of the Urdu language, and thus set a noble example to her English subjects. Her Majesty has made so great a progress as to be able to read and write easy letters in her new language. This progress, in so short a time, reflects great credit also upon her Majesty's intelligent moonshi, Hafiz Abdul Karim, whose diligence and behaviour have won for him a high reputation.

Including her Majesty there are three members of the blood royal who can boast of an acquaintance with the principal language of India. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are universally held in respect and popularity among the people with whom they spent some years of their life.

Of the viceroys of India the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava speaks Persian with singular fluency and ease. During the tenure of his viceroyalty he delivered on more than one occasion important political speeches in Persian, which will always be read with delight by Persian scholars. In recognition of his linguistic merits the University of the Punjab has conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Oriental Languages. Well may England be proud of such a statesman !

I am glad to be able to state that the example so ably laid down by her Majesty is already being followed by the noble consort of the present Viceroy. The Marchioness of Lansdowne is, I am informed, making very satisfactory progress in Hindoostani. I attach the highest importance to the fact that English ladies of birth and station in India should have a knowledge of that language. Two incalculable benefits will be derived from it. However firmly the English and the Indians may be united politically, it is a lamentable fact that socially there is a considerable gulf of separation between them, which has not been removed by the advance of education. In the opinion of many eminent Indian statesmen this gulf, if not soon bridged over, will be a source of great danger to the British rule in India. What politicians during the last hundred years could not succeed in removing can be effectually remedied by the magical influence of the daughters of England. If they study the language of the people, mix freely with their educated Indian sisters, cultivate their friendship, and win their affection, they will eventually succeed in making the social tie as strong and permanent as the political one—in a comparatively short time. Again, by exchanging their thoughts freely with them, in their vernacular, they will be able to expand the ideas and elevate the position of their Indian sisters.

There is already a movement set on foot in this country to improve the social condition of the *pardah* women of India. It is no doubt a laudable movement, but it gives rise to two very important questions: first, What is their social condition now? secondly, What are the best means, if any, of improving it? Englishmen generally confound Hindoo with Mohammedan women. The social condition of the one differs materially from that of the other. Within the last few months the social condition of the Hindoo women has been frequently discussed in the English press, while the Age of Consent Bill in the viceregal council has placed before the British public many particulars of the social organisation of the Hindoo family. I therefore confine my remarks to the social condition of the Mohammedan women, of

whom so much ignorance prevails in this country. European writers, in their desire to enlighten their countrymen on Mohammedan questions, unconsciously fall into serious errors. I am of opinion that none but a Mohammedan is competent to write anything about them with authority.

The life behind the pardah is so much and so frequently misrepresented—I do not say purposely, but through ignorance—in this country that I should be wanting in my duty towards my sisters, who are unable to speak for themselves, if I did not try to remove some of the misconceptions regarding them. I undertake to speak for them because I have among them those that are most near and dear to me in life, and because I am deeply sensible of the many exceptional merits which they possess, open only to those that are born and brought up among them. No one is more fully alive to the virtues, good qualities, and remarkable social freedom of English women, among whom I claim some of my most valued friends. It is to place before them the brighter side of the zenana that the following remarks are made. I have cordially to thank the great friend of pardah women—I mean Lady Dufferin—for her interesting article in the March number of this Review in favour of the zenana.

The social condition of the Mohammedan women of India (if domestic happiness be the chief ingredient in its constitution) is no way inferior to that of their European sisters. However the Mohammedan women may differ in their manners and customs from the women of Europe, in their nature they are essentially the same. In some respects they have decided advantages over their sisters in Europe.

A Mohammedan wife is the complete mistress of her home; her husband has no control whatsoever in the management of the household. He may be the prime minister of a State, may decide political and judicial cases, but in all domestic matters he has to abide by the decision of his wife, from which there is no appeal. The most important power—a power which has made the House of Commons what it is now in the constitution of England, the power of the purse—unquestionably lies with the mistress of the house. In every family the husband invariably trusts his earnings to the care of his wife, whose financial budget is so carefully and wisely made that the husband has seldom any grounds for adverse criticisms on it. The condition of an English wife in this respect is very aptly and ingeniously described by Mrs. Jones in her address before the congress of women in Ohio:

The Turk does not lock up his wife with more jealous care than the English husband his strong box from her whom he has formally endowed with all his earthly possessions. To this lock there is but one key, and that the master carries in his pocket.

Their religious habits prevent them from inhaling an immoral or impure atmosphere. Spiritual happiness, in itself a great boon, enhances the temporal happiness of religious persons. Their constant prayers and communion with the Almighty cannot but elevate their mind and spirit. Alcohol, which saps the morality of the masses, brings destruction upon thousands of noble families, swells the number of criminal cases in the police courts, and which is a constant source of the failure of married life in England and other Christian countries, has no power to approach the holy precincts of the zenana.

Mohammedan women are extremely simple in their habits; their ambition is confined within its proper limits. They are noted for their patriarchal hospitality, and are frequently seen to make great sacrifices for the slightest service done them. Being themselves very religious, they admire all religious women, especially their strict Christian sisters. They can appreciate their virtues without being blind to their vices. False hair, false teeth, and French novels have seldom any attraction for them. I should not be understood to mean that there are no vicious beings among them; there are, of course, black sheep in every flock. The institution of 'old maids,' which is getting fashionable in England, is unknown among the Moslems. Speaking of pardah women, Lady Dufferin says—

The impressions I carried away from my visits to zenanas were invariably pleasant ones. I have nowhere seen women more sympathetic, more full of grace and dignity, more courteous, or more successful in the art of giving a really cordial reception to a stranger than those I met behind the pardah. In spite of shortcomings of interpreters and the want of a common language, I never left a zenana without being deeply impressed by the gentleness, friendliness, and charm of manner I found there.

To an English lady a Mohammedan woman is a creature strictly confined within the four walls of zenana, and who has no knowledge whatever of the world. 'To the unrelieved gloom of this picture I demur.' Mohammedan women have governed empires, and do even now hold the reins of government of important feudatory States under the Queen of England. They have written books, and built for themselves a literary reputation which no lapse of time can destroy. Many of them carry on business to an enormous extent. They hold their own meetings to enjoy themselves. Although male strangers are not allowed to see them, the circle of their acquaintances and friends is much more extensive than is usually imagined.

European writers have spared no pains to paint the seclusion of women in colours as dark as possible. Superficial observers can never arrive at the truth. In an age when might was the only right, when the strong could oppress the weak with impunity, when purse and person were in constant danger, when society was in the darkest depth of ignorance, female chastity, the brightest ornament in a



woman, could only be preserved by the entire seclusion of women from the society of male strangers. Necessity became habit, and habit a deep-rooted custom. When an institution obtains the sanction of antiquity and tradition it necessarily assumes a permanent character, and any rash attempt to interfere with it will do more harm than good. Lady Dufferin on this subject says, 'I, for my part, consider that under the present conditions of Eastern life the zenana system offers many undoubted advantages.' When it is known that Mohammedan women are in the habit of going out decently dressed, and always in carriages, the horrors of the system will appear to be more imaginary than real.

But I must now revert to another aspect of the life of the Mohammedan women. It cannot be denied that since the downfall of the Moghul Empire thick clouds of ignorance have gathered round the zenana. Ignorance has brought with it the train of evils with which it is generally accompanied. Talents, capacity, and energy are found in them, but all these lie dormant. This brings me to the consideration of the second question—namely, the improvement of their present social position. The abolition of the zenana system being out of the question, the dictates of prudence and policy are (1) to make the best of the situation, (2) gradually to enlighten public opinion, leaving the people free to better their own condition. What is required is a general spread of Western sciences and arts among them, in order that their ideas may be expanded and scope of observation further extended; but in doing so the utmost care should be taken to eliminate harmful elements from the system of their education. Unfortunately in certain quarters in India to be highly educated means to be denationalised and Anglicised. We strongly protest against any such tendency. We are not born to be absorbed by any European nation, but to live as an independent race with all its characteristics. We are proud of our religion, proud of our race, proud of all that is good, great, and sacred in our nationality. We do not want to be in the humiliating position of being 'neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring.' The real object of education practically is to make men and women better fitted to fight the battle of life. Education does not necessarily consist in all that one acquires from books or schools. Schools and colleges may be established for the use of *pardah* women; but this is not all, because even if these be conducted entirely by women, if there be no thirst for Western culture on the part of those for whose benefit they have been established, the teachers will have to waste their energy and eloquence on empty benches. It should also be borne in mind that the school education of an Indian girl at present comes to an end at eleven; hence the smattering of some sciences that she acquires is forgotten as soon as it is learnt. For this reason an institution should be established which will create thirst of knowledge among them, and

continually offer them mental food long after they have left their schools.

Ladies' associations should be formed in principal towns in India, with a view of diffusing Western culture among *pardah ladies* and spreading Oriental literature among their European sisters. I am of opinion that though England has much to teach India, she has also much to learn from that country. Such associations, therefore, will be mutually beneficial, because, while Indian women will be able to learn all that is ennobling in English character, opportunities will be given to Englishwomen to seek the precious gems that lie hidden behind the *pardah*.

I am extremely happy to learn that, under the auspices of the National Indian Association, a ladies' society, with a view of bringing English and Indian women more frequently together for literary purposes, has been already established in Bombay. My pleasure has been further increased to hear that Lady Harris, a sympathetic friend of *pardah* women, has kindly consented to act as its president. Let us wish every success to the society, and hope that it will give rise to many more of its kind in other parts of India. I have been also informed that *pardah* parties are of late more often exchanged between English and Indian women. For some time to come the above will be the most powerful modes of popularising Western education among Indian women. The efforts of Lady Hobhouse in the cause of *Pardu* women in this country are worthy of imitation.

In conclusion I sincerely hope that the interest which her Most Gracious Majesty has displayed in the language and women of India will be more generally shared in all parts of her Majesty's extensive Empire by English men and women of letters, and fervently pray that her Majesty's life may be as long and as happy as her reign itself has been glorious and eventful.

RAFIUDDIN AHMAD.

## NOTICEABLE BOOKS.

## 1.

ESTHER PENTREATH.<sup>1</sup>

THIS book seems to have attracted no attention, but I venture nevertheless to recommend it as noticeable. A copy was sent me before Christmas by the writer—then and still unknown to me personally. I was at the time much occupied with other affairs, and put the volume aside. A couple of months later I took up the book, thinking I would glance through it before sending an acknowledgment to the author; but I had not gone far before I found myself reading it word for word, and when I finished I had come to the conclusion that I should be fulfilling the intentions of the Editor of this Review if I asked him to accept a recommendation of the volume to other readers.

*Esther Pentreath* is a Cornish tale. The scene is not only laid in Cornwall, but in the most Cornish corner of Cornwall—in that extreme western peninsula hugged around by the Atlantic on the far side of Penzance and St. Ives. The time of the action of the story is nearly fifty years since. At that time, Cornwall itself was beyond railways, and its westernmost land was a world apart from the world. Although no point in the peninsula is more than ten miles from Penzance, elderly people were not rare who had never visited the town, and children were brought up looking forward to the distant time when they might possibly see its wonders. Thus remote and isolated Celtic generations of men succeeded one another, working mines which are now, with scarcely an exception, abandoned, and eking out the reward of perilous labour underground by equally perilous fishing and crabbing in the seas that are ever racing around the Land's End. The light of education had scarcely begun to penetrate this west, and the revenues which should have provided spiritual guidance for the people were withdrawn by a certain Dean of Tattersalls, who kept two curates to serve three parishes on reduced stipends that too often corresponded to reduced character. Add to

<sup>1</sup> *Esther Pentreath*. By J. H. Pearce. London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1891.

this that the area is full of prehistoric monuments—cromlechs, dolmens, menhirs, circles—thickly associated with superstition, grim grey granite masses, the inheritance of an unknown wonder-working race of the past still haunting them in shapes of terror by night. To the people thus dwelling in darkness light did indeed fitfully come in revivalist visitations of Pentecostal passion, sweeping like a whirlwind through the land and shaking the souls of men. The preaching of Methodism and the hymns of the Wesleys redeemed the region from utter relapse.

It is amid such circumstances that the *dramatis personæ* of *Esther Pentreath* live and move. Out of them the story is born. The tale is a tragedy. The word is often loosely used, and modern applications of it would cover a record of sordid misery, aimless, motiveless, gratuitous. In *Esther Pentreath* the web of life is woven of threads of error and mischance; and as we watch the intermingling of venial faults and overruling fate we are moved by a sense of the pity of it and of its perplexity. The story is that of a weak, excitable, passionate nature, thrown off its balance by a terrible experience whilst working underground in a mine; and then, while the mind was rocking and feebly struggling after stability, exposed by a simple unlucky chance to a fright that would ordinarily have been harmless, but, occurring as it did, still more grievously unhinged the mind of the sufferer. About the development of this catastrophe the story turns. The girl (Esther Pentreath) who had been hovering in affection between Aichel Tregenza, the stricken man, and another, with just a balance of preference for Aichel, is gradually repelled from him and drawn to the other; and wreckage and fulfilment go on side by side, crossing, separating, and recrossing to the end. It is a tangled web, and those who do not like dark threads may be warned off at once. Not that all is dark. If the wreck of one life is deepening gloom, the fulfilment of the lives of others is full of charm. The wooing and winning of Esther is an idyll that captivates us by its tenderness, its grace, and its beauty. The recompenses of life are perfected. It may be, some, as they follow it, will have a lurking sense that they are watching a vision painted in the air, but they will confess the vision to be glowing in colour and soothing-sweet in its completeness. And in truth the special distinction of *Esther Pentreath* may be said to lie in the poetic gift of its author. Mr. Pearce may not be a poet, though the scraps of verse with his initials which occur as mottoes for some of his chapters inspire some curiosity to see more of his work in this form; but he sees the human drama as a whole as a poet. He is pessimist, and yet out of his very pessimism comes something to sing about; an image takes shape and life which, despite variations of darkness and light, of colour and gloom, has a unity and a beauty of its own.

*Esther Pentreath* is not faultless. Some will be attracted by the

form in which most of it is written, but more will resent it. The prose easily and repeatedly drops into metre. Lord Beaconsfield tried this in one of his earliest literary experiments, *The Wondrous Tale of Aloy*, and it may be urged that the vehicle he selected was not unsuitable to the subject. The romantic narratives of the East are preserved in oral tradition from generation to generation by the facilities a loose versification lends to the memory of man. But in a written narrative the trick of metre vexes the slumbering ear without being strong enough to bear the continued strain of serious speech. We must accept *Esther Pentreath* as we find it; but Mr. Pearce may be advised for the future to resist the temptation to slip into hexameters, and he may at the same time be invited to exercise a severer censorship over neologisms which occasionally distress the English purist. Turning from the form to the substance of his book, it must also be admitted that Mr. Pearce's attitude is at times that of a spectator rather than an actor. He describes where a dramatic instinct would have presented vividly and ineffaceably what he wishes us to see in the speech, life, movement, 'go' of his people. His characters are now and then explained by him instead of explaining themselves. *Esther Pentreath* herself is simple, real, satisfactory—not a great woman, but a true one, whose swaying moods are the manifestations of a genuine current of life. The much more complex nature of her lover-husband is not so firmly and clearly presented, and, whether it be wavering delineation or faulty appreciation, we remain to the last a little uncertain of the right judgment of his character. But all shortcomings notwithstanding, I end by confessing that *Esther Pentreath* is a book worth reading, and I do not think I am entirely seduced by partial affection for the people and scenes it portrays in recommending it to others.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

## 2.

### MR. LECKY'S NEW VOLUMES.<sup>1</sup>

To speak the praises of Mr. Lecky's new volumes is superfluous. Even his most hostile critics have done full justice to his indefatigable labour and wide research, to his transparent honesty and judicial fairness, to the 'easy vigour' with which he groups and marshals

<sup>1</sup> *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols. 7 and 8. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

large masses of facts, the skill with which he indicates their various bearings, and the lucidity of the recital into which he weaves them. The question which I shall here briefly consider is, what is the chief lesson deducible from his clear, complete, and candid narrative? According to Thucydides, political instruction is the highest object of the historian. What is the bearing of this final instalment of Mr. Lecky's great work upon the most prominent question of the day—the Irish question?

For myself, I own, its chief moral seems to me the melancholy one, that on every page of Irish history is written 'Too late.' In 1703, four years before the Scotch union was completed, both houses of the Irish Parliament concurred in a representation to Queen Anne, in favour of a legislative union between England and Ireland. From most sordid considerations of commercial monopoly, the petition was treated by the English ministers with contempt. In 1795, Lord Fitzwilliam, certainly one of the most enlightened Viceroys Ireland has ever had, was keenly anxious to grant Catholic emancipation, accompanied by commutation of the tithes, and moderate parliamentary reform. Had his wise design been effected, Ireland, Mr. Lecky appears to think—and Burke was of the same opinion—'would have weathered the revolutionary storm.' It was disallowed by the English ministers, chiefly, as there is good reason to believe, through the intrigues of Fitzgibbon; the result being to kindle a flame of discontent, only to be quenched in the blood of the sixty-six thousand Irishmen who perished in the rebellion of 1798. Nor was the terrible vengeance taken on the rebels the worst result of that unhappy movement. Far worse was the discredit cast thereby upon the Irish cause, a discredit which more than anything else strengthened the sovereign who then sat upon the throne, and his successor, in their persistent denial of justice to Ireland. Had Mr. Pitt been able to count upon the support of public opinion, it might perhaps have been possible for him to force upon his colleagues and the king the three great measures of conciliation which he personally desired to see carried. But the reaction from the Revolution was in full force, and public opinion would have been against him. 'From the beginning of the century to the death of Lord Liverpool,' writes Sydney Smith, in his graphic way, 'was an awful period for all who had the misfortune to hold Liberal opinions; the man who breathed a word against the senseless bigotry of the Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny of persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life.' Not until 1827 was Catholic emancipation at last granted. And then, as Mr. Lecky justly observes, 'it was granted in the manner which of all others was likely to produce most evil and to do least good. It was the result of an agitation, which having fatally impaired the influence of property, loyalty, and respectability in Catholic Ireland, had brought the

country to the verge of civil war ; and it was carried avowedly through fear of that catastrophe, and by a ministry which was, on principle, strongly opposed to it.' Nine years more elapsed before the Imperial Parliament could be induced to pass the Tithes Bill. 'It is impossible not to reflect without bitterness,' writes Mr. Lecky, 'how different might have been the course of Irish history if this one boon had accompanied or nearly followed the Union.' A pecuniary provision for the Catholic clergy of Ireland, a measure as to the desirability of which absolutely no difference of opinion ever existed among leading English statesmen of every school, has never been so much as seriously attempted. The disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, a measure perfectly just in itself, was carried out in such a way as to confer upon Catholics little or no practical benefit. It was an opportunity, Mr. Lecky judges, which might have been used to attach the most influential class in Ireland indissolubly to the throne, to raise their social position, and to relieve the poorer Catholics of most oppressive burdens. 'The Radicals who desired the abolition of the Irish Establishment merely as a step to the abolition of the English one, the Puritans, whose hatred of Catholicism was even stronger than their hatred of Establishment, interposed their Veto,' and the opportunity was lost. Who can wonder that 'the Union had not made Ireland either a loyal or a united country : ' that 'the difficulty of Irish Government has not diminished : ' that 'the elementary conditions of national stability, of all industrial and political prosperity, are seriously impaired ?'

What, then, is the remedy ? Whatever it may or may not be, Mr. Lecky is sure that it is not to be found in what is called 'Home Rule.' And for his unwillingness to hand over Ireland to Parnellites or anti-Parnellites he has been taxed by some of his critics with inconsistency. Mr. Justin McCarthy, for example, in an admirably written paper, no less admirable in tone and in temper than in style, recently published, appears quite unable to reconcile Mr. Lecky's present views with those held by him when he wrote his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*. In order to bring Mr. Lecky to a better frame of mind, Mr. McCarthy invites him to ponder the Introduction to the last-mentioned work, commending it, and with good reason, as 'a masterly essay which ought to be studied by everyone who wishes to understand the Irish Question of the Day.' I hold no brief for Mr. Lecky. But *εὐξύμβολον τόδ' ἐστὶ παντὶ δοξάζει* : and I may be permitted to say that I find no difficulty in reconciling the opinions expressed by Mr. Lecky in the 'Leaders,' with the opinions expressed by him in his new volumes. It must be remembered that when the last edition of the 'Leaders' appeared, nineteen years ago, the lowering of the suffrage had not bestowed preponderating political power in Ireland upon the most numerous, the most ignorant, and most indigent classes of its inhabi-

tants: nor had the formation of the Land League impressed upon the Irish National Movement a predatory character. Mr. Lecky, if I rightly understand him, thinks now, as he has always thought, that the wisest policy would have been to have preserved and transformed Grattan's Parliament. But it does not in the least follow, that in the vastly altered conditions of the present time, he should welcome the establishment of a new Legislature in Dublin, consisting of delegates from those whose chief aspiration, as he may not unreasonably fear, would be to plunder the very class that made Grattan's Parliament illustrious. It is not Mr. Lecky who has changed. It is the character of the movement with which Mr. McCarthy is so prominently associated that has changed. In 1871 Mr. Lecky wrote, in the Introduction to his 'Leaders:'

No Government will ever command the real affection and loyalty of the people, which is not in some degree national, administered in a great measure by Irishmen, and through Irish institutions. If the present discontent is ever to be checked, if the ruling power is ever to carry with it the moral weight which is essential to its success, it can only be by calling into being a strong local political feeling, directed by men who have the responsibility of property, who are attached to the connection, and who, at the same time, possess the confidence of the Irish people. . . . To call into active life the upper class of Irishmen, and to enlarge the sphere of their political power—to give, in a word, to Ireland the greatest amount of self-government that is compatible with the unity and security of the Empire—should be the aim of every statesman. . . . The motives of interest that connect Ireland with England are sufficient to secure the co-operation of the two countries, as long as Irish opinion is directed by property and intelligence, but they are not likely to weigh with unprincipled adventurers, or with ignorant and unreasoning disloyalty.

Now let us turn to Mr. Lecky's last volumes. It will be sufficient to cite one sentence from his conclusion.

[Irish] political leadership has largely passed into hands to which no sane and honourable statesman would entrust the task of maintaining law, or securing property, or enforcing contracts, or protecting loyal men, or supporting in times of difficulty and danger the interests of the Empire.

Surely Mr. McCarthy must have overlooked this sentence when he wrote:

. . . Mr. Lecky's last volumes supply to me, at least, no sort of conjecture as to why Mr. Lecky became a vehement Unionist.

W. S. LILLY.



## 3.

UNTRODDEN GROUND IN ASTRONOMY AND GEOLOGY.<sup>1</sup>

IN this remarkable work we have an essentially geometrical analysis of the movements of the earth in relation to the sun and stars, and to those points in the heavens round which its pole revolves.

According to General Drayson, the poles describe two circles by the rotation of the semi-axes of daily rotation; these axes describing cones with the centre of the earth as their apex, whereas no conical movement of the earth's axis has ever before been clearly defined; and until now no one has given any explanation of how all points on the earth's surface besides the poles are affected.

Details are given of what is described as the second rotation of the earth, which was first introduced to public notice in General Drayson's work entitled *Thirty Thousand Years of the Earth's Past History*, with an explanation of a slow second rotation of a sphere, by which the poles of rapid rotation are carried over small arcs by the second rotation, whilst every other point on the surface of the sphere is carried over arcs by the same movement, differing not only in extent but in direction, according to their positions with regard to the pole of the second axis of rotation.

In cases from which examples are taken, it is shown that one zenith may be carried north, and another on the same meridian east or west obliquely; and up to the present time there has been no explanation given of these varied movements.

The earth is found by General Drayson's process of reasoning to rotate once round the axis of second rotation in about 31682 years, nearly in opposition to the daily rotation, as may be fairly represented by a sphere revolving rapidly, when pivoted on an arc fixed at the angle of obliquity, and moving freely upon a vertical axis, so that the conical movement of the two half axes of the earth is produced by the second rotation, in the same manner as the daily rotation of the earth causes a line from its centre to any point on the surface, except the poles, to trace a cone in every twenty-four hours.

With a knowledge of the second rotation by which the poles describe a circle round a point in the heavens  $29^{\circ} 25' 47''$  distant from them, and with a right ascension of  $270^{\circ}$ , results can be obtained from one observation only with great accuracy. These have hitherto only been obtained for very short periods by constant and laborious observation.

<sup>1</sup> *Untrodden Ground in Astronomy and Geology*. By Major-General Drayson, F.R.A.S., late Royal Artillery. London: Kegan Paul, Trübner & Co. (Ld.)

According to the theory that the pole describes a circle, with a diminishing radius, round the pole of the ecliptic, such results are unattainable, whilst the least departure from the radius of  $29^{\circ}.25'.47''$ , which was arrived at after eleven years of calculation, fails to obtain correct results, and nothing can alter this angle but a change of position of the centre of gravity of the earth in the course of a vast period of years.

To geologists the reasoning followed by General Drayson cannot fail to be welcome, suggestive as it is of all that is necessary to satisfy them in elucidating the great boulder period, with the flora and fauna imbedded in its drift, affording testimony of the gradual changes of climate which the earth has undergone; and with a change of twelve degrees in the inclination of the axis from its present position, every requirement would be fulfilled.

Evidence has been obtained that the glacial period terminated not later than about 7000 years ago, probably less, and that it did not last more than twenty thousand years, both of these calculations corresponding well with General Drayson's calculations. The precession of the equinoxes, and the decrease at the present time in the obliquity of the ecliptic, are accounted for in a short chapter of great force of reasoning, in which the precession is attributed to the second rotation of the earth, and this is illustrated by geometrical demonstration; the precession being shown to vary with the sine of the angle of the ever varying obliquity of the ecliptic in its range between  $23^{\circ}.25'.47''$  the least, and  $35^{\circ}.25'.47''$  the greatest.

In his reference to the obliquity, it may be mentioned that at the date 2295 A.D., that is 404 years hence, the obliquity will have reached its minimum, at which period the least annual variation of temperature will have been reached, in the movement of the poles round the pole of second rotation, this movement being at the rate of  $40.9''$  per annum.

A very exciting discussion occurred in the year 1775 between the English and French astronomers respecting the mean obliquity, the former asserting that it was  $23^{\circ}.27'.59''$ , whilst the latter with equal confidence maintained that it was  $23^{\circ}.27'.48''$ ; an error in refraction, however, amounting to four seconds too little, as we now know, brings the English observations to  $23^{\circ}.28'.3''$ , and by General Drayson's calculations on the second rotation it is stated to have been  $23^{\circ}.28'.3.5''$ , so that if the English astronomers had possessed the modern tables of refraction, they would have differed only half a second from the calculated amount, and such a correspondence must be considered very remarkable, although other instances can be given of extraordinary accuracy.

What is termed 'the proper motion of fixed stars' is dealt with in a manner that calls for a most careful consideration of the subject, and it will be a surprise to many to find conclusions arrived at

indicating that no such motion can be discovered except in rare instances.

The measurement of time is treated in a manner never before attempted, and a definition of a day given, which surpasses all others in accuracy, consisting as it does of the interval between two successive transits of the pole of the second rotation, these intervals being of equal duration at all times.

In this work many problems are suggested, and amongst them the question as to where the centre of gravity of the earth is now situated. Its position determines the angular distance between the pole of the heavens and the pole of the second rotation, as is the case in all other planets, in which an analogy is observed.

Uranus has its axis coinciding nearly with the plane of its orbit, whilst that of Jupiter is nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit; and in Mars, where the axis is inclined at an angle of about  $62^{\circ}$  to the plane of its orbit, we have visible evidence of the position of its arctic circle.

With our arctic circle approaching twelve degrees nearer to the equator than it does now, we can but faintly realise the conditions which existed upon the globe at these recurring periods of our earth's history, in which severe winters alternated with hot summers, producing vast floods from the melting of the ice and snow precipitated over a greatly increased area, and when the lower animals in the high latitudes were driven hundreds of miles nearer to the equator than they are now; and if we realise that the northern part of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Ulster would then be within the arctic circle, and the Falkland Islands within the antarctic one, we may form some idea of what climatic changes the British Islands will have to undergo during the next glacial period, when man in the northern and southern hemispheres will, for the first time, have to migrate as the arctic circle descends, towards the equator, in which regions evidences of the greatest antiquity are found to exist; and when the tropics (at the period of the greatest difference of temperature in the higher latitudes) will extend from Gibraltar to the Cape of Good Hope.

The coincidences observed in comparing the results of General Drayson's calculations with the most accurate observations recorded, are so remarkable and so numerous as to point to a discovery of great importance, and the views and theory promulgated by him cannot fail to attract attention and excite discussion in every country.

From what is already known, it would appear that practical advantages attended with a great saving of labour can be obtained by the adoption of his simple formula, the polar distance of a star being calculated for a hundred years past, or to come, by one observation only, instead of the method adopted of forming catalogues of stars for only five or six years in advance by the observed rate along an undefined curve; and where preconceived ideas or teaching may

object to its acceptance, the coincidences which occur in its use, cannot fail to startle all reflecting minds. General Drayson has now been twenty-five years engaged upon this subject, and if in his desire to see his labours rewarded by an acknowledgment of their value, he has expressed himself with acerbity, warmth, and disappointment, it should be borne in mind that many of the greatest discoverers have had much to bear, and it may be well for him that he did not live in the days of Galileo instead of now, when every light is welcomed by all searchers for the truth.

J. C. COWELL.

(Major-General).

#### 4.

### THE RELIGIOUS RENASCENCE IN ITALY.<sup>1</sup>

THE student who would understand the passage from the Age of Instinct to the Age of Reason must fix his mind upon the thirteenth century. He will be overwhelmed with the difficulty of obtaining a clear view. That century has been the favoured quarry of the archæologists, but to gain a comprehensive survey of it he will have to be his own historian. M. Gebhart has, at last, performed the inestimable service of collecting in one handy volume the results obtained by the independent labours of Thode, of Karl Müller, of Schmidt, and we now possess, for the first time, a picture of the religious revival which heralded the downfall of the Middle Age.

And the subject, let me hasten to say, is one whose importance (I do not speak of its interest or beauty) grows upon us. The Renaissance was a long time coming, and we are by no means expecting, or even prepared for, its consummation. It is of as little avail to assign a date to its completion as it is to pronounce the year of its birth. Criticism has grown since Archbishop Usher's day; we are beginning to realise that Protestantism and Humanism alike were offshoots of the same stem—a stem whose roots it is unnecessary for present purposes to trace outside Italy or the thirteenth century. The truth, of course, is that the re-discovery of Christianity became necessary twelve hundred years after its establishment, and that we have ever since been building upon the foundation unearthed with such singular sweetness and efficiency by Francis of Assisi. 'On

<sup>1</sup> *L'Italie Mystique: Histoire de la Renaissance religieuse au moyen âge.* Par Emile Gebhart. Paris: Hachette, 1890.

peut dire,' says M. Renan,<sup>2</sup> 'que, depuis Jésus, François d'Assise a été le seul parfait chrétien,' and it is round the candid personality of this 'second Christian' that M. Gebhart groups the precursors and the successors of the thirteenth century, his picturesque descriptions and his masterly generalisations. A roll of the illustrious names he handles will give the scope of his essays: Arnold of Brescia, Abbot Joachim, Frederick the Second, the *Padre Serafico* himself, Anthony of Padua, John of Parma, Salimbene, poor old hermit Celestine, the *Everlasting Gospel* and the *Golden Legend*, Jacopone da Todi, Giotto, Dante—actors all of them, from within or without, in the re-arrangement of Christian philosophy, epitomic of what was vital in the past, emblematic of what was to sway the future. Francis, the Spouse of Holy Poverty, piercing with his brave eyes the film in which men had enwrapped the Christ, is the kernel of the whole. Bartholomew of Pisa did but crystallise a spiritual truth when he displayed St. Francis as a second Messiah with Joachim of Flora as his forerunner, his 'Vox clamantis in deserto.' For whatever Joachim wrote (and it is certain he had no concern in the *Everlasting Gospel*), the substance, so to say, of all his dreaming, was mystical, and its tendency towards simplification found its fulfilment in the teaching of Francis. 'God is Love,' and 'God is the World'; 'the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.' Here was the lesson taught in various fashions by the heroes of the thirteenth century. M. Gebhart in seven lucid chapters traces the fortunes of this teaching in Italy, beginning, rightly enough, with the position of the Latin Church (strange compound of the Gospel and the feudal system) after the labours of Alexander the Second and Gregory the Seventh, and then touching upon the abortive attempt of Arnold of Brescia to fulfil in her the saying of Jesus, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' and that pitiful scene on the banks of the Tiber, in 1155, when Adrian the Fourth and Barbarossa combined their forces to strangle the poor wretch in whom the former saw a heretic and the latter a usurper. After this *avant-propos* the real drama of his story begins with Joachim of Flora, the restless Calabrian soul who for sixty-four of his seventy years ranged the Christian world seeking the truth, and at last came back to his Calabria, and announced in resolute tones that the dispensation of the Spirit was at hand, and that the Spirit would be revealed in a mystical Church composed of etherealised monks! Prescience and futility struggle for mastery in his warning; but the latter quality seemed fatally stamped upon it when he fixed the year 1260 as the date of his Apocalypse. And yet he was right. The age of the Letter was creeping to its end: the age of the reviving Spirit was coming. His part had been to foresee what Arnold of Brescia had vainly tried to effect. Precipitate Arnold drove out the feudal Vicar of God and restored the Roman Senate; Joachim

<sup>2</sup> *Nouv. Et. d'Hist. relig.* (1884), p. 334.

announced the end of the temporal dominion and the triumphant installation of the Holy Ghost.

Joachim de Flore (says M. Gebhart) venait à peine de mourir, et l'Italie, rejetée par lui dans les terreurs de l'Apocalypse, attendait la catastrophe de l'Antéchrist. Tout à coup, sur les campagnes d'Assise, de Pérouse, d'Agubbio, d'Orvieto, de Spolète, descendit un large rayon de soleil et, comme la grâce exquise d'une matinée d'avril. . . L'Italie n'avait jamais écouté un apôtre plus consolant.

Gracious and comely indeed was the lesson of serene destitution which Francis expounded in his life: 'nudus nudum Christum sequens.' And therein was the remedy, therein lay the fulfilment of Joachim's iteration: 'the Spirit giveth life.' It did indeed. For, from that spirit, as Francis embodied it, came the return to Nature which was the indispensable condition of the Renaissance. The Universe our brother, God our Father, 'Messer lo frate Sole,' 'nostra madre Terra,' 'suor nostra morte corporale: 'happy are they who shall be found conformed to God's will, for the second death cannot harm them.'

This second gospel—the gospel of Francis—was, like the first, a gospel of love and serenity. The Church was nothing, the Sacraments were nothing. The type of the human perfection was to be found in the lark, the lily, the grasshopper—simple souls which drew their life from God, and to Whom, in return, their beauty was the one sacrament needful—the sacrament of worship. Hear M. Gebhart for a minute. St. Francis

réconcilie l'homme avec Dieu. Il le pousse au giron de celui qui a dit 'Bien-heureux ceux qui pleurent!' Il dissipe le malentendu séculaire qui avait assombri le Christianisme. Il chasse les vieilles terreurs, les angoisses poignantes du moyen âge; il a mis en Dieu la bonté à la place de l'inflexible justice, et dans le cœur du chrétien il ramène l'espérance du paradis, la confiance filiale, la paix de la vie terrestre. *A la place de l'Eglise, c'est Jésus qu'il offre directement aux consciences.*

We see here, not only the first of the Evangelicals, but the fountain-head whence Dante drew that personal religion which illuminated the creed of the last of the Mediaevalists; 'Iddio non vuole religioso di noi se non il cuore.' Giotto, again, was a true son of Francis. 'Le Christ de Giotto a rejeté la majesté formidable du Christ byzantin,' says M. Gebhart; and those who would trace out the story in its broad outlines cannot do better than follow that accomplished guide; for, save in the pages of M. Renan *sparsim*, and in the German school at intolerable length, it would be difficult to find an account so sympathetic and so just of the dawn of that exquisite religious art which culminated in Botticelli and Perugino.

Take as a specimen of musical prose, a last extract, our author's paraphrase of a *laude* of Jacopone on the Nativity:—

Voyez comme le *Bambino* jouait des jambes dans la paille; la mère <sup>14</sup>était là qui le recouvrait et approchait son sein de la petite bouche. Et l'enfant saisissait

la mamelle de ses petites lèvres, il la serrait de la bouche qui n'a pas encore de dents ; de la main gauche elle le berçait, et avec de saintes chansons elle endormait le cher amour. . . . *Et tout autour dansaient les anges, chantant des vers très doux et ne parlant que d'amour.* . . . Une étoile nouvelle apparut aux rois de l'Orient ; ils le trouvèrent très lumineux, entre le bœuf et le petit âne ; la tendre fleur ne reposait point sur un lit de laine fine, le lis éblouissant était sur une poignée de paille. . . . Que ressentais-tu, Marie, dame de courtoisie, quand le Dieu ton fils suçait ton lait ? Oh ! comment ne mourais-tu point de joie en l'embrassant ?

'N'avons-nous pas déjà dans ces vers,' adds M. Gebhart, with great point, 'la vision des tableaux de sainteté de Lorenzo di Credi ou de Sandro Botticelli ?'

MAURICE HEWLETT.

## 5.

### ANIMAL LIFE AND INTELLIGENCE.<sup>1</sup>

THOSE who have read Professor Lloyd Morgan's previous works on *Animal Biology*, *The Springs of Conduct* &c., will already have recognised in him the somewhat rare combination of a professional knowledge of natural history with a mind thoroughly competent to deal with the problems of psychology and general philosophy. To such persons, therefore, the mere title of his latest and largest work will serve as a token of its being a 'noticeable book.' And a noticeable book it certainly is, not only on account of the originality which in not a few places it displays, but still more on account of the otherwise admirable manner in which it deals with its extensive subject-matter. Whether we look to the first half of the treatise, which is concerned with animal *life*, or to the second half, which is devoted to a consideration of animal *intelligence*, we must equally congratulate the author on the character of his achievement. He has succeeded in the difficult task of furnishing in a manner as interesting to the general reader as to the special student, an almost exhaustive review of the facts and theories which at the present time are of most general importance to the sciences of biology and psychology. Moreover, he has done this in a spirit of scientific precision, expressed in a clear literary style, and everywhere free from the partisanship which, especially where Darwinian questions are concerned, is becoming almost as marked a feature in science as it is in politics. In

<sup>1</sup> *Animal Life and Intelligence*. By Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan. (London: Edward Arnold. 1891.)

short, *Animal Life and Intelligence* deserves to be regarded as a noticeable book, because it sets forth the reasoned conclusions of a well-instructed and a thoroughly impartial thinker upon the topics which are now of highest moment to the sciences both of life and of mind.

Seeing that its scope is so extensive, and that its bulk is therefore considerable, the book does not admit of being here reviewed in any detail. But the following may be mentioned as among the more interesting matters of which it treats.

The first three chapters supply a condensed statement of the main facts pertaining to animal life, as regards morphology (or structures) and physiology (or functions). The next three chapters are devoted to organic evolution, including an exposition of Darwinism as this was left by Darwin himself, and a highly judicious discussion of those sundry post-Darwinian questions which are now being so keenly debated by evolutionists. These three chapters are, in my opinion, the best in the book—not because they add anything of much importance towards solving those questions, but because they set out in so clear a manner the precise nature of the questions *per se*, and furnish so logical, or soundly critical, an analysis of what has already been said on both sides of each of them. I do not know of any other work which thus supplies at the same time a terse exposition and a thoroughly impartial discussion of the recent theories of Weismann, Wallace, and other evolutionists who have sought to modify or to extend the Darwinian theory since the date of Darwin's death. Moreover, although in most cases the author gives the conclusions at which he has himself arrived, these are never given dogmatically, but merely for what his readers may take them to be worth upon the argumentative balance of *pros* and *cons* as set forth by advocates on either side.

The second half of the treatise opens with a chapter on the 'Senses of Animals,' and gives a fairly full account of the structures and functions of the organs of special sense as these occur in different divisions of the animal kingdom. The discussion deals not only with the 'five senses' which the lower animals share with ourselves, but also with those additional senses of our own and of other animals which modern physiology has brought to light—*e.g.*, muscular sense, temperature sense, sense of rotation, &c.—as well as with the problematical or unrepresentable senses which modern morphology has revealed as almost certainly belonging to some of the lower animals, without any corresponding counterparts in man.

The next four chapters are devoted to psychology, comparative and human. Here it is that the writer displays his strength in the regions of more abstract thought. For what has just been said with reference to his treatment of questions in natural history and Darwinism, may fairly be repeated with reference to his discussion of



animal intelligence and its relation to the human mind. That is to say, I do not know of any other work where the difficult and important problems thus presented are at once so concisely and so ably dealt with.

The last chapter is purely philosophical, being a criticism of the different theories of the external world. Spiritualism having been shown improbable, and materialism impossible, judgment is given in favour of monism; and it is not easy to see how the arguments for the latter theory could be more forcibly rendered. But, like the chapters which precede it, this one does not admit of any analysis within the space here available. My object, indeed, throughout has been to restrict the present notice to little more than a statement of the subject-matter which this book comprises, together with an expression of my own opinion upon its merits. And, as this opinion is uniformly high, I ought perhaps to add that it is assuredly unbiased. For while it was inevitable that Professor Lloyd Morgan should frequently have found occasion to allude to my own works—seeing that these have been chiefly concerned with the same topics as his own—the allusions are for the most part of a critical nature. On the other hand, it may be confessed, the general bearing of his arguments and results are very much the same as mine; but if this fact has in any way biased my judgment, the bias is certainly unconscious. And, even if it be present, it cannot affect the validity of my recommendation of his work to the general public, as one which presents the best discussion that I have read of the larger problems of contemporary science—biological, psychological, and Darwinian.

GEORGE JOHN ROMANES.

## 6.

### PHILOMYTHUS.<sup>1</sup>

IN this acute, readable, and generally effective discussion of Cardinal Newman's famous essay, Dr. Abbott has produced an important though fragmentary contribution to a book which has still to be written—to that scientific *History of Miracle* for which the materials are now accumulating on every side, waiting for some co-ordinating mind richly endowed enough to take up the great task of

<sup>1</sup> *Philomythus: An Antidote against Credulity*. A discussion of Cardinal Newman's *Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles*, by Edwin A. Abbott. London, Macmillan & Co.

exposition. If it were not such a contribution, its value would be much less than it is. For, in the workings of Cardinal Newman's thought as such, apart from the psychological or literary interest attached to them, not many people of the present day, within at any rate the arena of free discussion, can be said to feel themselves very deeply concerned. The ground, so to speak, on which that thought worked has been undermined on all sides. Many of the questions Newman discussed have assumed totally new aspects; still more, the questions he did not discuss at all have become all-important.

Nothing can be more striking, for example, than to go through the essay on 'Development' or the two essays on 'Miracles,' especially the first, and to notice what has befallen those literary bases, which in the argument whether with Rationalism or with Protestantism are throughout assumed as irrefragable. On one page we are told in a note that 'the truth of the Mosaic narrative is proved from the genuineness of the Pentateuch, as written to contemporaries and eye-witnesses of the miracles.' But we all know what has been happening since Newman wrote to the theory of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. A little farther on, perhaps, an appeal is made to the Gospel of St. John, or to the last chapter of St. Mark, or the Acts, or the Pastoral Epistles, or the Second Epistle of Peter, or the Apocalypse; and at every name the modern reader who takes an interest in these things reminds himself of critical verdicts or hypotheses which for Newman were non-existent, but for us are changing the face of the New Testament. If Newman were writing controversially now he would have different problems to attack, and would be forced to the use of different weapons, if not, often, to the selection of a wholly different battlefield. And this fact, while it leaves the literary and biographical value of all he wrote untouched, while the man Newman remains as interesting as ever, and the demand for 'Newman literature' as keen as ever, insensibly disposes a number of readers to approach the subject in a different way. It seems to them no longer worth while to criticise Newman's position or arguments directly; while it is still abundantly worth while to try to understand Newman as one of the most striking illustrations in literature of a certain tone and temper of mind perennial in human life, and taking different forms at different epochs.

But this Dr. Abbott has fully understood. Whether it be true or no that 'the face of the Oxford movement would have been changed if Newman had known German,' or, as Dr. Abbott says, that 'Newman neither had nor pretended to have any critical knowledge whatever of the text of the New Testament,' it is certainly true that the tendency to miraculous belief which almost everyone has, but which in most men and women of the present day is more or less corrected by the influences flowing from the world of physical science, is no-

where writ so large as in Newman, combined as it happens to be in him with a sensitive spiritual life and a wonderful rhetorical gift. If, as probably nobody will deny, this tendency and its fruits are still of great importance to thought and life, then to make a study of it in its foremost English representative, to watch how it works, how it affects a man's dealings with history and with the laws of rational statement, must be valuable. What Kingsley attempted over too large a field, and with the addition of personal charges which made the task of reply singularly attractive to a man who knew himself to be both sincere and a master of words, Dr. Abbott has accomplished in a small field, with great ability and success. He does not, indeed, escape the personal tone, and, in spite of his anxious endeavour throughout to keep 'theory' and 'theorist' apart, a good deal of very strong language is disengaged in the process of criticism which would have been better avoided. It may be misunderstood; and it was not necessary to risk the irritation which it will produce; for the facts by themselves are strong enough.

The little book of 250 pages is divided, broadly speaking, into two parts: the first, an examination of Newman's 'first principles,' or characteristic *dicta*, such as, 'Probability is the guide of life,' or 'A fact is not disproved because it is not proved,' or 'A fact is not disproved because the testimony is confused and insufficient,' or 'As if evidence were the test of truth!' the second, an examination of Newman's method of dealing with the historical evidence for particular miracles, i.e. for the nine miracles of particular cogency and strength, which he selects as 'recommending the other ecclesiastical miracles to the devotion of the faithful,' leading up to a couple of concluding chapters called 'A Grammar of Ecclesiastical Assent,' and 'An Art of Ecclesiastical Rhetoric,' in which, of course from his own point of view, Dr. Abbott summarises Newman's procedure. The first part is the more disputable of the two. 'First principles' are difficult matters. It is hard to argue summarily about them, and the pages given to the discussion of 'Probability' and 'Faith,' and the theory of belief in general, suggestive as they are, might perhaps have been more profitably devoted to an expansion of the later historical and critical argument. One section, indeed, of the 'Probability' discussion is particularly effective. In it Dr. Abbott takes Newman's own facts and admissions about the ecclesiastical miracles, and shows by the use of figures what the probability of the matter *really was*. Miracles, says Newman, are common in ecclesiastical history, and may be expected to be common; they are the kind of facts proper to it, 'as instances of sagacity or daring, personal prowess or crime, are the facts proper to secular history.' But of known ecclesiastical miracles the mass are certainly false; 'false miracles at once exceed and conceal and prejudice those which are genuine.'

Suppose then, for argument's sake [says Dr. Abbott], the total number of ecclesiastical miracles to be 120,000, a number probably very much under the mark; and suppose the number that are *certainly false* (which, as we have seen, Newman himself admits to be *decidedly the majority*) to be, say, a hundred thousand; and the number that are *certainly true* to be one thousand. This last estimate is very much over the mark, for Newman himself maintains (229) that only a '*few*' can be so proved as to 'demand acceptance;' and he himself only alleges *nine*, for all of which the evidence will seem to many to be by no means sufficient to 'demand' their 'acceptance.' But still, take this very one-sided estimate, so much too favourable to Newman; then there will be left 19,000 ecclesiastical miracles that (229) '*are neither certainly true nor certainly false.*' Now, what follows, according to his own admission? All these 19,000 miracles are (229) '*recommended to his devout attention by the circumstance that others of the same family have been proved to be true, and all prejudiced by his knowledge that as many others, on the contrary, are certainly not true.*' What, then, will be the proportion of the 'prejudice' to the 'recommendation'? It will be the same proportion as the number of 'certainly false' miracles to the number of 'certainly true' ones, i.e. a hundred thousand to one thousand, or *a hundred to one*. In other words, the statistical probability that any one of these neutral and doubtful miracles will prove false will be *a hundred to one*!

Yet, says Newman, we cannot be Christians 'if we will not go by evidence in which there are (so to say) *three* chances for revelation and only *two* against.' The application lies to hand. 'Then what is to become of us if we neglect facts which show that the probability of falsehood is ten, or a hundred, or a thousand to one?'

The real truth of course is, as Dr. Abbott points out repeatedly—that Newman does not care for facts, and in his heart despises argument. He is convinced already, and is in fact only playing round his readers with that wonderful literary gift of his. The crowning proof of this lies in the amazing passage defending the truth of the Assumption of the Virgin, where that mixture of poetry and what is surely, in essence, a non-sane conception of the world, which is characteristic of him, reaches its highest point. But it may be verified all through. Take the miracle of the Thundering Legion,—the story that, owing to the prayers of certain Christians serving in the army of Marcus Aurelius, a thunderstorm occurred and rain fell, which saved the army from perishing of drought. Newman accepts it with an absolute confidence. After recounting the facts, he does 'not see what remains to be proved.' Everything is as plain as daylight. But *how* does he recount the facts? Dr. Abbott's acute analysis must be read at length to appreciate the full force of it. But the matter may perhaps be summarised in this way: (1) According to Newman Eusebius attests the miracle. In fact, Eusebius—writing some 150 years after the event, and on the authority both of Apollinaris and Tertullian and of certain Pagan historians, who of course gave quite a different interpretation of the facts—carefully refrains from attesting it himself, using the words which, in other connections and as against Kingsley, Newman scrupulously points out—'*it is said,*' '*it is reported,*' and '*let each of my readers decide as he pleases.*'

(2) Newman says, 'Tertullian speaks of the letters of Marcus Aurelius . . . in which he testifies—' What Tertullian really said was, 'If the letter of the . . . Emperor Marcus Aurelius were searched for and found, in which he testifies—' showing that he knew of no such letter except by hearsay. Yet, later on, this imaginary letter appears in Newman's narrative as 'a formal document'! (3) No other Father mentions the miracle or the recognition of it by the Emperor. Yet, as Dr. Abbott points out, 'if Henry the Fifth or Henry the Seventh while persecuting the Lollards had written to the House of Commons stating that he had been miraculously delivered from drought by the prayers of Lollards in his army, we might surely have expected that a good deal would have been heard about that on the side of Protestant controversialists during the next century or two.' Newman's only remark, however, is the characteristic one: 'It really seems unreasonable to demand that every Father should write about everything'! (4) Apollinaris is the third writer to whose witness, besides that of Tertullian and Eusebius, Newman appeals. We may safely conclude, he says, that the facts of the miracle 'are as the early Christian writers'—meaning Eusebius, Tertullian, Apollinaris—'state them.' Now, Apollinaris 'says that the Legion, in consequence of the miraculous thunderstorm, was called the Thundering Legion. It was certainly called so (as Newman himself admits) more than a hundred years before, probably because the soldiers had on their shields an image of *Thundering Jupiter*. So much for the "facts" of Apollinaris.'

And with Eusebius, Tertullian and Apollinaris, the Christian witnesses are exhausted! So easily runs a miracle for him who is determined to have one. Newman's own exposition of this matter (*Essay*, pp. 241-254) will indeed be more effective with most people than any possible criticism. The tenuity of the evidence, not for the fact, but for its miraculous or 'providential' interpretation, as compared with the strength of the conviction which the evidence produces, is extraordinarily instructive. One realises what would have happened to the rain of Crecy and the mist of the next day if Dr. Newman had met with them in ecclesiastical history.

With regard to the letter of Marcus Aurelius, Dr. Abbott makes some remarks which carry one far indeed. 'An interesting instance,' he says, 'of the doctrine of Antecedent Probability! First some Christian (i) *thinks* "there ought to be such a letter from Aurelius;" then (ii) some Christians say "there must be such a letter;" then (iii) Tertullian says "there will be found such a letter if you look for it;" then (iv) the cautious Eusebius, in his *Chronicle*, says "it is said that an epistle is extant;" then (v) Jerome, editing that *Chronicle*, drops the "it is said" and asserts boldly "There is extant an epistle;" then (at some uncertain date), but very early, (vi) the missing letter is forged'! (*Lightfoot, Apostolic Fathers*, i. 474.)

Any reader, of course, can make for himself other applications of the same *catena*. \*For instance: (1) Some Christians think 'the Christ *must have* been born at Bethlehem'; (2) some Christians say 'it will be found on inquiry that the Christ was born at Bethlehem'; (3) some Christians assert 'stories exist to show that the Christ was born at Bethlehem'; then (4) and lastly, the stories are forthcoming.

But so we have come round to what was said at the beginning—the great interest of this little book lies in the contribution it makes to the history and philosophy of miracle. The more closely the details of miraculous stories on the one hand, and the temper of those who produce and accept them on the other, are examined, the more light is shed on the religious path of to-day. It can hardly be done too dispassionately. The unmasking of the process by which a man like Cardinal Newman persuades himself of the miracle of the Thundering Legion, produces inevitably in many minds a certain amount of moral indignation. And in a sense they 'do well to be angry.' One's heart thrills to the concluding words of this honest and able book:

If the search after the truth of facts, and the most sacred facts, is to be regarded not as an honest search at all, but as a war against the '*prestige*' of the laws of Nature, a campaign against evidence and common sense—a campaign in which the laws of orthodoxy militant allow as 'fair,' and excuse as 'not unnatural' a degree of prejudice, blindness, and almost wilful exaggeration which a scientific man in the interest of science would consider not only as professionally mean and discreditable but as tainted with moral turpitude—if, I say, this sort of work is to be done at all, I do not see how it could be done with a more consummate deftness, and with a grace more calculated to conceal its underlying foulness and falsehood, than in the passage above quoted [the passage concerning the Assumption] the legitimate outcome and crowning achievement of Newman's method of applying probabilities to our aspirations after God, and faith to the facts of history.

But yet—as one thinks over the whole matter—what one seems to see is that miracle will keep its place in religion till the religious temper itself has supplied the alternative. Nothing religious is ever destroyed, but only supplanted. When the revolt against miracle has passed more fully than at present from the intellectual to the religious stage; when it is felt to rest upon a new conception of God, the world and life, a new faith, held not less tenaciously, and with a no less passionate humility than the old; when a visibly large number of persons, living the practical life of faith, and claiming the Christian name, have come to feel for themselves and to teach their children to feel that belief in miraculous births or possessed swine or bodily resurrection is, in its essence, a *religious* offence; then the decay of miraculous belief will have entered upon a new and much more rapid stage than that we see it in at present. Of that time, indeed, there are signs all about us. But till it come, I venture to think that even in cases where the challenge to the scientific sense is most

extravagant, the rational revolt against miracle should keep itself free as far as possible from the note of moral indignation. It will emerge, this note, as it has emerged, say with regard to witchcraft—which was once believed, for relatively good reason, by persons quite as considerable as those who now cling to miracle—but it will only be truly potent when it marks, as many of us believe it will in time mark, a common and prevailing voice of the Christian conscience. To borrow the Berkeleyan phrase, another age will discover how to substitute, even popularly, the Visual Language of law, ethics, and history for the Visual Language of miracle. Meanwhile, the intellectual attack on miracle sorely wants systematising and extending. To repeat: the historical and critical material, as apart from the philosophical, has enormously accumulated of late years, and cries to be used. The present book is in its measure a remarkably vigorous addition to a debate still far from its maturity.

MARY A. WARD.

THE  
*ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER ETCHERS.*

IN the May number of this Review for 1890, looking backwards for forty years, I traced the progress of the etcher's art from our earliest attempts to revive it in 1850 (which was the year I believe in which the first English etching, under the pseudonym of 'H. Dean,' was sent in to the Royal Academy) to the formation of the present Society eleven years ago; disguising, as I did so, neither the discouragements we had met with, the difficulties we had had to overcome, nor the mistakes which we ourselves had made in pursuit of the object we had in view. That object I may say at once was not merely, as our title would seem to imply, the restoration of original etching, but the reinfusion into all forms of engraver's work of those personal qualities which, in the hands of the great masters of painting, made engraving a fine art. To-day, casting our cares behind us, as in presence of an exhibition in every way so exceptional we may well do (and here I should premise that nearly everything I may have to say in this article will be found to depend more or less on the lesson conveyed to us by the late exhibition), I know of but one subject for adverse reflection which need disturb us, and that is to be found in the little impression we have been able to make on any but the rising generation of painters. On the contemporary painter, the descendant of the old painter etcher, we have been able to make no impression at all. The 'made man'—though etching is an art coeval with his painting, and until the decline of art was its very handmaid—has remained altogether insensible to our blandishments. The truth is, and we are only just awaking to it, that etching is a form of art expression, I will not say fitted only for the young, but which must be begun young, on the elastic side I should say of thirty or at most forty, when the faculties are on the alert, when the imagination is active, and while the goal which a wholesome ambition has set before us is still only in sight. Birds sing only in the morning and in the spring; in the fall, mated, and replete with the fruit of our gardens—and that not always too legitimately come by—they are indisposed for new flights. So it is with our 'made man:' unwillingly, therefore,



and regretfully, we give him up, and henceforth place all our reliance on the man we are making. Indeed, if I may say so, it is one of the pleasures of being in command here, to find oneself in actual contact—so grateful to those themselves conscious of failing powers—with a vitality which is still in the ascendant, and with habits and aptitudes which are as yet undulled by too much prosperity. It is owing, in fact, to this unexhausted quantity—and possibly also in some measure to the very presence among us last year of Rembrandt himself—that our work of this year is in closer harmony with the best traditions of the etcher's art, and more in touch with the simple practice of the old painter engraver. From this change of practice I augur the best results. We have seen the quasi-art of the old Academician engraver-collapse and die, and have tried to replace it by a real one in which the personality of the artist shall be the chief factor. Nor are we without signs that we are, at last, in a fair way to realise that aim. Every now and then we see some of our best men—men, that is to say, incapable, as original thinkers and executants, of mere servility—compelled by circumstances to do unoriginal work. I have heard this lamented. I, on the contrary, rejoice at it, and recognise in it the fact that we are nearer the attainment of our ultimate purpose than we thought. It is the property of all movements that are really healthy to grow, till sooner or later they not only attain the dimensions originally designed for them, but transcend them. So it has been with us. We have not only been reproducing the original etcher, but, almost without knowing it, and certainly sooner than we expected, a new class of reproductive engraver.

But while we ourselves have had every reason to be satisfied with these proofs of a healthy expansion, signs have appeared elsewhere which show that this feeling has not been universal: signs, in fact, which seem to indicate some uncertainty on the part of the outside engraver as to what his position is likely to be when the principles we have adopted have fairly taken root and become general.

Now, I will say at once that I have been neither surprised nor disturbed by this movement; on the contrary, that I have thought it both a natural and proper one—so natural and so proper that, with some others of our Fellows and Associates who seem to have been of my mind, I have not hesitated to make common cause with it, and even to join in it. Further—as in fairness it seemed only right to do—I have set myself seriously and honestly to work to see how far our brother engravers, not yet in connection with us, are really likely to be affected by what we are doing. Well, the conclusion I have arrived at is that they will not be affected by it at all; that is to say that it will affect them neither more nor less than it affects those of our own members who have taken to do reproductive work. Given, a general acceptance of the principle on which our

association has been founded—a principle the soundness of which no true artist will, I think, be found to question, and which by the diploma we hold from Her Majesty we are bound to maintain—it is obvious that our Society is open to all, and on terms equal to all, and that those terms, again, are susceptible of a latitude of application which excludes no one. Hence the first of our rules: ‘All forms of engraving on metal, whether by the burin, the etching-needle, by mezzotint or aquatint, or by whatever other form’ (of engraving) ‘the artist may choose as a means of original expression, are understood to be included in the term painter etching.’ With this rule to guide them, therefore, all may come to us. We ask no questions of those who come. The work they tender, and nothing else, determines their admission into the Society. Further, we not only do not know the kind of work they did before coming to us, but can have no knowledge of the kind of work they are likely to do when once they belong to us.

It follows that the outside engraver, provided only that he is an *original artist* as well as an engraver, is suffering no real exclusion at our hands. If he cannot accept the principle of our *raison d'être*, he retains his opinion and his present position. If he can and will accept that principle, he becomes, or may become, one of us. The alternative rests not with us, but with himself. One thing only he must not lose sight of, which is that some of the best men of his class are already with us, and that we are turning out more of them—I beg their pardon—every day. Our object being to make engraving an art, we have no choice but to pursue that object to its legitimate end, and, I am sure I may add, no more sincere desire than to welcome all who, by their agreement with us, are willing to help us in the attainment of that end.

The generous friends who lent us the fine Turners which graced and dignified our eastern wall will not misunderstand me if, in the face of the greatly improved quality of our late exhibition, I venture to express a doubt as to whether we did quite wisely to hang them there. The special circumstances which at the close of last year made us think an exhibition of mezzotint desirable, have so entirely altered as to suggest the doubt I now express. It can, indeed, do us nothing but good to have, and to study, such work, just as it did us good to have and to study the Rembrandts of last year. It is, however, precisely because those typical examples of pure etching produced so salutary a change in our practice, that I am now doubting the prudence of doing anything of a nature to disturb that change. I throw out this reflection for as much as it is worth; neither our friends nor our members will, I am sure, either misunderstand or be misled by it. Meantime, when looking at these fine prints, and comparing them with our own etchings which filled the rest of the room, we shall have done well to notice two things: firstly, that there

are still some few of those etchings which would have been better if done in mezzotint; and secondly, that though the two things—etching and mezzotint—differ nothing in principle, they differ greatly as to the results obtainable by them. They are, in fact, the alpha and omega of the engraver's art, and represent between them the whole range of his resources. The difference between them consists in fact in difference of aim. The aim of mezzotint, for instance, is an advanced chiaroscuro—tonality carried to its utmost limit; to seek to obtain anything like such a result by etching would be, not only hopeless, but its very hopelessness should forbid the attempt. The etching needle is not the instrument with which to make such an attempt, nor would the spirit of etching be found in the work even if the attempt succeeded. An etching expresses, or should express, the ideal, not the ultimate aim of the painter—is a measure not of his force but of his temperament—and herein lies its charm. Its value is that of a sonnet, or a *bon mot*, as compared with an epic. In it the artist appeals to the emotional side of us: in his finished picture to a movement which is the outcome of reason and experience. For all that, an etching is not, as I have sometimes heard it called, 'a sketch.' A sketch is a memorandum of a fact, or a series of facts, jotted down for after use. An etching is undertaken with no such aim and in no such spirit. If a spontaneous, it is also a serious appeal from one mind to another; a note of sympathy felt by the artist to be worthy of interchange between his own and some other intelligence which he hopes to find in harmony with his own. To make this appeal effective he puts into it the best part of him, and with that part addresses the best part of him to whom he dedicates it. A mental operation of this kind, and the manual outcome of such an operation, suppose a result very different from that which we look for in a sketch—so different that the first thing we see in an etching is not the looseness but the closeness of its mental structure. The more work done over such an etching the worse for it, and for the intellectual quality which belongs to it and which distinguishes it as an utterance *à vive voix*. On the other hand, if the passionate side of the artist is to be looked for in an etching, the developed side of him will best be found in a mezzotint. In Rembrandt last year, and in Turner this, we have these two sides in absolute perfection. Our business should be to use each of them in its place without losing sight of their difference of aim.

I must not, I find, occupy more than a passing moment in referring to these 'monumental' works of Turner. They have been so well described by Mr. W. G. Rawlinson in their artistic, and by Mr. J. L. Roget in their psychological aspects (for they present themselves under both points of view), that I can add nothing to what these authors have said of them. I cannot forbear, however, such an occasional observation respecting them as seems to me to present the genius

and extraordinary conscientiousness of the painter-engraver in a light worthy of all our emulation. Turner, when he undertook 'The Liber,' being still a young man (he was thirty-two), we find him—having set his mind on the production of a work which should carry the art of the painter-engraver to the utmost limits of its capabilities—setting about his task without any settled idea as to the means best suited to his purpose, and practically ignorant of the processes he might find it necessary to employ; yet, in the spirit of the true artist, preferring to go through the drudgery of teaching himself those processes, and weighing for himself their exact value, to entrusting their application to other minds and other hands. The indomitable struggle he underwent with his materials and the determination with which he mastered them are, indeed, strikingly apparent in those of the plates which we know to have been entirely executed by Turner himself. They are, however, most apparent in those three or four of them which we suppose to have been his earliest essays. Thus, supposing that aquatint would give him the best effect of atmosphere, we see him trying that process first, and in 'Loch Fyne'—a unique proof of which belonging to Mr. James Knowles is here—utterly breaking down with it. Then in 'Severn and Wye' trying aquatint for the sky and mezzotint (with a strong etching for its foundation) for the more solid parts of the picture—and in this meeting with complete success. Then in 'The Calm,' the very title of which suggests serenity and atmospheric transparency, he seems to have had the idea that aquatint with a soft-ground etching for a foundation would be best. Then—though we do not positively know which of these plates he did first, or whether, which is not unlikely, he had several of them in hand at the same time—it would look as if he had again gone back to 'Loch Fyne,' and, obliterating his first disaster by a mezzotint ground, to have brought it little by little to the perfection we see in the published plate. So again, in 'The Calm,' he seems, by changing spots of 'foul biting' into birds, and by replacing the 'soft' by a 'hard-ground' etching, and the original aquatint by mezzotint, to have obtained at last the effect he wished. In 'The Church,' also, and in more than one other plate we see the same tentative proceedings and the same final triumph. Now, it seems to me that all this is touchingly instructive, because here we have the greatest landscape painter the world has ever known humbling himself almost to the point of personal effacement before the difficulties of his art, and never resting till he had obtained entire mastery over them and penetrated their innermost secrets.

It is not without positive pain that, by way of contrast to such work—by way of contrasting the methods of one man of genius with those of another—I find it necessary to refer to a report which is extensively current that there are at this moment in course of publication in

London under the name of 'proof etchings,' and 'subscribed for *as such* to the amount of some thousands of pounds, things that are not only not etchings at all, but really nothing more than copies of pen-and-ink drawings by the photographic process known as photo-gravure—the negatives being touched upon here and there with the etching needle to give them the appearance of etchings. Bound as I am not altogether to ignore a report so subversive of the art we practise, I yet make this reference to it not without a lingering hope, either that the report in question may not be true, or that the photographs now being sold as 'proof etchings' may be either withdrawn from the *art* market, or, at all events, sold for what they really are. Meanwhile, as a measure of protection to persons likely to be deceived by them, perhaps the best thing I can do will be to describe in detail the difference between the two things—between a real etching, that is, and one of those things which I fear I must call a 'margarine' substitute for an etching. The difference between them is that while one—the 'margarine etching'—is essentially flat, so that the finger passed over the surface of the impression fails to detect the presence of anything like a line in relief, in the other—the true etching—it finds the surface in very sensible relief. Let me try to explain this. That which is popularly called an 'impression' from an etched plate is, properly speaking, not an impression at all, but a 'cast' of the surface of that plate. The paper being reduced to little better than a coherent pulp by repeated spongings, and passed, face downwards on the plate, under the press, is forced into every bitten line upon its surface and thus takes a cast of it; so that if you take a true 'proof etching' into your hand and examine it, you at once *both see and feel this relief*, and, on turning the paper over, *find a corresponding depression on the back of it*. In the 'margarine etching' both the back and the front of the paper are smooth. A great deal of the beauty and spirit of a proof etching—a beauty and spirit which rapidly disappear in the worn, or what is called the 'print' state, of the plate depend, in fact, on the retention in all its integrity of this line in relief; *because every line so raised casts a shadow*, and it is on the presence of this shadow that the artistic and commercial value—the 'bloom' in short—of a 'proof' depend. I doubt if this is generally known; the old printer, however, must have known it, since we see him taking care to preserve it by drying his proofs *face uppermost* on a string stretched from wall to wall, in the well-known illustration of an old printing house by Abraham Bosse. The modern printer, knowing nothing about it, obliterates it by piling one wet proof upon another. The best way of seeing this shadow, however, is to make a cast of an etched plate, not with paper and printer's ink but with plaster of Paris, and then inclining it at such an angle towards the source of light as that every line in relief may cast a shadow deeper, and therefore more apparent,

than the white raised line of the cast itself. I have often been amused at the perplexity of some of my young etching friends, unaware of these facts, to decide which was the better of two proofs fresh from the press, and which they had laid side by side to determine the point. First, they would find the proof on the left the best; then, changing the place of the two, the one which was before on the right the best; the difference depending, of course, on the angle at which the light struck the plate, and cast the shadow before mentioned. Here, then, I repeat, is an infallible sign by which any commonly intelligent person may know a true proof etching from a photographic copy of one.

There is one other subject which deserves the attention of every honest etcher, for it is one which concerns not only his own material interests, but the interests of his art and the interests of the public. I refer, and have done so before, to the subject of publication and to the absolute necessity which exists for a more advantageous outlet for his work than the present state of the print trade affords him. I have heard of a printseller coming into our gallery, and, without looking at anything within a distance of twenty feet, walking out again, declaring that he saw 'nothing there that he could sell,' the meaning of which was, that, seeing no great things that he could ask and get ten or twelve guineas for, it was not worth his while even to look at the smaller and far more precious work that he could, if he liked, buy, and therefore sell, at a guinea or two. This has been one of our drawbacks from the first, and it is a very serious one, because it signifies a complete sacrifice of the art side to the commercial side; of the artist to the tradesman; and of the public, who, if they were but allowed to do so, would be only too glad to get a refined thing at a moderate cost. The evil began in this way; no sooner had we succeeded in interesting the outer world in the revival of 'etching,' and in thus popularising the term, than the shop windows became filled by huge sheets of paper which, except that the etching process had been expended upon them, were neither original nor, in any legitimate sense, etchings at all. It is on these things that the popular taste has been educated. The bigger the thing, the better and the greater the price asked for it. It has taken us years to expose this error, and to show that it is quality not quantity which makes a 'work of art.' Everything, however, comes to him who knows how to wait, and nothing would surprise me less, especially after our exhibition of this year, if the present fashion were to change, and if the printseller himself, by the greater number of customers he would attract, were the first to profit by the change. We shall see.

## *THE WARFARE OF THE FUTURE.*

At first sight the proposition may appear startling and indeed absurd ; yet hard facts, I venture to believe, will enforce the conviction on un-prejudiced minds that the warfare of the present when contrasted with the warfare of the past is dilatory, ineffective, and inconclusive.

Present, or contemporary warfare may be taken to date from the general adoption of rifled firearms ; the warfare of the past may fairly be limited, for purposes of comparison or contrast, to the smooth-bore era ; indeed, for those purposes there is no need to go outside the present century. Roughly speaking, the first five and a half decades of the century were smooth-bore decades ; the three and a half later decades have been rifled decades, of which about two and a half decades constitute the breechloading period. Considering the extraordinary advances since the end of the smooth-bore era in everything tending to promote celerity and decisiveness in the result of campaigns—the revolution in swiftness of shooting and length of range of firearms, the development in the science of gunnery, the increased devotion to military study, the vast additions to the military strength of the nations, looking to the facilities for rapid conveyance of troops and transportation of supplies afforded by railways and steam water-carriage, to the intensified artillery fire that can now be brought to bear on fortresses, to the manifold advantages afforded by the electric telegraph, and to the crushing cost of warfare, urging vigorous exertions toward the speedy decision of campaigns—reviewing, I say, the thousand and one circumstances encouraging to short, sharp, and decisive action in contemporary warfare, it is a strange and bewildering fact that the wars of the smooth-bore era were, for the most part, shorter, sharper, and more decisive. Spite of inferiority of weapons, the battles of that period were bloodier, and it is a mathematically demonstrable proposition that the heavier the slaughter of combatants, the nearer must be the end of a war. There is no pursuit now after victory won, and the vanquished draws off shaken but not broken ; in the smooth-bore era a vigorous pursuit scattered him to the four winds. When Wellington in the Peninsula wanted a fortress, and being in a hurry could not wait the result of a formal siege or a starvation blockade, he carried it by storm. No fortress is ever stormed now, no matter how urgent the need for its reduction, no

matter how obsolete its defences. The Germans in 1871 did attempt to carry by assault an outwork of Belfort, but failed utterly. It would almost seem that in the matter of forlorn hopes the Caucasian is played out.

Assertions are easy, but they go for little unless they can be proved ; some examples, therefore, may be cited in support of the contentions advanced above. The Prussians are proud, and with justice, of what is known as the 'Seven Weeks War,' although as a matter of fact the contest with Austria did not last so long, for Prince Frederick Charles crossed the Bohemian frontier on the 23rd of June, and the armistice which ended hostilities was signed at Nikolsburg on the 22nd of July. The Prussian armies were stronger than their opponents by more than one-fourth, and they were armed with the needle-gun against the Austrian muzzle-loading rifle. When the armistice was signed, the Prussians lay on the Marchfeld within dim sight of the Stephanien-Thurm, it is true, but with the strong and strongly armed and held lines of Florisdorf, the Danube, and the army of the Archduke Albrecht between them and the Austrian capital. On the 9th of October, 1806, Napoleon crossed the Saale. On the 14th at Jena he smashed Hohenlohe's Prussian army, the contending hosts being about equal strength ; on the same day Davoust at Auerstadt with 27,000 men routed Brunswick's command over 50,000 strong. On the 25th of October Napoleon entered Berlin, the war virtually over and all Prussia at his feet with the exception of a few fortresses, the last of which fell on the 8th of November. Which was the swifter, the more brilliant, and the more decisive—the campaign of 1866, or the campaign of 1806 ?

The Franco-German war is generally regarded as an exceptionally effective performance on the part of the Germans. The first German force entered France on the 4th of August, 1870. Paris was invested on the 21st of September, the German armies having fought five great battles and several serious actions between the frontier and the French capital. An armistice which was not conclusive, since it allowed the siege of Belfort to proceed and Bourbaki's army to be free to attempt raising it, was signed at Versailles on the 28th of January, 1871, but the actual conclusion of hostilities dates from the 16th of February, the day on which Belfort surrendered. The Franco-German war, therefore, lasted six and a half months. The Germans were in full preparedness, except that their rifle was inferior to the French *chassepot* ; they were in overwhelmingly superior numerical strength in every encounter save one with French regular troops, and they had on their banners the prestige of Sadowa. Their adversaries were utterly unready for a great struggle ; the French army was in a wretched state in every sense of the word ; indeed, after Sedan there remained hardly any regulars able to take the field. In August 1805 Napoleon's Grande



Armée was at Boulogne looking across to the British shores. Those inaccessible, he promptly altered his plans and went against Austria. Mack with 84,000 Austrian soldiers was at Ulm, waiting for the expected Russian army of co-operation, and meantime covering the valley of the Danube. Napoleon crossed the Rhine on the 26th of September. Just as in 1870 the Germans on the plains of Mars la Tour thrust themselves between Bazaine and the rest of France, so Napoleon turned Mack, and from Donauwörth to Ingolstadt stood between him and Austria. Mack capitulated Ulm and his army on the 19th of October, and Napoleon was in Vienna on the 13th of November. Although he possessed the Austrian capital, he was not, however, master of the Austrian empire. The latter result did not fall to him until the 2nd of December, when, under 'the sun of Austerlitz,' he with 73,000 men defeated the Austro-Russian army 85,000 strong, inflicting on it a loss of 30,000 men at the cost of 12,000 of his own soldiers *hors de combat*. It took the Germans in 1870 a month and a half to get from the frontier to *outside* Paris; just in the same time, although certainly not with so severe fighting by the way but nearly twice as long a march, Napoleon moved from the Rhine to *inside* Vienna. From the active commencement to the cessation of hostilities the Franco-German war lasted six and a half months; reckoning from the crossing of the Rhine to the evening of Austerlitz, Napoleon subjugated Austria in two and a quarter months. Perhaps, however, his campaign of 1809 against Austria furnishes a more exact parallel with the campaign of the Germans in 1870-1. He assumed command on the 17th of April, having hurried from Spain. He defeated the Austrians four times in as many days, at Thann, Landshut, Eckmühl and Regensburg; and he was in Vienna on the 13th of May. Baulked at Aspern and Esslingen, he gained his point at Wagram the 5th of July, and hostilities ceased after lasting under his command for a period of two and a half months.

The Russians have a reputation for good marching, and certainly Suvaroff made good time in his long march from Russia to Northern Italy in 1799; almost as good, indeed, as Bagration and Barclay de Tolly made in falling back before Napoleon when he invaded Russia in 1812. But they have not improved either in marching or in fighting at all commensurately with the improved appliances. In 1877, after dawdling two months, they crossed the Danube on the 21st to the 27th of June. Osman Pasha, at Plevna, gave them pause until the 10th of December, at which date they were not so far into Bulgaria as they had been five months previously. After the fall of Plevna the Russian armies would have gone into winter quarters, but for a private quasi-ultimatum communicated to the Tzar from a high source in England to the effect that unpleasant consequences could not be guaranteed against, if the war was not finished in one campaign. Alexander, who was quite an astute man in his way, was temporarily

enraged by this restriction, but, recovering his calmness, realised that nowhere in war books is any particular time specified for the termination or duration of a campaign. It appeared that so long as an army keeps the field uninterruptedly a campaign may continue until the Greek kalends. In less time than that Gourko and Skobelev undertook to finish the business; by the vigour with which they forced their way across the Balkans in the heart of the bitter winter, Sophia, Philippopolis, and Adrianople fell into Russian hands; and the Russian troops had been halted some time almost in face of Constantinople, when the treaty of San Stephano was signed on the 3rd of March, 1878. It had taken the Russians of 1877-8 eight weary months to cover the distance between the Danube and the Marmora. But fifty years earlier a Russian general had marched from the Danube to the Aegean in three and a half months, nor was his journey by any means a smooth and bloodless one. Diebitch crossed the Danube in May 1828, and besieged Silistria from the 17th of May until the 1st of July. Silistria has undergone three resolute sieges during the century; it succumbed but once, and then to Diebitch. Pressing south immediately, he worsted the Turkish Grand Vizier in the fierce battle of Kuletscha, and then by diverse routes hurried down into the great Roumelian valley. Adrianople made no resistance, and although his force was attenuated by hardship and disease, when the Turkish diplomatists procrastinated the audacious and gallant Diebitch marched his thin regiments forward toward Constantinople. They had traversed on a wide front half the distance between Adrianople and the capital, when the dilatory Turkish negotiators saw fit to imitate the coon and come down. Whether they would have done so had they known the weakness of Diebitch may be questioned; but again it may be questioned whether, that weakness unknown, he could not have occupied Constantinople on the swagger. His master was prepared promptly to reinforce him; Constantinople was, perhaps, nearer its fall in 1828 than in 1878, and certainly Diebitch was much smarter than were the Grand Duke Nicholas, his fossil Nepokoitschitsky, and his pure theorist Levitsky.

The contrast between the character of our own contemporary military operations and that of those of the smooth-bore era is very strongly marked. In 1838-9 Keane marched an Anglo-Indian army from our frontier at Ferozepore over Candahar to Cabul, without experiencing any check, and with the single important incident of taking Ghuzni by storm on the way. Our positions at and about Cabul were not seriously molested until late in 1841, when the paralysis of demoralisation struck our soldiers because of the crass follies of a wrong-headed civilian chief and the feebleness of a decrepit general. Nott throughout held Candahar firmly; the Khyber Pass remained open until faith was broken with the hillmen; Jellalabad held out until the 'Retribution Column' camped under its walls. But for the awful

catastrophe which befel in the passes the hapless brigade which under the influence of deplorable pusillanimity and gross mismanagement had evacuated Cabul, no serious military calamity marked our occupation of Afghanistan, and certainly stubborn resistance had not confronted our arms. From 1878 to 1880 we were in Afghanistan again, this time with breechloading, far-ranging rifles, copious artillery of the newest types, and commanders physically and mentally efficient. All those advantages availed us not one whit. The Afghans took more liberties with us than they had done forty years previously. They stood up to us in fair fight over and over again: at Ali Musjid, at the Pekar Kotul, at Charasiab, on the Takt-i-Shah and the Asmai heights, at Candahar. They took the dashing offensive at Ahmed Kheyl and at the Shuturgurdan; they drove Dunham Massy's cavalry and took British guns; they re-occupied Cabul in the face of our arms, they besieged Candahar, they hemmed Roberts within the Sherpoor cantonments and assailed him there. They destroyed a British brigade at Maiwand, and blocked Gough in the Jugdulluck Pass. Finally our evacuating army had to macadamise its unmolested route down the passes by bribes to the hillmen, and the result of the second Afghan war was about as barren as that of the first.

It was in the year 1886 that, the resolution having been taken to dethrone Thebau and annex Upper Burmah, Prendergast began his all but bloodless movement on Mandalay. The Burmans of to-day have never adventured a battle, yet after years of desultory bushwhacking the pacification of Upper Burmah seems still far distant. On the 10th of April, 1852, an Anglo-Indian expedition commanded by General Godwin landed at Rangoon. During the next fifteen months it did a good deal of hard fighting, for the Burmans of that period made a stout resistance. At midsummer of 1853, Lord Dalhousie proclaimed the war finished, announced the annexation and pacification of Lower Burmah, and broke up the army. The cost of the war of which the result was this fine addition to our Indian Empire, was two millions sterling; almost from the first the province was self-supporting, and uninterrupted peace has reigned within its borders. We did not dally in those primitive smooth-bore days. Sir Charles Napier took the field against the Scinde Ameers on the 16th of February, 1843. Next day he fought the battle of Meanee, entered Hyderabad on the 20th, and on the 24th of March won the decisive victory of Dubba which placed Scinde at his mercy, although not until June did the old 'Lion of Meerpoore' succumb to Jacob. But before then Napier was well forward with his admirable measures for the peaceful administration of the great province he had added to British India.

The expedition for the rescue of General Gordon was tediously boated up the Nile, with the result that the 'desert column' which

Sir Herbert Stewart led so valiantly across the Bayuda sands, reached Gubat just in time to be too late, and was itself extricated from imminent disaster by the masterful promptitude of Sir Redvers Buller. Notwithstanding a general consensus of professional and expert opinion in favour of the alternative route from Souakin to Berber, 240 miles long and far from waterless, the adoption of it was condemned as impossible. In June 1801, away back in the primitive days, an Anglo-Indian brigade 5,000 strong, ordered from Bombay, reached Kosseir on the Red Sea bound for the Upper Nile at Kenéh, thence to join Abercromby's force operating in Lower Egypt. The distance from Kosseir to Kenéh is 120 miles across a barren desert with scanty and unfrequent springs. The march was by regiments, of which the first quitted Kosseir on the 1st of July. The record of the desert-march of the 10th Foot is now before me. It left Kosseir on the 20th of July, and reached Kenéh on the 29th, marching at the rate of twelve miles per day. Its loss on the march was one drummer. The whole brigade was at Kenéh in the early days of August, the period between its debarkation and its concentration on the Nile being about five weeks. The march was effected at the very worst season of the year. It was half the distance of a march from Souakin to Berber; the latter march by a force of the same strength could well have been accomplished in three months. The opposition on the march could not have been so severe as that which Stewart's desert column encountered. Nevertheless, as I have said, the Souakin-Berber route was pronounced impossible by the deciding authority.

The comparative feebleness of contemporary warfare is perhaps exceptionally manifest in relation to the reduction of fortresses. During the Franco-German war, the frequency of announcements of the fall of French fortresses used to be the subject of casual jeers. The jeers were misplaced. The French fortresses, labouring under every conceivable disadvantage, did not do themselves discredit. All of them were more or less obsolete. Excluding Metz and Paris, neither fortified to date, their average age was about a century and a half, and few had been amended since their first construction. They were mostly garrisoned by inferior troops, often almost entirely by Mobiles. Only in one instance was there an effective director of the defence. That they uniformly enclosed towns whose civilian population had to endure bombardment, was an obvious hindrance to desperate resistance. Yet, setting aside Bitsch, which was never taken, the average duration of the defence of the seventeen fortresses which made other than nominal resistance was forty-one days. Excluding Paris and Metz, which virtually were entrenched camps, the average period of resistance was thirty-three days. The Germans used siege artillery in fourteen cases; although only on two instances, Belfort and Strasburg, were formal sieges undertaken. 'It appears,' writes Major Sydenham Clarke in his recent remarkable work on

Fortification<sup>1</sup> which ought to revolutionise that art, 'that the average period of resistance of the (nominally obsolete) French fortresses was the same as that of besieged fortresses of the Marlborough and Peninsular periods. Including Paris and Metz, the era of rifled weapons actually shows an increase of 20 per cent. in the time-endurance of permanent fortifications. Granted that a mere measurement in days affords no absolute standard of comparison, the striking fact remains, that in spite of every sort of disability the French fortresses, pitted against guns that were not dreamed of when they were built, acquitted themselves quite as well as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Vauban school in the days of their glory.' Even in the cases of fortresses whose reduction was urgently needed since they interfered with the German communications—such as Strasburg, Toul and Soissons—the quick *ultima ratio* of assault was not resorted to by the Germans. And yet the Germans could not have failed to recognise that but for the fortresses they would have swept France clear of all organised bodies of troops within two months of the frontier battles. During the Peninsular war Wellington made twelve assaults on breached fortresses, of which five were successful; of his twelve attempts to escalade, six succeeded. The Germans in 1870–1 never attempted a breach, and their solitary effort at escalade, on the Basse Perche of Belfort, utterly failed.

The Russians in 1878 were even less enterprising than had been the Germans in 1870. They went against three permanently fortified places, the antediluvian little Matchin, which if I remember right blew itself up; the crumbling Nicopolis, which surrendered after one day's fighting; and Rustchuk, which held out till the end of the war. They would not look at Silistria, ruined, but strong in heroic memories; they avoided Rasgrad, Schumla, and the Black Sea fortresses; Sophia, Philippopolis, and Adrianople made no resistance. The earthworks of Plevna, vicious as they were in many characteristics, they found impregnable. I think Suvaroff would have carried them; I am sure Skobelev would, if he had got his way.

The vastly expensive armaments of the present—the rifled breech-loader, the magazine rifle, the machine guns, the long-range field guns, and so forth, are all accepted and paid for by the respective nations in the frank and naked expectation that these weapons will perform increased execution on the enemy in war time. This granted, and it cannot be denied, it logically follows that if this increased execution is not performed, peoples are entitled to regard it as a grievance that they do not get blood for their money, and this they certainly do not have; so that even in this sanguinary particular the warfare of to-day is a comparative failure. The topic, however, is rather a ghastly one, and I refrain from citing evidence; which, however, is easily accessible to anyone who cares to seek it.

<sup>1</sup> *Fortification*. By Major G. Sydenham Clarke, C.M.G. (London: John Murray.)

The anticipation is confidently adventured that a great revolution will be made in warfare by the magazine rifle with its increased range, the machine gun, and the quick-firing field artillery which will speedily be introduced into every service. It does not seem likely that smokeless powder will create any very important change, except in siege operations. On the battle-field neither artillery nor infantry come into action out of sight of the enemy. When either arm opens fire within sight of the enemy, its position can be almost invariably detected by the field-glass, irrespective of the smokelessness or non-smokelessness of its ammunition. Indeed, the use of smokeless powder would seem inevitably to damage the fortunes of the attack. Under cover of a bank of smoke, the soldiers hurrying on to feed the fighting-line are fairly hidden from aimed hostile fire. It may be argued that their aim is thus reciprocally hindered; but the reply is that their anxiety is not so much to be shooting during their reinforcing advance, as to get forward into the fighting line, where the atmosphere is not so greatly obscured. Smokeless powder will no doubt advantage the defence.

It need not be observed that a battle is a physical impossibility while both sides adhere to the passive defensive; and experience proves that battles are rare in which both sides are committed to the active offensive, whether by preference or necessity. *Mars la Tour* (August 16, 1870) was the only contest of this nature in the Franco-German war. Bazaine had to be on the offensive, because he wanted to get away towards Verdun; Alvensleben took it because it was the only means whereby he could hinder Bazaine from accomplishing his purpose. But for the most part one side in battle is on the offensive; the other on the defensive. The invader is habitually the offensive person, just for the reason that the native force commonly acts on the defensive; the latter is anxious to hinder further penetration into the bowels of its land; the former's desire is to effect that penetration. The defensive of the native army need not, however, be the passive defensive; indeed that, unless the position be exceptionally strong, is according to present tenets to be avoided. When, always with an underlying purpose of defence, its chief resorts to the offensive, for reasons that he regards as good, his strategy or his tactics, as the case may be, are expressed by the term 'defensive-offensive.'

It says a good deal for the peaceful predilections of the nations, that there has been no fairly balanced experience affording the material for decision as to the relative advantage of the offensive and the defensive under modern conditions. In 1866 the Prussians, opposing the needle-gun to the Austrian muzzle-loader, naturally utilised this pre-eminence by adopting uniformly the offensive, and traditions of the Great Frederick doubtless seconded the needle-gun. After *Sadowa*, controversy ran high as to the proper system of tactics when breechloader should oppose breechloader. A strong party

maintained that 'the defensive had now become so strong that true science lay in forcing the adversary to attack. Let him come on, and then one might fairly rely on victory.' As Boguslawski observes—'this conception of tactics would paralyse the offensive, for how can an army advance if it has always to wait till an enemy attacks?' After much exercitation the Germans determined to adhere to the offensive. In the recent modest language of Baron von der Goltz:<sup>2</sup> 'Our modern German mode of battle aims at being entirely a final struggle, which we conceive of as being inseparable from an unsparing offensive. Temporising, waiting, and a calm defensive are very unsympathetic to our nature. Everything with us is action. Our strength lies in great decisions on the battlefield.' Perhaps also the guileless Germans were quite alert to the fact that Marshal Niel had shattered the French army's tradition of the offensive, and gone counter to the French soldier's nature, by enjoining the defensive in the latest official instructions. Had the Teutons suborned him, the Marshal could not have done them a better turn.

Their offensive tactics against an enemy unnaturally lashed to the stake of the defensive stood the Germans in excellent stead in 1870. On every occasion they resorted to the offensive against an enemy in the field; strictly refraining, however, from that expedient when it was a fortress, and not soldiers *en rive force*, that stood in the way. At St. Privat their offensive would probably have been worsted if Canrobert had been reinforced, or even if a supply of ammunition had reached him; and a loss there of one-third of the combatants of the Guard Corps without result caused them to change for the better the method of their attack. But in every battle from Weissenburg to Sedan, with the exception of the confused *mêlée* of Mars la Tour, the French, besides being bewildered and discouraged, were in inferior strength; after Sedan the French levies in the field were scarcely soldiers. There was no fair testing of the relative advantages of defence and offence in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8; and so it remains that in an actual and practical sense no firm decision has yet been established. All civilised nations are, however, assiduously practising the methods of the offensive.

It may be anticipated that in future warfare between evenly matched combatants the offensive will get the worst of it at the hands of the passive defensive. The word 'anticipate' is used in preference to 'apprehend,' because one's sympathy is naturally for the invaded state, unless it has been wantonly aggressive and insolent. The invaded army, if the term may be used, having familiar knowledge of the terrain, will take up a position in the fair-way of the invader; affording strong flank *appui*, and a far-stretching clear range in front and on flanks. It will throw up several lines, or, still better, tiers of shallow trenches along its front and flanks,

<sup>2</sup> *The Nation in Arms.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Baron von der Goltz. (Allen.)

with emplacements for artillery and machine guns. The invader must attack; he cannot turn the enemy's position and expose his communications to that enemy. He takes the offensive, doing so, as is the received practice, in front and on a flank. From the outset he will find the offensive a sterner ordeal than in the Franco-German War days. He will have to break into loose order at a greater distance, because of the longer range of small arms, and the further scope, the greater accuracy, and the quicker fire of the new artillery. He too possesses those weapons, but he cannot use them with so great effect. His field batteries suffer from the hostile cannon-fire as they move forward to take up a position. His infantry cannot fire on the run; when they drop after a rush, the aim of panting and breathless men cannot be of the best. And their target is fairly protected and at least partially hidden. The defenders behind their low *épaulement* do not pant; their marksmen only at first are allowed to fire; these make things unpleasant for the massed gunners out yonder, who share their attentions with the spraying-out infantrymen. The quick-firing cannon of the defence are getting in their work methodically. Neither the gunners nor the infantry need be nervous as to expending ammunition freely, since plenteous supplies are promptly available, a convenience which does not infallibly come to either guns or rifles of the attack. The Germans report as their experience in the capacity of assailants, that the rapidity and excitement of the advance, the stir of strife, the turmoil, exhilarate the soldiers, and that patriotism and fire-discipline in combination enforce a cool steady maintenance of fire; that in view of the ominous spectacle of the swift and confident advance, under torture of the storm of shell-fire and the hail of bullets which they have to endure in immobility, the defenders, previously shaken by the assailants' artillery preparation, become nervous, waver, and finally break when the cheers of the final concentrated rush strike on their ears. That this was scarcely true as regarded French regulars the annals of every battle of the Franco-German war up to and including Sedan conclusively show. It is true, however, that the French nature is intolerant of inactivity, and in 1870 suffered under the deprivation of its *métier*; but how often the Germans recoiled from the shelter trenches of the Spicheren and gave ground all along the line from St. Privat to the Bois de Vaux, men who witnessed those desperate struggles cannot forget while they live. Warriors of greater equanimity than the French soldier possesses might perhaps stand on the defensive in calm self-confidence, with simple breechloaders as their weapons, if simple breechloaders were also weapons of the assailants. But in his magazine rifle the soldier of the future can keep the defensive, not only with self-confidence, but with high elation, for in it (so long as it is not the Lee-Speed) he will possess a weapon against which no



attack (although armed too with a magazine or repeating rifle) can prevail.

The assailants fall fast as their advance pushes forward, combed down by the rifle fire, the mitraille, and the shrapnel of the defence. But they are gallant men, and while life lasts they will not be denied. The long bloody advance is all but over; the survivors of it who have attained thus far are lying down getting their wind for the final concentration and rush. Meanwhile, since after they once again stand up they will use no more rifle fire till they have conquered or are beaten, they are pouring forth against the defence their reserve of bullets in or attached to their rifle-butts. The defenders take this punishment, like Colonel Quagg, lying down, courting the protection of their earth-bank. The hail of the assailants' bullets ceases; already the artillery of the attack has desisted lest it should injure friend as foe. The word runs along the line and the clumps of men lying prostrate there out in the open. The officers spring to their feet, wave their swords, and cheer loudly. The men are up in an instant, and the swift rush focussing toward a point begins. The distance to be traversed before the attackers are *aux prises* with the defenders is about one hundred and fifty yards.

It is no mere storm of missiles which meets fair in the face those charging heroes; no, it is a moving wall of metal against which they run to their ruin. For the infantry of the defence are emptying their magazines now at point-blank range. Emptied magazine yields to full one; the Maxims are pumping, not bullets, but veritable chains of lead, with calm, devilish swiftness. The quick-firing guns are spouting radiating torrents of case. The attackers are mown down as corn falls, not before the sickle, but the scythe. Not a man has reached, or can reach, the little earth-bank behind which the defenders keep their ground. The attack has failed; and failed from no lack of valour, of methodised effort, of punctilious compliance with every instruction; but simply because the defence—the defence of the future in warfare—has been too strong for the attack. One will not occupy space by recounting how in the very nick of time the passive defence flashes out into the counter-offensive; nor need one enlarge on the sure results to the invader as the unassailed flank of the defence throws forward the shoulder, and takes in flank the dislocated masses of aggressors.

One or two such experiences will definitively settle the point as to the relative advantage of the offensive and the defensive. Soldiers will not submit themselves to re-trial on re-trial of a *res judicata*. Grant, dogged though he was, had to accept that lesson in the shambles of Cold Harbour. For the bravest sane man will rather live than die. No man burns to become cannon-fodder. The Turk, who is supposed to court death in battle for religious reasons of a somewhat material kind, can run away even when the alternative is imme-

diate removal to a Paradise of unlimited hours and copious sherbet. There are no braver men than Russian soldiers; but going into action against the Turks tried their nerves, not because they feared the Turks as antagonists, but because they knew too well that a petty wound disabling from retreat meant not alone death, but unspeakable mutilation before that release.

It is obvious that if, as is here anticipated, the offensive proves impossible in the battle of the future, an exaggerated phase of the stalemate which Boguslawski so pathetically deprecates will occur. The world need not greatly concern itself regarding this issue; the situation will almost invariably be in favour of the invaded, and will probably present itself near his frontier line. He can afford to wait until the invader tires of inaction and goes home.

Magazine and machine guns would seem to sound the knell of possible employment of cavalry in battle. No matter how dislocated are the infantry ridden at so long as they are not quite demoralised, however *rusé* the cavalry leader—however favourable to sudden unexpected onslaught is the ground, the quick-firing arms of the future must apparently stall off the most enterprising horsemen. Probably if the writer were arguing the point with a German, the famous experiences of Von Bredow might be adduced in bar of this contention. In the combat of Tobitschau in 1866 Von Bredow led his cuirassier regiment straight at three Austrian batteries in action, captured the eighteen guns and everybody and everything belonging to them, with the loss to himself of but ten men and eight horses. It is true, says the honest official account, that the ground favoured the charge, and that the shells fired by the usually skilled Austrian gunners flew high. But during the last 100 yards grape was substituted for shell, and Bredow deserved all the credit he got. Still stronger against my argument was Bredow's memorable work at Mars la Tour, when, at the head of six squadrons, he charged across 1,000 yards of open plain, rode over and through two separate lines of French infantry, carried a line of cannon numbering nine batteries, rode 1,000 yards further into the very heart of the French army, and came back with a loss of not quite one half of his strength. The *Todtenritt*, as the Germans call it, was a wonderful exploit, a second Balaclava charge, and a bloodier one; and there was this distinction, that it had a purpose, and that that purpose was achieved. For Bredow's charge in effect wrecked France. It arrested the French advance which would else have swept Alvensleben aside; and to its timely effect is traceable the sequence of events that ended in the capitulation of Metz. The fact that although from the beginning of his charge until he struck the front of the first French infantry line, Von Bredow took the rifle-fire of a whole French division, yet did not lose above fifty men, has been a notable weapon in the hands of those who argue that good cavalry can charge home on unshaken

infantry. But never more will French infantry shoot from the hip as Lafont's conscripts at Mars la Tour shot in the vague direction of Bredow's squadrons. French cavalry never got within yards of German infantry even in loose order; and the magazine or repeating rifle held reasonably straight will stop the most thrusting cavalry that ever heard the 'charge' sound.

Fortifications of the future will differ curiously from those of the present. The latter, with their towering scarps, their massive *enceintes*, their 'portentous ditches,' will remain as monuments of a vicious system, except where, as in the cases of Vienna, Cologne, Sedan, &c., the dwellers in the cities they encircle shall procure their demolition for the sake of elbow-room, or until modern howitzer shells or missiles charged with high explosives shall pulverise their naked expanses of masonry. In the fortification of the future, the defender will no longer be 'enclosed in the toils imposed by the engineer,' with the inevitable disabilities they entail, while the besieger enjoys the advantage of free mobility. Plevna has killed the castellated fortress. With free communications, the full results attainable by fortress artillery, intelligently used, will at length come to be realised. Unless in rare cases and for exceptional reasons, towns will gradually cease to be fortified, even by an encirclement of detached forts. Where the latter are availed of, practical experience will infallibly condemn the expensive and complex cupola-surmounted construction of which General Brialmont is the champion. 'A work,' trenchantly argues Major Sydenham Clarke, 'designed on the principles of the Roman catacombs is suited only for the dead, in a literal or in a military sense. The vast system of subterranean chambers and passages is capable of entombing a brigade, but denies all necessary tactical freedom of action to a battalion.'

The fortress of the future will probably be in the nature of an entrenched camp. The interior of the position will provide casemate accommodation for an army of considerable strength. Its defences will consist of a circle at intervals of about 2,500 yards, of permanent redoubts which shall be invisible at moderate ranges, for infantry and machine guns, the garrison of each redoubt to consist of a half battalion. Such a work was in 1886 constructed at Chatham in thirty-one working days, to hold a garrison of 200 men housed in casemates built in concrete, for less than 3,000*l.*, and experiments proved that it would require a 'prohibitory expenditure' of ammunition to cause it serious damage by artillery fire. The supporting defensive armament will consist of a powerful artillery rendered mobile by means of tramroads, this defence supplemented by a field force carrying on outpost duties and manning field works guarding the intervals between the redoubts. Advanced defences and exterior obstacles of as formidable a character as possible will be the complement of what in effect will be an immensely elaborated Plevna,

which, properly armed and fully organised, will 'fulfil all the requirements of defence,' while possessing important potentialities of offence.

An illustration is pertinent of the pre-eminent utility of such fortified and strongly held positions, of whose characteristics the above is the merest outline. In the event of a future Franco-German war, the immensely expensive cordon of fortresses with which the French have lined their frontier, efficiently equipped, duly garrisoned and well commanded, will unquestionably present a serious obstacle to the invading armies. The Germans talk of *vive force*—shell heavily and then storm: the latter resort one for which they have in the past displayed no predilection. Whether by storm or interpenetration, they will probably break the cordon, but they cannot advance without masking all the principal fortresses. This will employ a considerable portion of their strength, and the invasion will proceed in less force, which will be an advantage to the defenders. But if instead of those multitudinous fortresses the French had constructed, say, three such entrenched-camp fortresses as have been sketched, each quartering 50,000 men, it would appear that they would have done better for themselves at far less cost. Each entrenched position containing a field army 50,000 strong, would engross a beleaguering host of 100,000 men. The positions of the type outlined are claimed to be impregnable; they could contain supplies and munitions for at least a year, detaining around them for that period 300,000 of the enemy. No European power except Russia has soldiers enough to spare so long such a mass of troops standing fast, and simultaneously prosecute the invasion of a first-rate power with approximately equal numbers. France at the cost of 150,000 men would be holding supine on her frontier double the number of Germans—surely no disadvantageous transaction.

In conclusion, it may be worth while to point out that the current impression, that the maintenance by states of 'bloated armaments' is a keen incentive to war, is fallacious. How often do we hear, 'There must be a big war soon; the powers cannot long stand the cost of standing looking at each other, all armed to the teeth!' War is infinitely more costly than the costliest preparedness. But this is not all. The country gentleman for once, in a way brings his family to town for the season, pledging himself privily to strict economy when the term of dissipation ends, in order to restore the balance. But for a state, as the sequel to a season of war, there is no such potentiality of economy. Rather there is the grim certainty of heavier and yet heavier expenditure after the war, in the still obligatory character of the armed man keeping his house. Therefore it is that potentates are reluctant to draw the sword, and rather bear the ills they have than fly to other evils inevitably worse still. Whether the final outcome will be universal national bankruptcy or the millennium, is a problem.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

ON THE 'ENORMOUS ANTIQUITY' OF  
THE EAST.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN people speak of the East, of Oriental languages, Oriental literature, Oriental art, or Oriental religion, their idea generally seems to be that all that belongs to the East is extremely old and very mysterious. There is a charm which it is difficult to account for, but there certainly is a charm that attracts us to everything that is supposed to be very old, and to everything that seems wrapt in mystery. If, then, these lectures which I have the honour to inaugurate to-night are meant to draw the attention of the public at large towards Oriental studies, and to arouse an interest in the languages, the literatures, the art, and the religion of the East, not only among scholars, but among the ever-widening circles of intelligent men and cultivated women, it may not seem very wise to say anything that might break that charm, that might reduce the enormous antiquity so often claimed for Oriental literature to more modest limits, and dispel those golden clouds of mystery which are supposed to surround the sanctuary of the primeval wisdom of the East.

And yet, if I were asked to say what in our own time is the distinguishing feature of Oriental research, I should say that it was the endeavour to bring the remote East closer and closer to our own time, and to dispel as much as possible that mystery which used to shroud its language, its literature, and its religion. Oriental scholarship is no longer a mere matter of curiosity. It appeals to higher sympathies, and teaches us that we can study in the East as well as in the West the great questions of humanity—those questions that furnish the first impulse and the highest purpose to all human inquiries. So long as the Egyptian is a mere mummy to us, the Babylonian a mere image in stone, the Jew a prophet, the Hindu a dreamer, the Chinaman a joke, we are not yet Oriental scholars. The Wise Men of the East are still mere strangers to us, coming we know not whence, going we know not whither, and leaving behind them nothing but gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

It is only when these strangers cease to be strangers, when they

<sup>1</sup> Inaugural Address, delivered before the Royal Asiatic Society, on Wednesday, March 4, 1891.

become friends, people exactly like ourselves in their strength and in their weakness, in their ideals and their failures, in their hopes and their despairs—it is then only that we can claim to be Oriental scholars, real students of the East, true lovers of humanity which is always the same, whatever its age, whatever its language, whatever the many disguises which it has assumed in the different acts of the great drama of history.

What charm is there in mere antiquity? Antiquity seems difficult to define. Very often what is old is despised, however good it may be; at other times, what is old is valued, though its merit seems to consist in nothing but its age. A book printed in the fifteenth century is competed for by all collectors, while many a manuscript of the same date will hardly tempt a buyer. A Greek work of art, say, of 500 B.C., finds a place of honour in any museum. An Egyptian monument of the same age is referred to the decadence of old Egyptian art. When we come to one thousand years, two thousand years, or, as some will have it, to three or four thousand years B.C., everything that can claim descent from those distant ages is valued, and almost worshipped. And yet, what are four thousand, what are six thousand years, when we become geologists? What are the oldest Egyptian mummies compared to the megatheria embalmed in the sarcophagi of nature! And again, how modern are those stratified cemeteries on the surface of our globe, nay, even the unstratified foundations of this earth, in the eyes of the astronomer, to whom our globe dwindles away into a mere infinitesimal globule that has not yet been touched by the rays of light proceeding from more distant suns! Mere antiquity, it has always seemed to me, can lend no real charm to Oriental studies.

First of all, what we call ancient in literary productions is not so very ancient after all. Our libraries and museums contain little that is more than four thousand years old. If one century is easily spanned by three generations, a little more than one hundred generations would span the whole history of the literature of the world. What the Egyptians said to the Greeks we must learn to say to ourselves—'We are as yet but children.' Man's life on earth is only in its beginnings. The future before him is immense; the past that lies behind us is but the short preface to a work that will require many volumes before it is finished, before man has become what he was meant to be.

Secondly, we must not forget that when we speak of literary works of two, or three, or four thousand years before our era, we are not really on what is properly called historical ground. I am by no means a sceptic as to the remote antiquity assigned to Chinese, Egyptian, Babylonian, and Indian literature; but I think we are too easily tempted to forget the important difference between *authentic* and *constructive* history. Authentic history, as Niebuhr often

pointed out, begins when we have the testimony of a contemporary, or an eye-witness, testifying to the events which he relates. Constructive history and constructive chronology rest on deduction. Constructive history may be quite as true as authentic history. Still we should never forget the difference between the two.

If we bear this difference in mind, I should say that the authentic history of India does not begin before the third century B.C. We have at that time the inscriptions of the famous King Asoka, the grandson of Chandragupta, the Sandrokyptos of Greek historians. Everything in the history of India before that time is purely constructive. But is it therefore less certain? I believe not. The language of these inscriptions, in its various dialects, stands to Sanskrit as Italian stands to Latin. Such changes require centuries. The religion of Asoka is Buddhism, and Buddhism stands to Brahmanism as Protestantism stands to Roman Catholicism. Such changes require centuries. Lastly, the literature of Vedic Brahmanism shows three successive layers of language, ceremonial, and thought. Such changes, again, require centuries. Constructive history places the earliest Vedic hymns about 1500 B.C. But even at that time the language of these Vedic hymns is full of faded, decayed, and quite unintelligible words and forms, and yet in some points more near to Greek than to ordinary Sanskrit. It possesses, for instance, a subjunctive, like Greek, of which there is hardly a trace left in the Epic poems or in the Laws of Manu. Such changes require centuries. In fact, if we ask ourselves how long it must have taken before a language like that of the Vedic hymns could have become what we find it to be, ordinary chronology seems altogether to collapse, and we should feel grateful if geological chronology would allow us to extend the limits assigned to man's presence on earth beyond the end of the Glacial Period.

Egyptian chronology carries us, no doubt, much further than the chronology of India. Menes is supposed to have reigned 4000 B.C., and, if we do not admit a division of the empire among different royal dynasties, the date of Menes might be pushed back even further, to 5600 B.C. Lepsius, however, is satisfied with 3892, Lieblein with 3893 B.C. But, whatever date we accept, we must bear in mind that, like all ancient Egyptian dates, they depend on the construction which we put on Manetho's dynasties, and on the fragments of papyri, like the Royal Papyrus of Turin. We are dealing again with constructive, not with authentic history.

The chronology of the Old Testament is likewise constructive. Those who have most carefully summed up the dates in the Books of Moses fix the day of the Creation in 4160 B.C.—not very long, you see, before the reign of Menes in Egypt—possibly even later. The universal Deluge is fixed by the same scholars in 2504, which is about the time of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty. But in con-

structing this chronology we must not forget that, whatever the age of the Mosaic traditions may be, the Hebrew text, as we now possess it, cannot be referred to an earlier date than about 500 B.C. If, then, we admit with Petermann that the Samaritan text was settled in the fourth century, we find that the interval between Adam and Abraham, which is reckoned as 1948 years in the Hebrew text, has in the Samaritan text been raised to 2249 years. Lastly, if we admit that the Septuagint translation was made in Egypt between the third and second centuries B.C., we find that there the same interval has been raised to 3314 years. It is clear, therefore, that in the history of the Jews also, the ancient dates, though more moderate than those of Egyptian antiquity, are of a purely constructive character.

And what applies to Egypt and Judæa applies even more strongly to China. China claims a history of at least four thousand years. Chinese scholars assure us that the date of the Emperor Yao is historical. Yet it varies between 2357 B.C. and 2145 B.C., the latter being the date of the Bamboo Annals. Beyond Yao it is generally admitted that Chinese history is fabulous, though we are told by some authorities that the Emperor Hwang-ti was an historical character, and began his reign in 2697 B.C. All this may be true. The historical traditions of China may reach back very far. But we must never forget the fact, which Chinese historians are very apt to forget, namely, the destruction of all ancient books by the Emperor Khin in 213 B.C. The edict, we are told, was ruthlessly enforced, and hundreds of scholars who refused obedience to the imperial command were buried alive. The edict was not repealed till 191. It lasted, therefore, twenty-two years. There are, no doubt, traditions that some of the books were recovered from hiding-places or from memory; yet authentic history in China cannot be said to date from before the burning of the books and the beginning of the Han dynasty.

As to the ancient history of Babylon, it is well to learn to be patient and to wait. The progress of discovery and decipherment is so rapid, that what is true this year is shown to be wrong next year. Our old friend Gisdubar has now, thanks to the ingenious combinations of Mr. Pinches, become Gilgames.<sup>2</sup> This is no discredit to the valiant pioneers in this glorious campaign. On the contrary, it speaks well for their perseverance and for their sense of truth. I shall only give you one instance to show what I mean by calling the ancient periods of Babylonian history also constructive rather than authentic. My friend Professor Sayce claims 4000 B.C. as the beginning of Babylonian literature. Nabonidus, he tells us (*Hibbert Lectures*, p. 21), in 550 B.C. explored the great temple of the Sun-god at Sippara. This temple was believed to have been founded by Naram Sin, the son of Sargon. Nabonidus, however, lighted upon the actual founda-

<sup>2</sup> *Academy*, Jan. 17, 1891; see 'Gilgames' in Aelian, *Hist. Anim.* xii. 21.



tion-stone—a stone, we are told, which had not been seen by any of his predecessors for 3200 years. On the strength of this the date of  $3200 + 550$  years, that is, 3750 B.C., is assigned to Naram Sin, the son of Sargon. These two kings, however, are said to be quite modern, and to have been preceded by a number of so-called Proto-Chaldean kings, who spoke a Proto-Chaldean language, long before the Semitic population had entered the land. It is concluded, further, from some old inscriptions on diorite, brought from the Peninsula of Sinai to Chaldæa, that the quarries of Sinai, which were worked by the Egyptians at the time of their third dynasty, say six thousand years ago, may have been visited about the same time by these Proto-Chaldeans. 4000 B.C., we are told, would therefore be a very moderate initial epoch for Babylonian and Egyptian literature.

I am the very last person to deny the ingeniousness of these arguments, or to doubt the real antiquity of the early civilisation of Babylon or Egypt. All I wish to point out is, that we should always keep before our eyes the constructive character of this ancient history and chronology. To use a foundation-stone, on its own authority, as a stepping-stone over a gap of 3200 years, is purely constructive chronology, and as such is to be carefully distinguished from what historians mean by authentic history, as when Herodotus or Thucydides tells us what happened during their own lives or before their own eyes.

But, whatever the result of these chronological speculations may be—whether Oriental history begins six, or five, or four, or three, or two, or one thousand before our era—I ask again, what is the charm of mere antiquity, if antiquity means no more than what is remote, what is separated from us by wide gaps of millenniums?

I am quite willing to grant that there is a charm in what is old, whether its age counts by years, or centuries, or millenniums, only that charm must come from ourselves, from the students of antiquity, whether in the East or in the West. We should remember that *antiquity* means not only what is *old*. It is derived from *ante*. It means what is before us, what is *anterior*, what is *antecedent* to the present. It means, and it should mean, the firm historical foundation on which we stand.

If we can discover in the past the key to some of the riddles of the present; if we can link the past to the present by the strong chains of cause and effect; if we can unite the broken and scattered links of tradition into one continuous wire, then the electric spark of human sympathy will flash from one end to the other. The most remote antiquity will cease to be remote. It will be brought near to us, home to us, close to our very heart. We shall be the ancients of the world, and the distant childhood of the human race will be to us like our own childhood.

And mark the change, the almost miraculous change, which Oriental scholarship has wrought among the ruins of the past. What was old has become young; what was young has become old.

Take our languages. We call English, French, and German modern, very modern. But when we have traced back English to Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Saxon to Gothic, and Gothic to that 'Home of the Aryas' in which the language spoken in India, Sanskrit, had as much right as Persian, as Greek and Latin, and Celtic and Slavonic, nay, as Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and English—when the student of language has gathered the broken links of that Aryan chain and fitted them together once more into one organic whole—what happens? Does not the young become old and the old become young? Our modern languages stand now before us as the most ancient languages of the world—grey, bald, shrivelled, and wizened; while the more ancient a language, the fresher its features, the more vigorous its muscles, the more expressive its countenance. Our *own* words are old; our *own* philosophy is old; our *own* religion is old; our *own* social institutions are old. 'The youth of the world, the true *juventus mundi*, lies far beyond us, far beyond the Greeks, far beyond Troy. And even when we have tracked the young Aryas to their common home in Asia, even then we find in their so-called Proto-Aryan speech words full of wrinkles, and thoughts which disclose rings within rings in innumerable succession.

Therefore, neither mere old age on one side nor mere youth and childhood on the other can satisfy the true historical student, unless he is able at the same time to discover the laws of growth which explain what is young by what is old, what is secondary by what is primitive, which show that there is and always has been growth and purpose in the world. There lies the true charm of our Oriental studies. China, Egypt, Babylon, India, and Persia, are no longer distant from us as the East is from the West. They have really become to us the true East—that is, the point of orientation and direction for all the studies of the West.

Think of that one word *Indo-European*, which is now so familiar to us that we actually speak of Indo-European telegraphs, and railways, and newspapers. I remember the time when that word was framed, and the shiver which it sent through the limbs of classical scholarship. Nor do I wonder. Think what the synthesis of these two words, India and Europe, implies! It implies that the people who migrated into India thousands of years before the beginning of our era spoke the same language which we speak in England. When I call English and Sanskrit the same language, I do not wish to raise false hopes in the hearts of candidates for the Indian Civil Service. All I mean is, that English and Sanskrit are substantially the same language—are but two varieties of the same type, rivers flowing from the same source, though each running in its own bed. The bold synthesis contained in the term *Indo-European* brought the words and thoughts of the dark-skinned inhabitants of India, brought those very dark-skinned inhabitants of India themselves, at

one swoop as close to us as the Greeks and Romans have been for many centuries. It united the people of Europe, the speakers of English, German, Celtic, and Slavonic, of Greek and Latin, into one family with the speakers of Sanskrit, Persian, and Armenian. It constituted a Unionist-League embracing the greatest nations of history, and made them all conscious of a new nobility in thought and word and deed, the nobility of the Indo-European, or, as it is also called, the nobility of the ancient Aryan brotherhood.

I have been told again and again by my Hindu friends that nothing has given the intelligent population of India a greater sense of their dignity, and that nothing has drawn the bonds of fellowship between India and England more closely together, than this discovery of the common origin of their language and of the principal languages of Europe, and more particularly of English.

You know, of course, that we share most of our words in common with Sanskrit and the other members of the Aryan family of speech. You know that the grammar of all the Aryan languages was fixed once for all, and that it is totally different from the grammar of the Semitic and other families of speech.

But though these facts have become familiar to us, yet it is difficult to resist sometimes a feeling of giddiness that comes over us when we see how near the past is really to the present, how close the East has really been brought to the West.

Let us take one instance. You know, of course, that in every language of the Aryan race all the numerals are the same. But think what that means. The decimal system must have been elaborated and accepted by the ancestors of our race before they separated, and every number, from one to one hundred, must have received its name, and all these names must have been sanctioned, not by agreement, but by use, or, if you like, by the survival of the fittest. How old these numerals are is best shown by the fact that they cannot be derived from any of the roots known to us, so that we cannot tell why six was ever called six, or seven seven. And yet in Sanskrit, Zend, Armenian, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Celtic, and English we find exactly the same series of numerals.

But the relationship is even more close in other parts of the language, and the dependence of the English of to-day on the Sanskrit as spoken two or three thousand years ago is sometimes perfectly startling. Allow me to give you one illustration, which, though it is somewhat tedious, will surprise you by what the French would call the *solidarité* which still exists between Sanskrit and English.

Why do we say in English *dead* and *death*? I mean, why is there a *d* as the termination of the participle, and a *th* as the termination of the substantive? This may seem a very far-fetched question. Most people would say that it is no use asking such questions, because it is impossible to answer them. Grammar tells us that the

participle is formed by *d*, and the substantive by *th*, and there must be an end of it. The Science of Language, however, takes a very different view. It holds that everything in language has a reason, and that it is our own fault if we cannot discover it. Now here, in order to discover the reason for *d* in *deatl* and for *th* in *death*, it will be necessary to enter into some *minutiae* of comparative grammar. You have probably all heard of *Grimm's Law*. It is a very wonderful law, but we have now got far beyond it. Well, according to Grimm's Law, wherever we find in Sanskrit, in Greek and Latin, in Celtic and Slavonic a *t*, we find in Gothic, in Anglo-Saxon, and therefore in English, the aspirated *t* or *th*. Even this, if you come to think about it, seems a marvellous fact. There is no exception to this rule; at least, none that cannot be accounted for. And an exception that can be accounted for is no longer an exception; on the contrary, it is an exception which was said to prove the rule.

If 'three' is *trayas* in Sanskrit, *tres* in Latin, *τρῆς* in Greek, it must be *three* in English. If 'thou' is *tuam* in Sanskrit, *tu* in Latin, *σύ* for *τύ* in Greek, it must be *thou* in English. Thus Latin *tonitrus* is *thunder*, *tectum* is *thatch*, *tenuis* is *thin*. In the middle of a word, also, *t* becomes *th*, as in *father* for *pater*, *mother* for *mater*. And likewise at the end, as in *tooth* for *dens*, *dentis*.

With this rule clearly before our mind, let us now advance a step further.

The termination of the past participle in all Indo-European languages is formed by *t*. Thus in Sanskrit we have from *yug*, 'to join,' *yuk-ta*, 'joined,' as we have in Latin from *jungo*, 'I join,' *junctus*, 'joined.'

If, then, our rule that *t* becomes *th* in Anglo-Saxon holds good, that *t* of the participle should appear in English as *th*. It should be *death* (A.S. *dæath*), not *deatl* (A.S. *déatl*). In the substantive *death* (A.S. *déath*), on the contrary, we have quite regularly, and in accordance with Grimm's Law, the *th*, which corresponds to the *t* of a suffix well known in many Aryan languages, used for forming abstract and other nouns, namely *tu*. In many cases this suffix *tu* leaves the accent in Sanskrit on the radical portion of a word. Thus from *vas*, 'to shine,' we have *vás-tu*, 'shining,' or the morning. From *vas*, 'to dwell,' we have *vâstu*, 'a dwelling,' the Greek *ἄστυ*, 'town.' The Sanskrit *krātu*, 'might,' appears in Greek as *κράτυς*, 'might.' In some cases, however, the accent in Sanskrit as in Greek falls on the last syllable, as in *ritú*, 'season,' *gâtú*, 'going,' 'path.' As forming abstract nouns the same suffix *tu* is most frequent in Latin, in such words as *status*, from *stâ*, 'to stand,' *tactus*, 'touch,' from *tangere*, and many more.

By means of the same suffix, Gothic formed the word *dauthu-s*, 'death,' and here you see that the rule holds good, and that the original *t* appears as *th*.

Why, then, we ask, was Grimm's Law broken in the case of the

participle *dead*, and maintained in the case of the substantive *death*? Why is it to be called a law at all, if it can be broken so easily?

You will hardly believe it when I tell you that the reason why in *dead* the participial *t* was changed into *d* and not into *th*, and the reason why in *death* the original *t* has been changed into *th*, has been discovered in India, and in the language as spoken there three or four thousand years ago. It is a general rule in the ancient Vedic language that the accent must fall on the vowel following the *t* of the participle. We have to say, *yuktá*, *kṛítá*, *dattá*. But in many of the substantives ending in *tu*, the accent falls on the vowel preceding the *t*. Hence *vástu*, *krátu*, &c. Whenever the accent in ancient Sanskrit falls on the vowel following the *t*, as in the participle, Grimm's Law does not apply; *t* does not become *th*, but *d*. But whenever the accent precedes the *t*, Grimm's Law applies, and *t* is changed into *th*, as in *death*. Grimm's Law is therefore not broken. It is rather confirmed by a new law that comes in, and shows once more the marvellous regularity in the growth of language—a regularity which, if we fully realise what it means, seems almost miraculous. The same hidden influences which were at work in producing two such words as *dead* and *death* were likewise active in all similar cases. They, and they alone, help us to account for the difference between such words as *healed* and *health*, to *scathe* and *soilden*, when we have in Anglo-Saxon *scóthan*, *scáth*, but *sudon* and *sodlin*.

My chief object in drawing your attention to this one case was, to show how near such a language as Sanskrit, which has sometimes been called the most ancient language of the world, is really to us. The ghost of that dead language, or of some even more ancient ancestor, still haunts the dark passages of our own speech. Though dead it still speaketh. Think only what this means. Sanskrit ceased to be a spoken language in the third century B.C. Even at that time its accents had ceased to be what they were in Vedic times. Instead of being complicated, like the accent in Greek, they had become simplified, like the accents in Latin or English. We did not even know that Sanskrit had ever been pronounced according to the strict rules of accent till we became acquainted with the literature of the Vedic age. There, and there alone, the accents were marked in our MSS., and explained to us by the ancient grammarians of India, who composed their grammars in about 500 B.C.

Think, then, on the other side, for how many centuries, if not for how many thousands of years, Teutonic has been a separate and independent branch of Aryan speech, spoken as Gothic on the Danube, as Saxon near the Elbe, as Anglo-Saxon on the banks of the Thames. Think of its free and independent growth within these realms—and then try to understand how such a minute point in English grammar, the *d* of the participles and *th* of its abstract substantives, is still under the sway of a change of accent from the ultimate to the

penultimate syllable, which took place thousands of years ago in the language spoken by the poets of the Veda in the valleys of the Penjâb. Is not this more marvellous than a 'ghost story by Rider Haggard? Does it not make our hair stand on end when we see a dead language standing before us so much alive, so much able to will us, and to make us say either *d* or *th*, whether we like it or not? We have heard of letters from the Mahâtmas of Tibet flying through the air from Lhassa to Calcutta and to London. This does very well for a novel. But here we have in sober earnest the very accents of the ancient language of the Veda flying across thousands of years from the Sutledj to the Thames, so that we, in this very hall here, must say *death* but *dead*, *health* but *healed*, to *seethe* but *sodden*, simply and solely because some dark-skinned poets in the common home of the Aryan race, in Asia, chose to say something like *dhâtû* for 'dead,' and *dhavâtu* for 'death.'

I am afraid this illustration may have proved rather tedious and difficult to follow. But it was necessary to give it in order to make you see with your own eyes what I mean when I say that the true charm of antiquity lies in its being so modern—not in its being remote, but in its being so near to us, so close, so omnipresent. If Sanskrit were simply a piece of antiquity—aye, if it were as old as the megatheria, or as old as the hills—we might stare at it, we might wonder at it, but it would never attract us, it would never make us ponder, it would never help us to learn how we came to be what we are.

I say, therefore, that antiquity by itself is nothing to us, and if Oriental languages, such as the ancient language of India, or of Egypt, Babylon, China, could display no other attractions than the wrinkles of old age, they would never have gained such ardent admirers as they still count among the young and the old members of this society.

Sanskrit, no doubt, has an immense advantage over all the other ancient languages of the East. It is so attractive, and has been so widely admired, that it almost seems at times to excite a certain amount of feminine jealousy. We are ourselves Indo-Europeans. In a certain sense we are still speaking and thinking Sanskrit; or, more correctly, Sanskrit is like a dear aunt to us; she takes the place of a mother who is no more.

But other languages of the East also have lost their remoteness, and have entered by one way or another into the arena of modern thought. The monuments of Babylon and Assyria may be very old, but what would they have been to us if those long rows of wedge-shaped inscriptions had not been deciphered by the brilliant genius and the persevering industry of our honoured Director, and had not disclosed an intimate relationship between the language of the Mesopotamian kingdoms and what we call the Semitic languages,

languages still spoken by Arabs, by Syrians, and by Jews? Nor was it their language only that has brought the cuneiform inscriptions within the sphere of our scientific interests. After all, though we are Aryas in language and thought, our religion has drawn many elements from Semitic sources. The Old Testament is nearer to us than the Veda. It was by showing us the real historical position of the sacred traditions of the Jews among the traditions of the Babylonians and Assyrians, and of the whole Semitic race, that cuneiform studies have taken their place within the sphere of modern research, and are helping us to solve questions which have perplexed Biblical students for centuries. The traditions about the Creation of the world, about the Deluge, about the Tower of Babel, are now known to have been Semitic in a general sense; they were not, as we imagined—nay, as we were called upon to believe—the exclusive property of the Jewish race.

Egypt also has been drawn into this enchanted and enchanting circle. Its hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic literature now claims a voice in the council of the most modern research. The close relations between Egypt, Babylon, and Palestine in the most ancient times have lately received an unexpected confirmation. A diplomatic correspondence between the Courts of Egypt and Babylon has been discovered which is referred to 2000 B.C. That Egypt influenced not only Palestine from the days of Moses, but likewise Babylon and Nineveh, as, in later times, Greece, can no longer be doubted. With every year new rays of light from the land of the pyramids help us to see how much in our most familiar thoughts comes from Egypt. I will not tell you to-night the fairy story of the migration of our alphabet. Suffice it to say that, as in speaking English we speak Sanskrit, in writing our letters we are really scrawling hieroglyphic signs.

But let us look for a moment at the folk-lore of Egypt. Folk-lore, you know, is very popular just now, and it has not been slow to avail itself of the *Mährchen* of ancient Egypt in order to show how even the nurseries of the whole world are akin. The solemn Egyptians were as fond of stories as all other nations. Some of these stories have, lately been translated, and these translations may, on the whole, be accepted as trustworthy. I shall read you one, translated by Professor Brugsch, and which he considers as the prototype of another story with which we have all been familiar from our early childhood:—

The two sons of one father and one mother were, on some beautiful day, doing their work in the field.

The great brother gave an order to the little brother, saying, 'Go away from here, and fetch me seed-corn from the village.' The little brother went to find the wife of his great brother, and found her sitting and busy plaiting her hair. And he said to her, 'Rise and give me seed-corn, that I may return to the field, for my

great brother has commanded me saying, "Hasten back to me and do not tarry." And the woman said to him, 'Go and open the seed-chest, that thou mayest take what thy heart desires, and that my hair may not be unfastened while I go.'

Then the youth went to his chamber to fetch a large measure, for he wished to carry off as much seed as possible. After he had loaded himself with barley and buck-wheat, he marched away with his heavy burden. But the woman stood in his way and said, 'How heavy is the burden?' He answered, 'Three bushels of buck-wheat and two bushels of barley; together they are five bushels that rest on my shoulders.'

Thus he spoke to her, and she laid hold of him and said, 'Let us rest for an hour. I shall give thee precious garments and all that is most beautiful.'

But the youth became furious at this base proposal, like a panther from the South, and she was very much terrified, yea, very much. And he addressed her saying, 'Look, thou, O woman, hast been to me like a mother, and thy husband like a father, because he is older than I, and he has brought me up. Is it not a great sin what thou hast said to me? Never repeat that speech. Then no man shall hear a word of it out of my mouth.'

Then he lifted his burden and walked to the field, and came to his great brother, and they found plenty of work to do. And when the evening drew near, his great brother returned home, but his little brother remained with the flock, laden with all the good things of the field. And he led the flock home, that it might rest in the stable in the village.

But lo, the wife of his great brother was afraid on account of the proposal which she had made to the little brother. And she swallowed a potful of fat, and became as one who was sick, for she wished her husband to think that she was sick on account of his little brother.

And when her husband came home in the evening and entered the house, as was his wont, he found his wife lying on her couch, as if going to die. She did not pour water over his hands, according to custom, nor did she light the lamp before him, so that the house was dark. And she lay still and was sick.

Then her husband said to her, 'Who has spoken to thee?' And she answered, 'No one has spoken to me except thou and thy little brother. When he came home to fetch the seed, he found me alone and asked me to rest with him for an hour. But I did not listen to him, and said, "Am I not thy mother, and is not thy great brother to thee like a father?" Thus I spake to him, but he did not mind my words, but beat me, that I should not inform thee. Now, if you allow him to live, I shall kill myself.'

Professor Brugsch thinks that we have to recognise in this popular Egyptian story the source of the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, as preserved to us in the Book of Genesis. Most students of folklore will probably agree with him; but I think we ought to pause. We may admit that it is possible, that it is probable; but we cannot say that it is proven.

There is one objection pointed out by Professor Brugsch himself. He says that such names as *Potiphar* never occur in Egyptian before the ninth century, and that therefore Moses himself could never have heard the name of *Potiphar* and his wife. *Potiphar* in Egyptian means the gift of the god *Ra*, from *puti*, gift, and *ra*, the god *Ra*, with the article *p*. It would, therefore, have meant the same as the Greek name *Heliodoros*. Professor Brugsch is, no doubt, a very high authority on such matters, perhaps the highest. Still it seems to me that very important arguments have been



brought forward to show that proper names, formed on the same lines as Potiphar, do occur at a much earlier time. On this point we must wait for Professor Brugsch's reply. But even if he were right on this point, folk-lorists would say that the story in Genesis might still have been borrowed from Egyptian, because no scholar now maintains that the text of Genesis, as we possess it, is older than the ninth century, or that it was written down before about 500 B.C.

What makes me feel doubtful whether the story in Genesis was really borrowed from the Egyptian story is something different. It is the peculiar character of the Egyptian story. The sinfulness of the Egyptian woman consists not so much in her falling in love with a stranger, as in her almost incestuous passion for her husband's younger brother, who had the same father and the same mother, and to whom she herself had been like a mother. These characteristic features are entirely absent in the story of Potiphar's wife. She is simply a frail woman, the wife of a captain of the guard; and I must leave it to my friends the folk-lorists to determine whether there could only have been one Potiphar's wife in the whole ancient history of Egypt, or whether the chapter of accidents and accidental coincidences is not larger than we imagine.

Having thus shown you by a few examples how near the language, the literature, the religion, and even the folk-lore of India, Babylon, Nineveh, and Egypt have been brought to us, and how closely they touch even some of the burning questions of our own time, I should like, by way of contrast, to say a few words about China. China claims to possess the most ancient literature of the world, but you see that its extreme old age, supposing it were granted, has proved as yet of very little attraction. Chinese studies are confined to a very small number of scholars. The public at large, which is always ready and anxious to listen to anything new or old from India, from Babylon, Nineveh, or from Egypt, takes little notice as yet of the sayings and doings of the old emperors of China.

Why is that? Because there are no intellectual bonds that unite us with ancient China. We have received nothing from the Chinese. There is no electric contact between the white and the yellow race. It has not been brought near to our hearts. China is simply old, very old—that is, remote and strange. If Chinese scholars would bring the ancient literature near to us, if they would show us something in it that really concerns us, something that is not merely old but eternally young, Chinese studies would soon take their place in public estimation by the side of Indo-European, Babylonian, and Egyptian scholarship. There is no reason why China should remain so strange, so far removed from our common interests. There is much to be learnt, for instance, in watching the origin and growth of the Chinese system of writing. There is more of psychology and logic to be gathered from the pictorial representation of thought in China than from many

lengthy treatises on the origin of language and the classification of concepts. Chinese religion also is a subject well worth the serious attention of the theologian, and the very contrast between their philosophy and our own might teach us at least that one useful lesson that there is more to be learnt even there than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

If the facts which I have so far placed before you are true, what follows? It follows that Oriental scholarship must no longer rely on the old saying that distance lends enchantment to the scene. Mere distance, mere antiquity, mere strangeness, will not secure to it a lasting hold on our affections.

Unless the scholar has a heart, and unless he can discover something in the ancient world that appeals to our hearts, his labour will be in vain. The world will pass by, after a cursory glance at our mummies, and will take its lantern, if possibly it may find a *man*, somewhere else. It is sometimes supposed that physical science as distinguished from historical science, the study of the works of nature as kept apart from the study of the works of man, possesses great advantages. It deals with tangible facts, it clears up many mysteries, and it often leads to useful and lucrative discoveries. All that is true. But I confess I wonder how my old friend M. Renan, who has done so much to make the study of Eastern antiquity a living study, could have expressed a regret at having dedicated his life and energies to Oriental languages and not to chemistry. Man has been, is, and always will be, the centre of the world, the measurer of all things. Take even the chemist's atoms. Who made them? who thought and named them? Nature gives us no atoms. Nature knows nothing that is not divisible. Man postulated atoms in spite of nature; and that fundamental concept, that belief in the infinite, in the infinitely small, as well as in the infinitely great, is more important to a thoughtful student than the whole table of atoms of the chemist.

It is man who has to find the key to all the mysteries of nature, and when all these mysteries have been solved, there still remains the greatest mystery of all mysteries—*man*. However much we may forget it when absorbed in minute researches, man is, and will always remain, the hidden subject of all our thoughts.

Philosophers imagine that they can study man in the abstract, or that they are able to discover all his secrets by introspection. Much, no doubt, has been achieved by that method; but, at the very best, all it can teach us is what man is, not how man has come to be what he is. To solve this problem, the most important of all problems that concern us, our age has discovered a new method, the *historical method*. What is called the Historical School has taken possession not only of philosophy, but likewise of the wide fields of language, mythology, religion, customs, and laws. The study of all

these subjects has been completely reformed—has received a fresh foundation and a new life by being based on historical research, and by being pervaded by the historical spirit.

Here, then, in the study of the past lies the bright future of Oriental studies. Let Oriental scholars remember that they have to work for a great object, and let them never mistake the means for the end. That is the danger that besets Oriental more than any other studies. It is, no doubt, very creditable to learn to read hieroglyphics, to understand cuneiform inscriptions, to decipher the language of the Vedic hymns, to read Arabic, Persian, or Hebrew. But unless, while engaged in our special studies, whatever they may be, we can contribute some stones, however small, to the building of that temple which is dedicated to the knowledge of man, and therefore to the knowledge of God, we are but beasts of burden, carrying, it may be, heavy loads, but throwing them down by the road, where they are more likely to impede than to help the progress of true knowledge. Give us men who are not only scholars but thinkers, men like Sir W. Jones and Colebrooke in England, like Champollion and Eugène Burnouf in France, like Schlegel and Humboldt in Germany, and Oriental scholarship will soon take the place that of right belongs to it among the studies of mankind. Man loves man. Discover what is truly human, not only what is old, in India, Persia, Arabia, in Babylon and Nineveh, in Egypt—aye, and in China also—and Oriental studies will not only become popular—that may be worth very little—but they will become helpful to the attainment of man's highest aim on earth, which is to study man, to know man, and, with all his weaknesses and follies, to learn to love man.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

## THE REALM OF THE MICROBE.

AT a time when the world is filled with excitement over the latest discovery by Koch, it may not be without interest to review the progress of micro-biological study, and direct attention more particularly to the place where the chemist unexpectedly struck the high road of medicine, and came upon the first stray wanderers pursuing corresponding researches among the intricacies of the lower fungi.

Within this 'third realm,' as Dumas calls the borderland between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we must allow our minds to carry us into the region of the invisible, for we have to realise the fact that the air round about us is crowded with the germs, in every stage of vitality, of small organisms which are noiseless, intangible, unseen. While sleeping, waking, eating or drinking, they steal so insidiously upon us that we are unconscious of their presence until illness gives the first note of warning.

But before plunging deeper into the still unfathomed depths of the causes of disease, let us for a moment try to form some slight conception of what constitutes primitive life. As we are going back to the earliest beginnings of living things we must start from the thin line which divides the animate from the inanimate. To raise one of those primitive forms of life from its slimy home we have only to tie a piece of muslin over a water faucet<sup>1</sup> and allow the water to trickle slowly through it for a few hours. If we examine under the microscope the scum which remains we bring before our vision one of the oldest inhabitants of our globe, the celebrated *Amœba*.

Looking like a bit of animated jelly, it is composed of a single cell, it is perfectly transparent, and scarcely distinguishable under the microscope from the water in which it lives, moves, and has its being. It rolls itself onward, searching for morsels of imperceptible food, which it draws into its transparent interior to digest at leisure. This curious little primitive being has everything to do for itself without any of the usual apparatus for doing it. To catch its food it has to improvise arms by protruding parts of its body out here and there, drawing them in again with perchance some little prey. It seems never at a loss, for without a stomach it digests, without lungs

<sup>1</sup> Prudden's *Story of the Bacteria*.

it breathes, and without sex it multiplies by dividing its minute body into still minuter portions. These, like the parent, become perfectly independent beings, and almost as soon as born—if I may say so—give birth to others again. At the extreme other end of the biological scale we find that in man life also originates in a single cell, with the important difference that it divides and subdivides, and forms into clusters of cells, which form into layers, till in the final grouping of specialised cells we have the highest order of being.<sup>2</sup>

Thus all living things throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms are composed of cells, springing in the first instance from one single cell. Now the infinitely small beings which do so much good, or may do so much harm, in our everyday lives, are all cells in their primitive condition, and, although such ancient inhabitants of our globe, have only recently emerged from their obscurity to startle the world with the knowledge of their presence.

Where Pasteur first stepped in was to prove that not only did water teem with microscopic life which had long been under observation, but that the air around us was likewise filled with invisible germs of every kind: some carrying on the business of scavengers; others of the utmost importance in the work and industries of man. Without laying claim to be the first discoverer of germs in connection with disease, he was the first to recognise the vast importance of these minute organisms in the economy of nature. It was while working at molecular physics that the germ theory took root in his mind, and caused him to pursue the studies on fermentation which eventually led to the investigation of ferment (zymotic) diseases affecting human beings, and cattle. He considered fermentations, properly so called, as chemical phenomena, co-relative with physiological actions of a peculiar nature, and regarded fermentation as a necessary consequence of the manifestation of life, when that life takes place without the direct combustion due to free oxygen.

He argued that

all that has lived must die, and all that is dead must be disintegrated, dissolved, or gasified; the elements which are the substratum of life must enter into new cycles of life. If things were otherwise, the matter of organised beings would encumber the surface of the earth, and the law of the perpetuity of life would be compromised by the gradual exhaustion of its materials. One grand phenomenon presides over this vast work, the phenomenon of fermentation.<sup>3</sup>

What, then, is the cause of fermentation?

In order to answer this profound question Pasteur devoted himself to the study of the microscopic beings, which he finally divided

<sup>2</sup> Haeckel's *Evolution of Man*. 'The human organism, like that of the higher animals, exists for a short time in this simplest conceivable form. The entire human child, with all its great future possibilities, is in this stage only a simple ball of protoplasm-monera.'

<sup>3</sup> M. Valéry Radot, *Vie d'un Savant*.

into two great classes, the aerobies and the anaerobies, those which require free oxygen for their existence, and those which are killed by the presence of free oxygen, although able to wrest oxygen from the materials whence they derive their nourishment.

The aerobies are those which begin work on the surface of things, their mission being to clear the earth by a process of slow combustion of all that is dead. The anaerobies working simultaneously spring into activity underneath the surface of putrescible matter, and, dying on exposure to the free oxygen of the air, are in their turn swept away by the aerobies on the surface.<sup>4</sup>

Thus the two great classes of minute living organisms co-operate towards the fulfilment of a common end, the one beginning work which the other takes up and completes. But for their united efforts we should cease to live, for the earth would be littered with fallen debris and organic matter of every kind, all of which it is their duty to transmute into the very elements which are essential to life again. In the parts of the earth where these organisms do not exist there is no vegetation, no organic matter, no life of any kind; the region is one vast field of ice, a sandy desert, or an expanse of eternal snow. When perchance these desolate places are invaded by living creatures who starve and fall by the way, there is no decay, for the organisms whose office is that of putrefaction, are not present to perform their analytical functions. Hence the work of clearance falls to the vultures of the air or the stray wanderers within the arctic zone, and failing their presence the dead lie for ever intact.

Thus the destruction of everything that has lived reduces itself to the simultaneous action of these three great natural phenomena: fermentation, putrefaction, and slow combustion. The carbon, the hydrogen, the nitrogen of organic matters are transformed by the oxygen of the air, and by the action of these aerobies, into carbonic acid, vapour of water, and ammonia gas. In the final analysis these creatures represent life in its eternal form, for life is the germ, and the germ is life.

Having thus recognised the vast importance of these minute organisms, Pasteur the chemist watched with unceasing interest the work of these greater chemists in Nature's own laboratory. Not only were they engaged in the immense business of preserving the balance between life and death, but they participated largely in the everyday work of the world and were taking an active part in the industries of man. Any chemical experiments performed in the laboratory, however perfect the human means at hand, are clumsy and laborious compared to the chemical changes effected in the simple, natural order of events by these lowly and invisible creatures. Their power is so enormous that they are well called 'the masters

<sup>4</sup> It is perhaps necessary to explain that the *spores only* of these organisms are carried about in the air, and develop and multiply only on finding a suitable soil.

<sup>5</sup> Radot's *Vie d'un Savant*.

of the world.' If we neglect the laws of health they are the Nemesis which deals punishment; for in the steady, ceaseless pursuit of their duties they spare none. All organic matter is the same to them, whether it be the human body living, or the human body dead, the oak in the forest, or the dung-heap at the cottage door.

In the general development of knowledge these minute organisms—which belong to the vegetable world—are found to be extremely fastidious in their diet; what is life to one is death to another, and the conditions of environment generally require to be as suitable for their healthy and active existence as they are required to be for our own. While some multiply by division like the amoeba, others multiply by spores, and some both by division and spores. Since the study of these micro-organisms has become a necessary part of medical education an attempt at classification has been made; hence the term 'micro-cocci' is used to express those which are round, 'bacilli' those of rod-like form, and many other terrible and prodigiously long names have been found to express withal the grouping, functions, and forms of these infinitely little beings.

It is interesting to know that the denizens of this invisible world which have so long escaped our observation are now being dragged into the light of day and subjected to the closest investigation under innumerable microscopes all the world over. To enable students to pursue these studies with greater ease the German Government spent 12,000*l.* in bringing the lens to a higher state of perfection, one blending all the spectrums, absolutely apochromatic. For the first year they retained the secret of this wonderful single lens, then gave it to the world. Under such a lens and by staining the objects under the cover glass, it is easy now to watch the presence, the ways, and the habits of these organisms. Under the microscope they may be seen becoming exhausted and stunted from want of sufficient nourishment, and may be restored to vitality again by adding a fresh drop of fluid. Many ingenious methods have been found for isolating one particular kind from the proximity of others, thus obtaining pure cultivations.

In a hospital ward one day I was shown a glass plate smeared with gelatine, which was destined to bring into visible form the several diseases present. In the adjoining laboratory I saw some of these plates with the growths developed. From the large crowded wards the growths were innumerable, appearing like little specks in various stages of development, and from a ward where only one child lay the plate was comparatively free. In these cases the disease organisms were necessarily mixed with some of the harmless moulds which abound everywhere.

In nature some of these organisms live only in living bodies and are consequently distinguished as parasites, while others live on dead bodies and are known, technically, as saprophytes; but in the labora-

tory both forms as a rule can be cultivated on artificial material, rabies being an exception, as it can only be cultivated in the living bodies of animals. The study of the saprophytes is extremely curious, and if we wish to peep behind the scenes and watch these little creatures at work we cannot do better than follow the Rev. Dr. Dallinger in his interesting pursuits.

After years of study and thought he invented an apparatus which enabled him to preserve a sort of museum of living putrefactive organisms, which he was able through an ingenious device of Professor Schäfer's, to watch under the microscope without change of temperature. In the attic of his house this apparatus is kept at a temperature which can be finely regulated, one great object being to habituate the organisms slowly and gradually to a much higher temperature than nature desires, and watching the change of their condition which the change of their environment brings about. These variations are certainly remarkable, but at present it will be sufficient to devote our attention to the life-history of one of these septic organisms to which Dr. Dallinger has given particular attention, and which reveals to us the marvellous workings of nature in a world we cannot see. This creature is so minute that the average measurement is  $\frac{1}{100,000}$  of an inch in length and  $\frac{1}{150,000}$  of an inch in breadth. Nevertheless it has six flagella, each one of which is three times as long as the length of its body. The movement of these creatures is exceedingly beautiful and graceful, with the long flagella waving to and fro. After a moment's rest the group under observation will be seen to start into active movement in a series of wavelike leaps, reminding one of the movements of a shoal of porpoises, which is continued for from ten to fifteen undulations.

In previous forms studied by Dr. Dallinger and Dr. Drysdale together they described forms

that anchor the body by means of one or more trailing flagella, which flagella are made, as it were, the radii of a quadrant of a circle of which their fixed point is the centre; and by the rapid movement of the body to and fro in the circumference of the arc, the body was as many as thirty times per minute made to act hammer-like upon minute particles of decomposing matter. But in this particular organism, what was apparently the same result was brought about in a manner wholly different.

This organism was never anchored and had no power of attaching itself, but by freely darting upon the matter attacked, such matter was visibly in the course of half an hour reduced in size and altered in shape. Each one in turn, in a space of time occupying about two seconds, comes into contact with the particle, and at once recedes to a distance of four or five times the length of the flagella, and instantly again darts upon the object, and this may be continued by given forms for hours.

Fifty to a hundred may be seen with ease in one microscopic



field pursuing their untiring work. It is the more entrancing that it is apparently rhythmic, not like the measured march of a regiment, but the rhythmic movement of a peal of bells.

Having come upon this beautiful organism accidentally while examining an exhausted maceration of cod-fish, Dr. Dallinger found great difficulty in recovering it again for further examination. Before his present stock came to an end he sowed new crops in similar materials, but only succeeded in getting moderate quantities at the end of eighteen months, and a further period of three years. It is a form which he believes to be confined wholly to the *nearly exhausted* condition of very powerful putrefaction kept at temperatures ranging from 85° to 95° Fahr., and even then it is extremely capricious. Its mode of reproduction by fission and in some forms by fusion is too complex to attempt to explain here, but in the *Journal of the Royal Microscopical Society* most beautiful plates may be seen illustrating the life-history of these singularly interesting creatures.

These are examples of the putrefactive organisms at work throughout nature in company with a vast number of other forms all intent on ridding the world of putrescible matter. In the forests we find the hardest woods yielding to some of these invisible agents, and some have even the power to destroy stone. Just as Sir Joseph Lister uses antiseptic dressings for the amputated limb, to protect the exposed surface from the septic organisms around, so is it necessary to steep wood used for house and ship-building purposes in sulphate of copper, or some other metallic antiseptic solution, to prevent the ravages of these ceaselessly active fungi. To gauge the work of these microscopic fungi Nägeli, a botanist of Munich, placed several loaves in a tin case which was carefully closed, but not hermetically sealed. At the end of eighteen months he found nothing but a small mass of filaments of mould, in which no trace whatever of the bread could be detected. This mass was soft and pulpy 'like a mud-pie,' and smelt badly. One hundred parts in weight of the original bread were transformed into sixty-four parts in their moist state, and seventeen parts after desiccation in the open air. The starch had been consumed in order to form carbonic acid and water.

One of the forms most familiar to us in home life is the *Mucor mucedo* which attacks our jam. I saw a pretty specimen of this a couple of years ago, when visiting a country house in Shropshire. I was called into the store-room of my hostess to condole with her on the mouldiness of her jam. On looking about for an explanation, I found that the kitchen chimney passed up the side of the wall where the jam was kept. Here was favourable condition number one. As I have frequently observed that home-made jam was left to itself for a day or two before being covered, it was not difficult to conjecture condition number two. Inside the jam pot an exquisite little colony of mildew

was flourishing, but, in common with the loaves, the jam was more than half gone, absorbed into the vitality of the miniature forest.

To prove to my hostess how easy it was to produce a crop of moulds on any suitable media, I cut a piece of bread from a loaf, moistened it with water, and to give it the darkness which it prefers, I placed it in a muffin dish with the lid on. Carrying my extemporised laboratory to the warm corner where the jam had stood, I awaited with deep interest the fructification of those seeds which no eye had seen, and which no human hand had sown.

On the second day signs of development had begun, not in one spot, nor equally all over, but in scattered dots over the surface of the bread, much like the gelatine plates in the hospital wards. On the third day my garden had burst into flower, and was radiant with moulds of varied and exquisite colour. Next day my little garden was still quite gay with pink, yellow, violet, and dark moulds, all trying to crowd each other out. About the fifth day the little world within the muffin dish was demonstrating the great law of nature, that 'all that has lived must die,' in that the pabulum which gave life was exhausted and consumed. My brilliant moulds were dead, and in their turn were supplying pabulum for another set of organisms awaiting the necessary conditions of their life. At the end of a week all was a jumble of life and death, the bread was being rapidly liquefied, and dissolved away in a buttery-looking mass. The result of this activity was so extremely unpleasant that I was glad to seek the aid of mother earth, the great deodoriser, and to bury my experiment in the ground.

These little intruders appear before us in many domestic and questionable shapes; for instance, when the milk turns blue and sour, or when the milk turns red instead of blue. Even bread is known to turn red under their influence, and Dr. Prudden, of New York, in his charming little book, describes the terror of a boarding-house cook, who on going to her larder found her sausages all turned red; 'a fiery effigy which seemed to her more like the quondam spirits of their mysterious ingredients, than the unctuous homely friend of the homeless boarder.' This phenomenon is due to the same species as that which brings about the miracle of the bleeding Host, by turning the wafer red, and it also causes rain to turn red under certain favourable conditions. It is now cultivated in the laboratory, where it can be seen issuing from the culture media in small droplets like blood.

Turning to those fungi which co-operate with man in the everyday business of life, the most interesting is the yeast, for it was the study of this plant which determined the vitality of ferments, and of all these invisible organisms, and led eventually to the true explanation of ferment disease. The structure of the yeast plant is very simple, being composed of a single cell, containing a granular

substance called protoplasm, which is the essential part of the plant. The cell grows and buds, and divides into two at maturity, or remains united in little groups.

In the making of beer the yeast is taken from one brew to another, being guarded in these scientific days with all the care bestowed on the highest horticulture. When it reaches the wort it immediately finds the substance best fitted for its existence, and proceeds straightway to upset the whole equilibrium by splitting up the elements in search of that which it prefers—the sugar, or diastase—which is found in the barley. The result of this is that carbonic gas is disengaged, the sugar disappears, and alcohol is left in its place, with a further result that the process is fatal to the plant itself. Just as man's self-generated poisons are carbonic acid gas, urea, and uric acid, so carbonic acid gas and alcohol are fatal to the plant that has produced them in the course of the beer-making process.

In the case of wine, Pasteur has proved, by a series of beautiful experiments, that the ferment which is essential for the production of wine is deposited by nature at a certain part of the year on the outside of the grape. He demonstrated this by covering the bunches of grapes with cotton-wool before the arrival of the ferment, and when the time came for making the wine in the usual course of things, no wine could be produced, the must simply falling sick, a victim to moulds and the putrefactive organisms of the air.

It is difficult to imagine any study more fruitful in happy results to mankind, or more intensely fascinating to the student, than that comprised in this new world of the invisible. All the antagonism and opposition which invariably meet new scientific discoveries have almost died out, and given place to the more or less calm discussion of accepted facts. The point where perhaps most discussion has taken place is that on the border line between the pathogenic and the non-pathogenic organisms. In some cases, for instance that of the *Bacillus subtilis* and the *Bacillus anthracis*, the morphological difference is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible under the microscope, yet the one is harmless to man and the other deadly. Here we find that the *savants* of the experimental laboratory have been trying, by altering the conditions of nutriment, to change the one into the other, but without success.<sup>5</sup>

Another curious instance of these micro-organisms being scarcely

\* 'The fact that there is no evidence of any direct relation evolutionally between two such forms as *B. subtilis* and *B. anthracis*, the fact that there is no ready way, either naturally or artificially, of their being changed into each other, must not blind us to the fact, as biologists, that such an evolutionary relation in the past is eminently probable, nay, almost certain. It may, in all probability must, have taken an indefinite time in the past to effect, but being once effected, the specificity is continued as in every other form of inheritance.' Rev. W. H. Dallinger, *Transactions of the Microscopical Society*, 85.

distinguishable to the eye, yet having marked characteristics when artificially cultivated, is found among the pus-producing species. In unopened abscesses, Dr. Ogston, of Aberdeen, found two of these which he demonstrated to be different organisms, although closely resembling each other and existing in the same abscess. In masses resembling fish roe the two kinds were only distinguishable by producing different colours on artificial cultivation, the one appearing in golden yellow opaque colonies, and the other in white opaque masses. They nevertheless agree in their mode of growth, their microscopic character, and their effect on animals. These organisms looking apparently alike, preserve their own individuality, and will no more produce other than their own species than will a rose yield a thistle, or *vice versa*, in the higher vegetable world.

Having so far prepared the way by lightly touching the surface of these profound studies, it will be necessary now to enter more deeply into the laboratory work to appreciate the enormous labour attending micro-biological research. To do this we must give our attention to the precise point where the study of ferments led accidentally to the study of epidemic disease, and by throwing a flood of light on the *vera causa*, made an epoch in the history of medicine. This great turning point is to be found in the following somewhat detailed account of

#### THE SILKWORM DISEASE.

When Pasteur was first asked by his former master, Dumas, to undertake these researches on the silkworm disease, he declined on the ground that he was occupied with important work; the organised ferments were engaging his whole attention, and this new pursuit might lead to nothing and have 'no outlet.' He had already discovered that the diseases affecting beer and wine were due to microbes which reached the vats through the air, and that no disease could take place if the air were filtered or sterilised. He had in fact established the vitality of all ferments, harmless or dangerous, and that the spores were conveyed to their respective breeding grounds through the pollen of flowers or dust of the air. This, then, was the first true index of how disease travelled, and that it was intangible, invisible, and belonged to the lowest forms of vegetable life.

Dumas, living amidst the ruins of the silk-worm industry, and daily witnessing the misery of the people, at length succeeded in 'penetrating' the *savant*, and touching the human chord in his nature. Little did he suspect in consenting that he was laying his hand on a link which would ultimately connect the diseases of beer, wine, and all putrescible things, with the diseases of all living creatures, from silkworms to man.

Not a doctor, knowing nothing of silkworms, nor of diseases affecting living creatures, Pasteur was called into the midst of an

epidemic, and asked to investigate the cause and find a remedy. When he arrived on the scene of his future labours all was chaos, all manner of impossible remedies were being tried ; but Pasteur, with the instinct of the chemist, trusted to his one weapon, one since become universal, the microscope alone.

Thus Pasteur made 'the sacrifice,' and bidding adieu to his laboratory at the Ecole Normale, transferred the scene of his labours to Alais on the 6th of June, 1865. Finding himself on the actual spot where the plague was raging, and seeing around him nothing but misery, all thought of 'sacrifice' soon melted away.

On giving his attention to the subject he quickly perceived through the mists and mysteries of previous discussion that certain authors alluded to corpuscles 'in the eggs and bodies of the silkworms' which could only be seen under the microscope. Here then was a *point d'appui* which appealed to the mind of the great worker in the world of the unseen. Things were not so bad, indeed there was fascination in the prospect, which, after all, did not take him out of his natural element so much as he had expected.

It is extremely characteristic of the energy with which Pasteur sets to work to find that within a few hours of his arrival he had proved the presence of corpuscles<sup>\*</sup> in certain worms, and shown them under the microscope to the President and several members of the Agricultural Society who had never seen them before. Next day he was installed in a little house where two small silkworm cultures were going on. One of these was produced from eggs imported that year from Japan and was doing well. The other was from eggs originally Japanese but reproduced in the country, and was less healthy. Now, strange to say, on examining microscopically the chrysalides and moths of the good group, he found micro-cocci almost always present, whereas the matured worms of the bad group exhibited them only occasionally. This was mystery number one.

To find whether this observation was accidental or general he sent forth messengers to seek for back cultivations, and soon satisfied himself that this general fact was established. The result was that in twenty days after his arrival he presented a note to the Agricultural Committee declaring that it was a mistake to seek for the corpuscle in 'the eggs or in the worms.' Both could carry in them the germ of the disease *without* exhibiting distinct corpuscles visible under the microscope. The real mischief was *developed* in the *chrysalides*, and in the *moths*, and it was in them that search should be made.

Before entering more deeply into the scientific aspects of the case Pasteur lost no time in trying to save what could be saved out of almost universal ruin. The remedy adopted was to seize every moth after the eggs were laid, and examine the fluid of its pounded

<sup>\*</sup> Term used before 'microbe' was thought of.

body under the microscope. If micro-cocci were found then the eggs were immediately burnt, but if free then the eggs were considered healthy. Thus by destruction of the sick and selection of the sound, healthy cultures were slowly and laboriously produced, and a new race was begun.

When the results of these early observations were made known through the Academy of Sciences, critics without number arose on all sides to refute this and that, and prove that corpuscles were the normal condition of all silkworms. 'Your efforts will be in vain,' wrote the celebrated entomologist Cornalia; 'your selected eggs will produce healthy worms, but these worms will become sickly through the influence of the epidemic demon which reigns everywhere.'

Under all these attacks Pasteur remained unmoved, and quietly proceeded to the more advanced stages of the research, those relating to cause and effect.

For a period extending over five years, the little house nestling among the trees, called Pont Guisquet, became truly a temple of science. On either side rose the mountain slopes covered with mulberry trees, and in front lay the village of Alais. In the midst of this solitude the Pasteur family, accompanied by Messrs. Duclaux, Maillot, Gernez, and Raulin, assistants of the Ecole Normale, settled down to unravel the mysteries which still lay before them.

Madame Pasteur and her daughter constituted themselves silkworm rearers, performing their part in earnest, not only gathering the mulberry leaves, but taking part in all the experiments. . . . Thus in an obscure corner of the Cevennes was formed a colony seeking with ardour the solution of an obscure problem, and a means of curing or preventing a disease which had for so long blighted one of the great sources of national wealth.

In order to prove the contagiousness of the disease they gathered the silkworms into three groups: the healthy, the standard (those from which the sick had been removed), and the sick. From the latter they would take a miserable specimen, and, pounding its body in a little water, would use the fluid as a medium of experimental infection, when sprinkled on some leaves. After the first moulting these infected leaves were given to some healthy worms and the results carefully watched. For several days all went on just the same; the infected food made no apparent difference. The worms passed through the second moulting simultaneously with the 'standards' which had not been artificially infected. In due time the third moulting was safely passed, and still no sign of sickness. In the human being at this age of a corresponding disease the man of business would have been hurrying as usual to the city, and the débutante preparing for the ball unconscious of danger. Here there was no ignorance, no delusion; the elements of disease were known to be present the same as in nature, and development was simply a question of time. On the second day after the third moulting—the

twelfth day since eating the infected leaves—the looked-for change was observed. The ‘standards’ were now the healthier of the two. It was only, however, after the fourth moulting that the disease assumed the typical appearance of ‘pébrine,’ or, as the peasants say, ‘peppered all over.’ The spots were the visible sign of the malady within, much as a rash on the human body is the outward indication of a blood disease.

In the laboratory Pasteur soon got the disease so perfectly in hand that he could bend it to his will and oblige it to yield the results he anticipated. Meanwhile all the deliberate experiments made in the laboratory found their parallel on a vast scale in nature. There it was not necessary to pound an infected worm or to kill a corpusculous moth to infect wherewithal the food, for every leaf on which the worms fed was more or less infected with the excreta. Over these infected leaves the worms crawled, then, climbing over each other, would inflict occasional pricks with the sharp hooks at the end of their six fore feet, thus causing direct inoculation of the disease. The parallel in human diseases may be found in typhoid fever and cholera, which can be contracted through drinking water or milk impregnated with the disease, or through the broken skin coming in contact with the secreta either by washing infected linen or in attendance on the sick.

In the midst of these evidences of contagion a curious point was raised, which at first seemed involved in mystery. It was shown that occasionally a perfectly healthy culture was produced in a nursery which had been decimated by disease only the year before. Now the answer which was eventually found throws light not only on the disease affecting silkworms, but on all diseases, whether affecting animals or human beings. Afterwards it formed the basis of all inoculative treatment. In explaining the reason Pasteur proved that corpusculous matter when thoroughly dried lost its virulence in a few weeks; hence the dust or débris of one year was innocuous the next. It must not be understood, however, that infection was so easily got rid of, for, although dryness or desiccation destroyed one cause, it did not remove a second and more vital cause. In the eggs laid by a diseased moth the germs of pébrine could maintain their vitality when thus enveloped and protected from the outer air, and so could transmit the disease by *heredity* from one generation to another. To counteract this fertile cause of disease the remedy adopted at the end of the inquiry was simply an extension of that suggested at the beginning. Anyone visiting the silkworm countries to-day will find hundreds of women and girls engaged, under skilful superintendence, in pounding the moths and examining the fluid under the microscope. If any corpuscles are seen then the eggs which have just been laid in a fold of linen are immediately burnt, while those that are sound go to swell the healthy community.

Simple though all this may seem in retrospect, from the very first there was still about the inquiry an element of chaos from which it must have been extremely difficult to evolve order. Among the invalid silkworms covered with spots were many, equally ill, and even dying, which had no spots, yet all were said to be suffering from the same disease, that universally called pébrine. In the laboratory these were gathered together and placed under another category. On this disease being studied on its own merits it was found to be totally different from pébrine, and to arise from another cause. In watching the symptoms of this other disease, Pasteur saw that the worms were suffering from the presence of a living ferment unlike pébrine, and giving rise to other troubles. In pébrine it was only after the third moulting that the first signs of disease became apparent; in this case all went well until after the fourth moulting, when suddenly the worms would droop, crawl with difficulty and refuse to eat. Those which succeeded in mounting the hurdles soon stretched themselves across the twigs and died. At one stage of the disease the body became greatly swollen; after death rapid putrefaction took place, the body sometimes being resolved into a mass of infective pus. This was evidently a disease in some way associated with the organisms of putrefaction, but how these came into the living body of the silkworms to cause death was not as yet understood. Now Pasteur, with his practical knowledge of ferments and mastery over the small denizens of that newly discovered world, went straight to the point and found the cause of this disease in the outside environment. Taking some of the mulberry leaves on which the creatures feed, and crushing them in a mortar at a period of the year when the temperature is high, he found that in twenty-four hours the liquid was swarming with microscopic organisms: some motionless, resembling little rods, or spores joined end to end like strings of beads; others more or less active, flexible, and endowed with a sinuous movement like that of the vibrios found in nearly all organic infusions in process of decomposition. Now it is a curious fact that if the intestinal canal of a healthy silkworm be opened during the process of digestion, the leaf which it has munched will not show microscopic organisms of any kind. This is not because they are not present on the leaf, for they are always more or less present in nature, but because the acids secreted by the glands hinder their development. That is to say, in a perfectly healthy state, the digestive functions of silkworms are so active that the germs of disease are carried away quickly, or destroyed in the same manner as are the leaves themselves in the process of digestion. If, however, from any cause the digestion of the worms be impeded, then the germs introduced with the food into the stomach will have time to multiply, and show under the microscope the same organisms as those observed in the liquid of the artificially bruised leaf. Pasteur



proved that whenever a worm was attacked with this disease—called ‘flacherie’—it always had associated with the food in its intestinal canal one or other of the organisms which are invariably to be met with among artificially crushed mulberry leaves. Thus every silkworm *with a weak or slow digestion* was doomed to perish of flacherie, or to produce a progeny so injured by these organised ferments that they were not normally perfected. As to the chances of death or impaired health, all seemed to depend on the abundance and nature of the parasites, and also on the period of the worm’s life when attacked.

In order to test the contagious character of flacherie Pasteur took the dust of a silkworm nursery infected the year before by both flacherie and pébrine, and, sprinkling it over fresh leaves, gave these to some healthy worms to eat. The result was that which he anticipated—flacherie was produced, but no sign of pébrine appeared. We have already seen that the dust of the latter loses its virulence in the dry air, but with flacherie it is otherwise. The germs of the microscopic organisms which provoke fermentation of the mulberry leaves retain their vitality for years. The spores or cysts lie latent till the morning dews or raindrops awaken them into life. Hence the contagious power of flacherie may surpass that of pébrine, in that the spores are more persistent in their vitality.

So accurate was the knowledge now acquired of both diseases, that Pasteur could produce either at will, and could so regulate the intensity of the disease that it was bound to appear on a given day, and almost at a given hour. All that now remained was to suggest the remedy for flacherie. This was found in improved hygienic conditions of environment, and as the tendency, but the tendency only, to weak digestion was transmissible through heredity it became necessary to watch the worms after the fourth moulting, and to destroy them on any sign of disease. Thus by clean surroundings and by eliminating the weak and preserving only the strong, a new and healthy race has spread over the land, a land which rejoices once more in prosperity, and a reputation re-established as that of the golden cocoon.

Twenty-five years have passed since then, and for that period of time Pasteur has borne with perfect patience the mark of his arduous labours in his paralysed left side. His reward has been the world’s gratitude, which has taken the practical shape of making him the moving figure of his own monument, the Institut Pasteur. This is a noble building in the Rue Dutot, dedicated to biological research and the preventive treatment of hydrophobia. Further than that, it is the great school of a new system of medicine, and affords to teachers and students, free of cost, a branch of education without which no accurate conception of the nature and history of disease can possibly be formed.

So analogous are some human diseases to those just described that many of the remedies suggested have since become universally applied throughout the habitations of man. These researches have opened our eyes to the importance of cleanliness in our surroundings, and in our food. We now recognise the danger of over-crowding, and are trying, though not always successfully, to prevent the contamination of our water supplies, while a whole skin and sound digestion are known to be the chief barriers against the inroads of disease.

Since those days Lister's antiseptic surgery has led to a mighty reform in the teaching of medicine, and if we wish to see a striking parallel between the diseases of silkworms and attendant remedies just described, we have only to read the following edicts issued by the police in Berlin and Vienna a few years ago, when Koch was in the midst of his researches on the *Bacillus tuberculosis* :—

*From the 'Lancet.'*—The studies which Dr. George Cornet has made under Dr. Koch's guidance, on the propagation of tubercle bacilli, have induced the President of the Berlin police to issue certain regulations for hospitals. Dr. Cornet has proved that the spread of consumption is largely due to the circumstance that the sputum of consumptive patients, which always contains bacilli, floats about in the air after being dried and pulverised, and is inhaled by healthy people. The President of Police has therefore ordered that consumptive patients in hospitals shall be kept in special wards, and forbidden to expectorate on the floor or into their handkerchiefs, but only into vessels partly filled with water; and that their clothes and linen shall be thoroughly boiled and disinfected. These regulations are to be enforced not only in hospitals, but where consumptive patients live.

*From the 'Medical Times.'*—The hygienic section of the Viennese medical 'Doctoren Collegium' has lately issued an elaborate series of regulations, framed with the view of stamping out the infectious disease generally known as tubercular phthisis, and familiarly termed in the Austrian capital, from its local ravages, 'The disease of Vienna.' The measures proposed in this document are indeed drastic, including as they do the isolation from their relations of all those in whom pulmonary cavities or intestinal ulcers have become developed, the prohibition of marriage under certain circumstances, and a timely caution against the use of milk derived from cows which may be suffering from bovine tuberculosis. Precautions in the way of disinfection are detailed with great minuteness, but of all these prophylactic measures one more than all the rest seems worthy of serious application, viz., the disinfection of tubercular sputa, the rationale of which really rests on ascertained facts, and not on unproven theory.

Further, Professor Nussbaum, a few years ago, speaking on the subject of cholera, said :—

Since Koch discovered the cholera bacillus, it has come to be known that no human being living at the place where the epidemic rages escapes this poisonous fungus, for it is in the air we inhale, in the water we drink, upon the food we eat. It is in the soil, and when this is moist and unclean, multiplies with extraordinary rapidity. In spite of this fact, in a city of, say 200,000 persons, visited by cholera, perhaps 1 per cent., that is, 2,000, will be attacked. It is known with certainty that the cholera bacillus is dangerous only to those persons whose stomach is not in a healthy state, and jeopardises life only when it passes into the intestines. A healthy stomach will digest the bacillus, and therefore it does not reach the intestines in a living state.

The most remarkable feature in these studies is the way in which these infinitely small beings can be made subject to the will of the experimenter. They can be deprived of their virus, and when at the point of extinction can have it restored to them again. The result has been the production of several vaccines, or prophylaxes, attained and arrived at by different methods.

1. *Fowl cholera*, the microbe of which can be cultivated in bouillon. Pasteur found that in contact with the oxygen of the air its virus became weakened, and by inoculation served to protect fowls against the malady. The remedy usually applied on an outbreak is isolation of the sick and disinfecting the poultry yards.

2. *Splenic fever vaccine*.—This also can be cultivated in artificial media.

Pasteur found that at a certain temperature this microbe (first observed by Doctors Davaine and Rayer) did not produce spores, but multiplied by division of the rods. Now as the virus of the disease is chiefly concentrated in the spore, it was of the first consequence to dispense with the spore altogether. At a temperature of 43° C. in contact with purified air he was able to cultivate these parasites in sterilised broth in the rod stage of their existence deprived of all spores. When introduced in this modified form into the blood of living animals it was found to produce a very mild attack of the disease; just sufficient to protect from the more virulent form originating directly from the spores. Hence, after a long series of experiments to determine the amount of attenuation necessary, the world has become possessed of a remedy which annually saves countless numbers of animals from the ravages of splenic fever.

In France the disease is known as charbon, in Australia as Cumberland disease, and in our own country as splenic fever, malignant pustule, or wool-sorters' disease.

3. *Rouget*, a certain form of swine fever, known in Ireland as 'red soldier.' The microbe of rouget is a bacillus which is found in the spleen and in the lymphatic glands of the swine which die of the disease. In cultivation it produces no spores, and is therefore specially amenable to the influence of the air, and, in fact, if left long enough exposed to its action, its virulence is totally destroyed. But there is a further method of attenuation discovered by MM. Pasteur and Thuillier, and which is of great interest, as it shows the changes which a virus may undergo in its passage through animals of different kinds. Rouget injected into a rabbit kills it in a few days. A small quantity of the 'pulp' from the spleen of this rabbit inoculated into a second one will cause death still more quickly, and the disease can thus be passed through a whole series of rabbits. But the extraordinary point (discovered by Pasteur and Thuillier) in these inoculations is that, as the strength of the virus increases for the rabbit it is diminished for the pig; so much so that, after a

sufficient number of passages of the virus have been made through the rabbit, it has become a vaccine for swine, able to confer upon them exemption from the fatal form of the malady.<sup>8</sup>

Do not these facts explain, it is asked, the process which takes place in nature when the vaccine of small-pox becomes modified by its passage through the horse and the cow?

4. *Rabies*.—This so-called vaccine can only be cultivated in the living body. Hence the daily inoculation of rabbits. When cultivated through monkeys, the virulence weakens when taken from monkey to monkey, that is to say, the further it recedes from the first inoculation taken directly from the rabid dog. With rabbits it is otherwise, for from rabbit to rabbit the virulence increases, and, *pari passu*, diminishes the period of incubation. At the ninetieth passage the maximum of virulence is attained with a corresponding incubation of fifteen days. On that fifteenth day, when the rabbit dies, the virus of its spinal cord is infinitely more virulent than the saliva of the rabid dog. Before it is inoculated into the blood of human beings, the virulence is reduced to a minimum by desiccation, and is gradually increased till the maximum is reached. The last inoculation is done from the marrow of the rabbit which died the day before, each successive inoculation protecting from the increased virulence of the next.

5. *Consumption, or Tuberculosis*.—This is not a vaccine, neither is the substance discovered by Koch a lymph, as generally understood.

The tubercle bacillus was discovered by Koch eight years ago. He was able to cultivate it on blood serum, and reproduce tuberculosis in suitable animals by inoculation of pure cultivations. When the most skilled physicians may be baffled in their diagnosis of this disease by the ordinary methods, the question may be settled in five minutes by an examination of the sputum under the microscope. There the bacillus in true cases is invariably seen. After years of patient research Koch has followed up his discovery of the microbe by finding a substance, a liquid, which acts as a prophylactic when injected into the blood. This liquid, the composition of which is at present unknown beyond the confines of the laboratory,<sup>9</sup> has the extraordinary power of picking out the diseased parts and leaving untouched any other co-existing disease, and all the healthy tissue. Without destroying the bacillus, it nevertheless destroys the tuberculous tissue, the morbid growth which results from the presence

<sup>8</sup> M. Roux, *Croonian Lecture*, 89.

<sup>9</sup> *Analysis of the Lymph*.—According to the chemical analysis made in Paris, the Koch lymph is composed of ptomaines of the tubercular bacilli (a poison as violent as the venom of the serpent), cyanide of gold, and glycerine. The latter prevents the action of the air on the ptomaines, and the cyanide of gold gives the liquid a brownish colour. The lungs of cows which have died of consumption are rich in the alkaloid or ptomaine which the consumptive bacillus evolves. (*St. James' Gazette*.)

of the parasite. The effect of the injection is readily seen in the external form of tuberculosis known as lupus. After a few drops have been injected, the diseased parts become vividly red and swollen; almost erysipelatous in appearance. For some hours a cough sets in, and the temperature rises sometimes to an alarming degree. Indeed, so toxic is the liquid that in some cases delirium, coma, and other serious symptoms follow, resulting in depression of the heart's action, and possibly of death. Great care and judgment are required on the part of the operator, as success and even safety seem to depend on the discrimination exercised in deciding the strength of the dose. Where the mucous membrane is affected the dose is lessened.

In King's College Hospital, where between twenty and thirty cases have been treated by Mr. Watson Cheyne, all appear to be doing well. It is strange to watch the morbid growths being thrown off, and the swollen joints of little children undergoing an active change. As we are only at the beginning of this new study, no opinion can be formed as to final deliverance from the disease.

In the Institut Pasteur, MM. Roux and Rocard discovered that the micro-organism of tuberculosis can be easily developed in ordinary culture media if ten per cent. of glycerine be added. Further, that the culture media in which the tubercle organisms have been developed will afford immunity against septicæmia (blood-poisoning) when inoculated, showing that the protection is effected by substances secreted by the organism in its medium of culture, and not by any diminution of virulence in the micro-organism itself.<sup>10</sup>

The result of twenty-five years of activity on the right track has been to show that disease can not only be communicated from person to person, but can also be communicated through the air and water, and also through our food supplies; and in these directions lies our chief hope of future reform, and of consequent immunity from avoidable diseases. To those who understand the subtlety of the pathogenic organisms, it is deplorable to find the food we eat subjected to conditions not only inimical to health, but almost too unpleasant to contemplate. Instead of being protected from all surrounding dirt, instead of being carefully guarded and kept wholesome and clean, we cannot walk abroad without seeing our meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables exposed to the impurities of the street, converting our food into so much culture media for the propagation of an interesting variety of germs—pathogenic and otherwise. Instead of properly appointed meat chambers where alone meat can be kept cool, out of sight, and free from deteriorating influences, we are compelled to see it in every street, hanging limp and tainted in the summer air. Even in the fashionable dwelling street we find the butcher's shop occupying the ground floor of a mansion, regard-

<sup>10</sup> E. Hart, *British Medical Journal*.

less of proper ventilation, or conditions fitted for the preservation of meat. Up above will rise a series of residential flats, filled with human beings, liable to all the ills to which flesh is heir. Next door may be a milk shop, milk being the most subtle and most industrious carrier of the germs of disease. It has now been ascertained that consumption can be communicated from cows to human beings not only through the milk, but through eating the flesh of consumptive animals, when the inner parts of the meat are too insufficiently cooked to destroy the vitality of the germs. In Glasgow, no consumptive cows are allowed by the inspectors to pass into the meat market, and we are only awaiting an extension of these orders to enjoy the same protection elsewhere.

With an intelligent appreciation of scientific truths we should be able, through the aid of effectual sanitary laws, to sweep away at least one half of the diseases which afflict us. By properly organised sanitary measures we have seen how the silkworm disease has been controlled, and by the adoption of cleanliness in the poultry yards we know how fowl cholera can be checked. Such a disease as hydrophobia should not be allowed to exist amongst us, and in our colonies it is, by legislation, absolutely forbidden and prevented. Neither is it necessary to have our homes rendered desolate by such fell diseases as typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, puerperal fever, cholera, when preventive measures are attainable. In 1866, when cholera killed 18,000 people in England, the deaths from enteric fever during the same year were 21,000. Total 39,000 preventible deaths in one year, from two causes alone!

Much has been done since then through the efforts of such men as Sir Edwin Chadwick, Sir Robert Rawlinson, Du Chaumont, and others to reduce the mortality from filth diseases, by the great sanitary reforms which they have already initiated, but we have only to look about us to see and appreciate the necessity for a wider extension of these laws. In our cities we see all around us evils which no Act of Parliament is framed to reach. In the country, not a district, not a valley, not a fair hill-side, over which the abodes of rich and poor lie scattered, is free from the plague of filth, and the natural consequences of filth. It haunts the land, and converts the purest streams into deadly sewers, and the cup of sparkling water into poison.

Fortunately for us Nature in her infinite wisdom has provided us with an antidote to disease, ready at all times of sickness to help the doctor in the struggle between life and death. This antidote, if I may so call it, is a true denizen of the invisible world, and lives at once to save and to destroy. We have already seen how the *Amoeba*, although so senseless, is able to provide itself with necessary nourishment, by drawing into its little interior imperceptible particles of food. Here, in the perfected human organism, amid the specialised

cells of the human tissue and blood, exist amoeboid cells distinguishable from the blood cells by their pale hue and greater size. In a manner similar to that already described, they are ever on the outlook for stray microbes of disease which they draw inside their transparent interiors to digest and get rid of by degrees. They are technically known as phagocytes, but more humorously as 'the police,' as they are always ready to 'take up' unauthorised intruders. When an injury takes place and bacteria find an entrance through the broken skin, giving rise to inflammation, the white cells begin to swarm to the front, and in the case of an abscess form a wall round the injured part to prevent the advance of the enemy. In sickness, when the fever is high and the pulse is quick, then there is reason to fear that the pathogenic organisms are gaining ground, and that the defence is yielding to the attack. Another powerful means of defence against the development of disease, when it has once entered the system, lies in the resisting power of healthy blood. Thus, the further we pursue these studies, the more we see the necessity of looking to the sanitary surroundings of our homes, and attending generally to the recognised laws of health.

In acknowledging the vast importance of these researches, all thoughtful persons will learn with satisfaction that various scientific bodies and schools are combining to establish an Institute of Preventive Medicine in our own country. The following excerpts from the draft of appeal to the public will indicate the objects in view :—

It is felt that the foundation in this country of an Institute in which investigations on the causes and best means of preventing and curing infectious diseases can be carried on, and in which protective material can be prepared in sufficient quantity to supply the national wants, has become necessary. It is, surely, neither fitting nor politic for England to be dependent on the national Laboratories of France and Germany for obtaining the means of preventing and curing infectious diseases. It is, indeed, a reproach to this country that in a matter of such vast importance to the nation we should be behind France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Roumania, or Brazil, which countries are already provided with Institutes of this kind.

One reason for this apparent neglect of our own best interests is not far to seek. An Institute of the kind proposed costs a large sum of money, not only for initial charges, but also for efficient maintenance.

In foreign countries the State provides the funds necessary for such objects, but in England the State does not usually take the initiative in matters of this kind. The Committee hope, however, in view of the national character of the proposed Institute, that the Government will do something towards its establishment and endowment.

Before appealing to the Government the Executive Committee have thought it advisable to submit the project to certain representative scientific and medical bodies.

The President and Council of the Royal Society, having had the subject of the proposed Institute before them, passed the following resolution on the 10th of December, 1889:—

'That the President and Council learn with satisfaction that steps are being taken to establish an Institution in which researches in Bacteriology and into the

nature and prevention of infective diseases can be carried on, and hope that, at some future time, they may find it within their power to aid such researches by material support.'

In making this appeal the concluding words of the address delivered before the International Medical Congress at Berlin by Professor Koch, whose researches in Bacteriology are of such world-wide interest and promise, may be appropriately reproduced:—

'Allow me, therefore, to conclude this address with the expression of a wish that the nations may measure their strength on this field of labour and of war against the smallest, but most deadly, foes of the human race, and that in this struggle for the weal of all mankind one nation may always strive to surpass another in the successes which it achieves.'

The proposed Institute will enable our country to take her due share in this noble competition.

In hoping, at some future time, to follow, where others have led, let us meanwhile feel grateful to those great men across the Channel who have sacrificed so much health and strength in unveiling truth, and showing us the wondrous workings of nature as revealed to us in the Infinitely Little.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.



### 'TRUSTS': AN ALARM.

No contrast could well be stronger than that which is presented by a consideration of the material condition of the great mass of the people of this country in the earlier part of this century, and that in which they now live.

What was the former condition ?

Any one moderately acquainted with the state of the people in the early part of this century will recognise as correctly descriptive the following extracts from a careful historian of this period :—

The people of England were taxed to the last degree of endurance.

The people were in the deepest distress.

The price of the quartern loaf, of inferior quality, was 21*d*. The poor fed almost exclusively on potatoes (1800).

The terrible burden of taxation (1808).

The country never was so poor ; people were dying of starvation (1811).

England and Ireland were starving, and each winter famine was slaying its thousands (1815).

. . . in the midst of the most appalling and wide-spread distress . . . the impoverished population had not money to buy bread, much less other things. Trade was at a standstill. The streets of the towns were crowded with beggars by day and by night ; a cry of ' Bread or blood ' was rising over all the land, and, to crown the universal misery, the harvest was bad (1816).

And speaking of a later period (1830) he says that work ' was scarce, and wages low.'

So low indeed were wages at the time, not only of agricultural labourers, but artisans as well, that the great bulk of the working classes were in a state of semi-pauperism. To the agricultural and working classes the conditions of life were so hard that it is a wonder they managed to live at all.

Such was the condition of the people then ;—what is it now ? Employment is abundant. Wages are good. The purchasing power of those wages is greater, the comfort of the working classes is immeasurably augmented, the hours of labour are shorter—in a word, the change is so great and beneficial that for rioting we have peace, and for fierce discontent and disaffection we have well-being, and an almost universal disposition to seek redress of remaining wrongs by law-abiding and constitutional means.

What is it that has wrought this great, this beneficent change in our condition? It may be fully though concisely stated in two words—'Fiscal Legislation.'

I speak of matters within the knowledge of every intelligent man when I describe the fiscal legislation of the past fifty years as one of constant remission of taxation. One writer, I remember, said that taxation exceeding fifty millions had been remitted in Mr. Gladstone's budgets alone, leaving, of course, out of the account the remissions of Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, and others. We may note here that not only was England blessed with great and upright statesmen, but that their labours for the commonwealth were made operative by a singularly generous and unselfish feeling in the upper and middle classes, who took upon themselves the burden of the income tax, in order to render these great changes of fiscal policy possible.

This process is so complete that, whereas the tariff in the early part of this century contained more, I think, than 2,000 articles upon which import duty was levied, it now contains only six. The duties on the others have been abolished.

It is a great mistake to suppose that when the abolition or the reduction of a duty on an imported article, as timber or tea, enables the consumers of those articles to supply themselves at a greatly reduced cost, the effect of the remission of duty ends there.

1. This is only the first part of the effect of such remission, and not by any means the largest part of it.

2. The next result of the change is a greatly augmented consumption of the article in question. Tea will illustrate this. The duty has undergone many changes, and a great increase of consumption, and so of importation, has always followed a reduction of the duty.

In 1810 the duty was 3s. 10d.,	the quantity imported	19,000,000 lbs.
" 1830       "       2s. 6d.,	"       "	30,000,000 lbs.
" 1860       "       1s. 6d.,	"       "	78,000,000 lbs.
" 1881       "       6d.,	"       "	167,000,000 lbs.

The present duty is fourpence per pound. Our consumption was in 1881, 167,700,000 lbs. Judging from the past, the remission of the duty now charged would not only cheapen tea, but would result in an increased consumption of probably 60,000,000 lbs.—i.e. the nation through its units would order from abroad an increased supply worth, say, 3,000,000*l.*

3. But this must be paid for; and as our imports are paid for by our exports, this order so given for tea secures for us *ipso facto* orders for our manufactures to a like amount; this is inevitable, for even if the tea were in the first instance paid for by cash, gold, yet as we do not produce gold in our country, and as we had none too much when the order was given, we should have to buy back a like amount of gold from somewhere, and that gold would of necessity

have to be paid for in manufactures, for to pay for gold with gold would leave us as we were.

This point cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

4. But that is not all. To produce the manufactures necessary to pay for this increased order for tea, would give *increased employment* to our own workpeople, whether at the loom or in the coal-mine, at the foundry or in the machine shop, or in our unrivalled potteries &c.

5. The money paid in wages in this way not only increases the comfort of the actual recipients, but in its exchange by the latter for the unacknowledged necessities of life, additional employment is given to other classes of workmen, and so on, in an ever-widening circle.

6. Many other industries would also be nourished largely in the process indicated, and in a scarcely less direct manner: for example, the shipowner would benefit, and when the commodity bought was bulky and its transmission expensive, as in the case of timber, would benefit largely. Where also the imported goods were paid for by bulky commodities (as coals) which are expensive to transmit, this indirect advantage would again become apparent. The importation of some of our imports is no longer impeded by any import duties whatever, as timber; others are relieved by partial remission, as tea; and the importation of each class has been very largely augmented. We cannot (except in a most temporary sense) pay for our importations with gold; eventually and in the long run our importations *must be*, and are, paid for by our exports.

To enable us to consider this subject in its broadest aspect, I will speak of England as of the one part, and of all other nations as of the other part.

Sometimes when foreign governments adopt a tariff which imposes high duties on goods which we export (the motive is altogether immaterial) it is called a 'hostile tariff.' That does not matter one straw to us. Their subjects *must* take an equivalent amount in value of our goods in payment of our purchases of their goods, so that even if a hundred per cent. duty was levied on our goods all the world round, those duties would not hurt us at all. Their absolutely sole result would be to tax and impoverish their own subjects. They would not reduce the payment to be made to our people for their goods, nor would they diminish the demand for our goods one iota below the amount necessary to pay for our imports. The volume of every nation's trade is in its own hands entirely; it has only to remove impediments to the entry of imports in order to secure an equivalent demand for its own productions.

But not only is hostility impotent to injure, but friendliness is equally impotent to serve us.

Duty or no duty, all that foreigners *could* buy of us is limited (not by their good or ill will, but) by the amount of our purchases of

them, which require to be settled for. And this we have in our own hands, as one and all foreigners are glad to sell their goods.

Our power to purchase has been largely extended during the past fifty years by the enlightened statesmen this nation has been favoured with.

Seeing that hostile tariffs cannot keep out our goods (witness the expansion of our trade concurrently with so-called hostile tariffs), and that friendly tariffs are equally impotent, *per se*, to let them in—that the volume of our exports is determined, and this with precision, by the amount of our purchases abroad, our policy is, plainly, to increase the latter by further remissions of duty on imports. To this end I would gladly see the duties on tea, coffee and cocoa abolished, even if it were necessary to add the revenue so sacrificed to the National Debt—or rather, that the reduction of the National Debt should to that amount be arrested. It may be said that the tea &c. would be consumed. No doubt, but they would have been paid for by British labour—national parsimony is national poverty—and the indirect augmentation of British labour all round would be very great. This would not be improvident. The value of an estate is not measured by its indebtedness alone, but by the amount by which assets preponderate; and by allowing our capitalists to retain their consols instead of investing (!) their funds abroad, we should keep the capital of the country *pro tanto* within its own borders.

The most deadly tariff we could devise against the rest of the world, supposing we legislated for their hurt and not for our own benefit, would be a tariff which imposed no import duties whatever upon anything they could send us, but one which allowed and even encouraged them in sending us, and inducing our people to buy, to the utmost all they can send, the consumption of which is not harmful, seeing that they must take pay for it all in our manufactures. If after that foreign governments chose to make their subjects pay further in addition to the price they will certainly have to pay us, that is their own affair, and does not concern or affect us at all.

To summarise: the enlightened fiscal policy of the last fifty years has—

- (i.) Very greatly cheapened all things we have to import;
- (ii.) Enormously increased the imports consumed by us;
- (iii.) Greatly augmented the demand for our manufactures, and so increased the employment of our people, and it has benefited not only those directly affected, but in gradually diminishing degree the whole of the people of these islands.

I do not know whether the enlightened statesmen it has been our happiness to possess were directly interested in augmenting our foreign trade by their remission of duties, but one thing is certain, that greatly as their policy has directly increased the welfare of the people, it has in a much larger degree been beneficially operative in its indirect

and consequential results than it was in its more immediate and obvious effects.

But if this is true, where is the proof of it?

It lies in the augmented volume of our imports. Given the imports—and these to a large extent depend upon ourselves and wise legislation, and are altogether beyond the influence of envious rivals—given, I say, the imports, the exports can take care of themselves. Foreigners must needs take our manufactures in volume equal to our imports.

I will show this augmentation, the direct result of total remission of import duties in timber, and the result of partial remission in tea. Our average annual import of timber for the first forty years of this century amounted to 22,000,000 cubic feet; for the next forty years they amounted to an annual average of 193,000,000 cubic feet, and now probably exceed 300,000,000 (in 1881 they were 290,000,000). This is what total remission has done.

Now for partial remission. Our average annual import of tea for the first forty years of this century amounted to 24,840,000 lbs.; for the next forty years our imports averaged per annum 103,453,000 lbs. and now is probably over 200,000,000 (in 1881 it was 167,700,000). This is what reduction of duty has done.

We will now consider the total import for a similar period. Our average annual import trade for the first forty years of this century amounted to 42,212,000*l.*; for the next forty years the average annual amount was 221,000,000*l.*

I do not lose sight of the greater facilities for transmission afforded by steam navigation during the latter period; but this advantage was not a monopoly of England. Other nations possessed this advantage equally with us, and what do we find there? <sup>1</sup>

Meantime, seeing that it was not long since steamers, the combined length of which was over three miles, were laid up in the Mersey for want of freight, it is obvious that ships do not create commerce so much as commerce creates shipping.

Seeing, then, that we have obtained such incalculable benefit from these successive remissions of taxation, what should we say or do if it could be shown—

That we are in peril of having this beneficent policy of remission reversed?

That taxation should not only be reimposed, but in very much greater amount?

And that even so, the taxation levied should not reach the National Exchequer, but that national needs should still remain to be provided for?

<sup>1</sup> I cannot get any statistics of the import trade of foreign countries, even in the House of Commons Library, anterior to 1866, so this must go for the present.

It seems to me that it would be impossible to exaggerate the gravity of this situation, if it is the case that all this is not only possible but probable, not only probable but imminent.

For some years many American merchants, or rather speculators, tired of the gradual accumulation of gain by ordinary commerce, have combined, and by the employment of large capital have intercepted various commodities in their transit from the producers to the consumers. They then, being in a position to 'control the market,' were able to charge the public whatever they pleased. This was called making a 'ring' or a 'corner.' Frequently they cleared great gain; sometimes they failed to do so, and encountered more or less loss; and sometimes, as in copper, both results ensued; the usual price of 39*l.* or 40*l.* per ton for copper having been forced up to 90*l.* per ton (entailing great losses to the consumers of copper), the ring or syndicate cleared immense gain at the outset, but the demand giving way owing to substitutes having been found, they encountered losses too great to be borne, and came to grief, to the great satisfaction of all except the members of the syndicate.

From special and temporary enterprises of this nature, they settled down about three years ago to more permanent work, and sought by buying up the sources of supply of an article of commerce the production of which and other sources of which were limited (say, by geographical boundaries &c.), or where the agencies for producing the article were not too numerous, to put themselves in a position to bleed the public at their own will, and this permanently.

These enterprises they called Trusts.

I have been endeavouring for some time to collect the names of these 'Trusts,' as they are called, but have only been partially successful. For instance, I have not obtained the name of more than one, I think, which was formed before the middle of 1888, nor is my list up to date, nor, as the names of the trusts given have been compiled by a private individual from unofficial sources, can it be considered complete, even for the period investigated.

From 1888, however, they have been very busy indeed. The editor of *The Republic*, of St. Louis, Missouri, says that these corporations now include no less than \$2,000,000,000, or considerably more than *two-thirds* of the entire manufacturing capital of the United States. The following is a list of the trusts organised in the United States in 1888-89:—

Twine Trust.—Composed of thirty-two corporations, organised under the laws of New York as a single corporation, 'The American Cordage Company.' Organisation completed about March 1889.

Sugar Trust.—Reorganised in October 1889 as 'The Sugar Refineries Company.' It controlled seventy-nine per cent. of the American consumption of refined sugar in 1888.

Barbed Wire Trust.—Organised by John M. Gates, of St. Louis, and others,

in November 1889, as 'The Federal Steel Company,' embracing Barbed Wire Corporations at St. Louis, Burlington, Salem, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, and other places. Capital stated at \$12,000,000.

Wire Rod Trust.—Embracing nine mills. .

Steel Trusts.—'Bessemer Steel Association,' embracing makes of heavy blooms and slabs; 'Merchants' Steel Association,' finished steel; 'Western Steel of Chicago;' 'Ohio Steel.' Combination organised by English capital.

Forge Companies Trust.—Reported by *American Manufacturer*, November 1889, embracing eighty per cent. of works.

Mineral Water Trust.—Organisation reported November 1889, representing capital of \$25,000,000. Soda Water Trust, embracing sixteen corporations. Reported the 31st of December, 1889.

Tin Syndicate.—Organised in California in 1889 by English capital.

Tin Plate Trust.—Organised in 1883.

Borax Trust.—Organised 1888-89.

Rubber Boot and Shoe Trust.—The organisation of this trust was reported from Boston, the 9th of August, 1889, part of the capital furnished being that of an English syndicate. The English interest was stated at \$3,000,000. On the 2nd of February last the trust decided on an advance of ten per cent.

Mechanical Rubber Goods Trust.

Canned Meat and Dressed Beef Trust of New York.

Coffin Trust.

Paper Trust.—Reported the 6th of June, 1889, as a combination between English and American manufacturers.

Cotton Oil Trust.

Butchers' Supply Trust.

Cracker, Cake and Biscuit Trusts.

Coke Trust of Pennsylvania.

The Shot Trust.

The Linseed Oil Trust.—The trust has its headquarters at Chicago, and virtually controls the market.

The Label Printing Trust.

Tobacco Trust.

Cigarette Trust.

Nitro-Glycerine Trust.

Cartridge Trust.

Smelting and Refining Trust.—Embracing the leading smelting works of the country.

Book Trust.

Oatmeal Trust.

Pickle Packing Trust.

Jute Bagging Trust.

Cut Nail Trust.—Embracing all the cut nail mills except one at Belleville, Ill., and one or two others.

Straw Board and Paper Trust.

Envelope Trust.

Wrapping Paper Trust.

Flour Mill Trust.

White Lead Trust.

Copper Trust.

Plough Trust.

Sewer Pipe Trust.

White Granite Ware Trust.

Standard Oil Trust.

Spring Bed and Mattress Combination.

Window-Glass Trust.

Vapour Stove Trust.

American Axe and Edge-Tool Trust.—It has made several heavy advances in prices since its organisation in February 1890.

Canned Goods Trust.—Organised in March 1889.

Starch Trust.—Part of the money was invested by an English syndicate.

Salt Trust.

Table-Glass and Crockery Trust.

Dressed Beef Trust of Chicago.

Distillers' Trust.

Cattle Feeders' Trust.

Screw Trust.

School Slate Trust.

Oil-Cloth Trust.

Wrought-Iron Pipe Trust.

Paper Bag Trust.

Pearl Barley Trust, and the

Steel Rail Trust.

Making seventy-one large combinations, some of which include many others. The seventy-one include together 418 other trusts, in all 490, in two years!

What is the first thing done by a trust after its incorporation? The first thing done is to greatly raise the prices.

When the advanced price brings down the demand the production is curtailed; thus 'The Window Glass Trust' on the 13th of January, 1890, at Findlay, Ohio, agreed to shut down enough mills to still further advance prices.

And when the profits rise so as to make the managers of the Trust ashamed, they *water* the stock. This process may be explained thus: Suppose a trust consists of one thousand shares of a hundred dollars each, and the profit available for dividend is 40,000 dollars; instead of declaring a dividend of 40 per cent. the managers issue another thousand shares fully paid up (there is in reality nothing paid on the latter) to the holders of the original thousand. They can now divide 20 per cent. on the technically *watered* stock, and so avoid inconvenient remarks. Besides, a share is more easily sold—the buyer imagines he is getting a hundred dollars' worth of property, whereas he is only getting fifty dollars' worth of property and fifty dollars' worth of power to plunder.

Thus it is stated that the twenty millions' worth of property in the refineries owned by the 'Sugar Trust' has been watered so heavily, that it now stands at fifty-two millions! 'The Cotton Oil Trust,' which embraces *hundreds* of subsidiary trusts, is also heavily watered. The 'Straw Board and Paper Trust' is stated to have a 'conspiracy capital' of six millions of dollars. And so on.

But it may be asked, 'How is it that the formation of these trusts has proceeded with such amazing rapidity?'

The explanation is very simple. The process of combination is easy, and cupidity greatly facilitates it. The principal persons in a



given trade or industry are either convened or waited upon, and they are asked if they are ready for a 'combine.' They are. Valuers are appointed to value all the plants or businesses. They will probably be valued at double their worth (this obviates the necessity of afterwards watering the stock); the principal thing is, not that they should be valued with accuracy as to their intrinsic worth, but accurately in relation to each other—that is all—and this process is not difficult if the same valuers pronounce upon each and all.

But it may be asked, 'Have any steps been taken in America to check this movement?' Yes, many of the States have passed laws making these combinations, which they call 'conspiracies' against the commonwealth, illegal, enacting imprisonment against the persons implicated, and also their 'accomplices.' But, 'under the Federal Constitution, one State must give full credit to the Acts of another;' Kansas cannot arrest as conspirators under anti-trust laws those who have organised their conspiracies of a large number of corporations as a single corporation under the laws of New York. If a combination is made illegal in one State it is dissolved, and reformed in another, where it has not been as yet legislated against. And even if all the States were to pass these repressive laws, any considerable number of these trusts uniting could form themselves into a corporation under any State's laws, and so secure protection. The people who form these trusts, it must be borne in mind, produce nothing and distribute nothing, they simply come between the producing classes in America and the consuming class. It would be an abuse of terms, therefore, to speak of these corporations—as they do—as commercial operations. Commerce has been defined by the highest living authority as 'the obtaining an advantage whilst conferring a boon;' these trusts do indeed obtain an advantage, which will rapidly crush the consuming class into utter poverty; but they confer no boon whatever upon the community, in which their continued existence is an enormous national peril. Many people imagine that the McKinley tariff arose from an imperfect apprehension of true commercial policy, and look with more or less of hope to the spread of intelligence for its repeal. This, however, is not the case. The managers of these trusts having protected their associated trades against competition within the borders of the United States, conceived the bolder idea of forming a tariff which, whilst securing them from outside competition, should give them great powers to raise their already inflated prices, and finding that a considerable portion of the population of the United States were what is called 'protectionists,' they cunningly availed themselves of this fact, and talking of 'protection to native industries,' have deliberately exploited the protectionist party, and have literally bought the way of the McKinley Bill through the Legislature by an 'unexampled' expenditure of 'The Corruption Fund.'

It must not be supposed, however, that Americans, although first in the field as organisers of capital, are without imitators in Europe, in London.

Thus the 'Steel Trusts'—Bessemer Steel Association, Merchants' Steel Association, Western Steel of Chicago, and Ohio Steel—were organised by English capital. So was the 'Tin Syndicate of California.' Englishmen also provided three millions of dollars towards founding 'The Rubber Boot and Shoe Trust.' The 'Paper Trust' was formed by Englishmen and Americans combined. A Minneapolis telegram states of the 'Flour Mill Trust' that its organisers were an English syndicate with a capital of ten millions of dollars. The organisers, now called in America 'conspirators,' are very retiring. They carefully keep out of sight. But as the operators are not quite all of them Americans, so America is not the only place cursed by them. In Germany, in France, and in England they are busy while I write in prospecting for opportunity.

Now, assuming, as we are entitled to do, that members of these combinations were making a legitimate profit before the combinations were formed, we find that to that profit they added by combination an increase of profit which, as far as I can tell, certainly did not fall short of ten per cent. all round upon the value of their commodities. What an enormous total this would amount to over the combined manufacturing industries of the United States, I leave to Mr. Giffen. But, not content with this, the master spirits of the movement, whose breadth of view is remarkable, conceived a bolder and wider application of the principle upon which they had hitherto worked. This was, that, having secured themselves against internal competition between manufacturers of the United States, they proceeded to erect a protective barrier around themselves which should effectually exclude foreign competition also, and so enable them to still further raise their prices, and prey upon the American people. These gentlemen, taking advantage of the fact that, perhaps, a half of the American people were honestly in favour of protection, combined in a project for a foreign tariff which should deal out all round power to raise prices in varying amounts from 10 per cent. up to 150 per cent., the amount probably having reference to the sum subscribed to what is called in America the 'Corruption Fund.' This was done under the flag of 'protection to native industry.' The result was a measure which was literally bought through the American Parliament by what is freely described in American papers as an 'unexampled expenditure of money.' This measure is called the McKinley tariff. It is curious to observe in this measure the very varying amounts which these trusts were empowered by law to levy upon the public. It ranges from 150 per cent. as in the cases of the 'Meat Trust' and the 'Window Glass Trust,' and 125 per cent. as in the 'Sewer Pipe Trust,' down to a modest 10 per cent. as in the

case of the 'Twine Trust.' No other trust, however, is protected in its power to plunder the American people to a less extent than 20 per cent.; whilst the average of the fifteen trusts here following, which is all I have been able to obtain\* (the rest being quoted as per ton or per gallon, or some other measure of quantity, not *ad valorem*), gives no less than 53½ per cent. These fifteen trusts are:—

The Twine Trust . . .	10 per cent.	Flour Trust . . .	25 per cent
Rubber Trust . . .	25 "	Sewer Pipes Trust . .	125 "
Coffin Trust . . .	35 "	Potteries Trust . . .	50 "
Oil Trust . . .	25 "	Beds &c. Trust . . .	45 "
Meat Trust . . .	150 "	Window Glass Trust .	150 "
Book Trust . . .	25 "	Stoves &c. Trust . . .	45 "
Straw Board Trust . .	25 "	Axe & Edge-Tools Trust	45 "
Envelopes Trust . . .	20 "		

The annual gains of these monopolists, it will be obvious, are almost incalculable. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is that of one of the proprietors of the 'Standard Oil Trust.' This corporation commenced with a capital of 2,500,000 dollars, with which they bought up the major part of the mineral oil wells, and with them succeeded, by underselling, in so reducing the price of the remaining ones as to make them an easy prey. The annual profits of this gentleman alone are stated to be nine millions of dollars. This no doubt is an extreme case, but as the combinations of the trusts are taking from the public many times the amount of the Federal and the States taxation combined, it is clear that the profits to individuals must be, and are, prodigious. Well might President Cleveland say, 'I abhor trusts!'—language so strong, that when I read it first I could not understand it. It is now, however, more intelligible.

If the McKinley Bill, passed for the benefit of individuals and supported by the whole Protectionist party of the United States—many of whom supposed the interests of the country would be promoted by this so-called protection to native industry—does not knock this pestilent heresy out of their wooden heads, I think nothing will.

As an illustration of the all-pervading effect of this movement, I may say that in a recent despatch from Chicago the prevalence and fatal effects of influenza were referred to, with the announcement that the usual death-rate per week had been increased by 150, and a week afterwards it was stated that the epidemic having increased in severity, no less than 300 additional deaths had occurred during the week over the normal rate. It was then added (quite seriously) that it was feared that the Coffin Trusts (embracing sixty corporations) would put up the price of coffins.

I fear that America in this matter is in very evil case, for although

\* I quote again from the *Republic of St. Louis*.

several of the States have legislated against these trusts, enacting imprisonment to the 'conspirators' and their 'accomplices,' yet—

as under the Federal Constitution one State must give full credit to the Acts of another, Missouri cannot arrest as conspirators under its anti-trust laws those who have organised their conspiracy of a hundred corporations as a single corporation under the laws of New York,

or any other State.

Though sympathising with the American people who are suffering under these wolfish capitalists, I must limit my attention to the incidence of this movement upon English interests. This epidemic of rapacity has reached Europe, and although it has not as yet made much progress, it is to be expected that it may, as in America, take a forward movement with unexpected rapidity. It has appeared in Germany, but there the operators do not seem to have been gifted with the same tact which has characterised the American operators. The latter would not have exposed themselves by attacking powerful corporations, and they would also, probably, have attempted to secure the silence of those leaders of opinion who might be likely to give trouble, by giving them a share in the plunder. In North Germany a trust was formed of colliery proprietors, and of course the general public are helpless in their hands; but the North German Lloyd Steam Navigation Company are reported to have ordered 70,000 tons of coals from Cardiff, which they are now taking, and the Hamburg American Packet Line are also getting a large quantity of fuel from the same place.

In England, however, this movement is still in its infancy, and prompt measures may probably avert the terrible calamity which has overtaken the American people. I am not aware at present of any trusts which have been formed in this country successfully, except one combining the owners of salt mines, and another combining the manufacturers of alkali. The effect of the combination among the owners of salt mines has resulted in an increase of price, so far as I can ascertain, of 75 per cent. (5s. to 8s. 9d.).

It appears to me that we in England should arouse ourselves promptly to the danger of this position. I think that a select committee or a royal commission should be constituted, without loss of time, to inquire into the whole of this subject. It should have ample powers to send for persons, papers, and records, and should be empowered to take evidence on oath, and to require evidence from unwilling witnesses.

Attempts have been made in England to organise colliery proprietors, the owners of flour mills, &c., on the American model. One cannot contemplate without dismay the profit they could and would secure in these two articles alone; and also the widespread effects of an advance in prices which the monopolists would exact.

Gentlemen who have been approached on this subject by these conspirators could give evidence of great value. With regard to the flour mills of the country, I may say that it is within my own recollection that the monopoly of the right of grinding corn in their 'soke' mills for Wakefield, and one or two surrounding townships, which was enjoyed by the Pilkington family under some ancient charter, was found to be so onerous, that the Corporation of Wakefield obtained an Act of Parliament for buying it up in 1853. The Corporation paid to the Pilkington family no less than 18,000*l.* for this purpose. Wakefield is not a very large town: what would the cost of Manchester or Sheffield be? The impost or mulcture was only  $\frac{1}{18}$  for flour and  $\frac{1}{3}\frac{1}{2}$  part for crushing malt and shelling oats. For this the grinding was done. Does any one suppose these monopolists would be content with this rate of payment, if they got the flour mills into their hands? For the present they have failed, but unless prevented they will certainly succeed eventually both with flour and coal, and also many other things, for the profits of a trust once formed are almost fabulous.

The committee or commission to which I have referred should, I think, lose no time in taking the measure of the whole subject, and reporting to Parliament in time for some tentative Act restraining the formation of these trusts in England for a year at least, to be passed in this session of Parliament. Otherwise, I greatly fear that before Christmas next we may have these missionaries of extortion in full and successful practice throughout the land. Let us not throw away the magnificent good fortune which has been secured to us by enlightened and self-denying legislation, and with it an incalculable amount of the income and property of this country. Enormous fortunes are being made in America out of these monopolies, at a cost to the general public, more especially the poor, which it is fearful to contemplate.

I entreat the instant and earnest attention of economists and legislators to a calamity which is at once fearful, menacing, and imminent, or we shall find too late that, whereas our fiscal legislation has wellnigh cast out the one devil of imperial taxation from the homes of the poor, we have by want of watchfulness and care allowed seven other devils, each worse than the first, to enter in and take possession.

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.

*IS IT ARISTOTLE'S TOMB?*

WHEN the possibility, and even the probability, that the tomb I was excavating at Eretria, last month, was that of the great philosopher Aristotle, flashed through my mind, the thrill of excitement and joy was at once modified by the fear and dread of the effect which such a piece of news would create throughout the learned world. It seemed to be too good to be true; and the further coincidence of the possible discovery of the philosopher's remains, following immediately upon the footsteps of the discovery of the manuscript of his Athenian politics, smacked so much of the 'prearranged' as at once to invite the charge of imposture.

I remembered the prejudicial effect of the hasty publication of striking discoveries in the past history of archaeological science; I realised with unusual vividness the sceptical habit and tendency towards intellectual pessimism which marks the conscientious world of thought; and the result was a reaction from sanguine joy into a great depressed fear. I feared for my science, and I feared lest the result of my discovery should be, on the one hand, the spreading of sensational reports, and the encouragement of loose and hasty reasoning; on the other hand, that pernicious episode in the history of each truth which is born—namely, the creation of artificial antitheses, of opposed parties, where all should be friendly co-operation. I feared for the institution which I represented, that it should be supposed to encourage loose scientific discipline. I feared for myself, that I should be considered as not possessed of that sobriety and intellectual control and morality which are the highest virtues of all men of science. Accordingly, I endeavoured to withhold the facts from the public, pending the careful elaboration of the material, and the final official publication of the results of my excavation, in the journals of the American Archaeological School. But the news leaked out to Chalkis, whence a telegram announcing the discovery of the tomb of Aristotle was published in the Athenian newspapers. I at once wrote to contradict these reports, as being premature. Since then I found that the original report and my contradiction had, with various modifications, been spread throughout the European press, and I felt driven

to send a preliminary notice to the *New York Nation*, in which I put as strongly as I could the facts which seemed to militate against the attribution of the tomb I had excavated to that of the philosopher Aristotle. In this notice I may have overshot the mark in a negative direction. On the whole, I have found that it will be impossible to delay the publication of the discovery much longer, and I have already given information on the subject which will lead to further discussion.

When the editor of this Review invited me to make a summary statement of the facts bearing upon the question, I felt that it might be in the interest of truth to give a preliminary account of the discovery at once, and thus to avoid the inaccuracies which will inevitably follow on all accounts made at second hand. But I wish to state distinctly, that this account is but preliminary, that much must be left until I have been able to study the question more thoroughly, and that I wish in no way to claim for this rapid account the character of a deliberate and final statement. I also hope that through this publication I may perhaps receive suggestions which will help me in collecting and sifting the evidence bearing on the point.

I may state briefly the circumstances which led to the excavations being made on this site.

Last summer I received a concession from the Greek authorities for the American School of Classical Studies at Athens to carry on excavations at Eretria, in the island of Eubœa. Accordingly, at the end of January of this year I left Athens with one of the students, Mr. Fossum, and began excavations at the theatre of Eretria, leaving Mr. Fossum in charge when I returned to Athens.

I may here say that during all these excavations there is constantly present an inspector sent by the Greek Government.

About the 20th of February I returned to Eretria, accompanied by my colleague Professor Richardson, and three other students (Messrs. Brownson, Pickard, and Gilbert).

Besides excavating the very interesting theatre of Eretria, we began to make a careful survey of all the ancient walls of that city, and I proposed to make the practical study, by means of excavation, of the methods of interment and the structure of the graves in this great city of graves. The ancient tombs are the chief source whence nearly all the objects of antiquity which come into European markets are derived. But the excavations of these graves are generally clandestine and illicit, and consequently have not, as yet, yielded the scientific result which will, we may hope, in future come to archæology.

It is well known that the ancient Greeks usually buried their dead on the roadsides, without the city walls. At Eretria there is a continuous succession of graves for miles and miles along the ancient sacred ways, which ran in different directions from the ancient city.

Besides the ordinary form of burial of individuals on either side of these roads, there are at Eretria family tombs. A family of wealth or distinction would make a walled enclosure of a plot facing the road, thus retaining this for the exclusive burial-place of its members for many generations. I have, for instance, come upon a grave in such a family precinct at a depth of a few feet below the present surface of the soil, which was evidently of the Roman period. After excavating this grave, I have come upon a grave below it which might be attributed to the Macedonian period, and below this again there was a layer of sea-sand (generally covering a grave of the early Greek period), which was deposited on a *larnax*, which is the sarcophagus of the best of the early Greek periods, and which contained *lekkythoi* and other objects of the art of the fifth century B.C.

About half an hour's walk from Eretria towards the modern town of Bathia I came upon a marble wall below the soil, which I at first thought, from the beauty of the architecture, might be part of the temple of the Amarynthian Artemis; but I soon found that this wall only ran for thirteen metres facing the road, then returned at right angles at each end, stopping at about a metre and a half to each of these sides. It was evident that this was not a temple, or any other form of known building, and I concluded that it was the enclosure of a family tomb; but as such, from the material and the beautiful workmanship, the finest specimen of such a tomb hitherto discovered at Eretria. The wall in its present state consists of blocks of marble, with a fine Greek moulding, forming a pedestal for a structure above it, of which unfortunately (it had, no doubt, been above ground during the periods of later invasions) no fragment is remaining. Below this moulding are two layers of finely worked marble blocks, which again rest upon two layers of limestone blocks, under which are the smaller stones usual in Greek foundations. Nearly all the blocks of the wall, marble and limestone, are of the same dimensions (a metre and a half in length) and carefully joined. The limestone foundations are never meant to be visible, while the marble blocks, no doubt, mark the line of the original soil. From the top of the extant marble to the foundation stone is two and a half metres. The character of the masonry is that of the good work of the fourth century B.C. In the interior I found large blocks of *poros* stone running in layers at right angles. These had to be broken up and removed. After much difficulty and hesitation as to whether it was a tomb or not, towards one angle of the enclosure, at a depth of over two metres, I came upon a large stone sarcophagus, which had thus been carefully guarded by the heavy blocks of limestone placed above it, and in which, when opened, displaying vases peeping out over the earth that had fallen over the skeleton at head and foot, there was the glimmering of gold. Nearly the whole body of the person here buried was covered with leaves, of various shapes, of pure gold, which filled



a large handkerchief. I should say there were about 200 leaves. From the *strigil* it was evident that it was a man buried here. At his finger he had a gold signet ring, upon which was engraved a lion rampant with a star above the head and a thunderbolt at his feet.

I next uncovered two other sarcophagi, besides the one first opened, more towards the centre of the enclosure—but this, not so well guarded by the superimposed blocks of stone, had been looted in ancient times, and it contained nothing of value. I may at once say that the enclosure contained six sarcophagi, of different periods, one of them evidently used as the receptacle for many members of the family. I had reason to know that the chief graves in this enclosure were not in the middle, but at the angles, and I accordingly began to dig at the south-east angle, where I found a sarcophagus which was partly secured under the side wall, and also had three layers of blocks above it. I had been prepared to expect a person of distinction in this grave; but when I extracted from it one gold diadem (a band of pure gold about an inch and a half wide, with *repoussé* patterns on it: it was fastened round the brow), and then another, and still another, until six were drawn out, I felt confirmed in my anticipation. At the head, where a portion of the skull remained, the earth having dissolved many of the bones, there was another diadem with leaves of conventionalised ivy shape attached to it; then came a metal pen (the only specimen I have heard of as having been found in Greece) about two inches long, cut and slit like a quill pen; and then followed two styluses for writing on wax tablets, flattened at the end to enable the writer to erase a mistake, of the pattern already known. There were a number of terra-cotta statuettes in the grave; but one I found at the head struck me as being unique. It represented a type of statues of the fourth century B.C., known as that of a philosopher and orator. The hands of this draped figure were folded at the side. It was then that, for the first time, the thrilling possibility of the attribution of this grave to that of the great philosopher flashed through my mind, for Christodoros described the statue of Aristotle which he saw at Constantinople as standing with folded hands. But this possibility was not to be thought of, and still less mentioned, and it seemed hopeless to find any definite confirmation, inasmuch as the inscription designating the name of the family of the tomb must have been on the superstructure of the enclosure, which had gone. But the next day I excavated the grave beside this one, towards the centre of the enclosure, which, from its position and construction, is distinctly later, and at the foot of this grave, covered by a pilaster-like thick slab resting securely on this block, was a small marble slab which contained the inscription

[B]IOTH [A]PIETOTEAOT

According to the best authorities on matters epigraphical, this clear-cut inscription is not later than the third century B.C. This inscription seemed to give one name of the member of the family here interred, and this name is that of Aristotle. According to the best authorities, the great philosopher retired from Athens, after the charge brought against him, to Chalkis in Eubœa, where he died, in the year 323 B.C., of disease of the stomach. There he had possessions, and there he left to his second wife, Herpyllis, 'his country house in the garden.' All other accounts are considered apocryphal. Now Chalkis is the city immediately bordering upon Eretria, in the island of Eubœa, and the domains of these two cities adjoin one another.

These are the facts bearing upon the question.

It seemed evident to me that we here had a tomb belonging to a great family; that in this family tomb was the grave of a great and distinguished man, as is evident from the seven gold diadems; that this great man was a man of letters, as is shown by the pen and styluses; that this man of letters was probably a philosopher, from the statuette, corresponding to the description of the statue of Aristotle, found in the grave; that the name Aristotle occurs in that family tomb; and, finally, that Aristotle died in this district, where he had property, and where he was, in all probability, buried.

This certainly seems strong circumstantial evidence; but we must not ignore the facts which can be brought in opposition.

First it must be stated that Chalkis is not Eretria, and this is, no doubt, an objection which will be felt, especially by students of ancient history. Everybody will at once remember the wars between the great rivals Chalkis and Eretria, arising out of the desire of each to possess the fertile Lelanthian plain. They will remember Eretria as the rival of Athens, and the campaign of Pericles; they will recall the facts of the destruction of its walls on several occasions.<sup>1</sup> But we must remember that after the Macedonian period this antagonism between the great independent states of Chalkis and Eretria no longer existed, that Chalkis probably became the important centre for the whole district.

I have not as yet studied the question sufficiently; but I have already been able to find evidence that after the fifth century B.C. there was a certain unity and community between these cities. Inscriptions relating to Chalkis have been found at Eretria; and the same inscription relating to the sanctuary of Apollo, Artemis and Leto has been found at Chalkis, at Eretria, at Bathia, and several miles beyond the latter town, showing that there was a common sanctuary to all these places and community existing between them.

In the second place we must receive with some caution the

<sup>1</sup> Our investigation of the walls proves that, in spite of Strabo, the old and new Eretria were on the same site. The city walls in their present state also illustrate each successive state of the history of the city.

evidence of the statuette of the philosopher; for, in the present state of the study of ancient graves, we are not justified in maintaining that the statuettes found in a grave have an immediate and direct relation to the person there interred. But I may say that even at the present moment I have collected some evidence which tends to show that such a relation did subsist.

In the third place we must remember that the name Aristotle, though far from being a common name, was not unique in antiquity. I have, even at present, come across eighteen instances of that name.

These are the points which at present occur to me as being worthy of serious consideration before congratulating ourselves upon the undoubted discovery of the greatest philosopher's grave.

But, on the other hand, we must be careful not to err in the direction of too much caution. We must ask ourselves why the grave of Aristotle should not be found, as well as that of any other obscure individual of the ancient world? In fact it is more likely that we should find and recognise the grave of a very distinguished man than that of an unknown person, because the signs and attributes of a famous grave are likely to be more numerous.

Leaving the sphere of archaeology, I would appeal to the legal and mathematical mind, and I feel sure that, whatever objections may be raised, at least a very strong probability would be accorded from this point of view to the claims of Aristotle on the grounds furnished by these excavations. I venture to say that we could not in the present day have hoped for better evidence for the identification of the grave of Aristotle, after the lapse of more than 2,000 years. And accordingly, why should not the great Hermes Kairos—or, I should prefer to think, Athene—be gracious and generous to those who love the great Hellenic past?

I will not dwell upon the dramatic side of the work of the excavations, nor will I give an ear to the poetic aspect of the actual work of such archaeological investigations and all that it suggests. It is well at the present juncture to put a curb on the emotional impulse, and to remain sober. For my part, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not make any final and definite statement whether this is the tomb of Aristotle or not. I wish at present merely to give the facts, so that others can judge for themselves.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake  
to return unaccepted MSS.*



THE

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## *THE OPIUM 'RESOLUTION.'*

ON first reading Sir J. Pease's resolution about opium, it appears to be a resolution condemning the opium traffic as immoral in itself, and as one of which the extinction was recommended to the Government of India ; but this natural impression was, it appears, erroneous. The effect of a resolution of the House of Commons is dependent upon rules as artificial as those of a decision of the High Court. In this case there was no resolution that the Speaker should leave the chair, and, therefore, substantially there was no resolution at all.

Whatever may have been the nature of the resolution, those who voted for it no doubt meant that the cultivation of the poppy should be discouraged, and if possible stopped, and the revenue from it given up. This resolution, and the debate upon it, appears to set one weakness of the national character in the strongest possible light. The motion was carried by 190 to 160, and if effect were to be given to it, it would strike what, if not a fatal, would at least be an unspeakably serious blow at the whole future of the British Government in India. It is recommended to reduce by 20 per cent. the income of the whole empire, without even a suggestion as to the manner in which the deficit is to be filled up, or a hint that the money already received was improperly spent. No one who dealt with the question at all took the pains to make a single observation upon these essential points. One member indeed proposed an amendment that the House should say it would take steps to reimburse the deficiency to the Indian Empire caused by the suppression of the opium revenue, and something was said as to the issue of a commission to inquire into

the subject. These were the only traces which the debate showed of the most common precautions for any sort of security in carrying out what may with perfect justice be called a revolutionary proceeding.

Scandalous as such a mode of proceeding may be in dealing with the most essential interests of a great empire, which is in no way represented by Parliament, and which has no means of making its own wishes known upon the subject, no attempt will be immediately made to carry out the plan.

Bankruptcy, on the one hand, and the attempt to raise 5,500,000*l.* by new taxation in India, which would go a long way to cause bankruptcy, will not be incurred.

The choice lies between letting things go on as they are, and paying the Indian Government about 5,500,000*l.* a year to do away with the poppy. It is singular to trace out the strange results into which the proposal of laying such a tribute on British taxpayers would lead. The condition is one on which it would be hard indeed to get the English to continue to hold India. It is indeed difficult to see what else is to be got by doing away with the opium traffic; the attacks made upon it are based upon the ground that it injures the morals of the Chinese, and those of the natives of India and other parts of the world who practise opium smoking. To this there are two answers: (1) that the injury done is enormously exaggerated; (2) that it is done by the native populations which are affected by the use of opium, and that what they suffer by their own fault must be redressed by their own abstinence.

It is extravagant to suggest that an enormous expense should be incurred by English taxpayers for rescuing the Chinese from the consequences of their own self-indulgence. Nearly the only subject connected with the use of opium on which all persons are agreed is that it is a question of degree. Enormous masses of people of all countries use opium. It is stated that in the United States there are nearly a million opium smokers. When it is used in excess it produces dreadful results, but in moderation it is highly beneficial, and it is a gratuitously dismal view to think and speak as if in common cases it is abused for the purpose of drunkenness.<sup>1</sup> Such an

<sup>1</sup> The following extracts were read by Sir M. E. Grant Duff in Parliament on the 10th of May, 1870, when the subject was last discussed. 'Tis true,' says he, 'I saw a man smoking, expecting in a moment or two to see him in his third heaven of bliss; but no! after he had taken a few whiffs he quietly resigned the pipe to one of his friends, and walked away to his business. Since then I have often seen the drug used, and I can assert that in the great majority of cases it has not been immoderately indulged in.' Mr. Balfour says that opium is like any other narcotic or stimulant, is as amenable to abuse, and, as being more seductive than other stimulants, perhaps rather more so, but this is certainly the utmost that can be imputed to it. Thousands consume it without any pernicious results, as thousands do wine or spirits without any evil consequences. The Assistant Opium Inspector at Benares says: 'With respect to the abuse of the drug in the mass of the people, I must affirm that no injurious results are visible.' (102, 506-507.)

opinion is as ill-founded as the same opinion would be respecting spirits. It was well remarked in the course of the late debate that, in some ways, the drunkenness which arises from opium is far less injurious than the drunkenness which arises from spirits. A man drunk with opium is not violent or brutal. He dozes away his time ignobly, and no doubt may ultimately sink into a sort of idiocy, but he is, as a rule, inoffensive. This proceeding is essentially a self-regarding vice, and as such is distinguished fundamentally from the innumerable causes which are more or less connected with the majority of crimes in England. It was well said by Sir Richard Temple that Coleridge was fortunate in taking opium instead of spirits. If he had suffered from delirium tremens he might probably have had occasion to make a much worse confession than he ever made as an opium eater. This has, at all events, one highly important practical consequence. It is that if it is decided to treat intemperance in the use of opium as a vice, it will be found much easier to deal with it by way of prevention than to deal in the same way with intemperance in the use of intoxicating liquors.

There can be no difficulty in preventing, or at least in regulating and restricting, the sale of opium, nor would it be a matter of extraordinary difficulty or danger to turn out opium smokers, to take into custody people under the influence of opium, or to resort to other police measures for the purpose which might be easily devised and effectually carried out in India, but which it would be practically impossible to enforce in this country. Surely these are the natural and obvious measures for preventing scandals in the use of opium. It is not impossible that the enormous influence of Caste might be made use of in favour of temperance, but whatever means may be available ought to be tried to the utmost before a resolution is taken the carrying out of which would involve the monstrous consequences which would be involved in the destruction of the poppy and the prohibition of its cultivation.

One objection to any such proposal goes very deep indeed, and extends to all attempts to make temperance compulsory by destroying opportunities for its violation. It is that it is never wise to make war upon the strong and lasting feelings of mankind. Mankind have passions and inclinations which wise people must take as they find them. We must take it for granted that people will, whether their legislators like it or not, drink and smoke, and it is as a general rule unwise for rulers not to take it for granted. It is nearly as necessary to take for granted the habit of smoking opium as the habit of smoking tobacco. Many people dislike tobacco, and many people regard it as unhealthy, but no reasonable person supposes that it would be wise to legislate without reference to the existing state of public feeling on the subject.

It must never be forgotten that the demand that opium should

not be smoked can be fully complied with only by prohibiting the cultivation of the poppy. It is of course impossible to carry out in detail all that is implied in destroying a crop, and especially a particularly rich and profitable one, without a good deal of incidental destruction. The immediate result will be the reduction of the Indian revenue by between five and six millions of pounds sterling, but what is to be got by way of compensation? The principal thing will be that less opium will be exported from India to China, and this is spoken of in terms of the highest and most indignant philanthropy. It is compared to the twenty millions paid for the abolition of slavery in the West Indian Islands, and is said to be a case in which England is to make an immense and interesting sacrifice for the abolition of a great moral wrong, and by way of expiation for that wrong in past times.

For glory to be got by attacking the memory of my ancestors, or by setting right their supposed wrongs, I have no taste at all. Nothing leads to greater posthumous injustice, and in no case is this more true than in the present one. It is too late now to discuss the question of the so-called Opium War of 1842, but whatever may have been the morality of that transaction it is now a matter of history. It is enough to say that commerce in other things than opium was introduced in consequence, and that the object of insisting on a certain amount of commerce with China was clearly right. Now, at all events, the Chinese are at liberty to lay whatever duties on opium they think fit. Any complaint by the Chinese of the proceedings of the British Government about opium would be exposed to the unanswerable argument, why do you permit it? And the reply that it was forced upon their predecessors forty years ago would be obviously as irrelevant as it would be held to be now even if it were true in fact.

The notion that the English people will pay a 4*l.* income tax for the destruction of opium in India is one of the most foolish dreams ever indulged in. It is said that it will probably do so because our fathers paid twenty millions for the abolition of West Indian slavery: a weaker comparison can hardly be imagined. The very fact that West Indian slavery existed at all was a direct consequence of British legislation, and the terrible consequences which it involved were inflicted upon the slaves by British subjects. This was naturally used to bring home to English people the horror of slavery in the deepest colours, and the effect was specially deep. Indeed it may be doubted whether the demand made on the British conscience was not to some degree exaggerated, and whether the 'man and brother' cry was not raised more loudly than it should have been. But whatever may be said on this subject, what sort of comparison can be rationally drawn between the case of black slaves dealt with as brutes and denied the first essential gifts of human beings, and persons

whose faults, be they what they may, are the results of their own intemperance?

I have said what sort of chance there would be of looking to the generosity of the nation at large to pay a 4*d.* income tax for such an object as the one proposed, and it is so plain that it is unnecessary to insist upon it; but the other part of the question is just as important. How can any man who knows India believe that there is the least chance of raising what is required from India? The five and a half millions to be wasted here in the name of English philanthropy must be raised out of Indian taxation, and what is to be taxed if opium is to go free, which affords a natural source of revenue, and one to which the people of India is thoroughly well accustomed? All sorts of expedients have been suggested: there was some years ago a scheme for a tax upon marriage festivities, and for some other things of the same kinds of which a tax on tobacco was the only one of any importance; but none was ever tried or seriously considered, nor has anyone been willing since the Mutiny to run such a risk as inventing a new subject of taxation. A poll-tax and an additional salt-tax are the only things that could be tried, and no Government would run the risk of raising either: the attempt would be equivalent to raising a new mutiny. There is not the least reason to suppose that a mass of countries which never have been taxed at all would submit to be taxed heavily by a foreign parliament for a purpose of which they would not in the least approve.

It seems hardly possible to suggest anything that can heighten the absurdity of destroying the cultivation of the opium in India for the purpose of preventing some millions of Chinese from smoking it, and that for no other reason than that the English think it bad for them, the Chinese themselves insisting on the habit. The notion that English tastes are to be supreme, not only over their own proceedings, but over those of utter strangers with whom they have nothing at all in common, is one of those things which nobody would affirm in general terms, but which people continually act upon when they get a chance. A large share of English opinions, on religion in particular, is deeply infected with this vice. How much is done by Missionary Societies of all degrees upon the principle that their own particular views are the only ones which can possibly find favour with God!

If in some miraculous manner the financial difficulties of the question were evaded or overcome, a new series of difficulties would arise. No one has yet been so mad as to propose that we should insist on a general crusade against opium, whether grown in India, in China, or in Persia; but nothing else except a war of practically unlimited extent, and successful to an impossible degree, would persuade the Chinese from smoking Chinese opium.



Even as regards the smoking of Indian opium, it should be remembered that Indian opium is the most valuable kind of the drug. It is as champagne is to *vin ordinaire*, so that the only effect of stopping the growth of it upon China would be to prevent the Chinese from using the best kind. This would be indifferent to everyone except themselves and, to a certain small extent, to the opium growers in China itself. It would have no practical effect upon opium smoking—upon China in general. The home-grown article would be enough for Chinese smokers. Thus to endeavour to promote sobriety in the use of opium by prohibiting the cultivation of poppies in India is like an attempt to promote peace in Europe by prohibiting certain firms by name from constructing particular kinds of cartridges.

Not long ago a foreign politician who had travelled in India and was giving an account of his impressions to a well-known public man who had held high office there, summed up his views thus: 'There is only one enemy in India whom you need ever fear, Yourselves.' The fact is that between Englishmen in India and Englishmen in England the greatest of all gulfs is fixed, all their fundamental assumptions are different, all their temptations are different. Each is continually learning the lesson '*Adora quod incendisti, et incende quod adorasti.*' The Englishman at home is bred up in the most self-contented and peaceable society in the world; he is surrounded by every sort of conventional standard prescribing what he is to do, what he is to believe and think and like and dislike, what are to be his standards of morals and religion, but in India this state of things is gradually reversed. The Englishman finds by degrees that he is in a numerically small minority, and that he has to make out for himself what is the Indian estimate of English ways of thinking. He is in a country where the use of greased cartridges may cause a mutiny, though every school may, with perfect impunity, teach every scholar that Caste is hateful and the religious opinions of Hindoos and Mussulmans beneath contempt; that the most solemn oath to spare life is worthless unless it is made over Ganges water with salt in it, and that then it is inviolable even at the last extremity; and that whatever you do with Indians you must not tax them in any way to which they are not accustomed, nor for objects in which they feel no interest.

JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

## ON THE ANALYSIS OF VOLUNTARY MOVEMENT.

If an adult person wishes to drive a ball a certain distance along a table, he does so with a steady and graduated blow. A young child attempting the same feat will strike wildly and possibly miss the object altogether. Both have, in ordinary language, executed a *voluntary* or *purposive* act, but there is wanting in the one effort an element which makes the other successful. That element is muscular control, or, speaking very generally, the exercise of the *muscular sense*.

The immense stride in our knowledge of the psychic functions of the brain since the experiments of Hitzig and Fritsch in 1870 and of Ferrier in 1871 enables us now to speak on the combination between the '*muscular sense*' and a *voluntary* or *purposive* movement. It is the purport of the following pages to give a summary of the experimental and clinical research on this matter which has resulted in the discovery of the part of the brain in which this most important relationship is developed.

Concerning the '*muscular sense*' two views most prominently occupy attention at the present time.

The popular conception of the '*feeling of effort*,' including control, which accompanies every muscular movement formerly found easiest expression in the view taken by Müller, Bain, and Wundt, viz. that the consciousness of the voluntary performance of any act was due to the mind being able, as it were, to take cognisance of how much nerve-energy was discharged to produce a given amount of movement: that, in short, the muscular sense thus understood was a mental concomitant of the *outgoing* current from motor-centres engaged in the active production of a voluntary movement.

The progress of physiology and neurology has in the minds of many made this view untenable, but the first demonstration of a philosophic conception of the muscular sense which at the same time is consonant with the facts of exact physical science we owe to Dr. Bastian, who more than twenty years ago began to publish the

series of papers<sup>1</sup> in which he has placed the whole matter clearly and harmoniously.

Bastian first showed that the control and graduation of a muscular movement, which is the essential factor, as we have just seen, for the correct execution of a voluntary act, was not a mere concomitant of the outgoing current, but was an event preceding it in mental time; that in fact it was the memorialisation or ideation of sensory phenomena, being a concept of the movement to be performed, and as such was of course precursive and consequently causative in its relation to the volitional output of nerve-force, while it owed its individual existence to the effect of oft-repeated sensory impressions which had been derived from parts employed in similar movements on previous occasions.<sup>2</sup>

A similar idea had previously occurred to the prescient genius of Duchenne,<sup>3</sup> who recognised that sensory impressions were derived from the muscles, which, 'reacting on the brain,' aided 'in the selection of' the muscles for subsequent movements, and who even further declared that what he understood as the *muscular sense* in 'the performance of voluntary movements seemed to precede and determine the contraction.'

So, too, the elder Mill (1829), as quoted by Bastian, held that 'muscular-sense' impressions were immediately anterior to the actual occurrence of the voluntary movement.

Unfortunately, this extremely important position was not developed, and the more especially as a considerable degree of uncertainty remained as to what definitely constituted the term 'muscular sense' as thus used. It was reserved for Bastian to demonstrate that no voluntary muscular movement is performed without a previous exercise of experience, or, in other words, disturbance of sensory centres, which he showed to be the sum of

- (a) Conscious sensory impressions from the nerve-endings found in the muscles (Sachs), fasciæ (Raubert) enveloping the latter, tendon-sheaths (Cattaneo), joints (Golgi), and nerve-trunks (Horsley) in the moving part.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'On the Muscular Sense,' &c., *Brit. Med. Journ.*, May, 1869. 'The Brain as an Organ of Mind,' 1880. 'Paralyses: Cerebral, Bulbar, and Spinal,' 1886. On 'The Muscular Sense: its Nature and Cortical Localisation,' *Brain*, 1888, p. 1 (Read to the Neurological Society, 1886.)

<sup>2</sup> Precisely similar views have lately been expressed by Munsterberg.

<sup>3</sup> *Contributions à l'Étude du Système Nerveux*, &c. Paris. No. 5, entitled 'Recherches sur les usages de la Sensibilité Musculaire'; also *Moniteur des Hôpitaux*, 1853.

<sup>4</sup> Although most important and interesting as the facts ascertained are, I have no space to enter into the consideration of the valuable experimental work that has been recently accomplished towards the analysis and accurate estimation of these various sensations. Unquestionably the most complete and ingenious research is that of A. Goldscheider (*Archiv f. Anat. und Physiol.* (Du Bois Reymond), 1889. *Phys. Abth.* 369 *et seq.*), who has more thoroughly than any previous worker determined the worth and importance of the cutaneous impressions, and then by the clever device of rendering the skin anæsthetic by faradism discovered the limits of appreciation of

- (b) Similar impressions which reach the brain but not in sufficient degree to arouse consciousness.

With the object of concentrating attention on the vital importance of grasping the causal nexus between these sense-impressions of movement and the actual subsequent motion, Bastian coined the term 'kinæsthesia,' meaning thereby sense of movement, *i.e.* the sum of all the sensory impressions just referred to, and, further, he, in addition, postulated the view that such kinæsthesia, or sense of movement, strain, effort, &c., must naturally find its seat or localisation in the so-called motor or Rolandic region of the brain, since undoubtedly voluntary impulses issue therefrom. It is this postulate which embodies the great importance of kinæsthesia or the so-called muscular sense to psychology and neurology, and it is this relationship which it is hoped may be considered to be demonstrated by the facts now to be related. Before plunging at once into the examination of our physical evidence, it is not saying too much, in comparing the two views just contrasted, that the weight of opinion among neurologists is practically entirely on Bastian's side, and further that as long ago as 1872 the question was virtually decided by the experiments of Bernhardt, and later of Ferrier and Brunton, which were founded on the following basis. Supposing Bain's view to be correct, it followed that if we caused the muscles of a man to raise different weights without any volitional effort on his part, he would not be able to differentiate between the heaviness of the various substances. This crucial experiment was performed by the simple expedient of electrically exciting the muscles of the arm and so causing them to raise the weights quite independently of the person's volition, with the result that he was perfectly conscious of a difference of weight amounting to an increment or decrement of one-seventeenth over previous essays. In other words, the muscular sense, impressions of weight, tension, &c. remained in full activity, and in this manner afforded the absolute negation of Bain's position.

There remains yet one more point upon which something should be said, *viz.* as to the sense in which the term volitional or purposive movement is employed in these pages.

Probably no psychologist at the present day feels anxious to define a voluntary act or exhibit the line which is supposed by some to differentiate the volitional from the simple reflex act, or, what would be yet more interesting, to determine the period at which a child's acts become 'voluntary.' Where psychologists fail nothing more is necessary than to say with Bastian that a movement may, for the sake of harmonising modern with old ideas, be called 'voluntary' if the

movement by the joints themselves. Goldscheider also deals at length with the points treated by Mupsterberg (see *Mind*, Oct. 1890, and also *Beiträge*, 1888), Aubert (*Pflüger's Archiv*), and others, *viz.* the differentiation of the elements of muscular control.

outgoing impulse is preceded in mental time by a conscious idea or conception of the movement to be performed. Thus we already return to kinæsthesia, the sense by means of which such ideas of motion are built up.

After this slight review of the position we are ready to consider the more recently discovered physical facts which bear on this subject. The physical, cerebral substratum of a voluntary or purposive act must be crudely imagined to have the following structural arrangement. In the first place, a sensory nerve-ending which transmits such stimulation as it receives along nerve-fibres to sensory centres in the spinal cord, and also directly to the medulla oblongata. From both of these stations the excitatory disturbance reaches, by means of other fibres, that region of the cortex, *i.e.* surface, of the brain which constitutes the first part of the physical basis of ideation, being the seat of perception of the stimulus. The earliest enunciation of the doctrine that cortical centres of sensory perception must exist we owe also, though not commonly recognised, to Bastian's neurological and psychological insight,<sup>5</sup> while for the epoch-making discovery of them as actual facts we have to thank Ferrier's experiments on animals.

With the present task of reviewing the *schema* of a voluntary act thus made easy by the establishment of the sensory perceptive centre as the acme of the sensory nerve path, we meet, of course, with invincible difficulty when we further seek to pass from this standpoint to the so-called 'motor' centre in which, as we have before suggested, the idea of the movement to be performed is distinctly and strongly defined. The difficulty is simply due to the fact that we are compelled to enter the field of conscious intelligence equally obscure to the neurologist and psychologist. Fortunately for my present purpose, such transcendental knowledge is not requisite. For if we attempt to fit the scheme of a central apparatus just described to the hard facts of anatomical structure and physiological function of the brain as we know it at the present day, we experience no great difficulty, although we may enter fully on what is yet regarded as debateable ground, which it is hoped this paper may in some part clear.

In speaking just now of the sensory perception which forms the starting-point of the voluntary act, we must not forget that, although the sensory impressions composing the 'muscular sense' are principally those of touch, pressure, tension, &c., coming as they do from the moving joints, muscles, &c. of limbs and trunk, there are nevertheless, inextricably woven with such *tactile* impressions, others of *sight* too, and that the most striking clinical picture<sup>6</sup> of loss of

<sup>5</sup> *The Brain as an Organ of Mind*, p. 526.

<sup>6</sup> See Demeaux's case, quoted fully in Ferrier's *Functions of the Brain*, p. 180, 1st. edit.

muscular sensation is that in which the unfortunate patient cannot perform a voluntary movement unless the eyes are attentively directed on the limb.<sup>7</sup>

It is of course only a matter of common knowledge and experience that the cerebral accomplishment of a complex and delicate movement is the result of muscular practice principally aided by sight. But for the present purpose it is justifiable to neglect the influence of sight, and for the sake of simplicity it will be best to consider the question as it affects only one part of the body, such, for instance, as the arm, which is frequently moved in a purposive, or at least complex, manner without the assistance of visual impressions. Beginning, therefore, to analyse a voluntary movement of the upper limb, by following the order of the constitution just given of its physical substratum or basis, the first question to be answered would be, in what part of the cortex is the perceptive centre of tactile impressions coming from the upper limb localised? Ferrier was the first to attempt this determination experimentally since no evidence was forthcoming from either mental analysis or clinical records.

He found that the seat of the tactile sense (including the sense of pressure, tension, &c.) was on the median and under surface of each half of the brain, viz. in the hippocampal convolution (see fig. 1). Much later Schäfer and myself found that, in addition, part of the rest of the limbic lobe, as Broca originally termed the continuous sweep of the calloso-marginal and hippocampal convolutions, was also the seat of the tactile sense.

These experiments were made on monkeys.

A number of investigators, Schiff, Hitzig (who speaks of the loss of 'muscle consciousness' consequent upon lesions of the so-called motor region), H. Munk (who termed the 'motor region' the *Fühl-spüre*), Exner (who collected cases of lesions in man), Luciani, Herzen and others, had previously made observations on the carnivora, and had come to the conclusion that the tactile sense in these animals was represented or localised in that region of the outer surface of the brain which is commonly called the 'motor' region, viz. the sigmoid convolution, and not in a separate cortical area, as appeared to be the case in the monkey. My own observations on the carnivora are in harmony with these results. This seeming difference between the carnivora and apes was accentuated by the observations of Ferrier, Schäfer and myself, according to which no sensory disturbance could be definitely determined when in monkeys the so-called motor region

<sup>7</sup> This has been particularly insisted upon by all writers, among others by Stricker, *Studien über die Bewegungsvorstellungen*, 1882, pp. 24, 25, *et seq.*, in which he emphasises the fact that memory of movement aroused by sight of movements executed gives subjective sensations of precisely the same movement referred by the observer to his corresponding limbs. We shall see presently that this is probably due to an associational excitation (through the sight-perceptive centre) of the kinæsthetic centres for the limbs in question.

on the outer surface was injured and the limbic lobe on the median surface left intact.

Luciani,<sup>8</sup> however, stated that in the monkey it was possible to demonstrate that lesions of the so-called motor region did cause a slight loss of muscular and tactile sense, and I have little doubt that his correction represents the true position.

Space forbids, however, our entering further on this interesting subject, and I have only introduced the opposition of statements on this point in order that it should be clearly understood that it is not accepted by all neurologists that the tactile sense in monkeys and in man is represented *both* in the limbic lobe and in the so-called motor region, as will now be shown to be in all probability the case.

We must now turn to the so-called motor region of the brain,

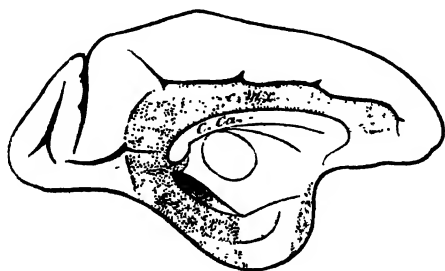


FIG. 1.—MEDIAN OR INNER ASPECT OF THE LEFT HALF OF THE BRAIN OF A BONNET MONKEY.

In this drawing the left hemisphere is shown as when separated from the right hemisphere by division of the internuncial fibres forming the corpus callosum, C.C., and of the fibres connecting it with the little brain or cerebellum, and with the spinal cord, C.E. The whole surface which is shown dotted is the *limbic lobe*, and while its upper part is termed the callosomarginal convolution, C.M.C., the lower part is called the hippocampal convolution, H.C.

the debateable ground in the present question, and the unquestioned source of 'voluntary' impulses.

The convolutions about the fissure of Rolando (see figs. 1, 2) were suspected by Hughlings Jackson, after a close analysis of forms of epilepsy, to be concerned with and the seat of 'sensori-motor centres,' each especially subserving the movement of a definite part of the body; but it was not until the wonderful experiments of Hitzig and Fritsch on animals, followed by those of Ferrier, that his speculations were established in truth as physical facts. The results of two decades' work have proved incontestably that certain regions of the cortex or surface of the brain are concerned in the 'voluntary' movement of certain groups of muscles. The movements of the upper limb, for instance, which was just now

<sup>8</sup> *Brain*, 1884.

selected as an example of representation, were found by Hitzig, and more perfectly by Ferrier, to be seated about the middle of the fissure of Rolando, which part of the brain consequently received the unfortunate name of 'the motor region.' Four years ago Dr. Beevor and myself began a minute investigation of these areas, and this resulted in our finding that they could be subdivided for each segment or part of a limb.

These experiments are conducted as follows. The animal being thoroughly anæsthetised with ether, a portion of the skull and membranes covering the brain is removed, and a very weak electric current applied by means of fine platinum wires to various spots of the Rolandic region of the surface of the brain. It is then found that the momentary application of the current to certain points in one half of the brain is regularly followed by contraction of one or more muscles of the opposite side of the body, and that consequently the cortex or surface of the brain may, in this region, be regarded as a series of compartments or sub-offices for the representation of the movements of the various parts and joints.

Hence, as shown in the following figures 2 and 3<sup>\*</sup> of the bonnet monkey's and orang's brains respectively, the area for the purposive movements of the upper limb is, as it were, made up of horizontal or obliquely arranged compartments or foci, in which respectively are principally represented from below upwards the movements of the thumb, index-finger, all fingers, wrist, elbow, and shoulder.

The finding that such a minute localisation of movement existed enabled more accurate diagnoses and examination of small lesions of the brain in cases of disease among human beings to be made out, and clinical data are, therefore, now available for the determination of the difficult question of kinaesthesia (*i.e.* 'muscular-sense' impressions) and its relation to 'voluntary movement.'

We will now examine this clinical evidence, and shall see how it shows that the sensory impressions referred to are localised in the so-called motor region as well as in the limbic lobe.

I have had the opportunity of observing cases in which a lesion was restricted to the upper limb area of the so-called motor cortex, and in which it did not involve the limbic lobe. The fact of the lesion being restricted as stated is indubitable, as in each case it was freely exposed to view by an operation undertaken for the relief of the patient. As none of the patients died, it is only a matter of inference, of course, that neither the limbic lobe nor the fibres coming to or from it were also the seat of disease. That such an inference is warranted is evident, since not only, as just stated, was the topographical situation of the lesion and wound perfectly ascertained,

\* These figures, constructed by Dr. Beevor and myself, are taken from the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*, B 52 and B 55—1890.









so-called motor region, and especially how it affects the function of sensation. Not to weary my readers with details, many of which have a technical and not a general neurological value, the effects of such a lesion, as I have found them to exist, may be summarised as follows.

A. *Effects of a Paralysing Lesion situated in a restricted part of the upper limb area in the brain—say the focus for the movements of the thumb.*

- (1) Insensibility to slight tactile impressions on the thumb.
- (2) Inability to localise correctly moderate tactile impressions on the thumb.
- (3) Subjective sensation of numbness and cold<sup>10</sup> in the thumb.
- (4) Ignorance of the position of the thumb in space unless the eyes are directed towards it.
- (5) Paralysis of 'voluntary' movement of the thumb.

The extent to which these phenomena may be developed depends upon the degree to which what we may call the thumb region of the cortex is destroyed.

In cases when the lesion affected only a small part of what may be properly termed the thumb region *par excellence*, I have found that the æsthesia of slight tactile impressions may fairly persist, and even enables one to more obviously appreciate the second phenomenon, *i.e.* the loss of the faculty of accurately localising tactile impressions on a given segment, upon which a word further must now be said. This I discovered by asking the patients, who were blindfolded, to indicate, by pointing with the forefinger of the sound hand, the actual spot previously lightly touched by the observer. The remarkable condition was then observed that the patients confidently localised the touch not on the segment actually stimulated, but one two or three segments higher.<sup>11</sup> Thus, a touch on the last joint of the thumb would be in a severe case localised by the patient on the wrist. Now, these facts being observed in cases of lesions restricted to the so-called motor region show clearly that both a slight sense of touch and the power of accurately localising the same are functions of this region, and above all that their representation is, like that of movement, segmental in character. Hastening on for a moment, the third phenomenon or effect is obviously merely the intellectual appreciation of the functional

<sup>10</sup> The representation of temperature sensory impressions was established several years ago by Herzen in the carnivora to be situated in the 'motor' region, but my observations in man point rather to the limbic lobe as the seat of such representation.

<sup>11</sup> Always in the hand higher than the point actually touched. The significance of this fact I shall shortly explain in another work.

defect of sensation just described; but the fourth, namely, the loss of knowledge of the position of the part, is much more important. It consists in what is most commonly called paralysis, or loss of the 'muscular sense,' inasmuch as the patient, if blind, cannot tell in what direction his thumb may be moving, or into what fresh position it may have been moved.

This defective sensory condition is still more closely associated with the paralysis of volitional movement of the part—being only well marked where the motor-paralysis is also complete—and accepting the kinæsthetic view of the function of this region, it is easy to see how this intimate relationship and parallelism must exist. But we must not anticipate what follows. The last effect, namely, the paralysis of so-called 'voluntary' movement, being the most obvious and, to the patient, the most distressing consequence of the lesion, has always attracted so much attention that the conditions of tactile and muscular anæsthesia just detailed have hitherto almost escaped notice. It is doubtless owing to this that the obvious fact of motor-paralysis has formed the basis of keen dispute on the subject of kinæsthesia and its relation to volition. When Bastian introduced his cogent arguments in favour of the indissoluble connection between the sensory representation of movements and the motor impulses, much discussion was excited among neurologists because the simplicity of Bell's great division of nerve function in the spinal nerve roots had led some to think that the highly complex centres in the cerebral cortex could similarly be absolutely *separated* into sensory centres and motor centres. Indeed, it was through this predisposition, coupled with the easier discovery of motor function, that the rather misleading title of motor region of the brain was applied, and is still given, to the Rolandic region of the cortex.<sup>12</sup>

The assumption of those who separate the two functions of motion and sensation and assign them to two different parts of the brain, is that the precursive sensory stage of a voluntary act is performed in the sensory perceptive centres of the limbic lobe, and that internuncial, *i.e.* connecting, fibres convey the efferent impulses to the by them so-called motor centres in the Rolandic region. The effects, however, of a *negative* or destructive lesion, already detailed above, may appear to most people to sufficiently decide the point in favour of sensory impressions being represented in the so-called motor region

<sup>12</sup> Consideration of the manner in which nerve structure and nerve function must have been evolved, and of the constitution of the simplest nervous systems that zoology offers us, might have been thought enough to guard against the fallacies involved in what may well be called the separatist view. Nay, more, the great modern exponent of the evolution of nerve function, Hughlings Jackson, is always careful to employ the term *sensory-motor* in speaking of all nerve-centres, in whatever part of the nervous system may be under consideration. And, finally, it is impossible to logically conceive of a nerve-centre which has not a sensory side as well as a motor unless we are prepared to admit the doctrine of spontaneity, for the support of which not a single incontestable fact exists.

as well as in the limbic lobe, but the effects of a *positive* or irritative lesion have yet to be described, and, as will now be seen, give the final confirmation as a crucial experiment in truth ought to do.

*B. Effects of an Irritative Lesion (e.g. a small tumour) situated in a restricted part of the arm area, involving (but not destroying) the focus for the thumb.*

(1) Tingling sensation in the thumb, which may be so marked as to amount to discomfort or even pain.

(2) Passage of such sensation from the distal (terminal) segment of the thumb upwards towards the wrist, elbow and shoulder, &c.

(3) Sensation as though the thumb were moved without any such motion actually occurring (a condition less frequent than (2), but most important).

(4) Movement of thumb (spasm or convulsion).

Of these phenomena the first two have been recorded by many observers since Hughlings Jackson more especially drew attention to them thirty years ago, and they constitute what is termed the aura or group of preliminary feelings in an epileptic fit. Those who hold the separatist view suggest that these sensations find origin in the perceptive centres in the limbic lobe which are secondarily excited by the lesion. Apart from other obvious considerations it would under these circumstances be difficult to imagine why such a waste of energy as this would involve should have been conceived to occur. The fact of this series of phenomena being evoked by a small localised and restricted lesion in the Rolandic region is in itself an unanswerable argument in favour of their development at the seat of the mischief.

But positive evidence answering the objection, though not absolutely or finally, is now to hand, since I have found that excision of the localised irritative lesion arrests these positive sensations and produces the anæsthetic condition.

On comparing together now the effects wrought by a negative or paralyzing lesion with those evoked by a positive or irritative lesion in the so-called motor region, we see how exactly the one corroborates the other, with almost mathematical similitude and accuracy.

The conclusion is inevitable, that while no doubt the limbic lobe is the chief receiving station of sensory, tactile, and like impressions in general, the Rolandic or so-called motor region of the cortex is the position of an array of kinæsthetic or sensori-motor centres in which segmental sensory impressions, including what is in popular language termed the muscular sense, are represented and where 'voluntary' movements find their source. Further, that a 'voluntary' movement in its most complete form or development includes, first, sensory perception in the limbic lobe or elsewhere; next, an intellectual process the localisation of which is unknown; and, lastly,

an idea or concept of the movement to be performed, including the amount of force required for its production, this last being localised in the so-called motor region, or more properly the kinæsthetic centres, whence issues the output of nerve-energy which causes the muscles to contract, and in consequence is truly termed the efferent or motor impulse.

Now comes before us at once a most tempting point for discussion. Given that the cortex of the Rolandic region is kinæsthetic, from which element of it does the efferent impulse start, and where are localised the 'muscular-sense' impressions?

The microscopical anatomy of this part of the cortex is fairly well known. A thin section of it suitably prepared shows that the nerve-corpuscles (or cells) are arranged in five tiers one above another, and that while the vast majority of the corpuscles are small, those in the fourth tier have interspersed among them some striking large corpuscles. Reasoning by analogy from the structural arrangement and size of the nerve-corpuscles in the simplest nerve-centres of the spinal cord, it may be justifiable to regard the large corpuscles as mainly efferent in function, and as, in fact, the last cerebral station from which the 'volitional' impulse starts on its way down the fibres of the pyramidal tract in the spinal cord to ultimately reach the muscles by way of the motor nerves. If this reasoning is justifiable—and it is supported by the authority of Dr. Ross—then is it as proper to regard the small corpuscles as possessing afferent function or mainly sensory representation, such as that the nature of which we have seen emphasised by the effects of lesions, namely, a slight degree of tactile æsthesia, a topographical localisation of the same according to the segments of the limbs or body, and a complex æsthesia of the position of such segments in space, this latter being a compound of the impressions received from the muscles, fascia, joints, &c.

Let me, in summing up, illustrate my line of argument by detailing the answers made by one of the cases on which this paper is based. It was the condition in this instance, viz. a lesion in the thumb area, which I chose as my typical example, because naturally the specialisation, or, in other words, the high cortical evolution, of the representation of the thumb made it so salient a subject that the points it exhibits could be easily grasped.

The disease, a tumour, affected in the right half of the brain the 'centre' for the thumb according to Beevor and myself. After the removal of the growth the surrounding part of the brain was temporarily disabled by shock. As it was recovering, being hyperexcitable, the patient experienced for several days some painful sensations in the left<sup>13</sup> thumb and hand. On saying to

<sup>13</sup> Left, of course, because the right half of the brain corresponds with the left half of the body.

him, 'Whereabouts in the hand do you feel the painful sensations?' his reply was, 'Inside, in the bones,'<sup>14</sup> thus indicating that the sensory impressions were those of the muscles, joints, bones, &c., the summation of which in excess constituted his discomfort or pain. But the most striking fact was the following reply to the next question. On saying to him, 'What becomes of the pain—does it stop in the hand?' he replied, 'No, it goes up the arm and neck to the head;' and, suiting the action to the word, he drew his sound right hand up the back of the left paralysed one, up the arm and left side of the neck, finally placing his forefinger exactly upon the seat of the lesion in the right Rolandic or so-called motor region. Considering that the patient was an agricultural labourer of very limited knowledge, this unexpected demonstration by him of the doctrine that the centres in the Rolandic region are indeed kinæsthetic was startling and, I may add, a revelation.

In conclusion I may be allowed to justify what must appear to many the establishment of but a small point, but which is in reality a very important one. Our knowledge of the physiological process underlying a voluntary act was practically *nil* until the experiments of Hitzig and Fritsch and Ferrier in 1870, and since that epoch when the localisation of the motor or efferent apparatus of the nervous system was shifted at a bound, as it were, from the base of the brain to its surface, we had not until a few years ago advanced much further in the neurological analysis of a voluntary impulse. That analysis as planned by Bastian has resulted in the determination of another stage towards the mental aspect of the phenomenon in question. His interpretation shows clearly the close connection between the sensations of tension and motion and the subsequently perfected development and execution of the movement desired, while it demonstrates what functional phenomenon immediately precedes the discharge of nerve-force, or, in other words, the voluntary impulse. This is the step in advance which has now been gained. Like all true advances in physical science, it harmonises and explains conditions which before were deemed perfectly incompatible and, in fact, incomprehensible.

If this much is achieved, I may in conclusion look forward to see in what direction to plant our next step.

The problem now remaining is, How can a way be forced through the yet impenetrable mist obscuring the field of the intellectual operation or central stage of a voluntary act? Of its physical substratum or basis we know nothing. Of the physical substratum of the psychic processes on each side we know something, since that of the one is a sensory perceptive centre, and that of the other a kinæsthetic centre. In trying to solve this difficulty we naturally

<sup>14</sup> This answer I have frequently received since, and it is remarkable, though of course most natural, how the mass of sensory impressions under these circumstances, viz. of lesion in the Rolandic region, relate to the deep structures.



ask ourselves, Is there an intellectual centre which would form the physical substratum of the mental faculty of reason?

It is fairer, perhaps, to ask at the same time why should there be such a centre? Of the actual mode of connection between the mental process of a conceptual ideation of a voluntary movement and the physiological or functional activity of a kinæsthetic centre we know nothing, though of their parallel existence, if not identity, we feel certain. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to indulge our imaginations in the thought that the highest, *i.e.* most complex and extensive, regions of the perceptive centres may be the place wherein to search for the physical basis of intelligent reason and deliberation, which last for so long delusively offered an easy test of volition. To analyse more deeply the depths of sensory perception, therefore, must be the future task of the neurologist. With this goal in view we must leave the subject, satisfied with the feeling that our knowledge of the process of volition is becoming surer more rapidly now than at any previous period in psychology.

VICTOR HORSLEY.

## *A DESCRIPTION OF MANIPUR.*

It is scarcely two months since all India and England were startled by the news of a great disaster in Manipur, and the cry instantly arose, 'Where is Manipur?' most people in India being quite as ignorant of its whereabouts as the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, the general idea being, among those who had heard of it at all, that it was in some way connected with the game of Polo. Yet Manipur is a country with many features of great interest, it contains scenery of surpassing beauty, every variety of climate from an almost tropical one to one colder than that of England, finally it is the home of an intelligent race of people quite distinct from any other Indian one, and with a history and civilisation of its own well worth a little study. The valley of Manipur, the heart of the country and the only part where the pure Manipuris live, is an open plain 650 square miles in extent, and of irregular shape, its extreme length from north to south being, perhaps, thirty-five miles, and its breadth from east to west twenty-five. With exception of the villages, which are well planted, and a few sacred groves here and there left for the benefit of the sylvan gods, the country is devoid of timber. The capital, called Imphal, is a large mass of villages and from the neighbouring heights presents the appearance of a forest; it covers a space of about fifteen square miles. Every house in the capital is in its own well-planted garden, hence the large space covered; the population at the census of 1881 showed it to contain 60,000 inhabitants; the remainder of the valley had another 60,000; while the hill-tracts accounted for 100,000—making in all a population of 220,000, the extent of the little state, hill and plain together, being 8,000 square miles, or a little larger than Wales.

The valley itself is 2,600 feet above the sea-level and is completely surrounded by hills of an average height of 2,500 feet above it; the sides of the hills facing towards the valley are generally grassy slopes or at most covered with scrub jungle, but as soon as the crest is passed a fine forest is reached, except where the hill-tribes have ruthlessly destroyed it to raise one crop and then let it relapse into grass or scrub. But we must briefly describe the situation, and say that the valley of Manipur is east of Cachar and west of the Kubo

Valley, thus being the centre of the chain of valleys connecting India and Upper Burmah; the capital is almost intersected by the 25th parallel north latitude, and 95th east longitude. Its distance by road east of Silchar, capital of Cachar, is 132 miles, the excellent bridle-path, constructed at the cost of the British Government by Captain Guthrie in 1837-43, connecting the two places, winding its way over hills and dales, now rising to a height of 5,200 feet, now descending a deep ravine at the bottom of which rushes a raging torrent at a level of 300 feet above the sea; in all it crosses eight ranges of hills and five rivers, the latter being made passable by means of admirably constructed bamboo pontoon bridges in the dry season and airy cane suspension bridges in the rainy season. Of late years these suspension bridges have been strengthened by wire. The hills on the way to Cachar are inhabited by a tribe of so-called Nagas, whose tribal name is Koupcoee; they used to be extremely numerous, but of late years smallpox and emigration to the tea-gardens of Cachar have sadly thinned their numbers, and the work of the road and bridges falls heavily on them. There are, or used to be, rude huts as rest-houses for the Political Agent at intervals along the road, many of them in lovely and romantic situations, and, but for the inevitable toils of the march, a more beautiful line of country along which to travel could hardly be imagined. Travellers with strength and energy walk or at most ride up to Manipur; but, for those who are delicate or lazy, the Manipuris have devised an uncomfortable kind of litter called a 'dulai,' in which the occupant sits, and the hill-people have learned to carry it.

One hundred miles to the north of Manipur is the British station of Kohima, the seat of Government in the Naga Hills, and twenty miles from Mao on the Manipur frontier. The road as far as Mao was cut by the Manipur Durbar in January, 1881, the line being laid out at a cart gradient (never steeper than 1 in 20), and along this it is possible to gallop the whole distance. The road runs chiefly along upland valleys with magnificent scenery, hills rising to over 9,000 feet on one side; often the road runs through oak forests; often along a cliff overhanging a river, the steep sides of which are covered in spring with wild azaleas and other flowering trees; now it goes over a grassy plain covered with strange bee-hive shaped cairns, the work of a race passed and gone, whose only trace these are; suddenly, as if divided by a line, the cairns cease, and the road enters a country with huge monoliths scattered here and there in forest and on plains; these monoliths continue till the British Naga Hills district is reached.

One other road connects Manipur with British territory, namely that to Tamu, just across the frontier in Upper Burmah; for more than thirty miles it runs along the open plain; at three and a half miles it passes Langthabal, where our old cantonment and an old

Manipuri capital lie close together at the foot of a hill; at six miles, at a place called Leelong, it crosses a stream. This is where the last execution of members of the royal family took place, two princes being, according to the custom which prevented their blood being shed, fastened up in baskets and drowned. At thirteen miles we pass Thobal, rendered memorable by the gallant Grant's spirited defence; eleven miles further on we come to the scene of the last stand made by the Manipuris when they opposed General Graham's column on the 25th of April last. This is the same place where the Manipuris made their last stand against the invading Burmese in 1819, the entrenchments were probably the old ones, and it is probably tradition that made them select this place. Shortly after leaving Pallel, thirty miles from the capital, the road ascends the Yoma hills, and after passing the highest point near Aimole, runs down to Tamu, a distance of seventy miles in all from Manipur. Part of it having been constructed since I left, I do not attempt its description; suffice it to say that it runs through a pretty country, but not one possessing the same features of extreme loveliness that are found along the routes to Cachar and the Naga Hills. These three roads are the main outlets connecting Manipur with the outer world. Those to Burmah and Cachar are trade routes of great antiquity, and it is probably along them that the wave of Aryan invasion poured from India into Burmah in prehistoric times. The present route to the Naga Hills and Assam is new, but there was a connection between Manipur and the last-named country in former days, but the exact way it followed cannot be certainly determined. To the south of the valley there must have been an outlet in former days, as traditions exist regarding it; but for many years past the fierce Kuki tribes have blocked it, and it is for our survey officers to enlighten us regarding it. Situated there in the middle of hills, and possessing no means of cheap carriage, Manipur is singularly cut off from the outer world. This has tended to make the people clannish, insular (if I may use the term) in their prejudices, and self-reliant. The soil of the valley is marvellously fertile, and the policy of its rulers has always been to prevent the exportation of rice for fear of creating scarcity, the argument being that, though great dearness in the Naga Hills may make it pay to import from Manipur, Manipur has neither money nor means to import from Cachar or Burmah in case of famine.

It has been said that the pure Manipuris only live in the valley; the hills are, however, inhabited by various races known as Nagas, Chins, Kukis, Sooktees, Looshais, &c. Probably most of these races have some affinity the one to the other; the last four are obviously connected, as their languages are mutually intelligible, and under the head of Kuki many tribes are comprised. The different Naga tribes are all north of a line drawn through the centre of the valley

and prolonged east and west, while the others are to the south; though probably distantly connected, the Nagas are certainly more distinct from the tribes to the south than any of the latter are one from the other.

The Manipuris are of doubtful origin. They are probably descended from some powerful tribe of Indo-Chinese origin, with some admixture of Aryan blood, drawn from the wave on its way through Manipur. Since then, and up to the early part of the last century, they have constantly mixed with the different tribes surrounding them. For the last 180 years they have been more select, but the process still goes on to a limited extent. Anyhow, Manipur has existed as a separate kingdom for over a thousand years, much respected by its neighbours, occasionally under spirited rulers carrying its victorious arms far into Burmah. Early in the last century the rajahs took a new departure, and though they still retained, as they do to this day, many Naga ceremonies, they ceased to intermarry with that people. Yet, even now, a rajah is not thought to be duly installed until he and his wife have gone through a quaint ceremony, clad in Naga costume; his official house is built on the pattern of a Naga hut, and a man armed with a Naga spear and shield always accompanies him on a State visit.

At last, early in the eighteenth century, Hindoo missionaries appeared, and in the reign of the great Pam Heiba, 130 years ago, Hindooism became the fashion and conversions common, though theoretically a man cannot be made a Hindoo, but must be born one. The process is even now going on among the hill-tribes, as it does all along the frontier of Assam, much to their detriment as regards courage and honesty. Generally speaking, the Manipuris may be described as a well-made robust race, of middle height, light brown yellowish complexions, with straight black hair, and rather Mongolian-like eyes. They are active, energetic, and abstemious; very patient, cheerful, and enduring under great hardships; capable of fighting when well disciplined, and led by men they trust, but not naturally courageous. They have the Japanese talent for rapidly acquiring new arts, and make first-rate and intelligent workmen. They are far more industrious and energetic than any of the tribes surrounding them; the women are famous as weavers, and conduct the retail trade of the country. The first record of any dealings between the British Government and that of Manipur is of a treaty made in 1762; this, however, led to nothing, and our real relations commenced in 1823. We must, however, go back a little. In the latter half of the last century the Burmese were a rapidly rising power: the great Alompra gave them the impetus that a single great man has so often been known to do in the East, where the man and the nation seem to rise suddenly from the earth, glow like a flame with exceeding brightness for a time, only to die down rapidly and

become suddenly extinguished, as the man whose mind gave the impetus relaxes his grasp on the helm of state. Burmah rose to a great height of strength and prosperity within a few years, and by the end of the century had subdued Arracan; Pegu, the great Shan kingdom of Pong, and some of the smaller Shan States, and even threatened Bengal. During the early years of the present century she was a constant menace to us. In 1817 her generals invaded Assam, and, in 1819, Manipur. Only those who have talked with old people who actually remember the Burmese invasion of either of these countries can realise what it was. Here we have no concern with Assam, suffice it to say that Manipur was devastated. Before the invasion the valley is said to have contained a population of 650,000, the eaves of the houses in the capital are said to have touched. The amazing fertility of the soil makes it quite possible that it did support such a population, certainly it seems likely that it contained 400,000. It had, too, a famous herd of ponies, on which its celebrated cavalry was mounted, and its cattle were known as superior to any in the neighbouring countries. What did the Burmese do? Let us answer by saying that when they were driven out of the valley only 2,000 inhabitants were left, the remainder had been scattered abroad and were fugitives in Cachar, Sylhet, and Chittagong, and the neighbouring hill-tracts, while large numbers had been driven off as slaves to Burmah, where their descendants still remain. Not a pony, not a cow remained in the valley—all was desolation. From Manipur the Burmese invaded Cachar, and from thence threatened our frontier district of Sylhet, and from Assam they threatened Goalpara.

On our eastern frontier we were ably represented by Mr. David Scott of the Civil Service, who held the office of agent to the Governor-General, and by his advice troops were moved up to defend our frontier. Marjeet, the ex-Rajah of Manipur, was, with his brothers Chourjeet and Ghumbeer Singh, a fugitive; he was not an able man, but only notorious for his cruelties. Chourjeet was not remarkable for his ability, but less cruel. Ghumbeer Singh was able and ambitious, and he one day presented himself before Mr. Scott and offered to raise a corps of Manipuris in his service; the offer was accepted, and a corps of 500 men was speedily raised. This was in 1823. In 1824 we declared war with Burmah, and decided to make a movement forward into Cachar and, Ghumbeer Singh's troops proving useful, they were increased to 2,000, armed, and paid by us, and two officers, Captain Grant and Lieut. R. B. Pemberton, appointed to drill them. These troops advanced into Manipur in 1825, driving all the Burmese before them, and at the conclusion of the war Ghumbeer Singh was recognised as Rajah of Manipur, which was made a protected state. Ghumbeer Singh proved an energetic ruler, and we gave him help from time to time. Cattle and ponies

were imported, and, though we could not restore the famous breed, some fairly good stock were raised; some of the exiled inhabitants returned, and an effort was made to reduce the neighbouring hill-tribes to order, they having taken advantage of the anarchy to assert their independence.

Ghumbeer died in 1834 (January 9th), leaving a son, Chandra Kirtee Singh, two years old; a cousin, Nur Singh by name, took upon himself the office of regent, and governed the state most faithfully in the child's name. In 1844, however, the Dowager Ranee, wanting to get the power into her own hands, plotted to murder the regent; the attempt failed and she fled to Cachar with her son. Nur Singh was then proclaimed Rajah, and ruled till his death in 1850, when his brother Debindro succeeded. In 1851 the young Chandra Kirtee Singh invaded the country from Cachar, claiming the throne as his rightful heritage. There is an old saying, that if a pretender can reach Lum-Lang-Tong on the border of the valley he will succeed; he reached the auspicious spot, marched on the capital, and Debindro fled. Chandra Kirtee Singh was acknowledged by acclamation. Up to this time the British Government always acknowledged the Rajah *de facto*; now it made a new departure, and in 1851 declared that it recognised the succession only in the family of Chandra Kirtee Singh. Chandra Kirtee Singh had a long and successful reign. In 1879 he gave great assistance to Government and materially aided in the relief of the beleaguered garrison of Kohima during the revolt in the Naga Hills, for which he was made a K.C.S.I.; and in 1885-6 he aided in the rescue of the British subjects left in the province of Kendat in the Chindwin at the outbreak of the Burmese War. He died in 1886, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Soor Chandra Singh, who had already been recognised as his successor by the British Government. Soor Chandra Singh was deposed by his two brothers Kula Chandra Singh and Tekendrajit, alias Koireng, in last September; these two princes are the infamous Rajah and Joobraj or Senaputty of recent events.

The Government of Manipur has always been a pure despotism, tempered by assassination and revolution. While he occupies the throne the rajah is perfectly absolute. A minister may be all powerful, and all the princes and people may tremble before him; for years he may practically rule the rajah: but he is, after all, a cipher before the latter, a single word from whom may send him into exile, make him an outcast, or reduce him to the level of the lowest rank. Yet with all this power, an obscure man may suddenly spring up as if from the ground, assert himself to be of the blood royal, and, gathering a large party round him, place himself on the throne. All this happened, and not unfrequently, in days gone by, when many were the rajahs murdered or deposed. History tells of rajahs being deposed, re-elected, and deposed again. The succession, too, is of an

irregular kind; according to Manipuri custom, a rajah's brothers have a right to succeed before his sons. For instance, the rajah may have four brothers and four sons: each brother had a right to succeed in turn, and when the last died *his* sons succeeded in turn, and not the sons of the former rajah. This system naturally led to bloodshed, and in former times, to avoid it, a rajah on his accession usually put all his male relations to death, if he could catch them. Ghumbeer Singh was as an infant taken off to the great Logtak Lake to be drowned, and was only saved by the devotion of a faithful adherent, uncle of the late powerful minister Thaugal, who, in turn, went into exile with Ghumbeer's son Chandra Kirtee Singh (who died in 1886), and protected him in his infancy.

Under the rajah are great ministers of state in control of different departments, but a man's importance is always in proportion to the influence he can exercise on the rajah and quite irrespective of his rank. The rajahs are generally accessible to any respectable man, and hold informal receptions several times a day, when the ministers are present. There are several law courts, where cases are decided, not on their own merits, but by favour, even-handed justice being rare in civil cases, though more common in criminal ones. All the law courts and government offices are within the rajah's palace fort, a huge enclosure containing much of interest but little of beauty in the way of buildings. The revenue system of the country is simple, every man giving ten days' labour to the rajah out of every forty; in return for this each one has an assignment of land which he may cultivate or let to some one else, as he pleases; he also pays a small contribution of rice to the rajah. This system of payment in labour is called 'lalloop,' and a similar system existed in Assam before its annexation by us. At first sight it does not sound well to English ears, especially when called forced labour; but it works well, and is not unpopular. Every man has a great deal of spare time on his hands, and it is a distinct advantage to the country to have that labour expended in making roads and irrigation canals, as has been done in Manipur, rather than to let him waste his time in doing nothing, the isolated nature of the country giving him a ready sale for but a small portion of agricultural produce. As time goes on and trade increases it will be found more economical to raise a money revenue and do away with the system of 'lalloop,' but at present any change would be disastrous, and not at all popular. Besides these service dues and payments, a small money revenue of about 100,000 rupees (say 7,500*l.*) is brought in by transit duties, &c.—just enough, in fact, to keep the country going. The assignments of land are in accordance with the rank of the holder, and a man of position often has enough to bring him in a fair income by letting it. The chief cultivation of the country is rice, for which the low valley lands are admirably suited; the soil, however, will grow almost



anything, and wheat, tobacco, sugar-cane, oil-seeds, and various kinds of pulse are raised.\* English vegetables thrive well, and peas are common in the markets. Pineapples and oranges grow to perfection, and plantains, of which there are many kinds, are plentiful, though few of the finer sorts have been introduced.\* Mangoes grow well, but the fruit is always filled with insects, as is the case in Assam, though the drier climate makes this somewhat unaccountable. It should have been stated that, owing to the height above the sea, Manipur is far cooler than the plains of Bengal or Burmah, while the surrounding hills draw away the clouds and reduce the rainfall to about an average of forty to forty-five inches—less than half what it is in the adjoining district of Cachar, or in the province of Assam to the north. It is strange that on descending into the Kuba Valley, only 700 feet above the sea and hot and damp, good mangoes, free from insects, are to be found in plenty.\*

Viewed from the surrounding hills, the valley in the dry season presents the appearance of a bare open plain with villages dotted here and there, and a few hills rising above the surface and running in lines down the valley, though often distant from one another. It is evident that the vast chasm, which the valley once was, was gradually filled up with alluvium brought down by the rivers whose outlet was raised high above its former level by an earthquake. For ages what is now the valley must have been a vast lake, which was gradually filled up with the earthy deposits of the rivers running through it, as a few isolated peaks, the highest points of low ranges that divided the original chasm, once appeared as islands above the surface of the great lake, so now they appear above the surface of the alluvium, all forming part of a well-connected system. So, too, a few peaks still appear above the surface of the Logtak Lake, situated at the south-west end of the valley, the comparatively small remains of the noble sheet of water that once covered the whole. In the rainy season the valley has much the appearance of a marsh; at such a time the effects by moonlight are often very striking. Many of the village sites have an appearance of great antiquity, the old embankments and raised platforms of earth with the noble old trees all contributing to this; they also have an appearance of great comfort to those who are content to judge from an Asiatic standpoint. The cattle that were imported to take the place of those destroyed and driven off by the Burmese have improved since they came to Manipur, and nowhere can tame buffaloes with finer horns be seen. In the cold season the neighbourhood of a Manipuri village is a pretty sight, especially in early December; the golden grain is then falling before the sickle, the sun bright, the air clear, the temperature perfect; here and there picturesquely-clad groups of women and girls are to be seen reaping, while their stalwart male relations are carrying home the heavy sheaves. Close by may be seen the

threshing-floor and patient, slow-going oxen moving round in a never-ending circle, treading out the grain; further on is a stack of straw which will be made into a bonfire after Harvest Home!

Ah, happy days, too happy to endure.

Where all this peace and plenty was, there has been war and tumult and hostile armies tread the once happy valley. Maharajah Chandra Kirtee Singh, who died in 1886, and his uncle Chourjeet, had both a great taste for road-making, and owing to this Manipur is, for a native state, well supplied with means of communication, and in the cold weather every village is easily accessible; even in the rainy season all can be reached without much trouble. The rivers are, as a rule, narrow and deep, and, owing to the alluvial nature of the soil through which they pass, very muddy. There is a tradition that after leaving the valley far away to the south, the one stream into which all others converge leaps over the obstacle which blocks the old outlet, and falls with a deafening sound into an abyss below, sending up a column of spray which darkens the air. This place is called the Ching-dun-hoot, and it will be interesting to see if our survey parties confirm the traditional description of it. It has been said that, except in the villages and sacred groves, there is no timber in the valley; but a word or two must be said about that in the hills. To the south of the valley there are extensive fir-forests, to the east and north oak is plentiful, to the west oak is seen in fair quantities, together with other trees for which there is no English name—among them a tree called by the Manipuris 'Wang,' which can be cut up and used directly it is felled, without seasoning, as it neither warps nor shrinks. To the north-east there are extensive fir-forests; these, so far as I have noticed, generally end abruptly at a line drawn along the hillside, 5,800 feet above the sea, on hills facing west, but when facing east they grow at a height of 6,400 feet; the difference is probably owing to greater moisture on the eastern slopes; the hills run north and south.

Among the same hills the eye is often gladdened by large clumps of rhododendrons, chiefly crimson, the trees growing to a height of twenty and thirty feet; rhododendrons may be seen at a level of 4,000 feet above the sea, and from that up to 7,500 feet they are in flower in February, March, and April, according to situation. The scenery among these forest-clad hills is lovely and romantic; the hill-people cut good paths, though regardless of gradients, and one may spend many a happy hour walking under tall trees clothed with moss two feet in length, with a precipice on one side and a lovely view perhaps of a snowy peak in the distance. In such expeditions a better companion than a Manipuri cannot easily be found, cheerful and helpful under all circumstances, always ready to climb a tree or descend a precipitous path to gather a rare flower, and at the end of

a long march, regardless of fatigue, to build a hut or improvise rude furniture. The hills to the north afford edible roots of the yam tribe in abundance; to the south they are wanting; everywhere, if not at too great a height, the useful bamboo is occasionally found, often so large that a couple of joints of it make an admirable bucket. The dry bamboo is a welcome addition to the camp-fire, and, cut in thin strips, makes excellent torches when a night-march is a matter of necessity. Here and there at low elevations wild mangotrees are found, the unripe fruit, before it has been filled with insects, being useful as a condiment for the people to eat with their rice. Gorgeous orchids of many colours are common in the forests of Manipur.

Before leaving the forest a word must be said about the wild animals. To begin with the largest: elephants are still pretty numerous in the Jeeree forests on the Cachar frontier, and it is from thence that the rajah supplies his wants in that line. He generally has a stud of from ten to twenty elephants, and has a 'khedda' (*lit.* drive; conventionally, elephant-catching expedition) when his stock falls short, all but the best among the new captures being sold. In the remainder of the hill-tracts of Manipur elephants are scarce, the hill-tribes, especially the Kukis, those scourges to wild animals and forests, having greatly thinned their numbers. Rhinoceroses are said to exist to the south of the valley; and probably do, but in small numbers. The same may be said of bison; buffaloes there are, too, but they also are scarce. Sambur or elk are still to be found in the hills, but red deer I have never seen. Fallow deer are common. The great swamp deer, called in Manipuri 'Sungai,' is common too, and peculiar to Manipur and Burmah, and is found in the grass jungles near the Logtak Lake; it is about the size of the sambur, but has very peculiar horns. Tigers and bears are still plentiful. The jackal is unknown. Tigers used to be so numerous that the inhabitants were formed into groups for the purpose of marking them down and destroying them. This organisation still exists. The groups are called kai-roop, and it is the duty of the chief of the kai-roop of the district to report to the rajah whenever a tiger appears within his jurisdiction; the order is then given to surround him; this is done by surrounding the patch of jungle in which he has hidden, after killing a cow or deer, with strong nets. Outside these a tall bamboo palisading is erected, and information is sent to the rajah, who, if the place is within easy distance, proceeds there with all his Court, ladies included. The spectators are ranged on seats at intervals at the top of the palisading, and the tiger is driven by fire-brands from his retreat and either shot or speared. The Manipuris are very keen at this sport, and I have seen them, despite a prohibition to the contrary, descend into the arena (perhaps a space of 300 yards or even more in circumference) and, protected only by the net

held up by a forked stick in the left hand, boldly attack the tiger with a spear. Generally the real sport is shown with the spear, and the *coup de grâce* given by a rifle shot. Anyhow, the men engaged display great courage and coolness, and the whole affair is not a vulgar piece of butchery but a game of skill, till a well-directed shot ends it.

The birds of Manipur resemble those of the adjoining provinces with few exceptions; one remarkable one is a handsome pheasant, called in Manipuri, Loe-ning-koe, discovered by Mr. A. O. Hume, C.B., the great Indian ornithologist, in 1881.

Beautiful as the forest scenery of Manipur is, it is time that something is said about the capital, Imphal, and of its inhabitants. It has been said that it covers a space of about fifteen square miles, and a slight description will not be amiss. On the north side it touches on some low hills, called Ching-mai-robg, and running westward is bounded by a shallow lake called Lumpel, which is partly enclosed by a continuance of the hills, here called Langol (on which grows a celebrated cane used for polo sticks); then running south it is intersected by several roads, notably the road to Silchar which enters the capital at a place called Kooak-Kaithél (*i.e.* Crow Bazaar)—here it is bounded by rice cultivation. Going further south and sweeping round in an easterly direction, it is bounded by the plain of Langthabal, at one extremity of which lies the old capital—here two rivers intersect it; and going further east it is bounded by the lower slopes of Nong-mai-Ching, a fine hill rising 2,500 feet above the valley; turning to the northward and crossing two rivers we come again to the place from which we started. The want of the town is a really good water-supply; there are one or two good sized tanks, or ponds as they would be called in England, and the aforementioned rivers, the water of which is not improved by receiving the ashes of the dead burned on their banks; beyond this, all the water obtainable is derived from small tanks, one or more of which are to be found in every garden enclosure. The ground on which the capital stands must have at one time been very low, probably a marsh, and it has been artificially raised from time to time by digging these tanks; every raised road, too, means a deep stagnant ditch on either side. The people are not sanitary in their habits, and when heavy rain falls the gardens are flooded and a fair share of the accumulated filth is washed into the drinking-tanks, the result being frequent epidemics of cholera, constantly increasing in severity. The capital is well supplied with roads, many of which are bordered by fine old trees. The great event of the day is the evening market, held in many different places, the central one being the great Sena Kaithél or Golden Bazaar, held opposite the main entrance of the palace. As the shadows lengthen in the afternoon the roads are covered with crowds of people, men in spotlessly white garments and women in every variety of gay attire

and resplendent with brilliantly coloured petticoats. Women are the shopkeepers of the place, and they may be seen tramping with their goods on their heads and babies on hip or tied on the back.

Rotten fish is a favourite food here as in Burmah, and very dreadful is the odour of it as it is carried by; but at the evening market every imaginable article is taken for sale. There may be seen English piece goods, broad cloths, brass-ware, iron-ware, vegetables, rice, &c., and, perhaps most interesting of all, the tribal cloths of the hill-tribes surrounding the valley. Many of these cloths are extremely picturesque and beautiful; the Manipuri women are rare workers at the loom and by their industry have killed out the native cloth trade in many parts of the hills, the inhabitants of which now come to Manipur to supply themselves with their own tribal patterns. Manchester has done the same by India; and, though India gets cheaper goods, it loses in quality, the imported calicoes not being equal to the old ones of native make. In a much smaller degree this holds good in Manipur: the Manipur women give good material, free from sizing, but their work is not so strong and fit for hard wear as the cloths formerly made by the hill-tribes themselves used to be. Certain blind and lame men regularly frequent the bazaars, and the poor saleswomen give them a handful of rice as they pass or some small thing. All the shops are in the open air, there are raised mounds for people to sit on, but roofs are not allowed. At the gate of the palace proclamations are read out and posted up. Here, too, offenders are flogged, this kind of punishment being inflicted with the very utmost severity; women also convicted of heinous crimes are here exposed on a high platform, stripped to the waist, round which a rope is tied and held by a guard, and her breasts painted red; a crier with stentorian voice proclaims her crime and adds, 'Come and look at this naughty woman!' This punishment is inflicted in lieu of death or regular imprisonment, the Manipuris holding to the strict letter of Hindoo law, which forbids the execution of a woman. For great offences a woman is sentenced to be so proclaimed in every bazaar in the country. The bazaars of the capital are supplied with necessities of life purchased by the industrious sellers at markets held in the early morning, often many miles from the capital.

Close to the bazaar is the public polo-ground, on which, almost every day in the week, fine playing is to be seen, but especially on Sundays, when all the best players in the capital, including the princes, play. It is a fine sight, and the play magnificent. On one side of the ground is a grand stand for the Rajah, and at one end there used to be one for the Political Agent. The polo-ground is also sometimes used for religious ceremonies or as a parade-ground for troops; a broad road runs at one end from the palace-gate to a

brick bridge which crosses the river and connects it with the road to Cachar. Pole is the national game of Manipur for all who can manage to get a mount, and hockey on foot for those who cannot. In the evening almost every bit of turf in the town is enlivened by a group of little boys playing most vigorously. Wrestling also is a favourite amusement, and one in which the Manipuris excel. I have seen a Manipuri challenge a village of fine manly athletic Nagas to produce a champion to try a throw with him, but without any one coming forward.

The road runs at one end of the polo-ground, and at the other end is the Residency-enclosure; everything has, alas! been destroyed, but it may be interesting to describe it as it was. The first house was built in 1844 by Captain Gordon, the political agent, when the Regent Nur Singh, after the attempt on his life above described, moved from the old capital to the present one, the agency establishment moving with him. This was really a return to an old site, the original capital that existed before the Burmese invasion having been where the present one stands. Captain Gordon built a small house which, at his death in December 1844, was pulled down; his successor, Lieutenant, afterwards Colonel, M'Culloch, built a large house one hundred yards to the rear of the building just destroyed; it was thrown down by an earthquake in January 1869, and another built on its site. All the ground round was then enclosed by squalid villages and filthy tanks. A movement to clear these away was commenced in 1877, and gradually a space of about sixteen acres was cleared and fairly well levelled, and by the end of 1880 the late fine Residency was finished and the old one pulled down, a rose-garden being planted on its site. The Residency was a fine structure in the old English half-timbered style, built on a foundation of solid brick walls seven feet in height, the lower portions forming rooms practically shot-proof. The building was about one hundred yards from the mud wall which surrounded the enclosure; in front, beyond it, was a ditch, then a road, then the moat and mud wall of the Rajah's palace-enclosure. The Residency-enclosure was well planted, had pretty gardens and lawns with apple, pear, apricot, and plum trees, also deodars which thrived wonderfully, and other rare exotics. It had a fine large square pond of excellent water, which, as they were strictly preserved, was in winter covered with hundreds of wild-fowl, geese, ducks, divers, &c. Round the enclosure was a pleasant riding-path for exercising ponies. In one corner were the lines of the escort, and government telegraph, post-office, &c. Much care and the labour of years had been expended on the place, and it was indeed a most delightful residence, the two drawbacks being its extreme isolation and the plague of mosquitos, the pest of Manipur for ten months in the year.

With the exception of the Residency, no house, when I left Manipur, was built of brick, partly from fear of earthquakes, partly on account of expense. The ordinary houses of the people are huts with wattle-and-daub or mud walls; those of greater people the same, but a little larger. Every house has a verandah in front, with the main entrance leading from it and a little side-door on the north side close to the west end, the houses almost invariably facing east. The roofs are all of thatch, with exception of the Rajah's, which was of corrugated iron. There are several temples, built of solid brick stuccoed over. One in the palace had an iron roof, another a gilded one. Most excellent models of these temples and several other buildings were sent to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886, every beam and rafter being represented and made strictly according to scale. The larger of the two temples has bells of a very fine deep tone. It should be added that some of the approaches to the Rajah's dwelling-house were of brick; possibly since then many additions have been made. Formerly the palace-enclosure was entered from the front by a quaint and picturesque old gateway, not beautiful, but highly characteristic and peculiar to Manipur; the old Rajah, Chandra Kirtee Singh, substituted for it a tawdry and fantastic structure with corrugated iron roofs—a structure without any merit and quite out of keeping with its surroundings. I remonstrated, but in vain; shoddy and vulgar ideas have penetrated even to Manipur, and the picturesque old building that spoke of bygone ages was doomed. We who have destroyed so many fine old buildings have, at any rate, little right to criticise.

Close to the gateway is the place where the grand stand is erected, from which the Rajah and his relations view the boat-races and the palace moat. I said 'view,' for in old age a Rajah sits there all the time, but in the prime of life he takes part in these races, steering one of the boats himself. These boat-races generally take place in September, when the moat is full, and are the great festival of the year. Every one turns out to see them, the Ranees and other female relations lining the opposite side of the moat—for in Manipur there is no veiling or concealment of women—while the side next to the road is thronged with spectators. The boatmen have a strange and handsome dress peculiar to the occasion, and the whole scene is highly interesting. The boats are canoes hewn out of single trees of great size, and are richly decorated with colour and carving.

The Manipuris keep the usual Hindoo festivals, such as the Jumnu Ustomi, or birthday of Krishna; the Dewallee, or feast of lights, when the whole capital, lighted up, presents a pretty sight; the Rakhwal, when there are dances in honour of Krishna, and a huge bird, very cleverly arranged, comes on the scene to the delight of

the children. The bird is admirably represented by a structure of cloth and bamboo, with a man inside. The 'Hôli' is duly kept, and red powder and fires are not wanting. The feast of Juggernath is also observed, and a huge car is erected and drawn in front of the palace. Finally, in the month of July, a great entertainment is given, when the hill-tribes as well as Manipuris compete, and there are foot-races, wrestling-matches, &c.

The Manipuris, properly so called, are all Hindoos; but there is a considerable population, perhaps 5,000 in all, of Mussulmans in the valley, the descendants of Manipuris who adopted their present religion before the great conversion to Hindooism commenced; their members have been recruited also by immigrants from Bengal. These people perform lalloop like the rest of the population, and are also the chief poultry-breeders of the valley, the Manipuris, though apparently unable to do without a fish-diet, rigidly abstaining from flesh of all kinds. The Mussulmans are rather kept under by the Hindoos, but occupy a far better position than the latter would under a Mussulman Government. The chief among them received the title of Nawab from Chandra Kirtee Singh, who also released the whole community from the obligation to fall prostrate before him, they having objected on religious grounds.

The Mussulman women, high and low, like the Manipuris, are great weavers. This it should be noted is in marked contrast to the customs of India, where that useful art is confined to the very lowest castes, and where, among Mussulmans even, weaving is looked upon with scorn.

Silk is manufactured in Manipur by people who, though now indistinguishable from the rest of the population, are said to be descended from Chinese captives, the mere remnants of an army that invaded Manipur from China 700 years ago, and was ignominiously defeated. The captives are said to have taught silk-culture and weaving, also brick-making, and part of a brick building reputed to have been built by them still remains to testify to the truth of the tradition.

Sumptuary laws are in full force in Manipur, and they are a valuable institution, forming as they do a cheap and efficient means of rewarding services. Any one may have a brass box for holding betel nut, for instance, but the royal permission is required to possess a silver one. No man may wear gold bracelets unless they are first presented by the Rajah, after which he may buy a second pair. Rare feathers are given as a mark of distinction to be worn in the turban, and are, of course, greatly valued. Besides the above there are many turbans and peculiar cloths, none of which can be worn except as a reward for service performed to the state. Highest of all is a coat of curious workmanship, that takes over a year to



make, and is never given, except to the blood-royal, but as a reward for gallant service in the field.

Here a word or two must be said about the army, which consisted of about 5,000 men at the outside, in eight regiments of infantry and one artillery corps. The cavalry were practically non-existent, and many of the infantry quite ignorant of drill. There were eight brass 3-lb. guns, and two 7-lb. mountain guns, given as a reward for service in the Naga hills in 1879. One of these did admirable service for us in the Burmese war. After 1886 two more 7-lb. mountain guns were given, and, I have heard, some Snider rifles, but of these I know nothing. Unless many more arms have been given since 1886, it is utterly impossible that more than 6,000 men at the outside could have been put in line against us, even including 1,000 or 1,200 Kuki Irregulars, as want of arms would prevent it. A Manipuri warlike expedition was a strange sight, every man carrying, besides his arms and ammunition, his food and cooking-pots in a bundle on his back. These men, however, badly equipped and poorly dressed as they often were, marched steadily and uncomplainingly, and were admirable hands at hutting themselves and erecting stockades. A Manipuri force well commanded was always able to hold its own against a sudden attack at night in the hills, as where there was the least danger the position was carefully fortified, however tired the men might be. An army was always highly honoured on its return from a successful expedition. Indeed, a special entrance to the interior of the palace was reserved for the Rajah to enter by on these occasions; otherwise he never crossed its threshold. A general, when he returned, made a formal triumphal entry into the capital, and it was a highly interesting sight to see the long line of picturesque irregulars winding along the streets and the groves of the capital, till they finally marched into the palace in triumph, and the general at their head, entering the royal presence, threw himself at the Rajah's feet to receive his benediction—the reward of all others that he coveted.

Happy were it for us, perhaps, if our tastes were as simple, and if we aspired no higher than to do our duty and earn the approval of our fellow-creatures. Manipur, indeed, to the reflective observer presents many charms: here great wealth is not to be seen, but very much comfort and contentment; the people are under a despotic government, but they are proud of it—it reflects credit in their eyes on all their race; and associated with it in their minds are their pageants, their processions, their boat-races, their festivals, their golden bazaar, their miniature military triumphs, and their royal progresses: all these are dear to the people, and are the outcome and natural growth of their own native system.

I do not propose to touch on recent events; sad it is to contem-

plate all the trouble that has come on this peaceful and interesting country and people. As in all cases, the many must suffer for the faults of the few, but it is earnestly to be hoped that annexation will not be deemed necessary. The offenders against the majesty of the British Government must be punished with the utmost severity, if only as an example to others, but let us spare the country, and allow it to develop in its natural way, under our fostering care and guidance.

J. JOHNSTONE

*(Late Political Agent, Manipur).*

*SOCIAL ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.*

AFTER a tour of six months in the United States have I anything to say worth committing to paper—any impressions of a country so rapidly changing from year to year that can be of the smallest value? Unless I read all the books that appear annually on this subject it is difficult to decide whether anything new is left to be said, even if it appear new to me. But, as I had rather exceptional opportunities of seeing various social aspects of American life, it seems to be thought that a digest of the notes I made at the time may not be altogether valueless. If the result of my observation be to remove some prejudices on both sides, and to prove to our 'cousins' that, while alive to certain defects, an average Englishman's estimate of them has, on closer acquaintance, in their own homes, been considerably raised, I shall not have written in vain.

Foreigners in all countries are too apt to form hasty conclusions from one or two instances, and to pronounce very decided opinions on this insecure basis. I have tried to avoid, even in my own mind, doing this. I know of how few books, or articles, touching the contemporaneous history of an alien country can it be said, as an American said to me of Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, 'The knowledge it shows of our political institutions is simply amazing.' On these as on the religious and business sides of American life I shall be silent, feeling my own ignorance. I write of what I have seen, of what I know, and hope to be free from the charge of discussing subjects that are beyond my ken. Bounded by this horizon, the landscapes, the groups, the colour, and the light and shade are such as they have appeared to my eye, and as they were blotted in upon the spot. They must be accepted for what they are—suggestions, not finished pictures.

Those who do not know the United States are apt to speak of the nation as of one people. Of course to the American it is a truism that the agglomeration of various nationalities has produced the most diverse and even opposed characteristics; but upon the Englishman who would form anything but the vaguest idea of America it is necessary to impress this:

It is true, as Mr. Bryce observes, that there is a certain broad

similarity of type; that one American is more like another American than one Englishman is like another Englishman. A man who steps out of the beaten path and shows any originality is at once styled 'a crank.' Yet the conditions of life in the eastern and western States are so different that the observations made in one city do not apply necessarily to another; and even in the east the rival cities regard each other with a jealousy which would resent any confounding of their idiosyncrasies. In New York the Irish population preponderates so largely that political power and civic influence are wholly in their hands. If one asks how it comes about that so rich a community can allow its streets to remain in the disgraceful condition in which they are, there is the same invariable reply: 'We are in the hands of the Irish. None of the millionaires who live here have any power to alter the state of things.' In Cincinnati, and other cities, it is the German element that prevails. Newspapers, institutions of all kinds, and the cultivation of the higher class of music colour the existence, and must largely affect the mental development of the younger generation. In San Antonio I was told there were seventeen distinct nationalities. In New Orleans there is, as the world has been made well aware lately, in addition to the French creoles, a very large Italian settlement. And when you have done with the negro in the South (though you never have done with him entirely throughout the United States) you take up the Chinese, and find whole quarters of the cities and occasionally a village in California inhabited by them. So many nationalities interfused with the native population must necessarily alter the complexion of each State. Yet some qualities are of universal growth here.

Self-dependence, enterprise, and perseverance seem indigenous to the American soil, and munificence towards his native city a virtue which nearly every wealthy citizen considers a paramount duty. Whether among those who have carved a name for themselves on tables of stone, as inventors or pioneers, the men who have opened up and civilised vast tracts of this great continent, or those who have rendered services to mankind in yet wider fields of science, the same characteristics are marked. The true American cannot understand the delight of repose: to him inactivity is irritating; whether it be the building up of a city or of a private fortune, whether the object be personal or patriotic, an almost feverish energy directs his movements. Chicago stands as a testimony of this—a city burnt down but a few years since, and now the biggest in area throughout the States. An American is never discouraged, never disheartened. Where an Englishman fails, and is heard of no more, the instances here of wealth, won by daring speculation, lost, and then won back again, are of everyday occurrence. The reverse of this golden medal is that moneyed success—at all hazards—is too much held up to youth as the aim of

existence. To some of us it seems that there are things better worth striving for than such success.

But at least one must admit that, when accomplished here, it is sealed by splendid gifts of patriotism and beneficence. Such buildings as the Californian Academy of Sciences, the Astor and Lennox Libraries in New York, the Newbery Library in Chicago, the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, and numerous hospitals, colleges, and museums in nearly every city throughout the States are evidences of this great public spirit.

I cannot say that my observation has led me to the same conclusions as Mr. Bryce, in the estimate he forms of 'the pleasantness of American life.' It is probably true that the lower orders are happier, earning as they do larger wages, and with the well-founded hope of growing richer and rising in the social scale. The workman with ten shillings a day, the housemaid with fifty or sixty pounds a year, need not be gnawed by envy and hatred of those born in another sphere, such as corrodes the peace of mechanics innoculated with socialistic doctrine in Europe. But from what I observed of the upper classes in America I did not receive the impression that they were more contented, or in any sense happier, than persons in the same station in England. Among the men the weariness that follows over-work, among the women the disease of unquiet longing for change, are not concomitants of happiness. Whenever I asked why the lowest kind of 'variety' entertainment at the theatre drew greater crowds of all classes, throughout the States, than a strong play of human passion, I received the same reply: 'Our men at the end of their day's work are too weary to think. They only want to be amused. Anything will do that makes them laugh.' Such a condition of mental prostration is almost pathetic, but it does not give one an idea of happiness. A large proportion of the great wealth of America is confessedly due to speculation; and this must bring anxiety, nervous excitability, exhaustion. The overwrought brain finds little repose in a home built on such bases: the steamer that bears him to Europe affords the master of such a home probably the only breathing-space, the only respite from the pursuit of telegrams, that he has known for a year or more.

The restlessness of American women, which takes different—and often very laudable—forms, is another expression of the same truth, as it seems to me. The woman of fashion, eager for excitement, is probably, in the main, much the same in London or New York; but the very charm of her manner, so blithe and bird-like, twittering from subject to subject, never dull, never too long poised upon the same twig, makes of the typical New York lady a very different being from her English equivalent. She needs no rest. Country life means for her Newport, Lennox, to travel, to yacht, or to fill a villa residence with city acquaintances for a few weeks. The repose

of a home far from the metropolis, with its small village interests and obligations, or the breezy monotony of a Highland moor, are alike unknown to her. The rocking-chair, in which she will sway herself for hours together, illustrates her condition of 'unrest, which men miscall delight.' She requires movement, physical or intellectual, 'all the time.' She is never seen with a needle in her hand; and this is not only true of New York: throughout the length and breadth of America, it may have been chance, but I never once saw a lady working. The employment, unless necessitated (when I feel sure she would stitch as conscientiously as Hood's shirt-maker), is too reposeful, too unstimulating to the American female mind. She will attend Browning lectures, and Wagner expositions, and lectures on the Aztecs, and spiritual séances, and lay sermons upon every subject under the sun; she will take up some study, she will attend classes, and work far more assiduously than the average Englishwoman (not the Girton and Newnham one), who considers when she has left the schoolroom that her education is complete. But having few servants, and rarely a large family, her household duties are light; and her eager mind, abhorring a vacuum, seeks for food in the world of pleasure; or of knowledge, to be gained less from books than from personal oral exposition. This feverishness is, no doubt, partly due to early education. The child is never a child in America, as we understand the word. The infant's petulant irresponsibility is subject to little or no restraint, as those who have dwelt in hotels where there were several children can testify. Later on, a constant round of excitement stimulates their poor little brains at the season when in the intervals between their lessons they most need rest. The number of precocious child-actors testifies to this abnormal development of brain, but, as a great actress said to me, 'one expects these wonderful children to turn out geniuses—they seldom do.' Americans themselves have told me that they send their young daughters to school, or to Europe, to avoid one of two alternatives. Either they must be allowed to pay and receive daily visits, to have constant parties, with gossip and even flirtations, while still in short frocks, or they must be rendered unhappy by being deprived of amusements shared by all their companions. The consequence is that when the 'bud,' as she is termed, opens upon society she is already an accomplished little woman of the world, quite able to take care of herself, needing no chaperon, able to hold her own in verbal fence with young men and old, generally very 'bright,' often very fascinating, but having long since lost all the aroma of early youth. A man described such a young lady to me thus: 'Why, sir, she is that sharp she begins conversation with a brilliant repartee.' The mother is quite put into the background; not from want of affection, but because she would be out of place in the giddy round of pleasure. You read in the newspapers, 'Miss

— had a reception on Monday, when she was assisted by her mother.'

New York is naturally a more cosmopolitan city than any other in the United States. Though in others a very large proportion may be foreigners, they have fallen, more or less, into American ways of living. New York has grown more and more European. They are called 'Anglomaniacs' who imitate our manners and customs, and, as far as possible, our mode of speech. Such remarks as I shall make, therefore, on peculiarities which struck me in social intercourse with the inhabitants of many of the large cities, and some of the smaller towns in America, do not apply to New York or Washington; refer rather to a primitive condition of things which has passed away in all the great eastern cities. Yet there are customs which retain so firm a hold, even in Washington, that the broom which sweeps diligently, till all countries now are nearly on a level in their social institutions, has been unable to dislodge these accretions of etiquette. But of them I will speak by-and-by.

As regards language, there are some words and forms of speech which belong to particular States, some which are universal. It is a common belief that all Americans use the word 'guess' for 'think' or 'believe;' but I found that, while it was in general use in the midland States, 'reckon' took its place in the South, and 'calculate' was the pure Yankee equivalent. The use of 'gotten' for the past participle 'got' belongs to New England, and is maintained with some justice to be the more correct form, transmitted direct to the inhabitants from their Puritan fathers. As you go west you never hear it. The use of 'right' as a pleonasm seems general throughout the States, even in educated classes. One gentleman at Pittsburg directed me to go 'right downstairs and then right along the passage,' and then I should find the smoking-room 'right before me.' No American ever talks of pulling a house down, he *tears* it down. The use of 'conclude' in several States is quite different from ours. A man 'concludes,' instead of 'resolves,' to go to New York, for instance. But this question of language is too large a one to enter upon in an article not devoted to the subject. I have only touched on it here to mark the differences that exist in this respect, as in others, throughout the country. As a rule the Bostonian of the upper class speaks so like a well-educated Englishman—not the utterer of debased coin which passes current as fashionable slang—that, except for the pronunciation of a word occasionally, it would be difficult to detect his nationality.

A vast deal of nonsense has been written about Bostonian 'cultshure,' its eager rush after 'some new thing,' the blue-stock-ingism of its women, the *nil admirari* attitude of its men. This is very far from being the truth of all but a small section of that delightful society. There is an intellectual activity which occasionally

may take a foolish current, driven into fresh channels by curiosity in esoteric Buddhism or Faith cure, an infant prodigy or a propagandist of Nihilism. But the men and women of Boston are too healthy in mind and body, and are too well equipped with American humour, to entertain such terrible angels for long unawares. I was taken to the very stronghold of female 'cultshure,' the Wellesley College, which far exceeds our Girton or Newnham in size, scope, and capacity. My visit to this noble institution, erected and endowed by a father in memory of his lost son, will always be a pleasant recollection. The girls seemed so happy: in spite of their assiduous cultivation of fields where the learned dig for 'roots,' their joyousness was their chief characteristic. It was infectious. Nor were the lady patronesses of the college, who escorted us there in a body, in the least appalling. One of them, who was elderly, said to me, with a merry twinkle of her eye, 'I am going to open a ball next week. My son has sent for me, and when a son sends to his old mother for such a purpose, why, she is bound, as they say with us, to tumble.'

Dear ladies of Boston, do not take umbrage at this quotation and cry out, 'We never talk like that!' It is because I am so anxious to remove the slander of priggishness from your reputation that I dare to record a speech which delighted me.

Better, and more to the purpose I have in view, would it be if I could record the brilliant talk, the sparkling wit, that scintillated like fire-flies round the small dinner-tables at which it has been my privilege to sit. But the give and take—the thrust and parry—how can they be reproduced? The whole has melted away, like the *neiges d'antan*; only the earth has been refreshed and stimulated, and one carries away from that society the aroma of flowers, perpetually springing up. No seed falls there but it germinates. Art, literature, all subjects that are of common interest, find the rich soil ready to receive them. Never out of London have I heard such conversation in our own tongue, without any sense of labour or self-consciousness, as I have listened to in Boston. In this respect no other city in the United States can approach it. New York has its conspicuous orators, its wise lawyers, its charming wits; but they do not form part of its 'society.' Washington is political, progressive, fashionable: it cares nothing for pictures; it rarely discusses books; it is a good deal self-occupied, self-centred, and the talk is consequently either too heavy or too locally light to be very interesting. Statesmen and diplomatists stand on the edge of very thin ice; the interchange of courtesies is abundant, but they seldom adventure far away from land. A few years will, no doubt, make a difference in the tone of its society. In the great political centre of the United States a number of wealthy citizens from various parts of the country are settling yearly, and importing educational and intellectual needs that must be met; but at present it is one of the few large cities



in which there are no private collections of pictures ; and a good concert, or a good company of players, is only an occasional boon. On the other hand the receptions at the White House, where every citizen is entitled to enter and shake the President's hand, and those remarkable afternoon teas given by the wives of certain ministers of State, who, by established usage, must be in evening dress, while their visitors are in walking attire—such gatherings as these can hardly be regarded as social relaxations. There are beautiful balls and great diplomatic dinners ; and among the residents at Washington are some very delightful people ; but from its official position its society is more stiff—has less plasticity—than that of New York or Boston.

While on the subject I cannot resist quoting an advertisement I copied from a New York paper, as showing, in a characteristic manner, how conversation may be regarded as a fine art.

It may not be generally known that half a dozen gentlewomen earn a handsome living in New York city by holding conversation classes, and giving private lessons in that most difficult of arts. The members as a rule represent the very best social element, being men and women of polite birth and breeding. Naturally the majority of those who apply for instruction are miniature youths and maidens, boys and girls just graduating from the schoolroom, who take a preparatory course before their formal *entrée* into the drawing-room. Then again elderly persons come and insist on private coaching, and these the professors say are hardest to teach. Often shy and filled with consternation at the sound of their own voices, it is next to impossible to instil courage or grace into their manner of talking. They are not only taught the art of selecting suitable topics, with happy comments on the same, but are advised against long-winded anecdotes, dreary stories, tiresome personal and family affairs, *risqué* allusions, sarcasm and scandal. Then the careful professor gives laughing lessons, that include a correct modulation of the voice and a stern repression of the giggle. She stimulates the despondent by showing how much attention has to do with catching up the thread of a conversation and carrying it on to entertaining lengths. One of her maxims teaches that a courteous, intelligent listener has already learned a potent secret in developing the agreeable talker. She knows how to practise politeness and patience, that are indispensable virtues for the conversazione.

American hospitality is proverbial, and justly so. It is conceived in the true Old English spirit, which has died away, shamed-faced, amid our own conventionalities. We are, for the most part, afraid now to ask the friend we meet in the street to share our simple dinner. If we cannot kill the fatted calf we dare not offer him cold mutton. And so it comes about that many a pleasant evening, such as our forefathers would have enjoyed 'across the walnuts and the wine,' is missed. Here it is not so. I shall always recall with pleasure a visit I paid to an almost stranger one Sunday afternoon, whose talk beguiled me into remaining much longer than I had intended. As I rose to go he said, 'We have an early dinner on Sunday ; but we are going to supper presently. Will you not stay ?' I did stay ; and the supper consisted of Boston beans, bread, cake,

and preserves. A plate of cold beef was brought in for me: and that was all. No excuses were made for the meagreness of the fare; and to me at least no apology was needed. It was rightly assumed that what was good enough for the family I should be satisfied with. This in my eyes is the most perfect instance of true hospitality and good breeding I ever met.

Dinners as a rule in private houses are less good and less well-served than I expected to find them; but when one learns the difficulty of procuring and retaining servants, the only wonder is that they are as good as they are. Nearly all houses—even the wealthy ones—are under-served, according to English ideas. The servants are paid enormous wages; and each man and woman does the work of two, if not of three. The consequence is that even in New York, and at great dinners, I have had to saw my beef and mutton with plated knives, because steel ones require so much time and trouble to clean. Some of the dishes are excellent, but the prevalent taste for *uncooking* a canvas-back duck generally rendered that admirable bird a forbidden fruit to me. Early in my wanderings I ventured to observe to a charming lady beside whom I was sitting that I did not like raw birds. She looked at me reprehensively. 'You are wrong—quite wrong,' she said. 'I always tell my cook, "The blood must follow the knife."' After that I never ventured to murmur my objection again.

To return to the servants. They generally remain but a few months in one situation. Like every one else, they are restless—require movement, change. It suits the head of the family to break up his establishment when he travels abroad, or goes to a fashionable resort in his own country to inhabit a monster hotel. And it equally well suits the 'establishment' to go to the monster hotel and get advanced wages for the crowded season. So it comes about that old servants, except negroes in the Southern States, are unknown. In the west the difficulty of obtaining any but slatternly Irish girls increases every year.

Considering the enormous immigration, this is a problem no man can understand. In Colorado a lady said to me, 'One does not think of asking for a servant's character here; she asks for yours. The first year I came I could get no one . . . they knew nothing about me. This year they have been kinder.' She then went on to tell me that a parlour-maid living on a ranche had come to her mistress (who told my informant the story) when some visitors were expected, and stipulated that she should be presented to them—or she would depart. It was Hobson's choice, and the presentation was duly made. In another family the advent of the cook was thus announced in one of the papers: 'Miss Sally Dexter has arrived from Denver on a visit to Mr. — in this city.'

A friend of mine says that when a parlour-maid came to be inter-

viewed she inquired, 'Do you do your own stretching?' Upon inquiry she learnt that this meant, 'Do you serve yourselves at table?' Manners in servants of both sexes are peculiar, as indeed they are in all the lower orders (if one may be allowed such an expression about Americans). This is the only class that *never* addresses you as 'sir.' The hotel waiter vouchsafes no reply if you ask him to bring you food. He fetches it in silence, and then leans over your chair listening to your conversation. One man made a plunge at my head as I entered the coffee-room of the hotel at Pittsburg. For a moment I thought it was an assault, till he bore away my hat in triumph to hang it on a peg. He meant no incivility; on the contrary, he believed he was showing his alacrity to serve me. But he had not been taught better, nor are his children taught; therefore for the present I see no prospect of amendment in this respect.

The social amusements in the smaller western cities are very curious. That of giving parties in churches is one of the most so. The following is the newspaper report of such an entertainment given while I was at Colorado Springs:—

#### THE 'JAPS' ENTERTAINMENT.

The First M. E. Church was crowded last night with a throng curious to see what pleasant surprise was in store for them. The entertainment was given by George E. Campbell's Sunday-school class (No. 6), composed of young ladies, and was the most novel and entertaining social given this winter. The young ladies appeared dressed in Japanese costumes, and the Japanese programme they presented was loudly applauded. After the literary and musical part of the evening the 'Japs' invited the company to partake of the Japanese tea which they had prepared. The following is the programme:—

<i>Music</i>	. . . .	'Shizu'	
<i>Chorus</i>	. . . .	'Shing, Fring, Ming'	JAPANESE LADIES
<i>Recitation</i>	. {	'Me be Like a Melican Man,'	. OLINA SAN
		Japanese Love Story	}
<i>Music</i>	. . . .	'Wang Ta Ning'	
<i>Recitation</i>	. . . .	Selected	TANBAGANEMA SAN
<i>Vocal Solo</i>	. . . .	'Waiting'	YONE SANTO
<i>Recitation</i>	. . . .	'Christmas Night at the Quarters'	THESIN SAN
<i>Music</i>	. . . .	'Shiroyama'	

The Japs entertain.

And here are three advertisements showing of what constant occurrence these entertainments are. In the first it will be observed that a charade is to be played. Another somewhat similar performance took place in another church a few days before, when the actors were dressed up as Syrians, and a Syrian marriage service was enacted, the officiating priest being a clergyman in Eastern costume!

## LIGHT BEARERS.

The following programme will be given by the Light Bearers Society at the First M. E. Church this afternoon at three o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend:—

<i>Chorus</i>	. . . . .	'The Brook'.	. . . . .	SOCIETY
<i>Recitation</i>	. . . . .	'Grandma's Cap'	. . . . .	EVELYN IMBODEN
<i>Solo</i>	. . . . .	'Tit for Tat'	. . . . .	SUBIE HATFIELD
<i>Pantomime</i>	. . . . .	'Household Fairies'	. . . . .	
<i>Music</i>	. . . . .	'Kazoo Club'.	. . . . .	
<i>Song</i>	. . . . .		{	MAY HATFIELD, EVELYN IMBODEN, EDNA JONES
<i>Recitation</i>	. . . . .	'Listed into the Fight'	. . . . .	ISABEL PATTERSON
<i>Solo</i>	. . . . .	'Snow-White Hands'	. . . . .	ALTA DANIELS
<i>Recitation</i>	. . . . .	'Drummer Boy's Burial'	. . . . .	MAY POLLOCK
<i>Solo</i>	. . . . .		. . . . .	MAY HATFIELD
<i>Rag Baby Round</i>	. . . . .		. . . . .	RAG BABIES

*Charade*.—'Trouble in Mormon Family.'

Characters: MIRINDA SLYKER (a visitor in Salt Lake City);  
AMAZIAH HEEP (a Mormon); ELIZA, DEBORAH, SOPHIA,  
REBECCA (Amaziah's wives).

There will be a Soap-Bubble Social in the lecture-room of the Methodist Church this evening, also light refreshments, and only a dime charged. A very pleasing time is anticipated.

In all the shop windows at Colorado Springs I read the following:—

Oysters! oysters! oysters! in every style, at the First Baptist Chapel, on Monday night.

Another strange diversion, according to our English ideas, is that of surprise parties. A number of young people fix on a day when they know one of their friends will not be absent, and agree to 'surprise' him. They arrive, laden with provisions, and storm his fortress. He has nothing to do but capitulate and make the invaders welcome. This is all very well in the town; but the owner of a ranche who is subjected to this unexpected inroad is sometimes sorely put to it if the 'surprise' be detained on his premises by weather and the victualling department gives out. This was the case once or twice last winter. A jovial party arrived at a ranche in a wagon, with provisions for the evening's supper, and were detained there three days by deep snow. The guests slept on the floor, and declared they had never passed so merry a time; but the sentiments of the host on the occasion are not recorded.

Receptions which begin at three o'clock, and go on till ten or eleven at night, are a common form of entertainment in the great western cities. I was at one where the hostess received her friends in a ball dress and all her diamonds. Guests came and went, in walking attire, some with 'gums' on their feet, and ulsters; some arriving at nine o'clock (the hour when I paid my visit) in a sort

of modified evening dress. At the very top of the house was a dancing-room, where the frivolous repaired, while the more sober-minded remained on the ground floor with the tea.

At the next party I attended the dancing took place in the cellar—or at all events what would correspond to the kitchen with us. But this was a regular ball, and there was no incongruity on this occasion between the attire of the hostess and her guests. And here I may remark one thing which struck me forcibly wherever I went into society throughout the States—the air of frank and hearty enjoyment which is universal on such occasions. The complaint old Froissart made of us is as true now as it was then. He would not have made it in America. There, when people meet together, you can have no doubt about it they come to amuse themselves. That miasma of self-consciousness which infects half the young people at the beginning of most parties in England, and that atmosphere of endurance in those no longer in their first youth, which seems to say, ‘You need not be afraid; I will go through with it to the bitter end,’ is never seen there. There are fewer elderly persons in proportion to the young than you find in an English assembly, but wherever you meet them, instead of looking *ennuyés*, they seem to be extracting as much enjoyment as possible from their present surroundings.

The construction of most houses in the great cities—New York like the rest—shows the difference that exists between the American idea of comfort and ours. The love of privacy, so prominent a feature in the English character, is unknown: the privilege of exclusion, so rigidly enforced in the walls and fences of our gardens, the closed doors of our withdrawing-rooms on the first floor, is rarely enforced here. The house being heated throughout with hot air, all parts of it are equally warm. The ‘parlour’ on the ground-floor is only separated from the passage by a curtain. Another curtain—probably not even drawn—divides it from the central-hall, up which the staircase winds. And opposite this a curtained archway leads into the dining-room. When people have confidences to communicate in an American house they must be reduced to whispering or must retire to their bedrooms. This is the almost universal plan of the moderate-sized dwellings in New York—a plan necessitated by the narrow frontage afforded to each. The door is approached by a precipitate flight of steps—a ‘stoop,’ as it is called,—and it has the inconvenience of rarely having its number boldly painted on its face; it is generally ingeniously hidden, and very often is only visible to the naked eye woven into the door mat. When you add to this that the names or numbers of the streets are never affixed to the walls, only occasionally upon the lamps—and even then are often half rubbed off—the trouble and loss of time involved in paying a visit in a strange city can be understood.

The decoration and furniture of the ‘parlours,’ and the way they

are lived in, are further illustrations of the difference between the two nations in these respects. Where there is wealth there is often sumptuousness—splendid tapestries, embroideries, and stuffs; priceless carpets, and cabinets, and curios; while the walls of many houses are adorned with modern French pictures, which, owing to the systematic exclusion of light, it is quite impossible to see. In many houses where I was taken expressly to inspect the pictures at leisure the upper shutters remained closed, and in some of the interior rooms the gas had to be lit in order to discover that there were any pictures at all. These facts and the exasperating similarity between all the private collections throughout the States lead me to doubt whether there is much real, honest, individual love of the works collected. I knew before I entered each house exactly what I should find: a certain number of Corots—so called at least, for I trust that the master would have disowned half those spongy secretions of soapsuds—Daubignys, Troyons, a Diaz or two, and occasionally a Millet: all admirable painters, whom any lover of the art is glad to greet, if the examples of their talent be worthy of them. Still one has an impatient wish to enlarge the circle occasionally, and not to feel that the mind and taste of the collector were as nothing in the stereotyped list of pictures it was becoming he should purchase.

But it was not to this curious uniformity in selection, where a dozen Englishmen would have asserted wilfully their individual tastes, that my observation was chiefly directed. Every one is not rich enough to buy pictures or Louis the Sixteenth furniture. But comfort, as we understand it, is independent of wealth; and in this respect the 'parlours' of most American houses struck me as very deficient. I should even say they do not aim at being comfortable. Apparently the idea, built upon the old French *salon* of state, is that a room for reception is not one for occupation of any kind but that of conversation. One volume bound in morocco with gilt edges is the utmost concession to literature that the table admits. A photograph or two—if the owner aims at being artistic these are draped in rags; if not, they are probably framed in brass or silver—a vase (pronounced, almost universally, as though it rhymed with *gaze*) full of flowers, and a few pieces of china or pottery are the only objects the eye lights on besides the necessary chairs, sofas, and settees. All the pleasant litter of employment—the books, the work (for I suppose some ladies do secretly work), the writing-table, so full of pretty associations in our Englishwomen's drawing-rooms, these are relegated to some upper chamber where the visitor is not allowed to penetrate. It is a truism with us that a room expresses, to a great extent, the character of the owner. Here, with few exceptions, the rooms have no character at all. It is impossible to say what a lady cares chiefly for—what she does, how she lives—from an inspection of her 'parlour.' A correct sameness reigns alike in the abode of the

brilliant woman of fashion, the student of Browning and Carlyle, the devotee of Wagner, or the uninspired lover of domesticity.

I have alluded to the general absence of walls or fences, not only to separate one villa from another, but to protect all from public intrusion. It is rare that there is any division between private property and the road along which the tram-car passes. This is enough to account for the fact that gardens, except on large properties, are rarely seen. The English cottage, with its strip of ground, cram-full of colour, its paling and wicket gate, is unknown in the eastern States. In California the waysides are bordered with geranium, cactus, or pampas grass, woven into an impenetrable hedge, behind which you see that in every available inch of ground arums are thrusting up their white cornucopias; *eschscholtzias* fling down their gold before the door, while roses enlace their white and crimson arms above it. True, nature asks little here from the hand of man, while in the east she requires to be fed and carefully tended. When I remarked how little floriculture seemed to interest the dwellers in New England I was always met by the same reply: 'Labour is so dear.' 'But,' I objected, 'with us the city clerk, returning to his suburban home at the end of a hard day, the railway porter, nay, even the labourer, who has been delving for eight or nine hours, will turn to with his spade at the bit of garden he has made round his cottage; and somehow the flowers seem to bloom there more abundantly than in the rich man's demesne hard by.' The fact is, the true love of flowers, the patient, careful love—not the cupidity for cut roses at two dollars apiece—does not seem to be inherent in the national character. In Miss Wilkins's charming tales of the New England middle class you see, by the way the flowers are occasionally mentioned, that they are an accident, not a daily interest in village life. In the cities men are prodigal of bouquets to the ladies they desire to honour, and a favourite belle is 'bunched' to an embarrassing degree if she desires to appear impartial on the occasion of a great ball. But this is far away from the healthy pleasure that, in England, country folk of all ranks take in the rearing of flowers.

The theatre, as a rule, was a disappointment to me throughout the States. I saw but few indigenous plays that would bear transplantation; and with the exception of some character-parts, which were well filled, the cast was generally inferior to what it would be at a second-rate theatre in England. This is the more remarkable as the Americans are good critics, and occasionally severe ones. They possess in Mr. Daly's one of the best comedy companies in the world, and their stage has a long tradition of excellent actors, some of whom are still playing. But, critics apart, the nation's taste in theatrical matters has become vitiated. Comic operas, in which the songs are without rhyme and the plot without reason, 'variety'

shows of a depth of inanity unparalleled in Europe, as far as I know, are the pieces which draw crowded houses night after night in all the great cities. Happily Booth, Jefferson, Irving, or the Kendals come now and again to give them a taste of better things. But this is not their daily food, nor would the majority of the audience desire that it should be. They go to see these 'bright particular stars,' and to discuss them afterwards. The mental strain of following Shakespeare, Sheridan, or even Sardou would be too great for a continuance. They want something which requires no thought and provokes no discussion. If it has a certain amount of vigorous horse-play, a few comic songs and breakdowns, and a 'funny man,' they are satisfied, and the thread on which all these are strung is of small importance. These things being so, it is no wonder that neither good plays nor good actors are very frequently to be found at this moment in America.

And yet Americans have cognate gifts to those the stage demands; but these are polished and perfected by training, and are not at the mercy of the mob. Never have I listened to oratory more persuasive, or delivered with more art, a finer humour, or a more convincing assumption of the sentiment proper to the occasion. The ready wit, the imperturbable good humour—yea, though his antagonist should hit below the belt—these are extraneous to the histrionic power: these are graces for which American orators in their post-prandial speeches are surely pre-eminent among the nations of the earth. This long-suffering under sharp personal attack I confess took me by surprise. We are accustomed, and I think justly, to consider the nation as over-sensitive to criticism from foreigners, especially from the English; and the reason for this is obvious. But it is not true as regards the criticism or the ridicule Americans will impose upon themselves. It was my good fortune to be present at a great public dinner once where no reporters were admitted and I was the only stranger present. Some questions of municipal administration were discussed. Speaker after speaker rose, and denounced in scathing terms the corruption, the neglect, the incompetence that reigned throughout that great nameless city. Unsparing, almost ferocious in attack, and distinguished in many cases by a Juvenal-like satire, these speeches all met with sympathetic applause. No one rose, as I heard of a man doing in court here, to exclaim, 'These allegations are false, sir, and the alligator knows it!' The last speech contained a charge the truth of which was so borne home to me during my sojourn in the States that I have never forgotten the gist of it, though of course I cannot pretend to reproduce the words

What lies at the root of all this evil? The Press! Which of us here present would be willing to undertake the duties of any prominent post in this city, knowing to what he and all his family would be immediately exposed? His secrets dragged to light, his honour impugned, his buried past unearthed—no slander too foul to



be fastened on his name—and all without redress! You may shoot the editor of a paper in which your wife or daughter has been traduced, and a jury will acquit you of murder; but if you bring an action against him for libel you will never obtain a conviction, of if you do, the penalty imposed will be a mockery. And whose fault is this? It is yours, gentlemen—yours, who do not resolve to put down with a strong hand this crying infamy, this disgrace to your country. In no other land would such outrages upon private individuals be tolerated. We boast of being a free people. I tell you that the Czar of all the Russias is not so great a tyrant as this Press of ours. No man's house is safe from its intrusion, no man's character secure from its attacks. Until we resolve to cut out this plague-spot upon our civilisation, which is eating into the heart of the nation, corrupting what is purest in the young, poisoning the daily draught of those who have lived and suffered, until we do this, the best citizens among us will stand aloof. Only those who have 'squared' the newspapers, or are callous to obloquy, will get into the pillory to be pelted with rotten eggs.

In some such words as these the speaker inveighed against a public scandal of which, indeed, there can be but one opinion. As a rule the press is absolutely indifferent to the truth or falsehood of a statement. It is so much 'copy,' which will furnish matter for a denial, it may be for a controversy. The personal cruelty inflicted by gross slanders concerning private individuals, who have never come before the public, is not to be healed by contradiction, and is but a small part of the injury to the community at large. Every small town has its paper (price 2½d.), and there are many who read nothing but that paper every day. Habituating the mind thus to its morning mess of nastiness is a great national misfortune. It lowers the tone alike of moral appreciation and literary taste.

The interviewer has been sufficiently belaboured by Mr. Rudyard Kipling for me to pass him by on the other side, like the Pharisee and the Levite. I cannot 'bind up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine,' like the Samaritan, for I think, as a rule, he richly deserves the castigation he receives; but this, in justice, I must say: With a much larger experience than Mr. Kipling's (we visited ninety-one towns) we did not find all the race equally bad. Many were unscrupulous liars. They came, they listened, and they went away, to write down whatsoever seemed good in their eyes, however far removed it might be from that which they had heard. But there were modest, intelligent men among them, anxious to tell the truth, with only so much amplification as the exigencies of their calling demanded. And of some the worst that could be said was that they came curiously ill-equipped to interrogate upon the special subject it would be supposed they would have been at the pains to get up. One of them asked Mr. Stanley in my presence whether any European Power besides England had any direct interest in the civilisation of Central Africa. Still, ignorance is not a crime; and for the sake of the 'five just men' I am willing to believe that even an interviewer may be saved.

And now, with this charitable sentiment, I say 'Farewell' to

the young giant through whose veins the generous blood courses more quickly every year ; who is stretching his limbs as he learns the resources of his growing strength : A youthful Samson, justly charged with many of the faults of a passionate immaturity, but full of promise and of interest to those who are watching the development of his thews and sinews. The unprejudiced foreigner who visits the United States cannot but wish this young athlete 'God-speed' upon his course. It is not an easy one ; but if his judgment and his courage be equal to his strength, the difficulties that beset him will all in time be overcome. •

HAMILTON AIDÉ.

*HASISADRA'S ADVENTURE.*

SOME thousands of years ago, there was a city in Mesopotamia called Surippak. One night a strange dream came to a dweller therein, whose name, if rightly reported, was Hasisadra. The dream foretold the speedy coming of a great flood; and it warned Hasisadra to lose no time in building a ship, in which, when notice was given, he, his family and friends, with their domestic animals and a collection of the wild creatures and seed of plants of the land, might take refuge and be rescued from destruction. Hasisadra awoke, and at once acted upon the warning. A strong decked ship was built and her sides were paid, inside and out, with the mineral pitch, or bitumen, with which the country abounded; the vessel's seaworthiness was tested, the cargo was stowed away, and a trusty pilot or steersman appointed.

The promised signal arrived. Wife and friends embarked; Hasisadra, following, prudently 'shut the door,' or, as we should say, put on the hatches; and Nes-Hea, the pilot, was left alone on deck to do his best for the ship. Thereupon a hurricane began to rage; rain fell in torrents; the subterranean waters burst forth; a deluge swept over the land, and the wind lashed it into waves sky high; heaven and earth became mingled in chaotic gloom. For six days and seven nights the gale raged, but the good ship held out until, on the seventh day, the storm lulled. Hasisadra ventured on deck; and, seeing nothing but a waste of waters strewn with floating corpses and wreck, wept over the destruction of his land and people. Far away, the mountains of Nizir were visible; the ship was steered for them and ran aground upon the higher land. Yet another seven days passed by. On the seventh, Hasisadra sent forth a dove, which found no resting place and returned; then he liberated a swallow, which also came back; finally, a raven was let loose, and that sagacious bird, when it found that the waters had abated, came near the ship, but refused to return to it. Upon this, Hasisadra liberated the rest of the wild animals, which immediately dispersed in all directions; while he, with his family and friends, ascending a mountain hard by, offered sacrifices upon its summit to the gods.

The story thus given in summary abstract, told in an ancient Semitic dialect, is inscribed in cuneiform characters upon a tablet of

burnt clay. Many thousands of such tablets, collected by Assurbanipal, King of Assyria in the middle of the seventh century B.C., were stored in the library of his palace at Nineveh; and, though in a sadly broken and mutilated condition, they have yielded a marvellous amount of information to the patient and sagacious labour which modern scholars have bestowed upon them. Among the multitude of documents of various kinds, this narrative of Hasisadra's adventure has been found in a tolerably complete state. But Assyriologists agree that it is only a copy of a much more ancient work; and there are weighty reasons for believing that the story of Hasisadra's flood was well known in Mesopotamia before the year 2000 B.C.

No doubt, then, we are in presence of a narrative which has all the authority which antiquity can confer; and it is proper to deal respectfully with it, even though it is quite as proper, and indeed necessary, to act no less respectfully towards ourselves; and, before professing to put implicit faith in it, to inquire what claim it has to be regarded as a serious account of an historical event.

It is of no use to appeal to contemporary history, although the annals of Babylonia, no less than those of Egypt, go much further back than 2000 B.C. All that can be said is, that the former are hardly consistent with the supposition that any catastrophe, competent to destroy all the population, has befallen the land since civilisation began, and that the latter are notoriously silent about deluges. In such a case as this, however, the silence of history does not leave the inquirer wholly at fault. Natural science has something to say when the phenomena of nature are in question. Natural science may be able to show, from the nature of the country, either that such an event as that described in the story is impossible, or at any rate highly improbable; or, on the other hand, that it is consonant with probability. In the former case the narrative must be suspected or rejected; in the latter, no such summary verdict can be given: on the contrary, it must be admitted that the story may be true. And then, if certain strangely prevalent canons of criticism are accepted, and if the evidence that an event might have happened is to be accepted as proof that it did happen, Assyriologists will be at liberty to congratulate one another on the 'confirmation by modern science' of the authority of their ancient books.

It will be interesting, therefore, to inquire how far the physical structure and the other conditions of the region in which Surippak was situated are compatible with such a flood as is described in the Assyrian record.

The scene of Hasisadra's adventure is laid in the broad valley, six or seven hundred miles long, and hardly anywhere less than a hundred miles in width, which is traversed by the lower courses of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and which is commonly known as the 'Euphrates valley.' Rising, at the one end, into a hill country, which gradually

passes into the Alpine heights of Armenia ; and, at the other, dipping beneath the shallow waters of the head of the Persian Gulf, which continues in the same direction, from north-west to south-east, for some eight hundred miles further, the floor of the valley presents a gradual slope, from eight hundred feet above the sea level to the depths of the southern end of the Persian Gulf. The boundary between sea and land, formed by the extremest mudflats of the delta of the two rivers, is but vaguely defined ; and, year by year, it advances seaward. On the north-eastern side, the western frontier ranges of Persia rise abruptly to great heights ; on the south-western side, a more gradual ascent leads to a table-land of less elevation, which, very broad in the south, where it is occupied by the deserts of Arabia and of Southern Syria, narrows, northwards, into the highlands of Palestine, and is continued by the ranges of the Lebanon, the Anti-Lebanon, and the Taurus, into the highlands of Armenia.

The wide and gently inclined plain, thus enclosed between the gulf and the highlands, on each side and at its upper extremity, is distinguishable into two regions of very different character, one of which lies north, and the other south of the parallel of Hit on the Euphrates. Except in the immediate vicinity of the river, the northern division is stony and scantily covered with vegetation, except in spring. Over the southern division, on the contrary, spreads a deep alluvial soil, in which even a pebble is rare ; and which, though, under the existing misrule, mainly a waste of marsh and wilderness, needs only intelligent attention to become, as it was of old, the granary of western Asia. Except in the extreme south, the rainfall is small and the air dry. The heat in summer is intense, while bitterly cold northern blasts sweep the plain in winter. Whirlwinds are not uncommon ; and, in the intervals of the periodical inundations, the fine, dry, powdery soil is swept even by moderate breezes into stifling clouds, or rather fogs, of dust. Low inequalities, elevations here and depressions there, diversify the surface of the alluvial region. The latter are occupied by enormous marshes, while the former support the permanent dwellings of the present scanty and miserable population.

In antiquity, so long as the canalisation of the country was properly carried out, the fertility of the alluvial plain enabled great and prosperous nations to have their home in the Euphrates valley. Its abundant clay furnished the materials for the masses of sun-dried and burnt bricks, the remains of which, in the shape of huge artificial mounds, still testify to both the magnitude and the industry of the population thousands of years ago. Good cement is plentiful, while the bitumen which wells from the rocks at Hit and elsewhere, not only answers the same purpose, but is used to this day, as it was in Hasisadra's time, to pay the inside and the outside of boats.

In the broad lower course of the Euphrates the stream rarely acquires a velocity of more than three miles an hour, while the

lower Tigris attains double that rate in times of flood. The water of both great rivers is mainly derived from the northern and eastern highlands in Armenia and in Kurdistan, and stands at its lowest level in early autumn and in January. But when the snows accumulated in the upper basins of the great rivers, during the winter, melt under the hot sunshine of spring, they rapidly rise,<sup>1</sup> and at length overflow their banks, covering the alluvial plain with a vast inland sea, interrupted only by the higher ridges and hummocks which form islands in a seemingly boundless expanse of water.

In the occurrence of these annual inundations lies one of several resemblances between the valley of the Euphrates and that of the Nile. But there are important differences. The time of the annual flood is reversed, the Nile being highest in autumn and winter, and lowest in spring and early summer. The periodical overflows of the Nile, regulated by the great lake basins in the south, are usually punctual in arrival, gradual in growth, and beneficial in operation. No lakes are interposed between the mountain torrents of the upper basins of the Tigris and the Euphrates and their lower courses. Hence heavy rain, or an unusually rapid thaw in the uplands, gives rise to the sudden irruption of a vast volume of water which not even the rapid Tigris, still less its more sluggish companion, can carry off in time to prevent violent and dangerous overflows. Without an elaborate system of canalisation, providing an escape for such sudden excesses of the supply of water, the annual floods of the Euphrates, and especially of the Tigris, must always be attended with risk, and often prove harmful.

There are other peculiarities of the Euphrates valley which may occasionally tend to exacerbate the evils attendant on the inundations. It is very subject to seismic disturbances; and the ordinary consequences of a sharp earthquake shock might be seriously complicated by its effects on a broad sheet of water. Moreover, the Indian Ocean lies within the region of typhoons; and if, at the height of an inundation, a hurricane from the south-east swept up the Persian Gulf, driving its shallow waters upon the delta and damming back the outflow, perhaps for hundreds of miles up-stream, a diluvial catastrophe, fairly up to the mark of Hasisadra's, might easily result.<sup>2</sup>

Thus there seems to be no valid reason for rejecting Hasisadra's story on physical grounds. I do not gather from the narrative that

<sup>1</sup> In May 1849 the Tigris at Bagdad rose 22½ feet—5 feet above its usual rise—and nearly swept away the town. In 1831 a similarly exceptional flood did immense damage, destroying 7,000 houses. See Loftus, *Chaldea and Susiana*, p. 7.

<sup>2</sup> See the instructive chapter on Hasisadra's flood in Suess, *Das Antike der Erde*, Abth. I. Only fifteen years ago a cyclone in the Bay of Bengal gave rise to a flood which covered 3,000 square miles of the delta of the Ganges, 3 to 45 feet deep, destroying 100,000 people, innumerable cattle, houses, and trees. It broke inland, on the rising ground of Tipperah, and may have swept a vessel from the sea that far, though I do not know that it did.

the 'mountains of Nizir' were supposed to be submerged; but merely that they came into view above the distant horizon of the waters, as the vessel drove in their direction. Certainly the ship is not supposed to ground on any of their higher summits, for Hasisadra has to ascend a peak in order to offer his sacrifice. The country of Nizir lay on the north-eastern side of the Euphrates valley, about the courses of the two rivers Zab, which enter the Tigris where it traverses the plain of Assyria some eight or nine hundred feet above the sea; and, so far as I can judge from maps<sup>3</sup> and other sources of information, it is possible, under the circumstances supposed, that such a ship as Hasisadra's might drive before a southerly gale, over a continuously flooded country, until it grounded on some of the low hills between which both the lower and the upper Zab enter upon the Assyrian plain.

The tablet which contains the story under consideration is the eleventh of a series of twelve. Each of these answers to a month, and to the corresponding sign of the Zodiac. The Assyrian year began with the spring equinox; consequently, the eleventh month, called 'the rainy,' answers to our January-February, and to the sign which corresponds with our Aquarius. The aquatic adventure of Hasisadra, therefore, is not inappropriately placed. It is curious, however, that the season thus indirectly assigned to the flood is not that of the present highest level of the rivers. It is too late for the winter rise and too early for the spring floods.

I think it must be admitted that, so far, the physical cross-examination to which Hasisadra has been subjected does not break down his story. On the contrary, he proves to have kept it in all essential respects 'within the bounds of probability or possibility. However, we have not yet done with him. For the conditions which obtained in the Euphrates valley, four or five thousand years ago, may have differed to such an extent from those which now exist that we should be able to convict him of having made up his tale. But here again everything is in favour of his credibility. Indeed, he may claim very powerful support, for it does not lie in the mouths of those who accept the authority of the Pentateuch to deny that the Euphrates valley was what it is, even six thousand years back. According to the book of Genesis, Phrat and Hiddekel—the Euphrates and the Tigris—are coeval with Paradise. An edition of the Scriptures, recently published under high authority, with an elaborate apparatus of 'Helps' for the use of students—and therefore, as I am bound to suppose, purged of all statements that could by any possi-

<sup>3</sup> See Cernik's maps in *Petermann's Mittheilungen, Ergänzungshefte* 44 and 45, 1875-76.

<sup>4</sup> I have not cited the dimensions given to the ship in most translations of the story, because there appears to be a doubt about them. Haupt (*Kleinasiatische Studien-Bericht*, p. 15) says that the figures are illegible.

bility mislead the young—assigns the year B.C. 4004 as the date of Adam's too brief residence in that locality.

But I am far from depending on this authority for the age of the Mesopotamian plain. On the contrary, I venture to rely, with much more confidence, on another kind of evidence, which tends to show that the age of the great rivers must be carried back to a date far earlier than that at which our ingenuous youth is instructed that the earth came into existence. For, the alluvial deposit having been brought down by the rivers, they must needs be older than the plain it forms, as navvies must needs antecede the embankment painfully built up by the contents of their wheelbarrows. For thousands of years, heat and cold, rain, snow, and frost, the scrubbing of glaciers, and the scouring of torrents laden with sand and gravel, have been wearing down the rocks of the upper basins of the rivers, over an area of many thousand square miles; and these materials, ground to fine powder in the course of their long journey, have slowly subsided, as the water which carried them spread out and lost its velocity in the sea. It is because this process is still going on that the shore of the delta constantly encroaches on the head of the gulf<sup>5</sup> into which the two rivers are constantly throwing the waste of Armenia and of Kurdistan. Hence, as might be expected, fluviatile and marine shells are common in the alluvial deposit; and Loftus found strata containing subfossil marine shells of species now living in the Persian Gulf, at Warka, two hundred miles in a straight line from the shore of the delta.<sup>6</sup> It follows that, if a trustworthy estimate of the average rate of growth of the alluvial deposit can be formed, the lowest limit (by no means the highest limit) of age of the rivers can be determined. All such estimates are beset with sources of error of very various kinds; and the best of them can only be regarded as approximations to the truth. But I think it will be quite safe to assume a maximum rate of growth of four miles in a century for the lower half of the alluvial plain.

Now, the cycle of narratives of which Hasisadra's adventure forms a part contains allusions not only to Surippak, the exact position of which is doubtful, but to other cities, such as Erech. The vast ruins at the present village of Warka have been carefully explored and determined to be all that remains of that once great and flourishing city, 'Erech the lofty.' Supposing that the two hundred miles of alluvial country, which separates them from the head of the Persian Gulf at present, have been deposited at the very high rate of four

<sup>5</sup> It is probable that a slow movement of elevation of the land at one time contributed to the result—perhaps does so still.

<sup>6</sup> At a comparatively recent period, the littoral margin of the Persian Gulf extended certainly 250 miles further to the north-west than the present embouchure of the Shatt-el Arab. (Loftus, *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, 1853, p. 251.) The actual extent of the marine deposit inland cannot be defined, as it is covered by later fluviatile deposits.



miles in a century, it will follow that 4,000 years ago, or about the year 2100 B.C., the city of Erech still lay forty miles inland. Indeed, the city might have been built nearly a thousand years earlier. Moreover, there is plenty of independent archæological and other evidence that in the whole thousand years, 2000 to 3000 B.C., the alluvial plain was inhabited by a numerous people, among whom industry, art, and literature had attained a very considerable development. And it can be shown that the physical conditions and the climate of the Euphrates valley, at that time, must have been extremely similar to what they are now.

Thus, once more, we reach the conclusion that, as a question of physical probability, there is no ground for objecting to the reality of Hasisadra's adventure. It would be unreasonable to doubt that such a flood might have happened, and that such a person might have escaped in the way described, any time during the last 5,000 years. And if the postulate of loose thinkers in search of scientific 'confirmations' of questionable narratives—proof that an event may have happened is evidence that it did happen—is to be accepted, surely Hasisadra's story is 'confirmed by modern scientific investigation' beyond all cavil. However, it may be well to pause before adopting this conclusion, because the original story, of which I have set forth only the broad outlines, contains a great many statements which rest upon just the same foundation as those cited, and yet are hardly likely to meet with general acceptance. The account of the circumstances which led up to the flood, of those under which Hasisadra's adventure was made known to his descendant, of certain remarkable incidents before and after the flood, are inseparably bound up with the details already given. And I am unable to discover any justification for arbitrarily picking out some of these and dubbing them historical verities, while rejecting the rest as legendary fictions. They stand or fall together.

Before proceeding to the consideration of these less satisfactory details, it is needful to remark that Hasisadra's adventure is a mere episode in a cycle of stories of which a personage, whose name is provisionally read 'Izdubar,' is the centre. The nature of Izdubar hovers vaguely between the heroic and the divine; sometimes he seems a mere man, sometimes approaches so closely to the divinities of fire and of the sun as to be hardly distinguishable from them. As I have already mentioned, the tablet which sets forth Hasisadra's perils is one of twelve; and, since each of these represents a month and bears a story appropriate to the corresponding sign of the Zodiac, great weight must be attached to Sir Henry Rawlinson's suggestion that the epos of Izdubar is a poetical embodiment of solar mythology.

In the earlier books of the epos, the hero, not content with rejecting the proffered love of the Chaldean Aphrodite, Istar, freely expresses his very low estimate of her character; and it is interesting

to observe that, even in this early stage of human experience, men had reached a conception of that law of nature which expresses the inevitable consequences of an imperfect appreciation of feminine charms. The injured goddess makes Izdubar's life a burden to him, until at last, sick in body and sorry in mind, he is driven to seek aid and comfort from his forbears in the world of spirits. So this antitype of Odysseus journeys to the shore of the waters of death, and there takes ship with a Chaldæan Charon, who carries him within hail of his ancestor Hasisadra. That venerable personage not only gives Izdubar instructions how to regain his health, but tells him, somewhat *à propos des bottes* (after the manner of venerable personages), the long story of his perilous adventure; and how it befell that he, his wife, and his steersman came to dwell among the blessed gods, without passing through the portals of death like ordinary mortals.

According to the full story, the sins of mankind had become grievous; and, at a council of the gods, it was resolved to extirpate the whole race by a great flood. And, once more, let us note the uniformity of human experience. It would appear that, four thousand years ago, the obligations of confidential intercourse about matters of state were sometimes violated—of course from the best of motives. Ea, one of the three chiefs of the Chaldæan Pantheon, the god of justice and of practical wisdom, was also the god of the sea; and, yielding to the temptation to do a friend a good turn, irresistible to kindly seafaring folk of all ranks, he warned Hasisadra of what was coming. When Bel subsequently reproached him for this breach of confidence, Ea defended himself by declaring that he did not tell Hasisadra anything; he only sent him a dream. This was undoubtedly sailing very near the wind; but the attribution of a little benevolent obliquity of conduct to one of the highest of the gods is a trifle compared with the truly Homeric anthropomorphism which characterises other parts of the epos.

The Chaldæan deities are, in truth, extremely human; and, occasionally, the narrator does not scruple to represent them in a manner which is not only inconsistent with our idea of reverence, but is sometimes distinctly humorous.<sup>7</sup> When the storm is at its height, he exhibits them flying in a state of panic to Anu, the god of heaven, and crouching before his portal like frightened dogs. As the smoke of Hasisadra's sacrifice arises, the gods, attracted by the sweet savour, are compared to swarms of flies. I have already remarked that the lady Istar's reputation is torn to shreds; while she and Ea scold Bel handsomely for his ferocity and injustice in destroying the innocent along with the guilty. One is reminded of Here hung up with weighted heels; of misleading dreams sent by Zeus; of Ares howling as he

<sup>7</sup> Tiele (*Babylonisch-Assyrische Geschichte*, pp. 572-3) has some very just remarks on this aspect of the epos.

flies from the Trojan battlefield; and of the very questionable dealings of Aphrodite with Helen and Paris.

But to return to the story. Bel was, at first, excluded from the sacrifice as the author of all the mischief, which really was somewhat hard upon him, since the other gods agreed to his proposal. But eventually a reconciliation takes place; the great bow of Anu is displayed in the heavens; Bel agrees that he will be satisfied with what war, pestilence, famine, and wild beasts can do in the way of destroying men; and that, henceforward, he will not have recourse to extraordinary measures. Finally, it is Bel himself who, by way of making amends, transports Hasisadra, his wife, and the faithful Nes-Hea to the abode of the gods.

It is as indubitable as it is incomprehensible to most of us, that, for thousands of years, a 'great people, quite as intelligent as we are, and living in as high a state of civilisation as that which had been attained in the greater part of Europe a few centuries ago, entertained not the slightest doubt that Anu, Bel, Ea, Istar, and the rest, were real personages, possessed of boundless powers for good and evil. The sincerity of the monarchs whose inscriptions gratefully attribute their victories to Merodach, or to Assur, is as little to be questioned as that of the authors of the hymns and penitential psalms which give full expression to the heights and depths of religious devotion. An 'infidel' bold enough to deny the existence, or to doubt the influence, of these deities probably did not exist in all Mesopotamia; and even constructive rebellion against their authority was apt to end in the deprivation, not merely of the good name, but of the skin of the offender. The adherents of modern theological systems dismiss these objects of the love and fear of a hundred generations of their equals, offhand, as 'gods of the heathen,' mere creations of a wicked and idolatrous imagination; and, along with them, they disown, as senseless, the crude theology, with its gross anthropomorphism and its low ethical conception of the divinity, which satisfied the pious souls of Chaldæa.

I imagine, though I do not presume to be sure, that any endeavour to save the intellectual and moral credit of Chaldæan religion, by suggesting the application to it of that universal solvent of absurdities, the 'allegorical method,' would be scouted; I will not even suggest that any ingenuity can be equal to discovery of the antitypes of the personifications effected by the religious imagination of later ages, in the triad Anu, Ea, and Bel, still less in Istar. Therefore, unless some plausible reconciliatory scheme should be propounded by a Neo-Chaldæan devotee (and, with Neo-Buddhists to the fore, this supposition is not so wild as it looks), I suppose the moderns will continue to smile, in a superior way, at the grievous absurdity of the polytheistic idolatry of these ancient people.

It is probably a congenital absence of some faculty which I ought

to possess which withholds me from adopting this summary procedure. But I am not ashamed to share David Hume's want of ability to discover that polytheism is, in itself, altogether absurd. If we are bound, or permitted, to judge the government of the world by human standards, it appears to me that directorates are proved by familiar experience to conduct the largest and the most complicated concerns quite as well as solitary despots. I have never been able to see why the hypothesis of a divine syndicate should be found guilty of innate absurdity. Those Assyrians, in particular, who held Assur to be the one supreme and creative deity, to whom all the other supernal powers were subordinate, might fairly ask that the essential difference between their system and that which obtains among the great majority of their modern theological critics should be demonstrated. In my apprehension, it is not the quantity, but the quality, of the persons, among whom the attributes of divinity are distributed, which is the serious matter. If the divine might is associated with no higher ethical attributes than those which obtain among ordinary men; if the divine intelligence is supposed to be so imperfect that it cannot foresee the consequences of its own contrivances; if the supernal powers can become furiously angry with the creatures of their omnipotence, and in their senseless wrath destroy the innocent along with the guilty; or if they can show themselves to be as easily placated by presents and gross flattery as any oriental or occidental despot; if, in short, they are only stronger than mortal men and no better, as it must be admitted Hasisadra's deities proved themselves to be; then, surely, it is time for us to look somewhat closely into their credentials, and to accept none but conclusive evidence of their existence.

To the majority of my respected contemporaries this reasoning will doubtless appear feeble, if not worse. However, to my mind, such are the only arguments by which the Chaldaean theology can be satisfactorily upset. So far from there being any ground for the belief that Ea, Anu, and Bel are, or ever were, real entities, it seems to me quite infinitely more probable that they are products of the religious imagination, such as are to be found everywhere and in all ages, so long as that imagination riots uncontrolled by scientific criticism.

It is on these grounds that I venture, at the risk of being called an atheist by the ghosts of all the principals of all the colleges of Babylonia, or by their living successors among the Neo-Chaldaeans, if that sect should arise, to express my utter disbelief in the gods of Hasisadra. Hence, it follows, that I find Hasisadra's account of their share in his adventure incredible; and, as the physical details of the flood are inseparable from its theophanic accompaniments, and are guaranteed by the same authority, I must let them go with the rest. The consistency of such details with probability counts for nothing. The inhabitants of Chaldaea must always have been familiar

with inundations; probably no generation failed to witness an inundation which rose unusually high, or was rendered serious by coincident atmospheric, or other, disturbances. And the memory of the general features of any exceptionally severe and devastating flood, would be preserved by popular tradition for long ages. What, then, could be more natural than that a Chaldean poet should seek for the incidents of a great catastrophe among such phenomena? In what other way than by such an appeal to their experience could he so surely awaken in his audience the tragic pity and terror? What possible ground is there for insisting that he must have had some individual flood in view, and that his story is historical, in the sense that the account of the effects of a hurricane in the Bay of Bengal, in the year 1875, is historical?

More than three centuries after the time of Assurbanipal, Berosus of Babylon, born in the reign of Alexander the Great, wrote an account of the history of his country in Greek. The work of Berosus has vanished; but extracts from it—how far faithful is uncertain—have been preserved by later writers. Among these occurs the well-known story of the Deluge of Xisuthros, which is evidently built upon the same foundation as that of Hasisadra. The incidents of the divine warning, the building of the ship, the sending out of birds, the ascension of the hero, betray their common origin. But stories, like *Madeira*, acquire a heightened flavour with time and travel; and the version of Berosus is characterised by those circumstantial improbabilities which habitually gather round the legend of a legend. The later narrator knows the exact day of the month on which the flood began. The dimensions of the ship are stated with Munchausenian precision at five stadia by two—say, half by one-fifth of an English mile. The ship runs aground among the ‘Gordæan mountains’ to the south of Lake Van, in Armenia, beyond the limits of any imaginable real inundation of the Euphrates valley; and, by way of climax, we have the assertion, worthy of the sailor who said that he had brought up one of Pharaoh’s chariot wheels on the fluke of his anchor in the Red Sea, that pilgrims visited the locality and made amulets of the bitumen which they scraped off from the still extant remains of the mighty ship of Xisuthros.

Suppose that some later polyhistor, as devoid of critical faculty as most of his tribe, had found the version of Berosus, as well as another much nearer the original story; that, having too much respect for his authorities to make up a *tertium quid* of his own, out of the materials offered, he followed a practice, common enough among ancient and, particularly, among Semitic historians, of dividing both into fragments and piecing them together, without troubling himself very much about the resulting repetitions and inconsistencies; the product of such a primitive editorial operation would be a narrative analogous to

that which treats of the Noachian deluge in the book of Genesis. For the Pentateuchal story is indubitably a patchwork, composed of fragments of at least two, different and partly discrepant, narratives, quilted together in such an inartistic fashion that the seams remain conspicuous. And, in the matter of circumstantial exaggeration, it in some respects excels even the second-hand legend of Berosus.

There is a certain practicality about the notion of taking refuge from floods and storms in a ship provided with a steersman; but, surely, no one who had ever seen more water than he could wade through would dream of facing even a moderate breeze, in a huge three-storied coffer, or box, three hundred cubits long, fifty wide and thirty high, left to drift without rudder or pilot.\* Not content with giving the exact year of Noah's age in which the flood began, the Pentateuchal story adds the month and the day of the month. It is the Deity himself who 'shuts in' Noah. The modest week assigned to the full deluge in Hasisadra's story, becomes forty days, in one of the Pentateuchal accounts and a hundred and fifty, in the other. The flood, which, in the version of Berosus, has grown so high as to cast the ship among the mountains of Armenia, is improved upon in the Hebrew account until it covers 'all the high hills that were under the whole heaven;' and, when it begins to subside, the ark is left stranded on the summit of the highest peak, commonly identified with Ararat itself.

While the details of Hasisadra's adventure are, at least, compatible with the physical conditions of the Euphrates valley; and, as we have seen, involve no catastrophe greater than such as might be brought about under those conditions, many of the very precisely stated details of Noah's flood contradict some of the best established results of scientific inquiry.

If it is certain that the alluvium of the Mesopotamian plain has been brought down by the Tigris and the Euphrates, then it is no less certain that the physical structure of the whole valley has persisted, without material modification, for many thousand years before the date assigned to the flood. If the summits, even of the moderately elevated ridges which immediately bound the valley, still more those of the Kurdish and Armenian mountains, were ever covered by water, for even forty days, that water must have extended over the whole earth. If the earth was thus covered, anywhere between 4,000 and 5,000 years ago, or, at any other time, since

\* In the second volume of the *History of the Euphrates Expedition*, p. 837, Col. Chesney gives a very interesting account of the simple and rapid manner in which the people about Tekrit and in the marshes of Lemlum construct large barges, and make them watertight with bitumen. Doubtless the practice is extremely ancient; and, as Colonel Chesney suggests, may possibly have furnished the conception of Noah's ark. But it is one thing to build a barge 44 ft. long by 11 ft. wide and 4 ft. deep in the way described; and another to get a vessel of ten times the dimensions, so constructed, to hold together.

the higher terrestrial animals came into existence, they must have been destroyed from the whole face of it, as the Pentateuchal account declares they were three several times (Genesis vii. 21, 22, 23), in language which cannot be made more emphatic, or more solemn, than it is; and the present population must consist of the descendants of emigrants from the ark. And, if that is the case, then, as has often been pointed out, the sloths of the Brazilian forests, the kangaroos of Australia, the great tortoises of the Galapagos islands, must have respectively hobbled, hopped, and crawled over many thousand miles of land and sea from 'Ararat' to their present habitations. Thus, the unquestionable facts of the geographical distribution of recent land animals, alone, form an insuperable obstacle to the acceptance of the assertion that the kinds of animals composing the present terrestrial fauna have, at any time, been universally destroyed in the way described in the Pentateuch.

It is upon this and other unimpeachable grounds, that, as I ventured to say some time ago, persons who are duly conversant with even the elements of natural science decline to take the Noachian deluge seriously; and that, as I also pointed out, candid theologians, who, without special scientific knowledge, have appreciated the weight of scientific arguments, have long since given it up. But, as Goethe has remarked, there is nothing more terrible than energetic ignorance;<sup>9</sup> and there are, even yet, very energetic people, who are neither candid, nor clear-headed, nor theologians, still less properly instructed in the elements of natural science, who make prodigious efforts to obscure the effect of these plain truths, and to conceal their real surrender of the historical character of Noah's deluge under cover of the smoke of a great discharge of pseudoscientific artillery. They seem to imagine that the proofs which abound in all parts of the world, of large oscillations of the relative level of land and sea, combined with the probability that, when the sea-level was rising, sudden incursions of the sea, like that which broke in over Holland and formed the Zuyder Zee, may have often occurred, can be made to look like evidence that something that, by courtesy, might be called a general Deluge has really taken place. Their discursive energy drags misunderstood truth into their service; and 'the glacial epoch' is as sure to crop up among them as King Charles's head in a famous memorial—with about as much appropriateness. The old story of the raised beach on Moel Tryfaen is trotted out; though, even if the facts are as yet rightly interpreted, there is not a shadow of evidence that the change of sea-level in that locality was sudden, or that glacial Welshmen would have known it was taking place.<sup>10</sup> Surely it is

<sup>9</sup> 'Es ist nichts schrecklicher als eine thätige Unwissenheit.' *Maximen und Reflexionen*, iii.

<sup>10</sup> The well-known difficulties connected with this case have recently been carefully discussed by Mr. Ball in the *Transactions* of the Geological Society of Glasgow.

difficult to perceive the relevancy of bringing in something that happened in the glacial epoch (if it did happen) to account for the tradition of a flood in the Euphrates valley between 2000 and 3000 B.C. But the date of the Noachian flood is solidly fixed by the sole authority for it; no shuffling of the chronological data will carry it so far back as 3000 B.C.; and the Hebrew epos agrees with the Chaldean in placing it after the development of a somewhat advanced civilisation. The only authority for the Noachian deluge assures us that, before it visited the earth, Cain had built cities; Jubal had invented harps and organs; while mankind had advanced so far beyond the neolithic, nay even the bronze stage that Tubalcain was a worker in iron. Therefore, if the Noachian legend is to be taken for the history of an event which happened in the glacial epoch, we must revise our notions of pleistocene civilisations. On the other hand, if the Pentateuchal story only means something quite different, that happened somewhere else, thousands of years earlier, dressed up, what becomes of its credit as history? I wonder what would be said to a modern historian who asserted that Pekin was burnt down in 1886, and then tried to justify the assertion by adducing evidence of the Great Fire of London in 1666. Yet the attempt to save the credit of the Noachian story by references to something which is supposed to have happened in the far north, in the glacial epoch, is far more preposterous.

Moreover, these dust-raising dialecticians ignore some of the most important and well-known facts which bear upon the question. Anything more than a parochial acquaintance with physical geography and geology would suffer to remind its possessor that the Holy Land itself offers a standing protest against bringing such a deluge as that of Noah anywhere near it, either in historical times or in the course of that pleistocene period, of which the 'great ice age' formed a part.

Judæa and Galilee, Moab and Gilead, occupy part of that extensive tableland at the summit of the western boundary of the Euphrates valley, to which I have already referred. If that valley had ever been filled with water to a height sufficient, not indeed to cover a third of Ararat, in the north, or half some of the mountains of the Persian frontier in the east, but to reach even four or five thousand feet, it must have stood over the Palestinian hog's-back, and have filled, up to the brim, every depression on its surface. Therefore it could not have failed to fill that remarkable trench in which the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and the Sea of Galilee lie, and which is known as the 'Jordan-Arabah' valley.

This long and deep hollow extends more than 200 miles, from near the site of ancient Dan in the north, to the water parting at the head of the Wady Arabah in the south; and its deepest part, at the bottom of the basin of the Dead Sea, lies 2,500 feet below the surface of the adjacent Mediterranean. The lowest portion of the rim of



the Jordan-Arabah valley is situated at the village of El Fuleh, 257 feet above the Mediterranean. Everywhere else the circumjacent heights rise to a very much greater altitude. Hence, of the water which stood over the Syrian tableland, when 'as much drained off as could run away, enough would remain to form a 'Mere' without an outlet, 2,757 feet deep, over the present site of the Dead Sea. From this time forth, the level of the Palestinian mere could be lowered only by evaporation. It is an extremely interesting fact, which has happily escaped capture for the purposes of the energetic misunderstanding, that the valley, at one time, was filled, certainly within 150 feet of this height—probably higher. And it is almost equally certain, that the time at which this great Jordan-Arabah mere reached its highest level coincides with the glacial epoch. But then the evidence which goes to prove this, also leads to the conclusion that this state of things obtained at a period considerably older than even 4004 B.C. when the world, according to the 'Helps' (or shall we say 'Hindrances') provided for the simple student of the Bible, was created; that it was not brought about by any diluvial catastrophe, but was the result of a change in the relative activities of certain natural operations which are quietly going on now; and that, since the level of the mere began to sink, many thousand years ago, no serious catastrophe of any description has affected the valley.

The evidence that the Jordan-Arabah valley really was once filled with water, the surface of which reached within 160 feet of the level of the pass of Jezrael, and possibly stood higher, is this: Remains of alluvial strata, containing shells of the freshwater mollusks which still inhabit the valley, worn down into terraces by waves which long rippled at the same level, and furrowed by the channels excavated by modern rainfalls, have been found at the former height; and they are repeated, at intervals, lower down, until the Ghor, or plain of the Jordan, itself an alluvial deposit, is reached. These strata attain a considerable thickness; and they indicate that the epoch, at which the freshwater mere of Palestine reached its highest level, is extremely remote; that its diminution has taken place very slowly, and with periods of rest, during which the first formed deposits were cut down into terraces. This conclusion is strikingly borne out by other facts. Some of the streams of basaltic lava which have been thrown out from the craters and clefts of the volcanic region (which stretches from Galilee to Gilead and the Hauran, on each side of the northern end of the valley) in times of which history has no record, have run athwart the course of the Jordan itself, or of that of some of its tributary streams. The lava streams, therefore, must be of later date than the depressions they fill. And yet, where they have thus temporarily dammed the Jordan and the Jermuk, these streams have had time to cut through the hard basalts and lay bare the beds, over which, before the lava streams invaded them, they flowed.

In fact, the antiquity of the present Jordan-Arabah valley, as a hollow in a tableland, out of reach of the sea, and troubled by no diluvial or other disturbances; beyond the volcanic eruptions of Gilead and of Galilee, is vast, even as estimated by a geological standard. No marine deposits of later than miocene age occur in or about it; and there is every reason to believe that the Syro-Arabian plateau has been dry land throughout the pliocene and later epochs down to the present time. Raised beaches, containing recent shells on the Levantine shores of the Mediterranean and on those of the Red Sea, testify to a geologically recent change of the sea level to the extent of 250 or 300 feet, probably produced by the slow elevation of the land; and, as I have already remarked, the alluvial plain of the Euphrates and Tigris appears to have been affected in the same way, though seemingly to a less extent. But of violent or catastrophic change there is no trace. Even the volcanic outbursts have flowed in even sheets over the old land surface; and the long lines of the horizontal terraces which remain, testify to the geological insignificance of such earthquakes as have taken place. It is indeed possible that the original formation of the valley may have been determined by the well-known fault along which the western rocks are relatively depressed and the eastern elevated. But whether that fault was effected slowly or quickly, and whenever it came into existence, the excavation of the valley to its present width, no less than the sculpturing of its steep walls and of the innumerable deep ravines which score them down to the very bottom, are indubitably due to the operation of rain and streams, during an enormous length of time, without interruption or disturbance of any magnitude. The alluvial deposits which have been mentioned are continued into the lateral ravines, and have more or less filled them. But, since the waters have been lowered, they have been cut down to great depths, and are still being excavated by the present temporary, or permanent, streams. Hence, it follows, that all these ravines must have existed before the time at which the valley was occupied by the great mere. This fact acquires a peculiar importance when we proceed to consider the grounds for the conclusion that the old Palestinian mere attained its highest level in the cold period of the pleistocene epoch. It is well known that glaciers formerly came low down on the flanks of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon; indeed, the old moraines are the haunts of the few survivors of the famous cedars. This implies a perennial snow-cap on Hermon of great extent; therefore a vastly greater supply of water to the sources of the Jordan which rise on its flanks; and, in addition, such a total change in the general climate, that the innumerable Wadya, now traversed only by occasional storm torrents, must have been occupied by perennial streams. All this involves a lower annual temperature and a moist and rainy atmosphere. If such a change of meteorological conditions could be effected now, when the loss by

evaporation from the surface of the Dead Sea salt-pan balances all the gain from the Jordan and other streams, the scale would be turned in the other direction. The waters of the Dead Sea would become diluted; its level would rise; it would cover, first the plain of the Jordan, then the lake of Galilee, then the middle Jordan between this lake and that of Huleh (the ancient Merom); and, finally, it would encroach, northwards, along the course of the upper Jordan, and, southwards, up the Wady Arabah, until it reached some 260 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, when it would attain a permanent level, by sending any superfluity through the pass of Jezrael to swell the waters of the Kishon and flow thence into the Mediterranean.

Reverse the process, in consequence of the excess of loss by evaporation, over gain by inflow, which must have set in as the climate of Syria changed after the end of the pleistocene epoch, and (without taking into consideration any other circumstances) the present state of things must eventually be reached—a concentrated saline solution in the deepest part of the valley—water, rather more charged with saline matter than ordinary fresh water, in the lower Jordan and the lake of Galilee—fresh waters, still largely derived from the snows of Hermon, in the upper Jordan and in lake Huleh. But if the full state of the Jordan valley marks the glacial epoch, then it follows that the excavation of that valley by atmospheric agencies must have occupied an immense antecedent time—a large part, perhaps the whole, of the pliocene epoch; and we are thus forced to the conclusion that, since the miocene epoch, the physical conformation of the Holy Land has been substantially what it is now. It has been more or less rained upon, searched by earthquakes here and there, partially overflowed by lava streams, slowly raised (relatively to the sea-level) a few hundred feet. But there is not a shadow of ground for supposing that, throughout all this time, terrestrial animals have ceased to inhabit a large part of its surface, or that, in many parts, they have been, in any respect, incommoded by the changes which have taken place.

The evidence of the general stability of the physical conditions of Western Asia, which is furnished by Palestine and by the Euphrates Valley, is only fortified if we extend our view northwards to the Black Sea and the Caspian. The Caspian is a sort of magnified replica of the Dead Sea. The bottom of the deepest part of this vast inland mere is 3,000 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while its surface is lower by 85 feet. At present, it is separated, on the west, by wide spaces of dry land from the Black Sea, which has the same height as the Mediterranean, and, on the east, from the Aral, 138 feet above that level. The waters of the Black Sea, now in communication with the Mediterranean by the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, are salt, but become brackish northwards, where the rivers of the steppes pour

in a great volume of fresh water. Those of the shallower northern half of the Caspian are similarly affected by the Volga and the Ural, while, in the shallow bays of the southern division, they become extremely saline in consequence of the intense evaporation. The Aral, though supplied by the Jaxartes and the Oxus, has brackish water. There is evidence that, in the pliocene and pleistocene periods, to go no farther back, the strait of the Dardanelles did not exist, and that the vast area, from the valley of the Danube to that of the Jaxartes, was covered by brackish or, in some parts, fresh water to a height of at least 200 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. At the present time, the water-parting which separates the northern part of the basin of the Caspian from the vast plains traversed by the Tobol and the Obi, in their course to the Arctic Ocean, appears to be under 200 feet above the latter. It would seem, therefore, to be very probable that, under the climatal conditions of part of the pleistocene period, the valley of the Obi played the same part in relation to the Ponto-Aralian sea, as that of the Kishon may have done to the great mere of the Jordan valley; and that the outflow formed the channel by which the well-known Arctic elements of the fauna of the Caspian entered it. For the fossil remains imbedded in the strata continuously deposited in the Aralo-Caspian area, since the latter end of the miocene epoch, show no sign that, from that time onward, it has ever been covered by sea water. Therefore the supposition of a free inflow of the Arctic Ocean, which, at one time, was generally received, as well as that of various hypothetical deluges from that quarter, must be seriously questioned.

The Caspian and the Aral stand in somewhat the same relation to the vast basin of dry land in which they lie as the Dead Sea and the lake of Galilee to the Jordan valley. They are the remains of a vast, mostly brackish, mere, which has dried up in consequence of the excess of evaporation over supply, since the cold and damp climate of the pleistocene epoch gave place to the increasing dryness and great summer heats of Central Asia in more modern times. The desiccation of the Aralo-Caspian basin, which communicated with the Black Sea only by a comparatively narrow and shallow strait along the present valley of Manytsch, the bottom of which was less than 100 feet above the Mediterranean, must have been vastly aided by the erosion of the strait of the Dardanelles towards the end of the pleistocene epoch, or perhaps later. For the result of thus opening a passage for the waters of the Black Sea into the Mediterranean must have been the gradual lowering of its level to that of the latter sea. When this process had gone so far as to bring down the Black Sea water to within less than a hundred feet of its present level, the strait of Manytsch ceased to exist; and the vast body of fresh water brought down by the Danube, the Dnieper, the Don, and other South Russian rivers was cut off from the Caspian, and eventually delivered into the Mediterranean. Thus there is as conclusive evidence as one can

well hope to obtain in these matters, that, north of the Euphrates valley, the physical geography of an area as large as all Central Europe has remained essentially unchanged, from the miocene period down to our time; just as, to the west of the Euphrates valley, Palestine has exhibited a similar persistence of geographical type. To the south, the valley of the Nile tells exactly the same story. The holes bored by miocene mollusks in the cliffs east and west of Cairo, bear witness that, in the miocene epoch, it contained an arm of the sea, the bottom of which has since been gradually filled up by the alluvium of the Nile, and elevated to its present position. But the higher parts of the Mokattam and of the desert about Ghizeh have been dry land from that time to this. Too little is known of the geology of Persia, at present, to allow any positive conclusion to be enunciated. But, taking the name to indicate the whole continental mass of Iran, between the valleys of the Indus and the Euphrates, the supposition that its physical geography has remained unchanged for an immensely long period is hardly rash. The country is, in fact, an enormous basin, surrounded on all sides by a mountainous rim, and subdivided within by ridges into plateaus and hollows, the bottom of the deepest of which, in the province of Seistan, probably descends to the level of the Indian Ocean. These depressions are occupied by salt marshes and deserts, in which the waters of the streams which flow down the sides of the basin are now dissipated by evaporation. I am acquainted with no evidence that the present Iranian basin was ever occupied by the sea; but the accumulations of gravel over a great extent of its surface, indicate long-continued water action. It is, therefore, a fair presumption that large lakes have covered much of its present deserts, and that they have dried up by the operation of the same changed climatal conditions as those which have reduced the Caspian and the Dead Sea to their present dimensions.<sup>11</sup>

Thus it would seem that the Euphrates valley, the centre of the fabled Noachian deluge, is also the centre of a region covering some millions of square miles of the present continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa, in which all the facts, relevant to the argument, at present known, converge to the conclusion that, since the miocene epoch, the essential features of its physical geography have remained unchanged; that it has neither been depressed below the sea, nor swept by diluvial waters since that time; and that the Chaldean version of the legend of a flood in the Euphrates valley is, of all those which are extant, the only one which is even consistent with probability, since it depicts a local inundation, not more severe than one which might be brought about by a concurrence of favourable

<sup>11</sup> An instructive parallel is exhibited by the 'Great Basin' of North America. See the remarkable memoir on 'Lake Bonneville' by Mr. G. K. Gilbert of the United States Geological Survey, just published.

conditions at the present day, and which might probably have been more easily effected when the Persian Gulf extended further north. Hence, the recourse to the 'glacial epoch' for some event which might colourably represent a flood, distinctly asserted by the only authority for it to have occurred in historical times, is peculiarly unfortunate. Even a Welsh antiquarian might hesitate over the supposition that a tradition of the fate of Moel Tryfaen, in the glacial epoch, had furnished the basis of fact for a legend which arose among people whose own experience abundantly supplied them with the needful precedents. Moreover, if evidence of interchanges of land and sea are to be accepted as 'confirmations' of Noah's deluge, there are plenty of sources for the tradition to be had much nearer than Wales.

The depression now filled by the Red Sea, for example, appears to be, geologically, of very recent origin.\* The later deposits found on its shores two or three hundred feet above the sea level contain no remains older than those of the present fauna; while, as I have already mentioned, the valley of the adjacent delta of the Nile was a gulf of the sea in miocene times. But there is not a particle of evidence that the change of relative level which admitted the waters of the Indian Ocean between Arabia and Africa, took place any faster than that which is now going on in Greenland and in Scandinavia, and which has left their inhabitants undisturbed. Even more remarkable changes were effected, towards the end of, or since, the glacial epoch, over the region now occupied by the Levantine Mediterranean and the Ægean Sea. The eastern coast region of Asia Minor, the western of Greece, and many of the intermediate islands, exhibit thick masses of stratified deposits of later tertiary age and of purely lacustrine characters; and it is remarkable that, on the south side of the island of Crete, such masses present steep cliffs facing the sea, so that the southern boundary of the lake in which they were formed must have been situated where the sea now flows. Indeed, there are valid reasons for the supposition that the dry land once extended far to the west of the present Levantine coast, and not improbably forced the Nile to seek an outlet to the north-east of its present delta—a possibility of no small importance in relation to certain puzzling facts of geographical distribution. At any rate, continuous land joined Asia Minor with the Balkan peninsula; and its surface bore deep freshwater lakes, apparently disconnected with the Ponto-Aralian sea. This state of things lasted long enough to allow of the formation of the thick lacustrine strata to which I have referred. I am not aware that there is the smallest ground for the assumption that Ægean land was broken up in consequence of any of the 'catastrophes' which are so commonly invoked.<sup>13</sup> For anything that appears to the contrary, the narrow steep-sided straits between the islands of the

<sup>13</sup> It is true that earthquakes are common enough, but they are incompetent to produce such changes as those which have taken place.

Ægean archipelago may have been originally brought about by ordinary atmospheric and stream action, and filled from the Mediterranean, during a slow submergence proceeding from the south northwards. The strait of the Dardanelles is bounded by undisturbed pleistocene strata forty feet thick, through which, to all appearance, the present passage has been quietly cut.

That Olympus and Ossa were torn asunder and the waters of the Thessalian basin poured forth, is a very ancient notion, and an often cited 'confirmation' of Deucalion's flood. It has not yet ceased to be in vogue, apparently because those who entertain it are not aware, that modern geological investigation has conclusively proved that the gorge of the Peneus is as typical an example of a valley of erosion as any to be seen in Auvergne or in Colorado.<sup>13</sup>

Thus, in the immediate vicinity of the vast expanse of country which can be proved to have been untouched by any catastrophe before, during, and since the 'glacial epoch,' lie the great areas of the Ægean and the Red Sea, in which, during or since the glacial epoch, changes of the relative positions of land and sea have taken place in comparison with which the submergence of Moel Tryfaen, with all Wales and Scotland to boot, does not come to much.

What, then, is the relevancy of talk about the 'glacial epoch' to the question of the historical veracity of the narrator of the story of the Noachian deluge? So far as my knowledge goes, there is not a particle of evidence that destructive inundations were more common over the general surface of the earth in the glacial epoch, than they have been before or since. No doubt the fringe of an ice-covered region is always liable to them; but, if we examine the records of such catastrophes in historical times, those produced in the deltas of great rivers, or in lowlands like Holland, by sudden floods, combined with gales of wind or with unusual tides, far excel all others.

With respect to such inundations as are the consequences of earthquakes, and other slight movements of the crust of the earth, I have never heard of anything to show that they were more frequent and severer in the quaternary or tertiary epochs than they are now. In the discussion of these, as of all other geological problems, the appeal to needless catastrophes is born of that impatience of the slow and painful search after sufficient causes in the ordinary course of nature which is a temptation to all, though only energetic ignorance nowadays completely succumbs to it.

T. H. HUXLEY.

POSTSCRIPT.

My best thanks are due to Mr. Gladstone for his courteous withdrawal of one of the statements to which I have thought it needful to take exception. The familiarity with controversy to which Mr. Gladstone alludes, will have accustomed

<sup>13</sup> See Teller, *Geologische Beschreibung des süd-östlichen Thessalien*: Denkschriften d. Akademie der Wissenschaften, Wien, Bd. xl. p. 199.

him to the misadventures which arise when, as sometimes will happen in the heat of fence, the buttons come off the foils. I trust that any scratch he may have received will heal as quickly as my own flesh wounds have done.

A contribution to the last number of this Review of a different order would be left unnoticed, were it not that my silence would convert me into an accessory to misrepresentations of a very grave character. However, I shall restrict myself to the barest possible statement of facts, leaving my readers to draw their own conclusions.

In an article entitled 'A Great Lesson,' published in this Review for September 1887:

(1) The Duke of Argyll says the 'overthrow of Darwin's speculations' (p. 301) concerning the origin of coral reefs, which he fancied had taken place, had been received by men of science 'with a grudging silence as far as public discussion is concerned' (p. 301).

The truth is that, as everyone acquainted with the literature of the subject was well aware, the views supposed to have effected this overthrow had been fully and publicly discussed by Dana in the United States; by Geikie, Green and Prestwich in this country; by Lapparent in France; and by Credner in Germany.

(2) The Duke of Argyll says 'that no serious reply has ever been attempted' (p. 305).

The truth is that the highest living authority on the subject, Professor Dana, published a most weighty reply, two years before the Duke of Argyll committed himself to this statement.

(3) The Duke of Argyll uses the preceding products of defective knowledge, multiplied by excessive imagination, to illustrate the manner in which 'certain accepted opinions' establish 'a sort of Reign of Terror in their own behalf' (p. 307).

The truth is that no plea, except that of total ignorance of the literature of the subject, can excuse the errors cited, and that the 'Reign of Terror' is a purely subjective phenomenon.

(4) The letter in 'Nature,' for the 17th of November, 1887, to which I am referred, contains neither substantiation, nor retraction, of statements 1 and 2. Nevertheless, it repeats number 3. The Duke of Argyll says of his article that it 'has done what I intended it to do. It has called wide attention to the influence of mere authority in establishing erroneous theories and in retarding the progress of scientific truth.'

(5) The Duke of Argyll illustrates the influence of his fictitious 'Reign of Terror' by the statement that Mr. John Murray 'was strongly advised against the publication of his views in derogation of Darwin's long-accepted theory of the coral islands, and was actually induced to delay it for two years' (p. 307). And in 'Nature' for the 17th of November, 1887, the Duke of Argyll states that he has seen a letter from Sir Wyville Thomson in which he 'urged and almost insisted that Mr. Murray should withdraw the reading of his papers on the subject from the Royal Society of Edinburgh. This was in February 1877.' The next paragraph, however, contains the confession: 'No special reason was assigned.' The Duke of Argyll proceeds to give a speculative opinion that 'Sir Wyville dreaded some injury to the scientific reputation of the body of which he was the chief.' Truly, a very probable supposition; but as Sir Wyville Thomson's tendencies were notoriously anti-Darwinian, it does not appear to me to lend the slightest justification to the Duke of Argyll's insinuation that the Darwinian 'terror' influenced him. However, the question was finally set at rest by a letter which appeared in 'Nature' (20th of December, 1887) in which the writer says that:

'talking with Sir Wyville about "Murray's new theory," I asked what objection he had to its being brought before the public? The answer simply was: he considered that the grounds of the theory had not, as yet, been sufficiently investigated



or sufficiently corroborated, and that therefore any immature, dogmatic publication of it would do less than little service either to science or to the author of the paper.'

Sir Wyville Thomson was an intimate friend of mine, and I am glad to have been afforded one more opportunity of clearing his character from the aspersions which have been so recklessly cast upon his good sense and his scientific honour.

(8) As to the 'overthrow' of Darwin's theory, which, according to the Duke of Argyll, was patent to every unprejudiced person four years ago, I have recently become acquainted with a work, in which a really competent authority, 'thoroughly acquainted with all the new lights which have been thrown upon the subject during the last ten years,' pronounces the judgment; firstly, that some of the facts brought forward by Messrs. Murray and Guppy against Darwin's theory are not facts; secondly, that the others are reconcilable with Darwin's theory; and, thirdly, that the theories of Messrs. Murray and Guppy 'are contradicted by a series of important facts' (p. 13).

Perhaps I had better draw attention to the circumstance that Dr. Langenbeck writes under shelter of the guns of the fortress of Strassburg; and may therefore be presumed to be unaffected by those dreams of a 'Reign of Terror' which seem to disturb the peace of some of us in these islands.—T. H. H., April 1891.

<sup>11</sup> Dr. Langenbeck, *Die Theorien über die Entstehung der Korallen-Inseln und Korallen-Riffe* (p. 13), 1890.

## THE DUEL BETWEEN PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE 'COACHES.'

AT Oxford and Cambridge a private tutor is a gentleman who is generally held in special honour, at any rate when he teaches candidates for high honours. There cannot be a best teacher of classics, mathematics, law, natural science, and every other branch of learning in every college in the university. Naturally, therefore, undergraduates who are aiming at the highest honours inquire, 'Who is the best coach?' The private tutor or coach is not regarded by the masters, tutors, and lecturers of the colleges as their natural enemy, to be libelled, vilified, calumniated, in season and out of season. On the contrary, when a college tutor or lecturer discovers that the college has caught a big fish in any special subject he in many, if not most, cases tells the undergraduate, 'You had better read with Mr. Blank of Dash College. He'll make you senior classic, or "wrangler," or "legalist," as the case may be. In my day, if a man hoped to be 'senior,' or high up in the first class in the classical tripos, it used to be said, 'You must read with Shilleto.' For many years I believe Dr. Routh, of St. Peter's, had a monopoly of senior wranglers. He had the reputation of being the 'best coach.' So the best men were anxious to secure his help. No one intended to give his rivals an advantage over him. This can only last a certain time. The best pupils of the best coach who achieve distinction in the senate house equal to that of their coach—i.e. are senior wranglers themselves—sometimes remain in the university, and, beginning with the crumbs which fall from the great man's table, slowly establish a character second only to their former private tutor's, and in time not second at all, but equal. Any Cambridge undergraduate, aiming at high mathematical honours to-day, could name two or more senior wranglers, former pupils of Dr. Routh, *qui jam illi fere æquarunt*. They would almost or quite as soon read with either of the younger men. Similarly with the pass or 'poll' men. Many undergraduates who know they cannot win honours are none the less wishful to do well in their degree examination, or, at any rate, to make sure not to get plucked. College lecturers, as a rule, lecture only. They do not think it their business to be 'private tutor' to every undergraduate who attends their lectures. Many do a great deal. Many

do so much that a considerable number of undergraduates never want or go to a private tutor, while others do so for a short time only—perhaps the term before their ‘previous’ or ‘little go,’ and one or two before their degree examination. They are not thought the worse for doing so. They are not spoken of as a peculiarly mean-spirited and degraded set of shirks and traitors who wish to put a public slur on their college. The college authorities do not abuse and insult either them or their parents. They don’t call the private tutors ‘crammers,’ ‘crimps,’ ‘educational pests,’ ‘charlatans,’ ‘corruptors of youth,’ ‘illegitimate and fungoid excrescences on the university system,’ or any other bad names. And when the undergraduates go up for their degrees, they are not cross-examined as to whether they have read with any crammer, and if any one which. When they have taken their degrees and are going to be ordained, or called to the bar, or qualify in medicine, the bishops, benchers, and colleges of surgeons and physicians don’t ask them whether they contented themselves with their college tutors and lecturers, or whether they read with a private tutor; and if the latter, insult them, saying, ‘We don’t want you fellows who could not get degrees without going to crammers: we like men who stuck to their colleges; we like “formed” men, not “crammed” men’—what the particular man meant who did say this I never knew, and never met anyone else who did.

I myself did certainly once hear Dr. Routh called ‘the prince of crammers,’ but that was by a man who did not coach with him, did not achieve distinction in the mathematical tripos, and whom I have since heard spoken of as rather a failure than otherwise. Nor did I ever hear of Dr. Routh’s pupils being examined in a different way from other candidates, being treated with special severity, or their marks percentaged, or their papers specially scrutinised, because the examiners or the university authorities chose to fancy or suspect that Dr. Routh was a conjurer or wizard, who could enable his pupils to get marks and distinction and honours, not because they *knew* their subjects, but because they had been crammed in some mysterious way and had got up ‘tips’ which enabled them to impose on the examiners with a spurious show of knowledge. They were never accused of being possessed, not of superior knowledge, but of superior skill in deluding examiners. The objection had never been raised at either Oxford or Cambridge against private tutors’ pupils as not being fit for fellowships, or mathematical, or classical, &c., master-ships, or for any one of the learned professions, that they had been ‘specially prepared.’ No Oxford or Cambridge private tutor had been accused of inventing a method of special preparation for honour degree examinations, ‘neither intended nor calculated to promote sound and well-digested knowledge, but directed solely towards obtaining the largest possible number of marks from the examiners;’

yet more, those candidates who asserted that they had not had any special preparation were not patted on the back and coddled by the examiners and told they were 'the men who were wanted.'

I will illustrate this by an anecdote. I had a pupil once who was to be 'specially prepared' for the India Civil Service open competitive examination. He had gone up for his first trial from one of our most renowned public schools and come out very low. His father then asked him whether he would go to me or to a college at Oxford or Cambridge. He chose to become an undergraduate at, say, Oxbridge. After a year he went up for his second trial, and came out rather lower than before. Really wanting to pass, he came to me. After trying him, I told his father he had no chance for his third trial, but that if he would work honestly and follow advice and guidance, I thought he would do well enough in his third to prove that he had a good hope of success, in his fourth and last. He worked well, and took so good a place in his third as to encourage him to try for his fourth. I told him he would get in if he went on working well, and there were a certain number of vacancies. His fourth trial came. He came out in the first half in a good place. He called to thank me. I said, 'Explain this mystery; you have no right to the place you have taken, and you can't keep it.' He laughed. He had probably winked to himself many times. He said, 'They asked all the candidates where they had read for the examination. I said "Eton" ["Harrow," or "Winchester," whichever it was], "and St. Mary's" or ["St. Matthew's," or "St. John's College," whichever it was], "Oxbridge." The examiner said, "You're the kind of man they want—a good public school and a university man—no crammer's victim."' I replied, 'You certainly are the "kind of man" in one sense; you are wise in your generation, though there's a good deal more of the wisdom of the serpent than of the guilelessness of the dove about you. But don't lose your head and get turned out; your proper place is near the bottom.' He never was anywhere but near the bottom in his farther examinations. But the credit came to the right place. Everyone who knew him knew that he had failed signally from school, done worse from a university, but ultimately achieved success by two years' honest work, by cheerful submission to strict discipline, by less play, and by making the best use of the best teaching.

Why should a profession or calling be honest and respected if carried on at Cambridge or Oxford, and an exercise of rascality and scoundrellism if carried on in or near London? Why should a man who has graduated in high honours at Cambridge or Oxford be a 'private tutor' if he lives at Cambridge or Oxford, but a 'suburban crammer' if he receives pupils in the suburbs of London, and a 'crammer's drudge' if he accepts 1,000*l.* a year to lecture to the pupils of another university graduate who lives (suppose) on Clapham

Common? Why should a small class of men who have done and are doing good work have the same dull and groundless abuse lavished on them year after year for twenty years? Why should the same idiotic charges be brought against them year after year when every year brings forward new and stronger proof of their innocence, and more and more witnesses can be called whose evidence conclusively proves it?

There have always been public schools and private tutors, as readers of *Frank Fairleigh* know. But when *Frank Fairleigh* was written the duel or pitched battle—the *combat à outrance*—had not begun. It starts with the birth of open competitive examinations. It is raging now. I have had my share in the fray. I make bold to lay the information I have acquired before the readers of this Review. Open competitive examinations were started in 1854. The condition of the public schools and of Haileybury College was a public scandal. The *Times*, and Jacob Omnium in the columns of the *Times*, had been thundering about the evil system which sent out ignorant striplings as engineers and artillery officers to die in the Crimea. The first open competition for admission to the Royal Engineers and Artillery was held in August of the same year. The limits of age for the India Civil Service candidates were eighteen and twenty-three; for Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, twenty-one to twenty-three. This was to secure university graduates. Of the first twenty selected in 1855 fourteen were Oxford and Cambridge men. Of the forty-nine selected in 1855 and 1856 for Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers thirty-five came from Oxford, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin. A scholar of my own college, of the same year as myself, was second in January 1856, taking his degree just after. Open competitive examinations for admission to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, were also held, the limits of age being nineteen to twenty-one. The first was held in August 1855. This was an era in the history of education. The limits of age were likely to draw scholars of colleges at the universities, as well as graduates. This was trespassing on what the public schools think their private preserves, and therefore was not likely to last long. The creed of the head masters is that no one has any right to get anything worth having in Army, Navy, Church, Bar, Civil Service at home, or Civil Service abroad, unless he has spent five or six years at a public school, and passed through the sixth form there. For many years the old public schools enjoyed a gainful monopoly. The masters led easy lives. All the old public schools, and all the new schools which call themselves 'public,' want their monopoly back, and also to teach what they please in their own way. I am bound to add my belief that the present masters, whether head or under, would not for one week put up with the state of things which existed in (say) 1850. At that time only the 'sacred nine' counted as

public schools, viz. Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury.

Dulwich, University, and King's College Schools, City of London, Bedford, Bradfield, Cheltenham, Clifton, Haileybury, Malvern, Marlborough, Radley, Repton, Rossall, Sherborne, Tiverton, Tonbridge, Uppingham, Wellington, did not exist, or did not rank as 'public schools.' Indeed, I can remember when there were only three public schools in their own opinion—Eton, Westminster, Winchester. And in my time at Cambridge there was a boat club called the 'Third Trinity,' into which only Eton and Westminster men were admitted.

It was an era for another reason : teachers, pupils, and examiners, except those who examined in classics and mathematics, were alike ignorant in their respective lines. But the rate of improvement was wonderful. Teachers and learners were alike stimulated by the fact that the *Times* printed the names of the places of education where the successful candidates had worked after those candidates' names. Our forerunners got their advertisements gratis. Self-advertisement was not necessary. Any parent or guardian who wanted a son prepared for a competitive examination had only to look in the columns of the *Times*. Here we see another proof of the habitual injustice with which private tutors out of Oxford and Cambridge are treated. University class lists are printed in the *Times* with the names of the colleges after the names of their successful men. The successes of the public schools are chronicled in the *Times*. The private schools who successfully prepare pupils for school scholarships get their names recorded in the *Times*, so that Mr. Sanderson of Elstree, Mr. Tabor of Cheam, Mr. Edgar, and other 'preparatory schools' are advertised gratis. The yearly speech days of the public schools are reported in the *Times* and other dailies. All the successes lately won by the old boys as well as by those just leaving are duly dwelt on. But no successes of private tutors are, unless they live at Oxford or Cambridge. Every year we read in the daily papers after the senior, &c., wrangler's name, 'Dr. Routh of St. Peter's was his coach,' or 'private tutor.' One piece of justice, however, has lately been done us. Our successful candidates for college scholarships have lately been recorded. For a long time the names of the public schools they came from were recorded, while successful candidates who went up from a private school or tutor had only 'Private tuition' after their names. Thus the schools get advertised enough. They have also their prestige behind them. Their cricket matches, football matches, rifle matches, racquet matches, lawn tennis matches, and all their other matches advertise them. If a private tutor's football team or eleven were to beat Harrow, Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and all the other public schools properly or improperly called so one after another, I doubt whether the fact would get mentioned in one of the daily papers, except possibly as a proof of

that particular private tutor's villany. But the feat cannot be performed. No public-school team is allowed to play a 'crammer's.' It is well known that they are forbidden alike to send and accept challenges.

It is all right and proper for the successes of public school boys, whether intellectual or athletic, to be recorded in the columns of the newspapers. But if private tutors advertise theirs they are denounced as 'advertising crammers,' very likely by the papers who accept their advertisements. Where is the sin and what is the sin of advertising? If any soap is better than all other soaps, why should not the maker challenge investigation and competition? A critic may say that a spurious humbug and sham may be imposed on a credulous public by persistent advertising. That cannot be said of private tutors. No adulteration is possible in their case. A gentleman of mark and title, who afterwards sent his son to us, a great scholar and a great specialist, relying on the truth of some statements he had heard as to our methods of attracting pupils, denounced us, in an address which was published afterwards in pamphlet form, as 'crimps.' Public schools advertise scholarships to be won in open competition. Colleges advertise, or announce, or give notice of scholarships to be won in open competition. There is no 'crimping' about that. A public school may steal a horse; a private tutor may not look over the hedge! Private tutors, however, cannot wonder that the general public is ready to believe any evil of them, however monstrous, incredible, or contradictory. Of the head masters it may be truthfully said—

They live and lie reclined

On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled

Round their golden houses . . .

Where they smile in secret.

They are careless of womankind as well as of mankind. They care nothing for parents or guardians; they are afraid of neither Tory nor Liberal governments; they defy even the press. Jupiter Tonans does not scare them; a boy may be 'tunded' till he is half dead; a boy may be bullied and fagged till he runs away, and gets birched for doing so, till he commits suicide rather than face more. The *Times* may denounce that particular school. Does the school care? Not a bit. Does it suffer? Not a bit. Do the parents or the boys denounce the school? Certainly not; the parents are afraid to say or do anything. I hope to tell the public some comical stories on that matter. As for noticing any bolts which private tutors may hurl at them, they would not condescend. If any head master did such a thing, he would be boycotted by all the rest. But they don't get the chance. Private tutors are too busy hurling bolts and

Billingsgate at each other to find time to attack 'the schools.' Examine their advertisements in the *Times*, and see how each one cracks himself up, and sneers at all 'other tutors.' Competition between them is evidently fierce. Everyone seems ready to cut every other one's throat; every one is working his hardest against all his rivals. I wonder if any private tutor ever speaks well of another. It reminds us of Dr. Johnson's opinion of the Irish: 'The Irish are a very fair people; you never hear one Irishman speak well of another.'

One of the most noteworthy proofs of the absolute contempt head masters feel for everybody else is seen in the answer their committee sent to Mr. Childers (or Lord Morley) to his circular letter telling them they ought to teach their army candidates to speak French. They asserted—

1. That the power to speak French is an accomplishment.

2. That it is no evidence of intellectual power.

3. That there are able men who can't learn to do it.

4. That it can be somewhat easily crammed.

5. That crammers should be baffled, though there is a difficulty in doing it.

How it is that able men can't learn an accomplishment which is easily crammed, and which requires no intellectual power; and why it is that crammers—that is, those who can and do teach boys to speak French—ought to be 'baffled' when doing good work which the head masters don't do and won't do, and possibly cannot do, they did not tell the Secretary of State for War.

They did not care much what they answered, provided they made clear the contempt they felt for the insolence of the man who presumed to tell them they ought to do something they did not do.

When the head master of a public school has done his work there, he is rewarded by a bishopric, deanery, or what not. If any private tutor were to do better work than Arnold, Vaughan, and Butler put together, and for twice as many years as the one which worked the longest, would he get any preferment? Many years ago it was a common joke about an old and useless head master who had never been much use, 'He won't go under a bishopric.'

When a private tutor, however good and successful, can no longer work, and achieve successes, and advertise his successes, he may 'retire.' If he is notorious enough to attract any criticism, it will probably be, 'He has feathered his nest pretty well.' And those who say it the oftenest and loudest will very likely be the very men who have done their best to prevent it.

The public schools, on the contrary, form a very powerful trades' union—the most powerful one existing. They all stick together. They have a committee, the existence of which the Government recognises by consulting it. Sometimes the committee takes the



initiative. It is the only trades' union I know in which the employed settle the wages, the hours of work, and the number of holidays, while the employers take what they can get and say nothing. The schools agree to supply so much board and lodging and teaching in return for such and such payments. If the board is inferior in either quality or quantity, or both, parents and guardians say nothing. They send the boys money instead, for them to buy food with for breakfast and tea. This would not be stood from a private tutor one week. If the lodging is inferior it is acquiesced in. So with the teaching. On the 18th of July, 1861, the Public Schools Commission was appointed 'to inquire into the condition of the 'sacred nine' named above.' Their report was published in 1864. It was most interesting reading then. It is most interesting reading now. It will be so thirty, and, as I think, three hundred years hence. It is impossible in our limits to give even a summary of its contents. It is no exaggeration to say that it is impossible to overstate the charges against the schools. Our readers can see for themselves in any papers and magazines they have access to. In the first volume of the *Cornhill Magazine* a tremendous indictment was drawn up against Eton by 'Paterfamilias,' and feebly answered by an Eton master. There is an interesting paper and letter in the tenth volume. There is an excellent summary in *Chambers's Journal* for the 15th of October, 1864, which ends with the following note by the Editor *re* Eton: 'The whole scene was *vile*—no gentler word can apply. Verily the English aristocracy have not looked first to themselves and their own class in patronising cleanliness or healthiness in the matter of school arrangements.' It was proved that they taught little, very little, Latin, less Greek, and despised modern languages, natural sciences, and mathematics. It was proved that there were far too few masters for the number of boys, and that the profits realised were alike monstrous and shameless. Who cured this national disgrace? The private tutors. Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, in his evidence before the commission, expressed a doubt whether boys could be expected to learn Euclid. In those days reports of the examiners of the candidates for admission to Woolwich were sent to the Council of Military Education, and the council reported to H.R.H. the General Commanding in Chief. In the early ones complaints of the candidates' ignorance were constant. The complaint that they were pushed on to higher subjects before they had mastered the lower were almost stereotyped. The improvement was gradual, marked, and remarkable. Two things were proved—(1) that the heads of boys of eighteen and nineteen were quite capable of containing a far larger amount of accurate classical knowledge than had ever been dreamed of at a public school, where they learned nothing else, and (2) an amount of accurate knowledge of mathematics, French, and elementary

natural science *in addition*, which they had never thought of, much less aspired to. Anyone who can take the trouble to skim the first twenty reports of her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners (the first was published in 1859) can find the whole story—the ignorance of the boys, the behaviour of the public school masters, the national indignation and uprising, the establishment of competitive examinations, the resolve that those who take the taxpayers' pay shall be sufficiently well educated to give some reason for believing them fit to earn it, the rage against jobbery, nepotism, and corruption ('Take care of Dowb' is still a household word), the rise of private schools and tutors to do the work the public schools could not and would not, how they were cheered on their road by the *Times* and the public generally, how those who did the best work got the most praise, and solid pudding too, through the papers advertising their prowess. Had the public schools earned the money they took private tutors could not have come in. Plenty was done in these private establishments for which there was little or no defence, and which I am not concerned to apologise for. But it very soon became plain that honesty was the best policy, that rowdyism was inconsistent with success, that discipline such as was never dreamt of at any school or college must be observed, that no black sheep could be tolerated. Anyone who will examine the records of those times will see that boys were taken away from the public schools as a matter of course when the time came for them to set to work in earnest. After the successful candidates' names can be read—

Eton . . . and Mr. A.	Rugby . . . and Mr. E.
Harrow . . . and Mr. B.	Charterhouse . . . and Mr. F.
Cheltenham . . . and Mr. C.	Winchester . . . and Mr. G.,
Marlborough . . . and Mr. D.	and so on.

Also the names of a few semi-public schools (if I may be allowed that expression). After a great many was the name of the private tutor only.

The private tutors forced the public schools to do some work. They are altogether different places from what they were. The clever boys who can pass from anywhere are safe enough at the schools. But when it comes to a square fight between two equally good candidates, one at a public school and the other at a private tutor's, the schools are not in it, and they know it. And they don't like to work hard and then get beaten. Therefore they are always doing two things—firstly, using their great influence to get regulations made to suit them, and, secondly, trying to get the standard of the examinations degraded to the level of public school teaching. They are all for keeping the limits of age so low as to check as much as possible the removal of boys from them to private tutors. They have managed very cleverly to get up an outcry against their rivals. They are very strong in the Press. Cramming and teaching are

contrasted. They wisely noted the times when the reaction came, when cries of cramming, over-pressure, godless colleges, long-continued strain, albuminurics, and all the rest of it were raised instead of 'Down with patronage, nepotism, and corruption!' The Duke of Wellington and Lords Clive and Nelson are quoted as going a long way towards proving that ignorance is on the whole better than knowledge, at any rate for officers, and that competitive examinations were somehow turning athletic English boys into dull, short-sighted, narrow-chested drudges who had exhausted all their physical and mental energy in winning their appointments. The fact that conclusive evidence to the contrary can be produced was ignored. They got the theory started that education was to be found in the schools, and there only—that what was not found there was cramming, that all public school boys were athletic and all crammers' pupils weaklings.

There is conclusive evidence to the contrary in this matter too. The proof of all stated here, however improbable it may read, can be produced. Take the India Civil Service first. The private tutors went on flourishing more and more up to 1874. Oxford and the public schools brought forward specific charges against the regulations in force, the system and the private tutors. It was high time to do something. Sixth-form boys were refusing to go to Cambridge and Oxford and asking to be sent to one of the so-called crammers. College scholars were leaving their colleges to join the so-called crammers' classes. They knew where the best education was to be found. They were not going to throw away their hope of success for such a splendid prize as the India Civil Service for fear of injuring the *amour-propre* of their school or college. So Oxford and the schools went weeping to Lord Salisbury. I am giving the contents of a big blue book and several reports of the Civil Service Commissioners in a few sentences. Lord Salisbury asked them what they wanted. They told him; they spared neither regulations, nor system, nor private establishments.

Their complaints and charges were formally embodied in a letter addressed to the Civil Service Commissioners. They were all absurd or erroneous, and were conclusively refuted by Mr. Theodore Walrond, the secretary to, afterwards one of, her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners. I take one because it belongs to our subject. The 'crammers' were said to have invented a 'method of special preparation, neither intended nor calculated to impart sound and well-digested knowledge, but directed solely to obtaining the largest possible number of marks from the examiners.' Here follows Mr. Walrond's answer:—

The allegation has been publicly repudiated in the strongest manner by the gentleman<sup>1</sup> to whom your remark appears especially to point, and is not borne

<sup>1</sup> The writer of this article.

out by the records of the examinations, which show that if there is any difference between the pupils of the establishment referred to and the candidates who come straight from the universities, it is that the former, while they bring up fewer subjects, obtain higher marks than the university candidates in the very subjects which are most studied at the universities, viz. classics and mathematics. And if anyone should be disposed to account for this by saying that these higher marks are not really a proof of superior knowledge, but only of superior skill in deluding the examiners, the Civil Service Commissioners must be content to point to the list hereto annexed of the eminent university scholars and mathematicians who have acted as examiners during the last five years, and to avow their own concurrence in the conviction, emphatically expressed by Lord Macaulay and his colleagues, that with examiners of this high standing 'it is utterly impossible that the delusive show of knowledge which is the effect of the process commonly called cramming can ever be successful against real learning and ability.'

Nor did they humbug Lord Salisbury. He saw through the whole thing, and, after a most elaborate investigation, pronounced this judgment:—

The special tutors (the *crammés*) have succeeded in distancing all competitors simply by the excellence of their work. They concentrate high ability upon the attainment of a single result; and this is the secret of excellence in other crafts besides that of tuition.

But it was all a foregone conclusion. If the special tutors could not be punished because guilty, they should be attacked because innocent. The public schools got their petition granted.<sup>2</sup> They asked that the examination should be made to harmonise with the general course of education as pursued in the best schools (meaning their own), and especially that (1) certain subjects should be excluded; (2) that the number of subjects a candidate may take up should be limited, and (3) that *special prominence* should be given to such subjects as are prescribed by the schemes of *public* and *endowed schools*.

The meaning of this is plain. The subjects the head masters know they can't teach were to be excluded. The subjects they think they can were to have *special prominence* given to them. The public schools were not to be asked to raise the quality of the education given there to the standard of successful candidates for the India Civil Service. The standard was to be degraded to the level of the so-called education of the schools. Then the head masters turned prophets. They predicted that if they got the changes they asked for they would be able to turn out a larger number of successful candidates—i.e. the interests of the schools were to be cared for first and those of the service afterwards. Public schools were to have protection, to be favoured, at the expense of private institutions, against the advice of the Civil Service Commissioners. The head masters were happy. They had got all the higher branches knocked out, and 'elements' and 'lower portions' and outlines (i.e. *smatterings*) substituted: e.g. only translation and composition were allowed

<sup>2</sup> Vide *Twenty-first Report of Civil Service Commissioners*, p. 616.

in Latin and Greek; the papers on history and literature formerly set to test the candidates' knowledge of their books were done away with.

The head masters' triumph was complete. One head master wrote to the *Times* that the old function of the special tutor was past. A second wrote to corroborate this gentleman's testimony; he said it was natural they should wish to justify their prediction (quoted above). Another wrote that the regulations would work to the 'extinction' of the crammers. Another wrote that the public school masters' regulations secured the best educated candidates. •

The private tutors were not in the least frightened by the blowing of all these rams' horns. The duel went on from 1878 to date; the private tutors had to meet the public schools on ground of their own choosing, and with weapons of their own choosing. The public schools have been beaten all along the line. When the regulations were first published a facetious gentleman expressed his agreement with the opinion of the head masters that the new regulations would extinguish private tutors and that in future 'none but sixth-form public school boys need apply.'

The public schools have acknowledged their defeat and resigned. New regulations are coming in force; no public school boys are to be allowed to compete; the schools don't want to be shown up any more. The new limits of age are twenty-one to twenty-three. There is one special joke in all this. One charge against the crammers was that they undertook no 'moral responsibility' and enforced no 'rules of discipline.' This silly nonsense, embodied in the letter of charges to the Civil Service Commissioners, seems to have wakened a slumbering echo in Lord Salisbury's memory. Being a grave statesman engaged in a serious task, he thought it was a serious one. So he decreed that the successful competitors should be sent to some college at Oxford or Cambridge at which moral responsibility *was* undertaken and rules of discipline *were* enforced. But it was a comic one. It was Mr. Pecksniff\* who advertised that he was 'not unmindful of his moral responsibilities.' No college at Oxford or Cambridge ever did.

Let us now consider the army examinations. A careful examination of the regulations in force, of the schedule of subjects, and of the examination papers set at the last examinations, will satisfy anybody that the service is to be sacrificed to the schools. Elementary Latin, elementary French, elementary mathematics are compulsory. We shall have the most ignorant officers of any army in the world. A much worse fate awaits our army than it met in the Crimea if we come into collision with a first-class Power.

I am not overstating the case; the army is to be sacrificed to

\* Vide *Martin Chuzzlewit*, p. 115.

get rid of 'private institutions' and get back a gainful monopoly to the public schools. If the public schools can get rid of their rivals, the old El Dorado of the public schools, which flourished before 1860, may come back. The ignorance and idleness and bullying, fagging and tunding, class distinctions and snobbishness, tuft-hunting and licking, loafing and public-house frequenting denounced in the *Report of the Public Schools Commission* will get another chance. For many a long year private institutions have been a wholesome corrective for the public schools. The new army regulations are intended to secure to the public schools a monopoly of the appointments to Woolwich and Sandhurst. Baby mathematics, baby Latin, and baby French are compulsory; every candidate will take up English composition and drawing. Two more subjects may be taken up from the following list: higher mathematics, Greek, English history, elementary organic chemistry, elementary physics, geography, and geology.

Compulsory Latin is the most monstrous. An examination of the last paper, set December 1890, will show that 'baby' is the proper epithet for the compulsory Latin and French. The examiners actually placed over the top of the pieces set for translation an inscription saying what it was about. What stupendous ignorance they must have anticipated. Fancy a public school boy of seventeen, after, say, *nine* years' teaching and learning of Latin, not being able to translate sixteen lines of Latin without having 'The Dreams of Animals' printed at top to guide him. This is cutting examiners' hands off. The one best means of finding out the less ignorant from the more ignorant is not allowed. Over fourteen lines of Greek set is the heading, 'Demosthenes reminds the Athenians how he had been cried down in the Assembly when he attempted to warn them against the delusive promises of Æschines and his party.' There is only one more insult possible, and that is to provide every candidate with a crib.

This is called 'open competition;' there is not much competition when the best candidates are deprived of the best chance of showing their superiority. I should like to see the opinions of her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners on these new regulations for army examinations printed in the *Times*. 'I never knew or even saw a Civil Service commissioner, but I know a good deal of the good services they have done to the cause of education in England, and how much more they would have done had they not been foiled and thwarted; and I am confident that if they were called on to draw up a code of regulations and a schedule of subjects for candidates for Woolwich and Sandhurst they would be very far different from, and very far superior to, those now in force. Would that it were possible to get Von Moltke's opinion. He knew how to be 'silent in seven languages.' Is not every one of the readers of this Review confident

that he would have preferred that an officer should speak and understand and know French thoroughly, than that he should have a baby smattering of Latin, Greek, and English? Would not Napoleon have very much preferred that an officer should speak German or Italian well than that he should have a baby smattering of Latin, Greek, and English? The papers are beneath contempt. I believe her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners, the examiners, and all the best candidates were equally ashamed of them. If, as the public schools have preached for many years, the 'classics' are the best educational subjects, and mathematics nearly or quite as good, let us have both compulsory. Drawing certainly ought to be compulsory. If, as it seems from the regulations, boys' minds are to be held capable of working at *five* subjects—i.e. two more than the three named—let every candidate be allowed to choose two more—one a modern language and one a science—from a list to be drawn up by the Civil Service Commissioners. Give the best boys *a* chance; don't disgust and insult them in the examination room. Give the best teachers a chance, whether public or private. Give the army a chance. Do away with the offensive doctrine that no boy is fit for anything in this world, and has very little hope for the next, unless he has spent his boyhood in some one of a few places which call themselves 'public schools,' and make no secret of their belief that there, and there only, can wisdom, sense, knowledge, and athletics be found.

WALTER WREN.

## MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN.

It is startling to any one who has lived in Mohammedan countries to know that here, in free, Christian, hitherto happy England, the dark shadow of the false prophet is finding a footing. Those who know the private, real, every-day life of the Mohammedan woman know also that her faults grow out of the system to which she belongs, which certainly does not hold up any high and noble aim for her to reach after.

It is a fundamental point of the Mohammedan religion that women should be secluded from and always veiled before strangers, and upon this axis their education turns. It is implanted into them with their mothers' milk.

I have seen many a bright little girl of two years old, riding astride on her mother's shoulder, her little fat rounded limbs in all their brown beauty, clothed only in a pair of anklets, a little sleeveless jacket reaching to the hips, and half a yard of muslin covering her head. One of the first things she is taught is to put up the little dimpled fingers and draw this bit of muslin across her face at the sight of a man, for whatever else a Mohammedan girl does not learn, she certainly does learn very perfectly the lesson that she must cover her face from the gaze of any strange man.

The Koran says, 'The women shall be unveiled only before their husbands, fathers, fathers-in-law, children, children of their husbands, brothers, and nephews.'

I will relate an instance of this which took place in Damascus, in a family with which I was well acquainted.

Latecfa Khanoom was the daughter of Z. Pasha. Her father was dead, and had died very soon after her birth, since which time she and her mother had lived in the house of Tewfik Bey. This latter had married Latecfa Khanoom's elder sister, and on the death of his father-in-law had taken the widow and the little Latecfa under his protection, treating them in every way as his own mother and sister. In fact, the little Latecfa was to him, as to her mother and sister, the petted and spoiled darling.

Djevdad Bey, a handsome young Turkish officer stationed at Damascus, wanting a wife, set to work to find out where he could



meet with a Turkish girl of good birth, and through the usual means (the women who visit the different harems and report on the charms of the girls who are found there) he made his choice of Lateefa Khanoom. His proposals were accepted by the three persons who alone formed her family, being her mother, sister, and brother-in-law. She was barely twelve! As a matter of form her consent was asked, and having seen from the latticed window the suitor chosen for her, she made no objection but silently assented to become his wife. The ring and other presents sent by the bridegroom as sealing the contract arrived in due course, and with them the command to his bride-elect to veil herself, and keep her person sacred from the eyes of every man, even her brother-in-law, and never to remain for a single moment in the same room where he was. As a matter of course whenever the poor child was sitting with her mother and sister, and the step of Tewfik Bey was heard entering the house, she would scamper away (I have seen her do it often) and envelop her tiny figure in the voluminous folds of a large veil.

In another house, as I was sitting in the reception room with the two ladies of the family, both of whom were exceedingly refined and courteous in their manners, all at once, to my great astonishment, one of them sprang up, and, throwing herself flat on the floor, pushed herself under the divan where I was sitting, while the other squeezed herself under a large oaken chest which stood in a dark corner and was raised a few inches from the floor.

A slight sound as of some one scraping his throat made me turn my eyes to the door. A very gentlemanly young man entered, salaamed, and, standing a little within the door, made some very courteous and polite speeches, carefully keeping his eyes away from the chest and from the floor near the divan; after which he again salaamed gracefully and left the room.

The two ladies then came out of their hiding-places, and, seeing my looks of surprise and bewilderment, laughingly told me that this young man was a younger brother of both their husbands (they were sisters-in-law), and that this business of hiding was so common to them, on account of the fact that no brother-in-law might look on their faces, that they thought nothing of it.

As there are instances of several brothers being in one family, and all living under one roof, the young wives must sometimes have very hard work to keep hidden.

However, no Moslem will go into any place where women are likely to be without giving some audible sign of his approach, nor enter a house without asking permission. Here again they have the Koran for an authority: 'Believers, enter not into the houses of other people unless ye are first permitted; and if ye are told to return, return, for it shall be better for you.'

When I lived in Cairo it was a matter of great amusement to me

to hear our *sakka* (water-carrier), as he mounted our very long staircase (somewhere about a hundred steps), call out at almost every step, 'Dastoor!' 'Ya satir!' until he reached the top. I asked him once if calling out when he first began to ascend the stairs would not be sufficient. He said, 'No, for if by his negligence any woman should omit to veil herself or get out of his way, he might incur the guilt of seeing her without her veil, and it would be a heinous sin.'

Both men and women seem to have it ingrained in their nature that the more a woman hides herself so much the more is she worthy of the respect of man, and the more a man loves his wife the more secluded will he keep her.

For this various reasons are given. One man said to me, 'If you have a very valuable diamond or other gem of great price, you do not hang it up in the public streets where every passer-by can enjoy it and perhaps rob you of it. You hide it carefully away where even the sun may not look upon it, lest, perchance, its lustre may be dimmed; and that is the reason why we keep our "hareem" [they never use the word *wife*] carefully secluded.'

A more likely reason is the following, also given me by a Moslem: 'We are particular in insisting upon the women keeping themselves hidden or veiled, because in doing so they show a becoming respect for, and sensible appreciation of, man's position as being far above their own, and in neglecting to do it not only insult men, but themselves lose all claims to their own self-respect and the respect of men.'

Women are taught to believe that the highest term which can be applied to a husband's love is, 'He will not permit the sun to look upon her;' and to be proud when the seclusion in which they are placed is more rigid and rigorous than usual.

Woman is considered among the Moslems as solely a 'thing' to be married and become the mother of children! 'Her husband or her grave' is a common saying, meaning that a woman has no right to live except as a wife—that she can have no interests, no will, no thought, but to give satisfaction to the man who has conferred on her the honour of making her his wife. Thus for a woman to remain unmarried is a thing totally unheard of, she having no right or option in the matter.

Almost as soon as she can toddle about, her parents begin to lay by something towards her 'jehaz,' or outfit, as the word means, for her marriage, as if that was the one object of her existence, and she grows up even in childhood with that one fact held up before her. She has no happy childhood, no pretty dolls, no merry games, no brightly-coloured pictures. If her tender age should, in spite of all restriction, assert itself in some poor attempt at a frolic with a little brother or sister, or she is surprised into a faint semblance of light-hearted laughter or some burst of childish prattle, it is speedily

quelled by a knock on the head and a push into a corner with the words, 'For shame! a girl should never speak unless spoken to; she should be seen and not heard; her mouth is given her to eat with, but not to talk.'

They are very rarely unmarried at sixteen, and I have seen many sad-looking little wives under ten!

A father has entire authority over his daughter, even to the taking away of her life if so it seems to him good, and no one may call his conduct in question! I do not say this from hearsay or from a wish to be sensational, but have myself actually known fearful instances of it.

If her father be dead, her brother is in the same position towards her, and when she is married her husband is her supreme lord and master. After the death of the latter, his son and hers becomes the arbitrator of her fate, thus verifying the saying common among them that a woman is three times a slave.

There are cases where a man may give his daughter in marriage to some one far beneath her in rank and position. This is often done by sultans, pashas, and very wealthy men, for in such instances the positions are reversed, and the wife can, and generally does, play the tyrant at will. Such a marriage is for motives of propriety and convenience, and the husband is made willing to play a very humble part in his wife's apartments. He cannot touch any of her property or sell any of her slaves, or even enter her own private suite of rooms if she is not in the humour to allow of it. But we are now speaking of the generality of Mohammedan women, whose lives are entirely the reverse of this, and what I want to show is that their lives, which I am sure no English woman need envy, are the natural outcome and fruit of that religion—that Koran—which is already bringing its baneful influences into England.

Four wives are allowed to every man, and as many concubines as he can buy and maintain. Their Koran tells them: 'Marry a second, and a third, and a fourth wife, but if ye find that ye cannot be just to more than one, transgress not the bounds of your ability. Of what you can buy, marry as many as you please.'

It is said by some that, as a matter of fact, the Moslem does not often marry more than one wife, and that there is much of domestic love, felicity, and peace frequently found in Mohammedan families. I repeat again, *it is said*, but I do not vouch for it, and, indeed, the Mohammedans themselves do not believe it. It is true that I have heard some of them say, 'It is much better to keep to one wife than to have the constant "bother" of the never-ceasing quarrels in the harem when there are more than one,' and yet I have known those very men change their minds and bring in a younger and fresher face, notwithstanding the 'bother' and the extra expense it puts them to, excusing themselves on the ground that they only follow

their apostle's example, and do what he gives them full permission for, in putting no limits to their desires.

The bringing in of a new wife is naturally the precursor to trouble and discord, and the divorce of the first one generally follows, unless the husband can afford more establishments than one. The reason of this is self-evident. The first wife, hitherto, and perhaps for many years, docile, obedient, and uncomplaining, sometimes even affectionate and devoted (I have known such cases), finding herself thrown off, uncared for, and compelled to become the servant and drudge of the new-comer, becomes restive, uncontrollable, and sometimes even fiendish in her disposition, and the husband having to choose between the tried partner of many years, and the fresh novelty, shows what he is made of by divorcing the first!

Thus it is a cruel irony to talk of conjugal love, of marriage felicity, among Moslems, whose very religion casts the poisoned shade of the upas tree on the holiest of all ties.

I have never forgiven myself for persuading a young Moslem maid of mine in Cairo to go back to her husband and continue to be an obedient, loving wife, notwithstanding previous cruelty and desertion on his part. She was a mere child in years—sixteen or seventeen—hardly more.

Poor Mabrooka! Those who talk and write so glibly of the 'laudable Moslem religion' ought to have seen this poor creature, as I told her that my religion taught me that it would be a sin on my part to keep her from her husband, and that she must try to forgive and forget, and go back and live with him.

She had been his wife for a couple or more of years, when he went away and left her with a young child in her arms—both wholly unprovided for! The infant died of starvation, and she was brought to me by the Sheikh El Mukhadameen (the chief of those who procure servants). She was very frightened when she came to me, for she had never spoken to Europeans, or indeed to Christians at all, and cried much the first few days; but it was a case of staying or going back to utter starvation. Good food had its due effect, and the fact that a young child very near the age of her own was to be her chief care soon reconciled her to living with me, child-mother though she was.

She was with me for eleven months. A more simple-hearted, docile, sweet-tempered creature I never had in my house. She was so attached to me and to my children that, as she was an orphan and had no relations, I hoped that I might be able to keep her always; but my wishes were frustrated.

One day a Fellah was announced from Upper Egypt. It was her husband! He said he wanted his wife. Of course he had heard that she had been cared for and was looking well, and also that she had a nice little wardrobe, and a sum of money which in Cairo at that

time was considered very substantial, and his fingers itched to have the despoiling of so many good things.

Mabrooka wept bitterly; and throwing herself at my feet begged me to keep her, saying she would be my slave all through life if I would only prevent her going back. We did all we could to persuade her husband to divorce her, promising him all her little possessions and a sum of money besides.

'She is my wife! I want my wife!' he kept on repeating doggedly, and I was obliged to make her go with him. With choking sobs and eyes filled with tears, she said: 'I will go, *ya sittî* (my lady), because you tell me that God and your religion say I must; but, oh! you do not know to what you send me!'

A few months after she came back, but so changed that it was difficult for me to recognise her. Cruelty and starvation had had their effect, and now he had again deserted her on the eve of again becoming a mother!

It may be said by Philo-Mohammedans, and I know it is said by Mohammedans themselves, that such things happen in Christian England. Yes! With grief and shame I grant it, but am thankful to add that the religion of Christian England does *not* abet or permit it, and this, thank God, makes a very wide difference.

One argument often brought forward by Philo-Mohammedans is that the marriage relation remains undissolved much oftener than otherwise. Such may be the case, for among the higher classes divorce is considered somewhat disreputable; not from any higher sense of its sinfulness, or any greater degree of affection on the husband's part, but because men of any position or standing are unwilling that their own particular daughter should have such a slight put upon them—that anything belonging to *them* should be obliged to submit to such a degradation at the bare caprice of another. Thus it happens that we never hear of the daughters of sultans, pashas, or any wealthy or influential people being divorced. I have heard it averred over and over again as a well-substantiated fact that the Sultan has at least one new wife every year besides innumerable concubines. What becomes of the old ones? Surely they must be divorced, for the law of El Islam will not permit of more than four wives, nor can a legally married wife become a concubine. There is therefore the always existing possibility of divorce for no reason at all, save a groundless and capricious whim on the part of the husband.

A Mohammedan girl is brought up with the idea that she has nothing to do with love. It is *ayib* (shame) for her to love her husband. She dares not do it if she would. What he asks and expects of her is to tremble before him and yield him unquestioning obedience. I have seen a husband look pleased and complacent when his wife looked afraid to lift up her eyes even when visitors were present.

Still, with all this, I have known of cases where the wife, being married young, and treated fairly well, really grew to love her husband, and I am sure it would oftener be the case but for the baneful effect of the example of their prophet and the permission of their Koran to bring in a second wife, or a 'white slave,' after a decade of years has passed away.

There are some men among them, but I think they are rare, who boast that they marry a new wife every month. 'It is so easy,' say they, 'to divorce a wife when one is tired of her!' And such is the fact! At any unexpected moment the fatal words, 'You are divorced,' may be uttered, and an utter wrenching of home ties, perhaps of many years' existence, takes place. The wife must veil herself, and never again let her husband see her. She takes with her any property that has been given to her by her husband, parents, or any other person, this being always entirely her own, and not in any way subject to her husband's will, and she leaves her husband's house, and her children.

A woman cannot, of herself, separate from her husband without his consent. If she is clever, however, she will take him by surprise at an unguarded moment, and contrive to do or say something which will make him so angry that before he can exercise sufficient self-control to stop himself, he has uttered the wished-for words.

Aysha, a servant of mine in Cairo, told me she had done it in this way. Her story was this. She was married at the age of nine years and grew up knowing no one and caring for no one but her husband. To see that his clothes were of a snowy whiteness, and his stews and pilaufs carefully cooked with the full modicum of rich spices and savoury herbs, the rice of a golden colour imparted by the saffron, and the meat of an appetising tenderness, and all ready prepared at the moment of his arrival from the sook, was the sole object of her existence, and she was contented and happy, for he always spoke as if he loved her, and said 'he would never marry again, but that she should be the companion of his whole life.' She was in time the mother of three children, who all died in infancy, but her life was bound up in her husband, and as long as she had him she did not care.

One day he came in bringing with him a little girl and said that he had married again!

'Ya Madamtee!' (Oh my misfortune!) screeched Aysha, who was herself barely twenty. 'What have I done that you should hate me all at once, and bring this strange woman between us? May your shadow never grow less; may your father find mercy; may you have length of days given you: send her back to her friends, and be not so cruel to me. Or else—why should I be in your way? divorce me since you no longer care for me.'

'No,' said her husband, 'I do not hate you, and will not divorce

you. According to our prophet's words (on him be peace) we, the believers, may have more wives than one, and what you ask is impossible.'

The days went on, and Aysha found herself become the drudge and servant, and no appeals for divorce were listened to; so one day, just as it was about the usual time for him to come home, she got together all her things and put them behind the door, with her *milayah* (large veil for covering the figure) and *boorka* (nose veil). She then set upon the new wife, beating her, and scratching her, and tearing out her hair at such a rate, that when her husband came in his rage knew no bounds and he screamed out, 'Talika bitalata!' (divorced the third time!) She had not been divorced before, but the phrase means divorced without hope of return.

In this way she got free, and catching up her bundle and veil with cat-like agility, she was out of the house before he could touch her.

This is one case out of thousands which are daily occurring, and proves what I said before, that it is the religion of the false prophet, the tenet of the Koran, to which are attributable all the faults of Mohammedan women. And can it be possible that the enlightened daughters of Christian England knowingly and willingly ally themselves to such a system by marriage with Mohammedans?

No amount of education or civilisation or public opinion can give the wife of a Mohammedan any security in the marriage tie.

Much has been said lately about the rights of woman. The gospel of Jesus Christ—the Old and New Covenant which form the basis of the religion of hitherto happy England—has given woman the right to be *queen* and sovereign of the home where she reigns as *wife*. As yet, and long may it remain so, her chief right and glory is to be the safe deposit of her husband's confidence, the guiding star of his existence, one 'in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust, who openeth her mouth with wisdom, whose children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.'

If things turn out otherwise—and it is sad that the weakness and sinfulness of human nature should often cause it to be so—yet it is not the Christian religion that is to blame.

I feel compelled to give one more example of what the Mohammedan can do, and what his religion sanctions.

It was a sad case which happened while I was at Damascus, and took place among the better class of Mohammedans.

Zeynab R. was married to a very wealthy man who was very much older than her father; but as he was of very high standing in Moslem society, her father congratulated himself on having secured him as a husband for his child. Zeynab was only about ten years old when she was taken to her husband's house, dressed out like a doll in all the finery and jewels which he had, in accordance with Moslem rules, sent with a lavish hand before the wedding.

Years passed away before she again crossed her husband's threshold.

Once behind the 'burdayeh' or 'starr' (for both these names are given to the thick heavy curtain which shuts out the women's apartments from the rest of the world) a young girl-wife is literally buried alive, and her horizon is limited by her husband, his wives, and his slaves.

Until she becomes a mother herself she may not even think of seeing her own mother, and if, as in the case of Zeynab, by means of wealth or position her husband stands a little higher than her friends, years may pass away before she crosses her mother's threshold again.

A harem is a world in itself. The husband is the autocrat, and the larger the amount of his wealth, so much larger his harem. What passes there is never known or commented on in the outer world.

It is contrary to all Mos'lem ideas and Moslem etiquette for any man to make inquiries about any female that lives in the house of another.

It is but natural to suppose that among the many human beings, wives, concubines, and slaves, who compose a harem—with the head eunuch, who ostentatiously keeps them in order, but is really a little king among them—there are strong wills and fierce passions, commanding intellects and unwearied energies, which, could they be rightly guided, might be of benefit to the world; but, being wholly without vent save among themselves, turn their little world into a perfect pandemonium.

I will not harrow the feelings of the reader by relating the cruelties perpetrated in the utter oblivion of the harem between themselves, as described to me by one of their own number, for they know that no law can reach them.

'Oh! it is only women among themselves—who can expect women to be reasonable? It is best to turn a deaf ear to what goes on in the women's apartments,' say the men with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulder.

The husband and autocrat, caring but for his own self-indulgence, one day lavishes caresses and loads with presents some, for the time, favoured one, and the next gives her up to all that the fury and jealousy of those who are less favoured can invent.

Zeynab became, in the course of time, the mother of two sons, but unkindness and cruelty had pulled down her constitution. Her mind seemed to give way at the hopelessness of her life. Worn to a shadow and mad with despair, she at last succeeded one day in eluding discovery by putting on the dress of a slave, and, slipping past the great burdayeh and the guardian *bowab* (the gate-keeper), fled to her father's house.

Her father had not seen her since she had left his house on her



wedding day! True, rumours were whispered about, and had been brought to him by elderly women who frequent the harems as pedlars and hawkers, but he had shrugged his shoulders and merely said 'it would not be seemly to quarrel with a man of such standing as his son-in-law for the sake of a woman.' Now that he saw the change in her he was startled and shocked as she threw herself at his feet and begged him to put an end to her life if he would, but not to send her back.

The father's heart was awakened, and she was tenderly cared for, but a long and severe illness followed, in which all hope of life was given up by the doctors.

Her father took into consultation men learned in Moslem law, and sent deputation after deputation to his son-in-law entreating him to divorce her, and saying how utterly incapable she was of returning to be his wife. The unhappy father offered not only to remit her dowry and give up all claims to any property which she had left in the harem, but to pay any sum of money demanded within reason.

Again and again the same answer came back, 'I will not divorce her; she is my wife and must come back.' Cadis and moollahs were sent to expostulate with him, but he laughed at all they said. 'He wanted her back, sick or well, and he would have her; not because he loved her, but to show her the consequences of trying to escape him. He was a Moslem, and would brook no interference between himself and the inmates of his harem. *Mashalla!* They would laugh at his beard if they could get off so easily.'

His fiendish looks as he said this frightened even those hardened men, and they advised her father to keep her carefully hidden, lest she should fall a victim to her husband's cruelty.

Shall I—dare I—put on paper what his next message was? I did not see it done myself. I was told—yes, I was told on good authority and in bated whispers—what it was. He took her two sons, who were also his sons—those little darling boys—he took them, wrung their necks, and sent their dead bodies still palpitating to show her what he had in store for her!

The young mother, not yet twenty, never raised her head after the one wild shriek she gave, and in a few days she too died, the victim of despair.

This is no exaggerated tale, no piece of sensational fiction. If I dared give names and dates, I am not sure but what now at the present moment there are some in England who could corroborate my statement. But what need have I of witnesses? Every Moslem knows that his religion gives him supreme control in his harem, and that neither law nor public opinion can touch him there. I have known English women married to Moslems who, having in their own persons experienced the reality of such a life, have made it the one

object of their lives to get their daughters out of the clutches of that religion, so baneful to women, before they reached the age considered marriageable among Moslems. I could call witnesses to the bitter tears and restless, sleepless anxiety with which an English mother watched the innocent gambols of her infant daughter, although her own husband was a man of education, of great wealth, and of a most influential position. He had been often in England and France, and spoke the languages of both those countries with ease. He was as good a husband as his religion would allow him to be, and after years of continued tears and entreaty on the part of his wife he actually was bold enough to wink at the mother's fleeing with the child to a place of refuge. For this amount of kindness he was called to account by the ulemas and learned men of his religion, on the plea that it was a heinous sin against the Koran to keep his daughter where she could not be married to a Moslem. He was ordered to command her return, but her mother hid her and changed her own name. This was some years ago, and I do not know what the sequel has been.

Having given an instance of a husband's cruelty as shielded by the Koran and the Mohammedan religion, I will now proceed to show how a naturally amiable and good-hearted man is bid to look upon his wife by the light of that same Koran.

On an Austrian steamer I met an Egyptian Effendi who seemed a man of intelligence and wealth. He had his wife with him, and had secured the ladies' cabin for her. There she remained with her three little children and a black slave, never coming out once for a breath of fresh air during the whole voyage.

The Effendi spoke of her in a very patronising, good-natured sort of way. He told me that he was just returning from Europe, and that, having been obliged to go there on business, he had taken his wife with him, to have an operation performed on her eyes for cataract, she being perfectly blind through that disease.

On my showing some surprise at his incurring so much trouble and expense for a wife, this being an uncommon thing for a Moslem to do, he said, 'It is *sowab* (a meritorious action) that she should be enabled to look upon her children. It is *sowab* with God. To see a blind dog who cannot look upon her puppies is a painful sight. How much more a human being! for *after all a woman is a human being*. But now that she can see them she has nothing more to wish for and is very grateful to me.'

All this and much more of the like nature was said with an air of great benevolence and condescension, and although he looked and spoke as if he knew that he had done a very praiseworthy and humane action, which showed the goodness of his nature, I was bound to give him his due. It was indeed, especially thirty years ago, a wonderful thing for a Moslem husband to do. Perhaps the fact that

the three children were all boys had something to do with it, for most Moslems are very fond and proud of their sons.

It is said the Koran enjoins the kind treatment of the wife, and so it does after a fashion which yet clearly gives full licence to the way the Moslems treat their wives. It says, 'Treat them kindly; and if ye would leave them, may God order it for the best.' 'If ye would change your wives for others, take not aught back from what ye had given them.'

This law demands no reason from the husband for divorcing his wife; nor does it give her any claim or legal power by which she may oppose his wishes in this respect; and it is in the selfishness of human nature that the strong shall triumph over the weak, and consider any and every exercise of power, however subtle or cruel it may be, as only the natural right and due given to man by God.

Man's will, capricious and fickle and totally unreasonable though it be, being made, therefore, the pivot on which these marriages rest, surely we know enough to be sure, in spite of all that Philo-Moslems may say, that the life of a Mohammedan woman is by no means to be envied.

Much has been written about 'woman's rights,' and 'women of to-day,' but the old words uttered thousands of years ago by our Saviour Himself, 'What, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put asunder,' have given woman her real status in this world. That she takes her place as a *helpmeet* to man she owes to the Christian religion, and never in the Moslem's Koran will she find such courage and strength as in the beautiful words, written by an inspired Apostle, 'Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it.'

ANNIE REICHARDT.

*FROM THE ALBERT NYANZA TO  
THE INDIAN OCEAN.*

ON the 1st of April, 1889, I found myself with a following of about eighty Zanzibaris and two hundred and odd natives moving out of camp at Kavalli's village, near the western shore of Lake Albert Nyanza, on the march towards Zanzibar, and home. The main column of the Emin Relief Expedition, under Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha, was to start from Kavalli's ten days later, and pick me up at the principal village of a native chief called Majamboni, three days' march from Lake Albert.

At last, after many weary weeks of waiting and enforced idleness, we had turned our faces to the south, and were in a fair way of realising what we so often had dreamt of—our march from the Albert Nyanza to the sea, with Emin, the object of our search, as one of our number. Arriving at Majamboni's village on the 2nd of April, we made camp, and during the days that intervened between then and the arrival of the main body of the Expedition we busied ourselves in collecting supplies of food, and preparing a large and healthy detached camp for Emin's people of the Equatorial Province.

During our stay at Majamboni's, which was protracted to over a month, owing to Mr. Stanley falling ill on his arrival, we had many opportunities of watching closely and gaining some knowledge of the customs and habits of the Wazamboni natives, who lived in the vicinity of our camp. They were our fast friends during the whole time we were among them, and at times one could see several hundreds of men and women wandering through the camp selling their articles of food to our men. After-experience showed us that in most respects these people could be taken as a fair type of almost any tribe inhabiting the lake regions of Central Africa.

It is very often said that the simple native, in his natural state, is innocent of the vice of intemperance: I am convinced that a week's residence among the Wazamboni would speedily dispel any such illusion. They are drinkers long and deep, both male and female.

Once or twice a week the drums would be started sounding in the early morning, and soon after men, women, and children would

flock together to the meeting-place, generally near the chief's hut, and throughout the day a prolonged pow-wow on the affairs of the nation be held. Towards evening the drums would again start going, and the whole crowd adjourn to a nice clear spot for dancing. Then the consumption of beer (*pombé*) would commence. As the evening wore on drunker and drunker got the throng of dancers, and usually about ten o'clock many had to go away, being simply too drunk to stand up. When midnight was reached the meeting generally broke up, through the supply of beer failing, and, amidst bibulous shouting, the dancers would wend their way off down the valley to their homes, many not arriving at their hut doors until nearly daylight. The women were just as hard drinkers as the men, but, being weaker, were unable to secure the keeping of the beer-pots to themselves, and the men, stepping in, drank their own and a great part of the women's share also.

They are great smokers, too, these people, and are passionately fond of a big pipe full of tobacco, with the accompaniment of 'nothing to do,' so dear to savages.

They *lash* their very small and very precious packets of tobacco to their persons—not simply tie it up in parcels, and then attach these to their belts, but regularly lash them with long bits of string to their arms or shoulders. It seems extraordinary to an outsider that, in such a fertile spot as this is, and one so well suited to tobacco-growing, the natives grow and possess such small supplies of tobacco. One would think that, being so fond of it as they are, they would grow quantities of this useful article. But it is here as almost everywhere else in Africa—the native heeds not the morrow, and in many cases, through sheer idleness or thoughtlessness, suffers from the want of the simplest forms of everyday food, though these can be grown in great quantities at his very door.

The three articles that every African holds nearest and dearest to his heart are meat, salt, and oil or fat. He would sell everything he possessed in order to obtain these; and he is a rich man indeed, in many countries, who can lick his lump of rock-salt as many as five or six times a day. It is far too precious to him to crush it into powder and mix up with his food; he prefers to make it go further, so that he can think fondly over it, and so undoes his bundle, takes out his piece of salt, touches it with the tip of his tongue, and returns it carefully to its resting-place. It is then jealously guarded, and lashed with bits of string to his person.

The Wambozi are like all other Africans as regards meat: they will sell or do anything for the possession of flesh of any sort or form, and no matter how long since killed. The killing of a 'whole' cow and the presentation of this to them was almost enough to cause a civil war, judging by the shouting and wrestling that went on over

the carcass. When Majamboni gave us a beast as a present, he invariably sneaked over to camp to be in at the death, and beg a pound or two of flesh from us, even though he had only just made the beast a gift to us.

On Wednesday, the 8th of May, we got away from Majamboni's settlement, this time to march far ahead on our journey ere we should receive a serious check. We had before us a straightaway march of six months before we should come to rest and see the Indian Ocean. I hardly believe people to be capable of judging what six months' marching really means who have not actually gone through something of a similar nature. Day after day, month after month, think how weary and footsore you would be likely to become! There were nearly 1,700 miles ahead of us to foot step by step. This in itself would not have been, perhaps, a very great undertaking; but it was the undisciplined and unwieldy mass of women and children from Equatoria, that would prevent us from forging ahead with any speed for the first twelve or fourteen weeks, that made the undertaking appear so stupendous.

Our first day's march out from Majamboni's gave us a pretty clear idea as to the marching powers of these people. The worst characters and most inferior marchers were certainly the Egyptian and Coptic clerks; the best and most willing were the black men and women from the Makraka and Dinka countries.

For the first two months, ere we had yet got the people into proper order and training, the advance party would reach camp about midday, as a rule; but the rearguard, struggling along with the weakly stragglers at the tail of the column, very seldom found itself at the end of the day's march till 4.30 or 5.30 P.M. The result of this was a long, thin line of straggling men, women, and children, stretching over a distance of, at times, three miles in length from front to rear. Often have I been marching along and seen far ahead, at a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, the large red Egyptian flag of the advance party; and winding in and out and up and down behind this came the column, looking like some huge many-coloured serpent.

I will describe a day's march as seen from the point of view of one with the rearguard. But first let me explain the composition of this useful little body of men. To all intents and purposes our rearguard performed the same duties as those of a small rearguard to any military force. From the Albert Nyanza to Zanzibar the rearguard was in charge of Captain Nelson and myself, on alternate days. Each took the duty, with his company of from sixty to eighty Zanzibar rifles. In addition to these were attached a dozen spare men, carrying no loads of any sort, whose duties were to help in carrying the sick and wounded, with the aid of rough make-shift hammocks. The work of the rearguard was peculiarly trying to

our men; for, in addition to carrying their boxes of ammunition, weighing fifty-six to sixty pounds, and protecting the flanks and rear of the column from the hostile attacks of natives, their pace was necessarily that of the slowest and weakest marchers; consequently they were exposed for an average of ten hours daily, moving at a slow and tedious rate.

To march straight away from one camp to the next at a fast pace is, perhaps, not difficult; but to slowly drag along, encouraging, entreating, or cursing at men, women, and children, and all the time being exposed to a fierce sun, was a piece of work that put to a very severe test the patience and general worth of those with the rear-guard.

About half-past five each morning the trumpet would sound throughout the camp, and forty minutes later everyone would be ready for the day's march. At a given signal from Mr. Stanley the advance party, chosen from the picked men of the Expedition, would move off; behind this came Mr. S., then No. 1 company of Zanzibaris, armed with Winchesters, and carrying Winchester ammunition, baggage, and tents. Then followed Emin Pasha and Captain Casati, surrounded by their personal attendants. Closely following the Pasha came Ferida, his little daughter, entrusted to the care of two stalwart Zanzibaris, who carried her every inch of the way to the coast in a hammock. Behind the Pasha came two other companies of Zanzibaris, and close on the heels of these came the Cleaks—men, women, and children from the Equatorial Province. Next came out cattle, sheep, and goats; and behind these, and in rear of all, came the rearguard.

The most able writer could scarcely give any idea of the state of confusion that took place on our first few days of marching. Perhaps shortly after leaving camp in the morning a deep ravine would present itself to view, lying directly in our path. Into this, utterly regardless of all orders shouted to them, would disappear the body of men, women, and children, in one huge, struggling mass. Each seemed to think his or her life depended upon a single effort—that of getting across and out of the ravine with all possible speed, with the natural result that confusion reigned supreme, and a jam was caused, delaying us for hours before we could get everything clear.

Shouting, cursing, crying, and fighting by strong men and little children wedged hopelessly together in one solid mass! Down would go the pots, pans, mats, and other articles of the family household, and be speedily trampled out of sight in the rapidly forming mud. Here could be seen an anxious and perspiring mother, protesting loudly at the men who were jostling her, and dividing her attentions between her screaming baby and numerous earthenware pots. Jammed beyond hope, and at the same time busily guarding his pots and other breakables, one could see a huge six-foot Soudanese cursing at some one who had pushed him and endangered his pos-

sessions. 'Who are you pushing?' 'Do you take me for a dwarf, that you fail to see me?' 'Wait till I get off of this, and I will smash your head in,' &c. Sometimes the cattle and goats, too, would get loose, and, wandering aimlessly into the crowd, add to the general confusion and danger.

But the most comical sight on occasions of this sort to anyone on the outside of the crush was that of a certain devout Mahomedan, one Osman Effendi Lateef, an Egyptian, and late Vakeel to Emin's Provinces. It offended this gentleman's dignity terribly to be jammed up among the common herd of black men and cattle. Nevertheless, in the very midst of these he would sometimes find himself unable to stir a single foot, and witness on all sides the destruction of his beloved cooking-pots and gourds. Loudly then would he tell off his beads and pray to Allah to protect him amidst such danger, and save to him his cherished pots and pans. The position thus afforded to the onlooker was intensely amusing. Fancy a man hopelessly immovable in a struggling mass of men, women, children, and cattle, loudly praying to Allah to preserve his pots and dishcloths from destruction.

Gradually those at the head of the column in the ravine would wind their way out, and so give more room to those following on in rear; and finally all would reach safely the farther bank. Then we regularly held what we termed 'Sessions' before proceeding. The officer in charge of the rearguard found himself acting the part of judge. Some one had filched somebody else's nice juicy bunch of bananas, or in the crush some one had perhaps stolen a cooking-pot or knife, or perhaps there were two men fighting over the ownership of a spear or skin. All these disputes and quarrels had to be adjusted on the spot, to prevent their taking place on the march; and by this time the head of the column would be miles away.

Gradually though, but surely, discipline and order were enforced, and after two months' schooling the whole body—women and children included—could do their marches straight off the reel from camp to camp without a halt. Children who at first suffered a great deal over a march of five miles could now do their ten to twelve, or even fourteen, miles by 3.30 P.M., with a one-hour halt at midday only, and not feel seriously done up in the evening. And though some of the children, who marched every step of the way, were under seven years of age, still on one of the marches in Usongoro we made twenty-three English miles, and every woman and child was up into camp by 7 P.M. (or twelve hours of marching).

Next to the Zanzibaris, the best and most untiring marchers were the black women of Equatoria—Dinkas and Makrakas. They were far superior to the Soudanese we had brought from Cairo in both speed and endurance.

It was a frequent and common sight to see one of these women



carrying one little child, and leading another by the hand, and, in addition, simply loaded down with pots, mats, skins, and baskets belonging to her family. It is a great mistake to suppose that black women are a hindrance in any way to the rapid marching of a caravan in Africa, and that therefore they should be forbidden to follow their husbands from the coast to the interior. On the contrary, women are of immense help to the men, and consequently to the leader of an expedition. The porter, loaded with his box or bag of sixty pounds, his rifle and ammunition and mat, has quite enough to carry through eight hours of marching, and is thoroughly fatigued at the end of it. His wife then, if allowed to accompany him, carries for him his cooking-pots, and food enough, perhaps, to last both of them six or eight days.

On arrival at camp she prepares his evening meal, gets the camp ready, and, if necessary, washes his cloths for him, and helps in a hundred ways her tired husband. Besides doing this, the women on the march enliven everybody with their pleasant chatter and cheery singing. It adds immensely to the comfort and happiness of the men if their wives are allowed to follow them into the interior. It is only on very rare occasions that a Zanzibar woman is not able to march just as far and just as fast as her husband. More than all this, I would advocate the enrolment of the women on the caravan books, and pay them so much per month, if only for the reason that to the leader of the expedition they act as a small provision-transport corps, and help his men on by allowing them the free use of their limbs to the carrying of their loads and using of their rifles. I have seen a woman carrying twelve days' rations for herself and her husband, as well as the necessary cooking-pots. Had this man been single, he would probably have carried only three to five days' provisions, and no pots or utensils to cook them in.

About the middle of May, after getting numerous glimpses of Mount Ruwenzori, with its snow-capped peaks, the Expedition arrived at the lowest level of the Semliki River, and on the 18th and 19th crossed over. The Semliki River rises in the Albert Edward Nyanza, about ten days' march away from where we crossed it, and enters the Albert Nyanza about thirty miles below this point. It was about eighty yards broad, and five feet deep on an average at the point of crossing, and its water is brackish and unpleasant to the taste. During the crossing over of the column some raiders of Kaba Rega, the King of Unyoro, fired at us a volley of slugs and bullets from their Tower muskets; but when a sally was made by our men on them they cleared out, and we lost sight of them in the long grass.

I believe this valley to be as unhealthy a spot as could be found in all Africa. A damp and poisonous vapour covers everything directly the sun goes down, and the night air is thick with malarial gases, carried hither and thither by cold draughts of air from the hills

near at hand. Two officers of the Expedition came near losing their lives here, and leaving their bones behind, them in Africa; and all of us, black and white, are not likely to forget the aching backs and splitting headaches we endured in this fever-hatching establishment, the Semliki Valley.

On the 30th of May we found ourselves camping directly under one of the loftiest spurs of Ruwenzori. We had reached at last the mountain we had seen from afar so often, and were now camping under its shades. I trust, therefore, reader, that you will pardon us for a little fling of honest pride that it had been left to us to discover what many brave men had failed in doing for centuries before—the snow-capped peaks of the ‘Mountains of the Moon,’ and the birth-place of the Western Nile, for below us flowed the same water that runs past Khartoum and Cairo, in a stream so small that a native with ease could throw a knobkerry over it.

We were rather staggered to find close by some Manyema ivory-raiders and slavers. From far-away Manyema these people had come in their search for ivory—three months and a half of marching, every foot of it through dense forest—and now they were encamped within about twenty days of Wadelai, in Equatoria. That is to say, these people, who are Mahomedans, are within practical touch of Emin Pasha's late province, and may at some not very distant date join hands and cast their lot with the Mahdists. If so, the combination will be a strong one against the progress of the white man in Central Africa, and one which will enormously retard civilisation and trade.

From what I have seen of the Manyema, I am inclined to believe they would make the best of religious recruits to any such agency as that of the Mahdists. They are burning to distinguish themselves in religion, are exactly similar in their ideas of looting and slavery to the Mahdists, and, moreover, are generating slowly a feeling of hatred to the white man. These three qualities are quite sufficient to make us expect that North-West Africa, the Soudan, and the Southern Congo will one day be joined together in one common religious warfare—that of a modern and more fanatical Mahomedanism than ever, whose aim shall be to preserve the country to its own uses and keep back the white man. Tippoo Tib, the Manyema, and Omar bin Saleh, the Mahdist general south of Khartoum, are kindred spirits; both are eager for that universal religion which nearest approaches their own peculiar ideas on the subject; both are raiders and slavers successful to a degree.

On the 6th of June I started up the mountain with an escort of forty rifles, to find out if it were possible that an ascent to the very summit could be made. It was not our intention this time to go for more than a two days' journey upwards, but merely to sketch out the mountain, and try to find a leading spur which might enable us

to ascend to the top from some future camp. For the first thousand feet above the camp the natives were bold and aggressive, but after this height had been reached they gave us very little further trouble. On the second day out we reached an altitude of nearly 11,000 feet, but were then obliged to turn back, as to go farther on by the route we were following was impossible; moreover our men felt the cold intensely, and our food ran out. I made several sketches, took the altitude with aneroids, and decided upon what I considered would be the best spur by which to make a future ascent from a camp two days to the east of our present main camp. Unfortunately for us, though, when we actually did reach this point it was not deemed safe to leave camp and go up the mountain, as around us on all sides were Kaba Rega's Wanyoros, armed with Sniders and Tower muskets, and only waiting for a good opportunity to set upon us and take our guns and ammunition. Among the plants, &c., we plucked for Emin Pasha's collections were blueberries, blackberries, violets, and giant heaths, besides many ferns which are well known in England. The natives on the mountain-sides do not appear to ascend ever to a greater height than about 9,800 feet, the upper edge of the bamboo-forest. And I doubt very much if a black man of any tribe has ever tried to reach even the peaks of the lower range.

Who will be the next person to try the ascent of Ruwenzori? Whoever he is he should take with him 200 rifles, and men who can handle them well; for, unless he manages to make a firm friend of Kaba Rega, there will be some fighting to do. Emin Pasha collected a great many specimens of different plants as we marched along the foot of the range, and one of his clerks managed to shoot for him some rare birds, so that he was in ecstasies in his talks over the life that one might lead camping near these mountains. The Pasha's people are now under us completely as regards discipline, and take all their orders direct from us; the change for the better is a most marked one.

The Egyptian officers and clerks are even beginning to look up a bit. So far they have been mere passengers travelling with the column, but there are signs now of their becoming useful members of our party before long, and helping, to some extent, towards the general safety. What really has assisted us in this, perhaps, as much as anything else, has been the unconcealed disgust with which the Zanzibaris look upon anyone who is not capable of taking his share in the common defence. I think these Egyptians gradually became ashamed of themselves and the part they had played. At the same time all of us were quite ready to admit that these people had much to contend with. They had for years been dependent upon numbers of men and women servants to do their slightest bidding. They had lived long, sedentary lives in Equatoria, rarely stirring outside their compounds, and had, in consequence, become

soft, and unused to marching; and, worst of all, the violent excesses of which they had been guilty in past days had broken out in the form of virulent ulcers and sores, and these naturally caused much pain, and were aggravated by the daily marching.

On the 13th of June we solved the question as to whether the Semliki River came out of the Albert Edward Lake, and found that without doubt it did, and that the waters of this lake find their way into the Nile.

17th and 18th of June.—We spent two easy days at the north end of the Albert Edward, and amused ourselves in watching the natives taking away loads of salt from Lake Katwé, a small and very salt piece of water about one-half by three-quarters of a mile in area.

Just before reaching Katwé the Warasura of Unyoro (raiders) came at us with their flintlocks and Tower muskets, and thought to smash us up and capture our rifles and ammunition. After several brushes with us they retired, and we were able to free the salt mines to the King of Ankori, a large and powerful country to the eastward of us. As a natural result of this, going through Ankori we received the greatest kindness and hospitality from the natives.

The Wanyankori are without doubt the finest race of men we had yet come across in Africa. Tall, and with well-knit frames, they were a race of warriors, one could see at a glance. Their spears are models of strength and symmetry, and the owners of them numerous.

Probably, in Ankori women have higher social position than in any other country in Central Africa. They do not appear, as in many other places, to be simply the slaves of the men, but seem to be made much more of, and treated more as equals than is generally the case. The Wanyankori possess two enviable accomplishments—the art of dressing most beautifully the skins of animals; and, secondly, that of making such delicately-shaped clay pipes as would excite the envy of any European craftsman.

Probably the Waganda, Waruanda, and Wanyankori tribes are the most powerful in all Africa between the Zambesi and Gondokoro; but I am convinced that 750 rifles, if in the hands of good men, could defeat the greatest force that any of these tribes could bring to an attack. It is true that the Waganda could place a very large body of men in the field, probably quite 40,000 warriors; but they would lack organisation of any sort, and though possessing many guns themselves, are frightened of rifles in the hands of good men. The fighting powers of African tribes are much overrated; much more deadly are the fevers and dysentery of the countries these tribes inhabit than the people themselves.

The highlands of Ankori and Karagwé, though forming the most magnificent cattle-country, cannot be considered healthy for Europeans as they at present stand. Fever of a peculiarly severe type

affects all strangers, and even the natives themselves continually suffer from it. No doubt, as in time better communications are opened up to these countries, the white man will stand a better chance of living there than he at present would; but the necessary time spent in marching on foot to these places would render most whites unfit to carry on active work. From the 11th to the 24th of July the whole Expedition suffered from fever, nearly every man, woman, and child, black and white, being down with it. Fully 70 per cent. of the Equatorial people were rendered unfit for marching, and we were obliged to make one halt of three days to allow the men rest and a chance to pick up a little strength.

Our experience goes to prove that women drink far more water than men on the march, and suffer more from its absence. Forty minutes out from camp in the morning one would see women stopping to drink at some pool or stream, and then, again, at nearly every stream or pool we came across, throughout the rest of the day. The white men of the party would only drink about three-fifths of the quantity of water in a day that the same number of black men would get through, even when we drank no tea or other beverage.

We also found ourselves more than matches at marching with the best of our Zanzibaris when the distances were considerable, say for ten days on end. In a single day's march, if over twenty-five miles, the Zanzibari would leave most Englishmen behind; but after this his feet would become tender, and next day the Englishman would pass him—both carrying nothing but rifles, of course, or otherwise equally loaded down. The white man is aided by his boots, which keep his feet cool, and secure his toes against knocks from twigs and pebbles. The Pasha and Casati are both fairly good marchers, but Casati generally appears quite ready for the rest at the end of the day's march.

A more charming companion than Emin Pasha round the camp-fire at night, when all is quiet and the day's work done, would be difficult to find. His stores of information on all modern subjects are simply wonderful; hardly a subject but he has read, or heard of, and can give a shrewd opinion about. His anecdotes of Turkish military life in the East were told in a quiet, pleasant way, and all intensely interesting; and many a pleasant evening have we officers passed away together near his tent-fire, talking of his and our lives and prospecting about the future.

The Pasha told us many a story of Gordon and his life at Khartoum which as yet have not reached the light of the outer world. From the Pasha's constant conversation I gathered that he saw fully the absolute necessity there was for his evacuating the Equatorial Province as he did, and he realised that he had done so only just in time; but he always felt keenly that such a step had to be taken, and that all his work would now go for nothing. He is a very wiry little

man, and suffers little from the heat of the sun; but after a few miles of marching in the early morning, each day he invariably got up on his donkey and rode out the remaining distance to camp.

He always had a cheery good-morning for us all as he passed the rearguard drawn up at the exit of camp, setting the people in their proper order for the day's march; and then, again, at the crossing of some stream or ravine where we had closed up on to the main body, and come across him, he was almost always ready with a story or laugh to cheer us and help us on through the day's journey.

Of the late Egyptian officers of Equatoria who accompanied us to the coast, with one or two exceptions, but little can be said in their favour. They were a standing example of the saying, 'Trust a pure black or a pure white man; but a yellow one, never.'

We have in camp specimens of at least six powerful tribes, coming from different parts of Africa: out of all these we cannot find men who make even fair sentries at night. The African is not of the stuff that good sentries are made of: he is frightened of the darkness in the first place; he is usually stuffed with heavy food just at the time you require him to watch most keenly; and, above all, he dislikes terribly the enforced silence that is necessary on still nights. It is next to impossible to place three black men on a post some distance out from camp and get them to abstain from talking; only a long and severe discipline will teach them this.

On the 23rd of July it was reported that Antari (lion), the King of Ankori, was to send his son to us to make blood-brotherhood with Mr. Stanley. He arrived in the morning, and we had a regular Queen's-birthday parade in his honour. After a big pow-wow and beer-drink we fell-in the men and fired a *feu de joie* of three rounds per man; we then gave three rousing cheers for the king, for his kindness to us when passing through his country. But that which pleased the boy (for he was only a lad) beyond measure was the firing of the Maxim gun for his special edification. I put up the gun and, getting a belt ready, aimed it at a hill about 600 yards distant. Great was the delight of the future king of Ankori as the 200 odd cartridges were churned out in very rapid succession. He asked all sorts of odd questions about the gun: how it fired so quickly, just like rain; and begged me to give over the handles of the gun to him to have a try. But having too much regard for the mass of human flesh eagerly surrounding the gun, I thought it safer to refuse.

The Maxim gun was our strong point whenever a chief or monarch had to be pleased; on all state occasions it was trotted out and shown to the admiring crowd of savages, and some rounds fired to show its powers.

Sometimes it was evident, though, that the natives failed to appreciate its merits; and I have seen some old savage, after seeing powder, even perhaps for the first time, look at me with an expression

which clearly signified, 'H'm ! we have lots of those things in our village ; you don't impress me a bit with your stupid old gun. Show us something better.' And all this after perspiring away a good hour to make the thing a success !

On the 26th and 27th of July we crossed the River Kagera and entered the kingdom of Karagwé, and again received the greatest kindness from the populace. Perhaps this was because they dreaded our rifles ; but we preferred to consider it was simply pure kindness and hospitality on their part.

Reaching Kapurro on the 3rd of August, we found it to be an old Arab station long since deserted, and the only remains of Arab rule that remained were some lime-trees, tomato-plants, and the ruins of old clay houses. Mr. Jephson went to pay the official visit to the king, and pay our respects to him. This personage was found sitting near the door of his hut, surrounded by his chiefs and women, and engaged in that chronic occupation of all African potentates, the drinking of beer and smoking of tobacco. The visit being returned to us next day, many political points were settled, and we were given *carte blanche* to procure all food free of cost in his country.

We commenced now to forge ahead at a rate previously unknown to us. Very often the sun had gone to rest before the rearguard came up to camp, making thirteen hours of marching in a day.

Reaching Uthenga on the 8th of August, we came upon the old tracks of Speke and Grant, and for the first time for two years and two months crossed the trail of the white man in Africa.

We had worked the men by this time into splendid condition ; their leg and back muscles were like steel in hardness ; the result was many long and fast marches. Each member of the Expedition, from its leader down to the smallest girl, was doing the best to get forward, and it was common now to find everyone in camp by noon, having done ten to twelve miles since dawn. Faster and faster each day we went, through Karagwé and Shangiro, and on the 18th of August came up with the bluff shores of the Victoria Nyanza, the largest of African lakes. Never shall we forget the sight that met our eyes that morning. To the east we had a sea-horizon, and being about 200 feet above the lake could see an immense area of water glittering in the morning sunlight. Dotted as it was with the most picturesque of wooded islands, it reminded those of us who had seen them of the Canadian lakes.

The Zanzibaris were overjoyed at the sight, as many of them had visited Ussukuma—a country we could just see through the haze to the south-west of the lake—and knew for the first time their position, and where they were. On August the 20th we had just 110 miles to go ere we should reach the mission-station of Msalala, and once more see our white brothers, and hear news of the busy, rushing outside world. We were burning to get a glimpse at newspapers and

books, and to hear again of our friends at home and their doings. We had heard really nothing of what had been going on in Europe for the past two years, and during all this time had been working patiently away with but one object in view, and had at last attained it. Our feelings, then, at finding ourselves once more near letters, white men, books and newspapers would be difficult to describe.

On the 20th, before the sun had arisen, we started from camp after a stirring speech to the men from Mr. Stanley. A tremendous cheer broke out from the men when he had finished, and asked them if they could do the remaining distance to Msalala, 110 miles, in ten camps. 'Aywallah Bwana, Inshallah' ('Yes, Master, please God, each and every one of us will do it'). Faster and faster we went along; no shouting and talking on the march now, but quiet, steady, swinging along. Away from camp and across the grassy plains we went in one long, unbroken line, each man stepping directly in the footprints of the one in front of him, and doing his level best. And at last, on the morning of the 28th, about 11 A.M., the Expedition marched through the gates of Msalala mission-station, and was welcomed by Mr. Deeks and Mr. Mackay of the Church Missionary Society. One hundred and ten English miles in nine days and a few hours! I ask you to pause, reader, and consider what this means. Recollect that for over 400 miles on end before this final spurt the men had had no halt for over three days at one time; that is, they had marched from Majamboni to Msalala, 510 miles, without a halt of greater than seventy-two hours at one time. Each man carried his box or load weighing 57 lbs., his rifle of 9½ lbs., his mat and food, and twenty rounds of ammunition, or in all a dead-load of 69 lbs. Food had to be obtained and hostile natives driven off at many points on the journey, causing delays, of course. I ask you to consider for one moment what manner of man the leader of those men must have been to make them rise to such a splendid bit of marching and thorough good work as this was.

At the mission-station we revelled in books and newspapers, and long friendly chats we had with Mackay and Deeks. From Mackay we learnt that two German emperors had died during our absence, and that now Wilhelm II. was reigning. Fortunately for us we got some pairs of boots from Mackay. These would be a great blessing to us, as our old boots scarcely held together, and the feldschoons of raw hide made by us gave us unending trouble and worry in repairing them each day. A good pair of thick English shooting-boots should carry one over 500 miles of dry marching; but if mud and swamps are to be met, they would only last about half this distance.

We learnt that the Germans were fighting the Arabs near the coast, and probably the route *via* Mpwapa would be impossible. For nineteen days we rested ourselves within the friendly walls of the mission-station, and finally made a start for our last long march



of 720 miles to the coast on the 16th of September, after many farewells to poor Mackay, who died soon after we reached the coast. For the last time the Expedition was reorganised, and the companies reformed, and laden with cloth, wire, and beads. We hoped to make a steady and peaceful march to the sea.

But when only four days out from Mackay's we had some sharp tussles with the Wassu Kuma, who objected to the 'hongo' we offered to pay on going through their country. Shortly after the pow-wow they retired, and from a distance opened fire on us. Our position was a critical one, situated in the open sandy desert as we were, and the mass of women and children formed into a square afforded an easy and certain target to the enemy's slugs and bullets. Here again the black women showed themselves superior in pluck to the Egyptians, and loud and long were their yells of derision as the Wassu Kuma turned tail and fled. Some of the natives got within 120 yards of our rifles before they were stopped. We are now in what has formally been recognised as German territory, but the natives were absolutely unaware that any change had taken place, or that they were now subjects of the Emperor of Germany. The name of the latter monarch would convey about as much impression to their minds as that of the man in the moon.

We found in our journeyings that England is not alone in her trouble as to getting the best weapon for her soldiers to handle. The natives of Africa, too, have their 'magazine rifle' difficulty; only with them it assumes the shape of the spear. It appears that some time ago the weapon that was considered best was the assegai, or light throwing spear. For some reason or other this has all been changed throughout almost every Central African country within the last twenty years, and now the most efficient weapon is thought to be the 'stabbing spear,' which is never let go out of the hand or thrown. The adaptation of such a spear has, of course, changed the whole fighting tactics of these tribes, in the same way as magazine rifles have changed our tactics; and to get the best form of stabbing spear is the question that is sorely trying the minds of the native war-councils, just as we are troubled about the form our rifle is to take.

One result of this is to see in Karagwé, for example, a large and varied assortment of all descriptions of spears practically on trial. And I have no doubt there, as in England, the inventors and patentees of these various weapons are pushing forward their claims to the notice of the authorities, and trying to oust their brethren.

Passing over the hot, sandy deserts, the difficulty in getting sufficient water made itself severely felt by all, and to help on the little children and sickly ones we organised a water-carrying party, and placed it under the officer in charge of the rearguard, so that the stragglers who were weakest might get a drink.

Nearly all of us (whites) found that the very much abused habit of smoking was a great help in time of thirst. Not that one after the smoke did not require a drink of water just as much; but during the act of smoking one's senses were soothed, and the craving for water made less, and so relief obtained.

The Wanyamwezi porters are perhaps the best carriers that come from any of the inland countries of Africa; they can carry with ease weights up to seventy pounds, but are great cowards, and drop their loads and run if fired at. For this reason it is customary for their caravans to be periodically robbed and wrecked with great ease by the robbers of the desert, the Wa Rugga Rugga.

On the 19th of November, about 10.30 A.M., we caught sight of the German flag waving over Fort Mpwapa, and soon after halted under the two guns of the fort and made camp. Here we were welcomed by some German officers, who informed us that this was their farthest point west. Fort Mpwapa was well able to withstand the attacks of any number of Arabs, provided its water-supply would only hold out. It is very striking to see our Zanzibaris beside the Zulu and Soudanis soldiers of the Germans. Our men never salute us, and know no drill that could be of use to them; while, on the other hand, the Germans have their men drilled to almost perfection. While it is of the greatest importance to have men well trained in the use of their arms—i.e., to be good shots—I doubt if all this fancy drilling does much good; it is apt to break down in such a country as this.

Six days after leaving Mpwapa we received as a gift from Major von Wissmann some hams, champagne, and cigars. Needless to say, we soon made these disappear. Later on we received still further presents, this time from Mr. J. G. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*. These certainly showed we were approaching civilisation, for among them were tooth-brushes, Florida water, and soap.

On the evening of the 4th of December we found ourselves encamped near the Wami River, and only eight miles from Bagamoyo and the Indian Ocean. The men were in great spirits, singing the whole day long, as the thought arose that home and friends were near.

As we were all chattering and sitting round the camp-fires about eight in the evening, talking of to-morrow and what it was to bring forth, and of our past adventures, all of a sudden came the low 'boom' of the Sultan's gun far across the water from the island of Zanzibar. It was the signal that calls all true believers to evening prayer. Like some long-lost and long-since forgotten chord, it awoke the memories of the Zanzibaris, and went straight to their hearts. With a tremendous outburst of cheering, the men sprang up from their fires and rushed over to where our chief's tent stood. Again and again the cheers rang out through the still night air, as the men gathered round Mr. Stanley's tent and sang his praises.

Next day the Expedition marched into Bagamoyo; and as we looked seaward again we saw, for the first time for three years, the Union Jack flying at the peaks of the men-of-war lying in the Bay.

Good-bye, boys; you have stuck to us like the men you are. Over six thousand English miles some of us have footed it backwards and forwards through the forests and across the plains of Africa together. And though now we go to the white man's home far over the sea, still, deep down in the heart of each of us will ever live the remembrance of the pluck and fortitude shown by you through so many dark and trying days.

W. G. STAIRS,  
*Lieutenant, R.E.*

*TSAR v. JEW.*

‘Now there arose a new king over Egypt which knew not Joseph; and he said to his people, Behold the people of the children of Israel are too many and too mighty for us: come let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war they also join themselves unto our enemies. . . . And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve them with rigour.’ So said Pharaoh in the first chapter of Exodus, and so quotes an anti-Semitic writer as one of the reasons for the improvement of the Jews off the face of Russia; a second reason being that though a large number of Slavs try their utmost to avoid fulfilling their soldiering duties, twenty-three out of twenty-eight per cent. of those who shirk the conscription are Jews.

It is useless to try and discuss any proposition with such a logician; but the two points above mentioned are half-a-dozen pages apart, and the casual reader may easily miss their curious connection, and be carried away by the plausible arguments in between to imagine that the essayist has proved his case against the race he sweepingly condemns. But the question of the Russian Jew, not as connected with Lord Mayor’s meetings, past or present, but as concerning the pauper immigration into the East End of London, has become one of such burning interest to millions of human beings that it is well worth careful sifting and elucidation, and is no longer one between the Tsar and his Semitic subjects only.

The Jewish question is emphatically not a religious question. Except in Spain and, to a slighter extent, in Italy, it never has been a religious question. The Inquisition persecuted the Jew, as it persecuted the Mussulman and the Protestant—as the ‘Ingoldsby Legend’ has it:—

Turks, heretics, infidels, jumpers and Jews.

No one else ever did in the narrow sense of the word. The Romans tolerated him; Charlemagne and his successors placed him under a spiritual ban and left him severely alone, and we find no traces of persecution in the early centuries of the Christian era.

And why? The reason is not very recondite or far to seek.

If Front de Bœuf had been placed in the Palace of Truth instead of the Castle of Torquilstene, would he have suggested heretical doctrines as the reason for making Isaac of York acquainted with the gridiron in his dungeon?

Did King John draw the teeth of his Semitic subjects because they had not submitted to the rites of baptism?

It took some time after the lawless period that followed the disintegration of the Roman Empire for wealth once more to accumulate in the hands of individuals; and the knights and soldiers of fortune acquired it quicker than the slow working and much harassed trader. But unpleasant consequences might have followed had John's and Front de Bœuf's victims been christened Norman or Saxon. He whom the Church had placed outside the pale of justice and charity had alone no defenders.

It was power trading on the superstition of its neighbours. Have motives so very much altered since those days? Human nature is unfortunately the same all the world over, whether Saxon or Gael, Teuton or Celt, Slav or Semite. When a crowd of ill-fed, ill-housed, uneducated and moneyless folk see a minority in their midst possessed of luxuries they yearn for yet cannot obtain, it takes little eloquence to persuade them that, as that minority is outside the pale of spiritual welfare, it ought also to be placed outside that of temporal welfare and its goods given over to those whom Providence and the executive Government consider more deserving. 'Heaven helps those that help themselves' is a proverb liable to more than one interpretation.

The Gordon riots were not accepted in England as a reason for turning all the Roman Catholics out of Great Britain; yet it is now seriously argued that the anti-Semitic risings justify the removal of the Jews from Russia.

As far as I can make out, the Russians object to the Jews:—

1. Because they increase rapidly and their infant mortality is a tenth smaller than that of the Christian Russians.
2. Because they do not amalgamate with and become lost in the Slav races.
3. Because they are not agriculturists and show no desire to till the soil.
4. Because they are principally middlemen, and belong to no guild.
5. Because they shirk soldiering.
6. Because they evade the laws made against them.

Reason Number 1 may surely be left to take care of itself; or perchance many curates of the Anglican Church with small salaries and large families may explain.

Number 2 is essentially a religious, or rather sectarian, complaint up to a certain point; and beyond that point only proves the

condition artificially produced by one of those laws which the Russians declare are simply maintained for self-defence. That is to say, a Jewish parent naturally prefers to see his children marry into Jewish families, just as the Roman Catholic prefers to mate with the Roman Catholic and the Protestant with the Protestant. Therefore, the Jewish community remains dogmatically the Jewish community all the world over, though its numbers increase. But in Russia only is it also linguistically a Jewish community. The Russian Jew is a legacy from the partition of Poland, and, like the rest of the country, knew not Russian when he was forcibly annexed. The wealthy Jew can of course easily learn the language; but how is the poor one to do so when the native holds aloof from him save for the necessities of business; and the law steps in to forbid the attendance of more than a certain percentage of Jewish children in the national schools, a percentage calculated, not on the number of *Jewish*, but of *Christian* children.

When equal facilities of education are given to both in Russia, the Jew and the *moujik* will talk the same tongue, and 'Yiddish' (the Polish dialect of Hebrew<sup>1</sup>) will disappear from that country as it is disappearing from Whitechapel or the Ghettos of Frankfort and Rome.

3. Why are the Jews not agriculturists? The Russians say because they are physically and intellectually incapable of the pursuit. If so, whose fault is that? They were not created so. In the Old Testament there is much description of certain kingdoms of Judah and Israel whose exports consisted almost exclusively of corn and wine, and whose towns were few and far between. But the conqueror overwhelmed and dispersed them to the four corners of the earth: and the Jews perforce turned to other means of livelihood.

It would indeed have been marvellous had the agricultural instinct remained in the Jew during the seventeen and a half centuries in which, whatever privileges were given to or withheld from him, all nations alike were agreed as to this—that the Jew, as a Jew, could not and should not hold land. It is curious that most of the Judophobes in this country should belong to the party that asserts that an Irish tenant, notwithstanding fixity of tenure and compensation for disturbance, cannot possibly succeed in the struggle for life unless he is given the fee simple of the acres he farms; and at the same time agrees with the Russian that the Jew is unfit to be a landowner because, when he was not even allowed to become the leaseholder of the house he dwelt in, he did not devote his energies to tilling the soil in which he was by law forbidden to hold the slightest interest. Till the beginning of this century such a law existed all over Europe. It remained the law of Austria till after 1848; it is to this day the law in Russia.

<sup>1</sup> 'Yiddish' is merely the phonetic spelling of the German word 'Jüdisch,' as pronounced by the German Polish Jew.

It surely does not require any deep scientific knowledge in this century to recognise that heredity is a fact to be reckoned with. We acknowledge it in cows, in horses, in dogs; why, or rather how, deny it in man? Does the Russian believe that the Orloff trotter is a creature radically different from the common horse; or does he admit that the speed and form of that valuable breed are the result of careful selection and training through many generations? Are not the Barzois—those marvellous hounds of which any two will master the fiercest wolf—carefully mated according to quality and ferocity as well as strength and colour? Yet he insists that, after seventeen hundred years of forcible divorce from land, fifty years should have sufficed to reintroduce into the Jewish nature the old love of vineyard and cornfield which, since A.D. 70, Roman and Teuton, Celt and Slav, have so determinedly and impartially striven to wean him from.

4. But it was not only from the possession of land that the Jew was everywhere excluded in the good old days, and is now excluded in Russia. The guilds were not in the habit of opening their portals to the Hebrew dogs; nor do they do so now in Russia. What would the patron saint have said to the confraternity that brought so vile an outcast under his sacred banner? Yet most of the trades allowed no one to practise their particular craft unless that person was possessed of the freedom of the guilds. Wherefore it is evident that Jews could not follow those trades. They might be workmen; they could never be master joiners or builders, turners or carpenters, tailors or bootmakers, armourers or upholsterers; or in fact become independent professors of any handicraft that had grown lucrative enough and powerful enough to form itself into a monopoly.

What remained, then, for the Jew to do? He might be a jeweller, since such a trade required no shop-front to reveal the profession to the casual passer-by, in spite of guild or livery, if he had capital. But if he had no capital? There was evidently nothing left but 'trade' in its original and simplest form: the which is still exemplified in the present day by the clothes merchant and the *bric-à-brac* seller—that 'trade' which begins and is developed by the middleman.

When the full development of a country has made such progress that the market is brought virtually to every man's door it is possible to do without the middleman, and to save the pocket of the purchaser while giving more to the producer, as Lord Dunraven and his committee have been trying to prove in England. But in an immense empire, sparsely populated, and not as yet well provided with railways and other means of locomotion, I fail to see how the producer and purchaser are to get on without an intermediary to bring them together. How is the small farmer, trader, or even workman, to sell his commodities where the expenses of transit are enormous, unless the middleman is ready to take the commodities

and the expenses together off his hands? If the middleman gives as little and asks as much as he can, he is only acting on what Adam Smith has laid down as one of the bases of sound political economy—buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market; and it is surely better for the petty producer to sell for a very tiny profit than not to sell at all.

But, argues the anti-Semite, we do not want the Jew for that: the Slav *koulak* will do as well, and him no one minds. Now *koulak* does not mean middleman at all, but usurer; and though we know that in all languages usurer and Jew are looked upon as convertible terms, it does not follow that middleman and usurer are synonymous. Nor are they really so in Russia; for the first quality the anti-Semitic critic ascribes to the *koulak* is that he never moves from the village he is born in, and does not, like the Jew, carry his disagreeable calling from place to place. So, unless the Russian peasant, the *moujik*, conducts his business on lines similar to those of Messrs. Dillon and Sheehy in the late Sligo election—who, whilst residing under the same roof, communicated with each other through the London newspapers—it is hard to see how the *koulak* can act as middleman.

The usurer has no reason or motive for wandering. Probably he begins by lending his stray pennies at interest to his school or play fellows; and his neighbours are the clients nature has supplied him with. He has no need to look further afield; and his business increases or decreases according to the circumstances of those about him. Neither is usury necessarily his only occupation; it is but a comfortable little extra way of adding to his income. When the *moujik* has successfully sold his small crop of grain to the middleman, he no longer requires the help of the *koulak* to pay his score at the publican's. The *koulak*, who was at first simply the *moujik* who had the half-crown ready to help the poor debtor to whom the publican threatened to supply no more vodka till the score was wiped out, once more becomes the *moujik*.

There are, however, heavier debts than the bill for vodka to be met, whether convenient or not; and the saving and thrifty neighbour round the corner has not enough spare cash for the rates and taxes of his friend as well as his own. So the Jewish middleman is appealed to, who is presumably richer, the essence of whose trade is to wander among small and poor communities and purchase the fruits of their labour for larger and richer ones. Thus circumstances lead to the middleman becoming usurer as well: though to those familiar with the ways of the usurer of the Western world, I would recommend the perusal of the article headed 'Russian versus Jew' in *Vanity Fair* of the 14th of April. Would they view with equal horror the usurer who demands 'ten per cent.'?

Still the fact remains that in Russia the middleman generally is



also a money-lender, and that in the other countries of Europe the Jewish trader has largely developed into nothing but a money-lender. In Russia now, and elsewhere in the Middle Ages, laws were enacted as a means of increasing the government treasury; anyone who had the money could buy immunity from them, and they were only enforced against the poor to show the rich that they must buy themselves off. This principle was allowed to influence all officials, and was invariably put in force against the hated and despised Jew, to whom wealth meant home and protection for wife and children, and poverty misery without hope or redress. What wonder, then, that the whole mental energy of the race should be turned towards solving the one pressing question of existence—how to get rich quickest? What wonder that, after the lapse of centuries, none should be so proficient in that particular branch of human industry?

Another fact made much of is that the *moujiks* have often risen in riot against the Jews, but never against the *koulaks*. Naturally. Even the most illiterate peasant will think twice before he is persuaded to run the risk of being hanged or transported for the sake of saving his neighbour from being distrained upon for a few kopecks. But the temptation is very different when the neighbour pleads: 'If you will help me to rid myself of my debt to my Jewish creditor by joining in an attack on the Jews, you will be amply repaid for your trouble by what you can plunder from their houses during the riot, and you know that no punishment to speak of will follow even if we should be individually found out.' The Jew who can be robbed in a pardonable anti-Semitic riot is a less dangerous victim than the Russian creditor who can have the righteously indignant borrower and rioter sent to gaol.

Finally, let those who believe the absence of the Jew trader will so vastly benefit the Russian farmer examine the last reports of the tax-gatherers for the winter quarter just gone by, and those of the Nijni-Novgorod Fair of 1890, when, for the first time, no Jew was allowed to attend.

5. The Jew is by law ordered to be a soldier; yet three-quarters of the recruits who shirk their term of service are Jews. A little observation of what goes on in the Russian army may account for this fact without necessarily implying that the Jew objects to soldiering *quâ* soldiering. The attractions of the Russian army for the Jews are, for example, that their Christian comrades shun their companionship, and are allowed to heap abuse and indignity on them unrebuked. Then, no matter what his conduct, his gallantry, his talent, his merit, *the Jew cannot rise from the ranks.*

In the second of two articles that have appeared in *Vanity Fair* on the 4th and 11th of last April respectively on this subject—articles written by a hand very easy to recognise—this very important grievance is met by the airy remark, 'The Russian must also serve

and is very seldom promoted'! I should like to know what the inventor of the conscription would have said to this sentiment, and how it would have tallied with his justification of the system—that a marshal's baton is hid in every recruit's knapsack. But then the misogynist of Austenlitz would not have admitted 'O. K.'s' right to argue on any subject.

Nor is this law against the possible rise of the Jewish conscript one of those where the exception proves the rule. There is no possibility of exception, and the Jew is fully aware of this. I myself happen to know of a curious illustration of what a Jew may expect in the army of the Tsar. My authority for it is the late Chancellor, the famous Prince Gortchacow, who told it to prove that his Government was helpless to relax the law.

In the Russian army, during the Turco-Russian war, was a young Jew who distinguished himself to such an extent that his General actually petitioned the Tsar to grant him a commission. The Tsar did so, and the commission arrived. Thereupon all the officers in the regiment to which the young man was appointed resigned in a body: although they had been eyewitnesses of the exploits that had led to the promotion, and knew all the circumstances. The commission was cancelled. Comment is needless.

In the rest of Europe, since the embargo was removed—and the Western nations were at least logical in holding that the man who could not be an officer could not be a soldier either—there are plenty of Jewish soldiers. There are few, perhaps, in England; but a goodly number in France and Germany, where the conscription has given the young Jew the taste for soldiering, which he not unnaturally had lost during centuries in which the necessity for self-preservation created the hereditary instinct for the avoiding of physical danger.

6. Finally, the Russian Jew is reproached with a constant and systematic evasion of the law. For example, many houses ostensibly owned by Christians belong to Jews; they live in places outside the Pale of Settlement; they cause themselves to be registered as clerks of certain merchants simply to obtain the right of living in certain towns, when they are not, and never intend to be, clerks to those merchants. This simply means that the Pale of Settlement, large enough in the time of its founder, the Empress Catherine the Second, became too small for its population as the generations increased; and, when the Jews found that it was easy to obtain all sorts of concessions by paying for them, it was natural they should put their earnings to such a use. They are perpetually being blamed for only pursuing one profession, and outnumbering the Orthodox population in the towns where they reside; yet when they try, by the only means in their power, to practise other trades, or disseminate themselves more widely, they are at once denounced as law-breakers.

As to the crime of holding land and houses in other names than

their own, this accusation turns, boomerang-like, on the accusers: for to deny to solvent citizens the rights of citizenship is in itself a proof of 'something rotten' in the State: while the fact that good Orthodox Russians aid and abet the very transparent and much winked at fraud shows the feeling of the country on the subject. \*

'The Jew must be got rid of at any price—as one would get rid of microbes,' cries Prince Metchersky.

'He must be shown,' says Mr. Skalkoffsky, 'that his halcyon days in Russia have gone by.'

Therefore the penal laws against him are enforced, say they; and these laws the Jew can easily avoid by leaving the country.

This sounds very reasonable and plausible; but let the reader take a map of Russia and look out on it the south-west provinces and the fifteen governments that comprise the 'Pale of Settlement.' Perhaps it may astonish him to find that its boundaries do not at any one point 'march' with the confines of the empire, but are well inland—one of the laws being that no Jew may settle within a certain number of miles of the frontier. Therefore, the first step the Russian Government takes for enabling the Jew to rid the country of his presence is to send him well inland!

Now it also happens that not only is emigration strictly forbidden in Russia, but that no one may leave the country, even for a short time, from the Grand Dukes downwards, without special permission from the Government. Of course this means a passport and the spending of money. Are any facilities given to the Jews to obtain their passports? Far from it. To any one of them the cost is much greater than to any Christian; and, when the document is obtained, there are still all the frontier officials to be met and propitiated—no easy task. What is the result? The rich Jew buys his passport from the minister in Petersburg, paves his way with gold, and settles in other countries where he is looked upon as a fellow-creature, and his tenets are not inquired into. The 'middle-class' Jew spends his savings in wandering off to freer regions; the small trader and publican realises what he can as best he can, and comes penniless to England, ignorant of the language, ignorant of any handicraft, inured to all sorts of misery and hardship, to swell the already overgrown number of the unskilled unemployed: having spent his little all in getting out of the country where he was born and could earn a competency, if a modest one. The only Jews who remain in Russia are the very poor, the weak and helpless in mind or body. These the Russian Government, which is so anxious to get rid of the Jews, compels to stay; and not only compels to stay, but herds together forcibly in such numbers that not only do they prevent each other from earning what they earned before, but they are bound by every law that modern hygiene has discovered to generate every kind of loathsome and contagious disease.

And the rest of the civilised world is to look on at this, and not to raise a word of protest, but to shrug its shoulders and echo the parrot-cry of the writer I have before quoted:—‘the Russian Jew is like no other Jew.’ If the native of the gloomiest slum of Bethnal Green were pointed out to the world as the type of John Bull, would any one accept it? Let ‘O. K.’ build a high wall round a certain portion of Whitechapel; let her be enabled to enforce that no Jew in the home counties shall be allowed to reside anywhere but within that wall; that no Jew shall follow any trade or any profession requiring a legal apprenticeship; that only a percentage of the children shall be taught in the schools, the rest depending on any training their toiling parents can find time to give them, and I will undertake in twenty years’ time to turn out from within that limit as perfect a specimen of the Russian Jew as can be found at the present day in the Pale of Settlement. •

Let the Russian authorities say to the Jews, ‘We do not want you; we will give you so much time in which to realise your assets, and shake the dust of our country off your feet: here are your passports; whoever remains beyond the stipulated period, or ever returns, does so at his peril.’ *Provided the given time be ample*, though people may differ as to the wisdom of the step, no one will be able to blame the Government that chooses to think it will prosper more without a certain fragment of its population, or find fault with it for acting up to its lights.

But as long as a Government heaps cruelty and outrage on a helpless crowd of people, and only lets them go in such guise as to force other nations either in genuine self-defence to shut them out, or else allow them to flood their markets—as they have done those of England—with masses of unskilled labour and absolute poverty which reduce the rate of wages and increase the misery of the poor native population, it becomes not only the right but the duty of those other nations to lift up their voices in indignant protest; to try and shame authorities that call themselves civilised from pursuing the path of barbarism they have marked out for themselves; to bring to the knowledge of the Tsar laments that, for humanity’s sake if for no other, the Englishman trusts can never have reached that august ear before.

It has been said that England should abolish the opium trade and put an end to the trading companies of Africa before remonstrating about the treatment of Russian Jews. What similarity is there between the cases? Because no English ministry has brought in or passed a law to prevent the growing or selling of opium, but says ‘no one but the Government shall grow it,’<sup>2</sup> can England be

<sup>2</sup> Since this was written the House of Commons has passed a resolution vindicating its own virtue in the matter of opium at the expense (should the resolution pass into anything more important) of the Indian taxpayer.

likened to a country which proclaims 'A certain number of Jews own distilleries, and the country is flooded with poisoned spirits—therefore we will exterminate all the Jews'? Or, because England does not prevent any trading company from exploring and settling Africa, and since in all companies there are certain numbers of men who do not know how to manage uncivilised natures without ill-treating, is she to have no right to remonstrate against a Government that commands its subordinates to treat a section of its subjects with as much cruelty as can be found by oppressive ingenuity within the four corners of a cruel and unjust law?

In the name of civilisation and justice I claim the right—a right shared by all honest men and women—to appeal to public opinion on behalf of the victims of a relentless persecution, alien alike to Christian precept and modern morality. England, that ruined the slave trade, sheltered the Huguenots, and grieved at Bulgarian atrocities—remembering her Disraelis, Jessels, Montefiores, Herschells, and many others—surely has some claim to make the voice of her citizens heard in protest against a revival of mediæval barbarism directed against the more helpless members of a race which has given her many worthy and useful sons.

ELLEN DESART.

## WITNESSES TO THE UNSEEN.

It has lately been said by Mr. Pater that we have all lost our faith.<sup>1</sup> This remark, however little we may consider it true, is felt by most thinking men to *represent* a truth. And the truth it represents was more exactly expressed to the present writer by a veteran and very acute observer of our times, who was commenting on the change which the last fifty years have brought about in public opinion. 'When I was young,' he remarked, 'a man who advocated agnosticism or negation in matters of religion had to veil his full meaning, and to assume an apologetic tone; now precisely the same holds of the man who defends religious certainty. Cultivated public opinion was then in favour at all events of theism as unquestionable; now it is equally pronounced against all religious certainty as certainty.' Mr. Leslie Stephen has recently been maintaining that even Cardinal Newman shared in the fundamental uncertainty, which is so widespread, as to the reasonableness of religious faith—a contention which, as I shall presently explain, seems to me to be based on an extraordinary misapprehension. But the Cardinal certainly understood this new development of the *Zeitgeist* and foresaw it thirty-five years ago. He expressed the incoming phase, with characteristic point and force, as follows:—

It is absurd for men in our present state to teach anything positively about the next world, that there is a heaven or a hell, or a last judgment, or that the soul is immortal, or that there is a God. It is not that you have not a right to your own opinion, as you have a right to place implicit trust in your physician, or in your banker; but undeniably such persuasions are not knowledge, they are not scientific.<sup>2</sup>

This, I say, is the true account of the new phase of public opinion to which Mr. Pater refers. No religious truth is admitted as acknowledged; and those who hold to dogmatic Christianity or even definite Theism—and they are not a few in spite of Mr. Pater's statement to the contrary—are deprived of the support to the imagination which an age of faith afforded. Further, as the effect of public opinion cannot be neutral, as absence of confidence means presence of doubt,

<sup>1</sup> 'Fundamental belief,' says Mr. Pater in the *Fortnightly Review* for last December, is 'gone in almost all of us.'

<sup>2</sup> See *Idea of a University*, p. 287.

the conditions of our time render faith especially liable to trial in a sensitive and receptive mind. What is widely questioned seems thereby to be questionable. That support which individuals have a right to look for from healthy public opinion in a healthy society is taken away; and each one is thrown on his own resources in a degree which actually lessens the proofs available for religious belief. Corporate action, mutual confirmation and support, are a usual and natural condition of trust and knowledge in religion as in other things, and doubt in the air renders them to a great extent impossible. A panic will cause a run on a bank, which in ordinary circumstances would be felt to be, and would actually be, safe enough. The fever of doubt makes each man want greater tangible security than is needful or attainable in the ordinary course of life. Each client wants to count his gold, each believer wants to realise all his reasons—to have them in his hand and before his eyes. The tacit compact of mutual trust and forbearance is broken; and disorganisation and ruin are the consequence.

There was another time, often compared both by believers and doubters to the present: the time when the old Roman virtue and religion—noble in part as things then were—had given way to dissoluteness of life and scepticism of intellect. Open the pages of Sextus Empiricus, and you find a startling anticipation of the state of things which Mr. Pater observes among us. We are accustomed to look on the subjectivity of our own time as peculiar, the outcome in the popular mind of the movement inaugurated by Descartes; the extension of the principle of self-scrutiny, and of the critical examination of our faculty of knowing, its limitations and its analysis. The relativity of knowledge, again, is regarded as an outcome of this inquiry—indicated by Kant among others, and popularised for Englishmen by Herbert Spencer. Locke's incisive criticism on the arbitrary assumptions of dogmatic schoolmen is an inheritance of which we are proud. That the syllogism is a *petitio principii*—and hence that deductive reasoning is sterile—is a view which we gain from J. S. Mill. The existence of evil is held by us to be a fact which the modern mind has for the first time realised in its bearing on Theism. Yet the third century of the Christian era was acquainted in detail with each of these questions, and applied them to a root and branch destruction of religious faith, from traditional Paganism, to the purer and higher Theism of the Stoics.<sup>3</sup> And over and above these definite points of attack there was then, as now, that vague but supremely paralysing thought to one whose introspection is sensitive and real—how can anything be certain in these difficult matters when the wisest men disagree?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> The *proposui* of the sceptics of the later Empire include each of the points here specified. Cf. Sextus Empiricus, *Adversus Mathematicos*, ix. 207.

<sup>4</sup> Ctesidemus gives as his tenth 'reason for doubt' the opposition prevailing

It was from a civilisation which was haunted by these thoughts that Christianity emerged; and that wonderful transformation from helpless doubt and paralysed moral impulses to deep and unwavering trust, and a fixed ideal of action, clearly realised and hopefully followed, has been the marvel of succeeding ages, and the witness to the divinity of the Christian religion; until, perhaps, by sheer force of repetition the story has lost its natural vividness.

What was it that transformed passive spectators of the drama of life into energetic actors? What turned the stream from delicate intellectual criticism, and refined sensuality, and absorption in the art of living and the interest of life, and the placid and self-indulgent routine of Roman villa, and baths, and banquets, and splendid equipages, and lazy pride, to the narrow, intense, exclusive, resolute, austere, self-effacing, and resistless torrent of Christian faith and enthusiasm? The story has, as I have said, often been told; and to Christians its bare outline speaks of forces which unaided human nature could never approach to supplying. But this is not what I wish for the moment to insist upon.

The question here asked is *how*—in the order of providence—a public opinion, characterised by intellectual scepticism and individualism, and moral paralysis, was changed; and what lesson the past may teach the present? I do not ask if the change proves the truth of Christianity, I only ask how it came about. How did individualism in religious opinion pass into a corporate enthusiasm in which doubt was as abnormal as undoubting faith had been in the earlier conditions? St. Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century saw, as clearly as Sextus Empiricus in the third, the difficulties attending on proof by the individual mind of even the first truths of natural religion. He points out as clearly as the pagan sceptic that men with a reputation for wisdom teach contrary things on these matters. He speaks of this as often an insuperable obstacle to the knowledge of the truths in question through the unaided light of reason.<sup>5</sup> Yet the teaching of the corporate Church remains to him a living fact, and he states the difficulty, which to Sextus Empiricus in his isolation was overwhelming, with the greatest force and without the smallest dismay. How came the change from the public opinion which unnerved Sextus to that which strengthened and supported Thomas?

The 'constancy of the martyrs' is a phrase which has for so many centuries been a common-place in theological and evidential text-

among human opinions as to justice and injustice, good and evil, religion and law; and 'the opposition between philosophers in their opinions.' Cf. Stoek's *History of Philosophy*, Finlay's translation, p. 155.

<sup>5</sup> 'Remaneret igitur humanum genus, si sola rationis via ad Deum cognoscendum pateret, in maximis ignorantie tenebris; cum Dei cognitio, quas homines in se perfectos et bonos facit, non nisi quibusdam paucis, et his post temporis longitudo proveniat.'—*Contra Gentiles*, I. c. 4.



books, that it requires some effort to bring it from the land of *formula* to that of realities. And perhaps for some readers it will be necessary to say at starting that I have no intention of entering on the questions disputed by sceptical historians from Gibbon to Mr. Lecky. I refer to it only to introduce the main theme of my present essay. There is no question that it was the witness borne by intense conviction, tested often by torture and death, to the power of Christianity, which fanned the flame, and changed the spark of individual certainty to the blaze of corporate faith. 'Noble lives, crowned by heroic deaths,' writes Mr. Lecky, 'were the best arguments of the infant Church.' The intensity of the belief of individuals has received undying testimony in the fact that the word which only meant 'witness' has become inseparably associated with the suffering by which witness was willingly borne. Whether we hold with Matthew Arnold only that 'he lived while we believed,' or prefer the alternative that truth may continue truth though the human mind is changeable and unfaithful, it is an admitted element in that great transformation that faith kindled faith, and that the 'witnesses' or 'martyrs' whose vision of the next world was such as to be undimmed by the immediate prospect of suffering and death, or by the atmosphere of doubt around them, helped to expel that atmosphere, and to restore confidence in the possibilities of human nature for virtue, and the ground for faith and hope. The depth of the faith prevailed over the breadth of the doubt; the intensity of moral purpose over the extent of indolence and sensuality; and on an infinitely greater scale, and in a sphere where directly supernatural forces intermingled with the natural, was evidenced the power of individual heroism by which a great general or a great citizen will stem a panic among followers or fellows, restore confidence, expel by very shame unworthy thoughts or designs, bring forth by his word and example unsuspected traits of good in ordinary men, set the good forces accumulating and fructifying by mutual interaction, and kill the bad; until the death of the one and the unchecked growth of the other issue in a complete transformation of the character of state or army.

Individual 'martyrs' or 'witnesses' for the faith, then, wrought a great transformation in that first age of agnosticism; and it is to individual witnesses that we must look now if there is to be the hope of a change, though the nature of the danger and of the remedy is in some respects markedly different. Similar as were the intellectual perplexities raised by the philosophers of those days, it will scarcely be doubted by a student of the period that the force determining public opinion was far more deeply moral then, and is more deeply intellectual at present. Intellectual scepticism played on the surface of widespread moral anarchy in the days of the Empire; moral disorganisation is only threatening to crown in our own day the ever-

widening doubt as to the validity of all religious faith. And the character of the witness who is to help us must differ as the character of the danger differs.

Servility to pleasure and abject shrinking from pain are, I suppose, the mainspring of any movement of utter moral degeneracy; and how they translated themselves into action in the days of the Empire we may read, or avoid reading, in the pages of Petronius. The witness which was needed for this special danger was that of the hero or saint, to whom pleasure and pain were as nothing in the light of the high vision which inspired him. The intellectual scepticism readily fell, once the moral basis on which it rested was destroyed. But where the proportions are reversed the character of the witness in some degree changes. The witness to faith amid difficulties, primarily intellectual, is he who sees and feels those difficulties vividly, and yet sees clearly beyond them the highest truth which to others they render obscure. It is the endurance of torture which testifies to the martyr's heroism and love; it is the keen sense of the reality and force of intellectual difficulties which alone can give the intellectual witness for the faith real power in the present day. The suffering element—in the one case suffering of sense, in the other of mind—is requisite for bearing effective witness, whether in the moral order or the intellectual.

There is, indeed, no comparison between the two in the category of Christian greatness. The intellectual witness is inferior to the martyr of old as thought is morally inferior to action. But thinking aright is often a necessary condition to acting aright, and so the intellectual witness may be equally indispensable. Again the moral witness—the hero and saint—has ever been needed in time of trial, and is needed still. The intellectual is comparatively a requirement special to the time that is coming upon us. The seductions of the life of pleasure in frail human nature constantly call, in some measure, for those heroic witnesses to the unseen world by whom what appears so attractive in the twilight is seen in its true unsightliness in the all-revealing light of faith, and spurned as of no account. The intellectual witness supplies a need less universal in time and place, but absolutely necessary here and now. The crowd gaze at the one witness—the Roman crowd oppressed and enslaved by sensuality, but without hope of anything better or more real—and the question passes from breast to breast, 'What gives this confidence which makes pleasure and pain, which are all in all to us, of no account to him? The agony he endures we can see; the force which supports him is unseen. Yet to him the former is nothing, the latter everything. He feels the agony; he writhes under it; it kills him. Can what is unreal prevail over what is so real and so terrible?' And in like manner—though in so different a field—the numbers who are anxious in mind, who have felt the reaction

from the old peaceful confidence, who have realised difficult questions, who have been thrown back on their unnatural isolation and have felt unequal to answering them, whose bewilderment has looked on doubt as the only reasonable state in the circumstances, regard the intellectual witness to the unseen in a similar spirit: 'The criticism of Feuerbach, or of Strauss, or of Huxley, or of Matthew Arnold, or of Renan cannot be fatal; for he feels it and states it with greater force than I can, and is yet unabashed. If he did not see the difficulties of the case his faith would not help me; I should esteem it mere prejudice. But one who sees better than I do the agnostic view of life, and sees certain religious truth in spite of it, and beyond it, redresses the balance of sceptical public opinion. If he shows stronger sight where I *can* see, I will trust his perception of what to me is unseen.' Such a witness as this, I say, is needed at present. Whether his strength is mainly intellectual or greatly moral does not radically affect his peculiar work. Thomas Aquinas would have been such a witness had he been among us; Bacon would have helped us in his measure. Moral insight cannot always be measured by its realisation in action.

It is an interesting illustration both of the reality and of the comparative novelty of this requirement, that the great German thinker who in the early part of this century—before the agnostic movement had touched, generally, even educated minds—was regarded as sceptical in his influence, from his keen sense of the difficulties attending on the theory of religious knowledge, is now among thinking men felt to be a power distinctly on the side of faith in the high purpose of human life, and the fundamental truths which explain that purpose. However much we may disagree with the details of Kant's scepticism, his marvellous critical acumen is felt to be a guarantee of the accuracy and firmness of his grasp of the truths of natural religion. Difficulties which were so little realised one hundred years ago that to mention them was to unsettle the average mind, are now so generally felt that to face them, and yet to believe with undiminished confidence, has a reassuring effect. To a generation which was blind to the danger his frankness seemed falseness; to the present generation it is, in some degree, the indispensable condition of influence. Kant was the prophet of scepticism in an age of belief; he is a witness in a sceptical age to man's moral nature and its connection with the unseen world.

The need for witnesses will bring its own supply. In the very outset of the movement we have not been without our 'protomartyrs.' Amid the sudden and rapid spread of doubt, and the almost abrupt abandonment of the old safeguard of reverent abstention from free disputation on sacred subjects, there have been those who have felt to the full the force of the flood which has carried away weaker minds, and have yet stood firm. Professor Huxley has said that he could compile a

primer on Infidelity from Cardinal Newman's works; and Mr. Leslie Stephen has, as I have said, revived the charge in a somewhat different form; and it is curious that neither thinker has appreciated the peculiar significance of that aspect of Newman's writings to which they have referred. Newman was, at the commencement of the agnostic movement—which he foresaw, in marvellously close detail before it had shown its true character to the world at large—a 'martyr' or 'witness' in the sense I have indicated. He saw and felt every reason for doubt which the sceptic could allege; but he saw something beyond, which was to him as much higher and truer than the '*muscæ volitantes*' of a questioning and negative philosophy, as the vision of Christ was more potent with Stephen or Ignatius than the infuriated mob or the onslaught of the lion. It was his triumphant confidence that the constant failures and mistakes of our powers of analysis do not touch the truest springs of faith and trust, which made him so fearless in facing those failures, which to a hesitating mind would have been so unwelcome and alarming, and to a truly sceptical mind so significant.

This characteristic of the late Cardinal has been recognised by others if not by Mr. Huxley or Mr. Stephen. Perhaps it has not been so generally recognised in the case of one—almost his contemporary—who, though differing widely in his history and falling far short of the conclusions which Newman knew to be essential to the preservation of religious truth, had, nevertheless, a similar gift in a high degree in respect of those first truths, the denial of which is the essence of agnosticism. Tennyson was, I believe, the first to coin the phrase 'know-nothing creed' which represents the modern movement better than any other. The feeling of the average agnostic of the nineteenth century about God is exactly given in these lines:—

He is now but a cloud and a smoke who once was a pillar of fire,  
The guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire.

The earlier stages whereby this feeling has gradually obtained a hold on so many minds have been faithfully reproduced by the same poet. He has fulfilled the double condition I have laid down for the intellectual witness. He has felt the doubt; he has known the faith. The faith has ever been deeper; the difficulty has always been real. The mysteries of providence may suggest to him that man in his ignorance and superstition 'built him fanes of fruitless prayer;' but there is deeper feeling and clearer indication of the poet's sympathy in the parting request of Arthur:—

If thou should'st never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

The long wail of doubt and difficulty against Nature and Providence which we find in *In Memoriam*, and in *Despair*, does not prevent the abiding conviction that a loyal will should be unabashed by them; and that there is an intellectual light, could we but see it, which would make all things plain. It is true we read how man

Trusted God was love indeed  
 And love creation's final law,  
 Though Nature, red in tooth and claw  
 With ravine, shrieked against his creed.

But we are not allowed to forget that the temptation to listen unreservedly to Nature's 'shriek' may mean the absence of that 'faith which comes of self-control,' or that there is a higher and truer mental vision than our own,

Seraphic intellect and force  
 To seize and throw the doubts of man.

I have named three 'witnesses'—Kant, Newman, and Tennyson—who are, each in his measure, typical. One flourished immediately after Hume had first, with power not since surpassed, marked out the lines of the agnostic position. The second ruled the stronghold of religious thought in England just before the sceptical wave had broken on the popular mind. The third has lived his most active mental life in the very midst of the dissolution of the spirit of belief, and has ever been regarded as specially sensitive to the intellectual conditions of his time. Kant wrote in a day when scepticism was for philosophers—before it had made its way to 'the people.' He was awakened from 'his dogmatic slumbers' by Hume. He took in hand with far deeper metaphysical acumen and with German thoroughness the inquiry, which Locke had already attempted, into the nature and limits of our knowing faculty. He exhibited in a degree not paralleled in the history of thought the combination of a critical and even sceptical intellect, with moral enthusiasm and deep practical convictions; and this is, as I have said, an essential qualification for individual power on the side of belief at the present moment. We may hold that the complete separation of the two is unreal, and we may consider with Cardinal Newman that a true theory concerning human certainty must take account of the insight afforded by the practical reason. Nevertheless Kant's mode of treating the subject was—even from the limited point of view I am regarding—peculiarly instructive. The very completeness of his distinction of the two aspects brought into relief what is true within limits. If his entire

separation of practical belief from speculative groundwork was unreal, it was a reaction from a yet more unreal fusion. The scholastic 'irrefragable demonstrations,' the 'nimis' subtilitas,' and pretensions to exhaustive logical proof on all subjects which Leo the Thirteenth has recognised in some of the schoolmen amid all their ability, had made the theory of belief far too complete. It was felt not to correspond with actual facts. The vision 'through a glass darkly' was in some cases almost forgotten; and first principles were laid down with an absoluteness which corresponded neither to their accuracy nor to their power of self-justification. And amid the suspicion which had been growing since the days of Descartes that many of their axioms could not endure, there remained in some minds the impression that to tamper with them was to destroy the validity of religious belief. Criticism was identified with scepticism. Objections not clearly answered must be allowed to destroy certainty. What was not fully explained could not be accepted with confidence. Kant, then, in the course of a much wider and more technical work, struck out a conception of the greatest practical effect, in the separation of actual conclusion from theoretical analysis. By carrying to the utmost limits conceivable his theoretical scepticism, while at the same time his own faith and enthusiasm were unshaken, he taught, with whatever exaggeration, a lesson most needed for the time which was coming—of firmness in obedience to the deepest convictions and highest insight, in spite of difficulties in detailed analysis which to the individual intellect seem unanswerable.

And in the limited but all-important field of practical religious conviction Cardinal Newman grasped and pressed home this lesson on his own generation. No number of difficulties need amount to one doubt,—'difficulty and doubt are incommensurable,'—this was his version of the lesson which may be learnt from Kant's 'Critique of Practical Reason.' And Tennyson, though his form of expression is not the same, enforces on the whole a similar doctrine. He dwells on the wanderings of the human intellect, the thousand questions it can ask for one that it can answer, the difficulties of formal proof, the different views we take in different moods of the same proof, the relativity of all knowledge if it is analysed, and yet the force with which beliefs, which such thoughts seem to destroy, justify themselves by their own intensity and light.

Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee  
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,

\* Perhaps the strongest instance of the combination in the scholastic movement of extraordinary acuteness with an exaggerated estimate of the powers of the speculative intellect was Abelard. I need hardly say that the criticism in the text does not apply to such writers as St. Thomas or St. Bonaventura. I refer to that tendency which characterised scholasticism in so far as it disparaged the mystical side of religion and the reverent temper of the great patristic writers.

For nothing worthy proving can be proven,  
Nor yet disapproved,

he writes. And while the intellect—when moving in mere speculation, and as a spectator of the riddle of life—tends to lose itself, to become morbid and paralysed, and reach no conclusion, we are reminded with equal power of the light shed by a living practical faith, which brings us into the action of life, and gives knowledge and experience which cannot be translated into language intelligible to purely passive speculation, any more than the glow of the hunting-field or the wild excitement of the field of battle can be known by those who have always lived an inactive life. To this extent faith is its own evidence, and establishes itself by a *solvitur ambulando*. The doubt is seen by him who has shaken it off to have been in great part the result of hesitation and inaction, due to the absence of perceptions which action alone can supply; and faith justifies itself to the mind which is aroused from undue passivity. Faith sees further and more truly, just as the confident rider sees clearly, and acts promptly, and takes the fence successfully, while the man who hesitates fails to see with precision, and fails in gaining the additional experience and perception which prompt action on that first rapid vision would have brought. The whole being moves together, and sight, action, experience, and knowledge are inseparably linked. Hopefulness, promptness, decision, affect mental perception as well as moral action. 'Cling then to faith,' the poet warns us:—

She reels not in the storm of warring words:  
She brightens at the clash of yes and no;  
She sees the best that glimmers through the worst;  
She feels the sun is hid but for a night;  
She spies the summer through the winter bud;  
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls;  
She hears the lark within the songless egg;  
She finds the fountain where they wailed 'Mirage.'

The question however arises, what account is to be given of this higher vision which Tennyson calls faith? How do we explain the fact that it is unseen or passed over as a blind impulse by the sceptic? How can acute minds ignore what professes to be so real?

The answer which may be drawn in different degrees from all three writers to whom I have referred seems to be that the sceptic makes an unreal isolation of the speculative intellect, and refuses to view life as a whole—in its hope and its action as well as in the analysis of the passive impressions of the mind. If a man were to sit still and sketch a landscape from one point of view, he might indeed be exact in his picture from that point, but he could not know all that was to be known of the country without using his faculty of

locomotion. Nor could he tell by mere sight the nature of the soil; nor by looking from a distance the botanical interest of the plants which enter into his sketch as vague patches of colour. Again the flying birds which he sets down as dots have each a nature and a history ascertainable by activity and inquiry. To know what is to be known he must use all his faculties; whereas he sits down and uses one set only;—with painful exactness perhaps and greatest industry; with greater technical accuracy than many a man will show whose common sense makes him bestir himself and gain a truer practical knowledge of the country and its features. This seems to be the answer suggested by these writers. The sceptic is using but one set of faculties and assuming the proportions due perhaps to his special point of view to be real. The tall hill in the distance measures a less angle than the horse in the foreground. Change your standpoint and this apparent untruth is instantly corrected; sit still and measure reality by the picture and you go quite wrong. So too the sceptical mind falls into the very snare of relativity against which it protests, and viewing our capacities for knowledge as identical with our capacities for speculation, refrains from the activity and movement which are the natural corrective to relativity and one-sidedness. It views religious evidence as purely metaphysical, or as purely historical, instead of studying religion in the actual working of life, in action as well as in theory; as a belief in the living soul and in its effects on that soul, as well as in its previous condition of a creed or set of formulæ; as an expression and indication of the significance of the moral nature as well as the object of mental contemplation.

This general view, I say, would serve to explain the wanderings of the sceptic in spite of his acuteness. His method is wrong. Kant stated the three great questions to which philosophy addresses itself to be: 'What can I know?' 'What ought I to do?' 'What may I hope?' and it is a special characteristic of the thinkers I have referred to to see the intimate relations between the three. The sceptic separated them, and wrote as though knowledge could be completely dealt with apart from hope and action. The Christian philosopher of the middle ages often did the same, though from another point of view. When a thinker lived, as the schoolmen did, among those with whom the second and third questions had but one answer—the answer given by Christian ethics and the belief in immortality—the first question was apt to be treated, as a matter of technical philosophy, with the help of assumptions really based on Christian morality and Christian hopes. Now that the change of public opinion has led these assumptions to be questioned, it is recognised that either they must be abandoned and scepticism accepted, or 'duty' and 'hope' must be treated co-ordi-



nately with 'knowledge.' The school of Hume chose the former alternative; the school which looks to the 'Kantian conception as expressed by Cardinal Newman adopts the latter.' The truth of ascetics—that a life of neglected duty brought loss of faith—completes with them the truth of philosophy—that moral dispositions are required for the very recognition of certain first principles of religious knowledge.

Belief in God and in another world (wrote Kant) is so interwoven with my moral nature, that the former can no more vanish than the latter can ever be torn from me. The only point to be remarked here is that this act of faith of the intellect assumes the existence of moral dispositions. If we leave them aside and suppose a mind quite indifferent to moral laws, the inquiry started by reason becomes merely a subject for speculation . . . supported by strong arguments from analogy, but not by such as are competent to overcome persistent scepticism.<sup>8</sup>

And the other two writers are equally emphatic on the same subject. The effect of this on any theory of belief is obvious. If moral perception is increased by moral action; if religious knowledge (in the sense explained) in part depends on moral perception; if moral action is often prompted by a hope which falls short of certainty; then it is clear that the three elements—knowledge, hope, and duty—constantly interact, varying in degree and effect according to the faithfulness of each individual and his circumstances; and that probation for those living amid the influences of modern thought does not keep the character it had in happier days of being mainly dependent only on fidelity in the second point, 'what ought I to do?' apart from the other two, but on alertness and persistency in rejecting no light on any one of the three. How subtly this is indicated in Tennyson's *Ancient Sage*, where the young man who goes to the Seer for advice—

One that loved and honoured him, and yet  
Was no disciple, richly garbed, but worn  
From wasteful living—

is contrasted, in life, in hope, and in knowledge, with the ascetic prophet! The reader feels how the ever-changing hopes and aspirations of the inconstant pleasure-seeker, his purposeless life, his nerveless acquiescence in the inclination of the moment, go hand in hand with an acute and passive sensitiveness to each fragmentary view of the world which scepticism suggests, and an inability to concentrate the mind or to take a deeper or more complete estimate. There is in thought as in life the kind of surface-perception, which is increased by inaction and dissipation. The sensualist is morbidly sensitive to pain. The sceptical mind is morbidly alive to those

<sup>8</sup> Cf. Bowden's translation of Hettlinger's *Natural Religion*, pp. 24-28.  
<sup>9</sup> *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, ed. Hartenstein, p. 547.

side-lights of human existence and of the world's drama whose connection with its central purpose is not seen. In majestic contrast stands forth the sage himself, ascetic in life, concentrated in hope, profound in thought, firm in faith; too full of his life-work to think much of pleasure; with an inward light which is undimmed by the darkness of the world around. To the youth faith is but an idle gleam amid the earthy life which has become so real to him.

Idle gleams will come and go  
But still the clouds remain.

With the sage the gleam is allowed to gain entrance, and to be steadily seen.

Idle gleams to thee are light to me.

And the seer's final answer to the youth's scepticism is not a treatise on philosophy, but the rebuke of vice, and statement of plain duty as the condition of higher vision; the true solution consisting rather in leading him to see more than in establishing in detail the fallacy of his sceptical complaints. It is the sense of proportion and the fulness of vision which are wanting; and these cannot be acquired without that knitting together of a nature unstrung by dissipation which persevering moral action alone can effect.

While the writers I have named are agreed in these general characteristics, that they are sensitively alive to the sceptical appearance of certain aspects of the world if man's moral nature be overlooked or deadened, they differ in some degree in the proportion assigned to particular manifestations of that nature. With Kant—in the passage I have cited and elsewhere—the 'sense of law' is foremost. For Tennyson the depths revealed in the power of the human heart to love, occupy a large space. While Newman—combining in his nature the philosopher and the poet—finds at once the sense of law and of deepest personal love in conscience, and appeals to both as testifying to a personal lawgiver and a God of love.

Let us compare for a moment—to select a small portion from a large subject—the sense expressed by Newman and Tennyson alike of the mystery of the world—the apparent purposelessness of all that is greatest and noblest; the moral greatness of what the universe treats as insignificant, the moral insignificance of what nature allows to triumph; and the thought and belief which calms each in his perplexity.

Is all that we see and know indefinitely great, and part of a vast plan of whose meaning our moral nature gives us a glimpse which we are to understand more fully hereafter? the poet seems to ask. Or is that glimpse a cheat, revealing only an *ignis-fatuus*, and is death the end of all, and life the measure of its worth? Is the

agony of human sorrow, the exaltation of human tenderness, the self-abandonment of the love which is stronger than death, a spark from something spiritual, divine and eternal? Or is it but the expression of self-preserving instincts in a living atom, an insignificant and infinitesimal component part of a planet whose proportion to the universe is inappreciable?

Such is the fundamental thought which runs through many of Tennyson's philosophical writings, and which accompanies him as he surveys in the great poem of *Vastness* the contrasted views of this universe, great or insignificant according to the light in which it is regarded.

Raving politics never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs—  
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?

National hatreds of whole generations and pigmy spite of the village spire,  
Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that are snapt in a moment  
of fire;

He that has lived for the lust of the minute and died in the doing it, flesh without  
mind;

He that has nailed all flesh to the cross till self died out in the love of his  
kind;

Spring and summer and autumn and winter, and all these old revolutions of  
earth

All new-old revolutions of empire—change of the tide—what is all of it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer,

All that is foulest, all that is noblest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?

What is it all if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,

Swallowed in vastness, lost in silence, drowned in the depths of a meaningless  
past,

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their  
hive?

And the wail is broken off, and one line assures us that peace and trust remain to the poet—trust in man's higher destiny and in the meaning of life. It is a line which is only understood by reading the whole of *In Memoriam*—

Peace, let it be, for I loved him and love him for ever; the dead are not dead but  
alive.

With Cardinal Newman we have the same sense of an aimless and purposeless surface of things; but his solution goes more directly to conscience itself, which draws to it and purifies the deep human feelings which Tennyson rightly derives from the highest source. He writes as follows:—

The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth [God's existence] of which my whole being is so full. . . . To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history; the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their spiritual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms

of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers and truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary, hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully yet exactly described in the apostle's words, 'Having no hope and without God in the world,'—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.\*

Such is the Cardinal's sense—not less acute than the poet's—of the darkness and chaos of a world in which moral light is an uncertainty, and religious faith an unreality. . And that conscience which is the great witness to the truth which the world seems to deny is thus described by him: as including at once Kant's sense of law, and the revelation of that capacity for personal love of which Tennyson speaks in its human manifestation:—

Conscience always involves the recognition of a living object towards which it is directed. Inanimate things cannot stir our affections; these are correlative with persons. If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claim upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person, to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog: we have no remorse or compunction on breaking mere human law; yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and, on the other hand, it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. 'The wicked flees when no one pursueth;' then why does he flee? whence his terror? Who is that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the object to which his perception is directed must be supernatural and divine.

Such was the spiritual reality which ever remained in him as the deepest and calmest of all assurances;—neither clouding his vision of what led others to doubt, nor permitting doubt for a moment to touch his own soul.

Let me now add a few words of postscript in reference to the very different view of Cardinal Newman's relations to the sceptical arguments against faith which has recently been put forward by Mr.

Leslie Stephen. Mr. Stephen does not exactly question the Cardinal's sincerity in his profession of Catholicism, but he does maintain that there was a lurking suspicion in his mind that if reason were thoroughly listened to, his faith could not remain. 'What is faith?' a child asked of its mother. 'It is believing that something exists, though you cannot see it,' was the reply; and the mother proceeded to give an illustration—'For instance, if your catechism told you that there was a chair in that corner, you ought to believe, though you cannot see it.' The child paused and then said, 'Yes, mother, but ought I to go and sit down on the chair?' So the Cardinal, according to Mr. Stephen, seems prepared to take the first step of avowing his belief in the Church, but shrinks from that more thorough test of the soundness of his position which is involved in looking fairly at the reasons *pro* and *con*. He pictures Newman's state of mind as one of 'scepticism afraid of itself'; a state arising from his fundamental view that 'doubt is the legitimate and normal result of reasoning' (*Nineteenth Century* for February, p. 201). The general conclusion is, that the Cardinal throws himself into the arms of the Catholic Church as a means of stifling sceptical doubts which he suspects at bottom to be valid. Space will not allow me to follow Mr. Stephen in detail through the reasons he gives for his opinion, and I have already pointed out (*Spectator*, February 7) that he has failed to acquaint himself with the Cardinal's most recent and careful treatment of the subject. I must content myself now with calling attention to the central point in which, as it seems to me, Mr. Stephen has missed the drift of Newman's teaching. The view which he brought out more and more clearly in answer to misrepresentations almost exactly similar to Mr. Stephen's is, that his disparagement of reasoning was aimed at popular but false conceptions of reasoning. It was directed in the first place against the claims to all-sufficiency of dialectics and explicit logical processes. He believed that the highest insight of the intellect was not at all commensurate with those logical proofs which are often spoken of as 'evidence'; which may for the moment—like a ship which is tacking—seem to go in a direction even opposite to the ultimate resting-place of the mind. The faculty of analysis was, he held, often at fault, and the mind could see a truth without being able reflectively to give each step of the process. The proof might be felt and recognised as a body of proof, and yet not analysed into its component parts. Perhaps the strongest instance of this is the conviction which each man recognises to be valid, that other minds than his own have a separate existence—a fact which, as Tennyson reminds us in the passage I have quoted earlier in my essay, is incapable of detailed logical justification. Further, he maintained that, while dialectics and logic are insufficient, though accurate as far as they

go, they become also inaccurate in matters of religion when they start, as they so often do, from current irreligious assumptions. The highest and truest reasoning power of man, then, is something more delicate than his logical faculty, and needs for its starting-point and assistant 'the happy guidance of the moral sense.' (*Development of Religious Error*, p. 459.) Consequently, whether Newman was right or wrong, his attitude was the very opposite to Mr. Stephen's conception of it. He had no fear whatever of a sceptical tendency in the highest reason of man—that reasonable nature which includes his truest moral and mental perceptions—and it was his very confidence in the assurance which that nature gives of religious truth which made him, as I have said in this essay, so ready to recognise and to treat as of no account the sceptical aberrations of the analytical faculty taken by itself in men as they actually exist.

A few quotations from the Cardinal's works will show the application of this general view to Mr. Stephen's charges. Firstly, in reply to Mr. Stephen's statement that in the Cardinal's opinion 'doubt is the legitimate and normal result of reasoning,' we have the following passage from the *Apologia*: 'I know that even the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution.' (*Apologia*, p. 243.) Further, when explaining the *sense* in which he considers human reason to be sceptical in matters of religion, he expressly says: 'In no case need the reasoning faculty itself be to blame or responsible except if viewed as identical with the assumptions of which it is the instrument,' and these irreligious assumptions in the case of the mass of worldly minds are 'received without question as certain truths on the credit of alternate appeals, and mutual cheers and *imprimatures*.' Reason, however, in the truest sense is not responsible for this. 'I repeat it is but an instrument. . . . The eyes and the hands and the tongue are instruments in their very nature. We may speak of a wanton eye and a murderous hand and a blaspheming tongue without denying that they can be used for good purposes as well as bad.' (*Development of Religious Error*.)

Next, as to his doctrine that the highest reason perceives—even in matters of every-day life—much which it is unable fully to justify by analysis, one passage must suffice as a sample:—

As by the use of our eyesight we recognise two brothers, yet without being able to express what it is by which we distinguish them; as at first sight we perhaps confuse them together, but on better knowledge we see no likeness between them at all; as it requires an artist's eye to determine what lines and shades make a countenance look young or old, amiable, thoughtful, angry, or conceited, the principle of discrimination being in each case real but implicit: so is the mind unequal to a complete analysis of the motives which carry it on to a particular conclusion,

and is swayed and determined by a body of proof, which it recognises only as a body, and not in its constituent parts.<sup>10</sup>

Finally, as to Mr. Stephen's contention that the Cardinal viewed the Catholic Church as a refuge from the conclusions of reason, the reader may be referred to the second Appendix to the fifth edition of the *Grammar of Assent*, in which he fully explains his position on the subject. That higher reason which makes him a Theist proceeds to make him a Catholic, he contends.

I am a Catholic for the reason that I am not an atheist. . . . There is a certain ethical character, one and the same, a system of first principles, sentiments, and tastes, a mode of viewing the question and of arguing, which is formally and normally, naturally and divinely, the *organum investigandi* given us for attaining religious truth, and which would lead the mind by an infallible succession from the rejection of Atheism to Theism, from Theism to Christianity, and from Christianity to Evangelical religion, and from these to Catholicity.

It is then, in his view, the same obedience to the highest reason which begins by leading a man away from negation in natural religion, which in the end brings him to Catholicity. Catholicity is not a refuge from unwelcome conclusions of reason, but the ultimate resting-place of that highest reason which justifies its claims from the beginning by its resolute opposition to a scepticism which would reduce religious knowledge—nay, all human knowledge—to an absolute nullity. The following passage from one of his sermons, dealing with a view substantially the same as Mr. Stephen's, and instinct with feeling and conviction alike, may be cited in conclusion:—

[The world] conceives we are in perpetual warfare with our own reason, fierce objections ever rising within us, and we forcibly repressing them. It believes that, after the likeness of a vessel which has met with some accident at sea, we are ever baling out the water which rushes in upon us, and have hard work to keep afloat; we just manage to linger on, either by an unnatural strain on our minds, or by turning them away from the subject of religion. The world disbelieves our doctrines itself, and cannot understand our own believing them. It considers them so strange, that it is quite sure, though we will not confess it, that we are haunted day and night with doubts, and tormented with the apprehension of yielding to them. . . .

But, my dear brethren, if these are your thoughts, you are simply in error. Trust me, rather than the world, when I tell you that it is no difficult thing for a Catholic to believe, and that, unless he grievously mismanages himself, the difficult thing is for him to doubt. . . . He does violence to his mind, not in exercising but in withholding his faith. When objections occur to him, which they may easily do if he lives in the world, they are as odious and unwelcome to him as impure thoughts are to the virtuous. He does certainly shrink from them, he flings them away from him, but why? Not, in the first instance, because they are dangerous, but because they are cruel and base. His loving Lord has done everything for him, and has He deserved such a return? *Popule meus, quid feci tibi?*—'O, my people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I molested thee? Answer thou me. I brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and delivered thee out of the house

<sup>10</sup> *Grammar of Assent*, 1st edit. p. 285.

of slaves; and I sent before thy face Moses, and Aaron, and Mary; I fenced thee in, and planted thee with the choicest vines; and what is there that I ought to do more to my vineyard that I have not done to it?'. He has poured on us His grace, He has been with us in our perplexities, He has led us on from one truth to another, He has forgiven us our sins, He has satisfied our reason, He has made faith easy, He has given us His saints, He shows before us day by day his own Passion; why should I leave Him? What has He ever done to me but good? Why should I re-examine what I have examined once for all? Why must I listen to every idle word that flits past me against Him, on pain of being called a bigot or a slave, when I should be behaving to the Most High as you yourselves who so call me would not behave towards a human friend or benefactor?

WILFRID WARD.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF IQUIQUE.<sup>1</sup>

THE bombardment of a defenceless town is happily now of such rare occurrence, that the unfortunate exception in the case of the Chilian port of Iquique has attracted considerable attention, and an account of it by one who was present may not be lacking in interest, if only because of the fact that the town contains so much English property and so many English lives. Iquique has become well known within the last few years as the port of Tarapaca, a province on the west coast of South America, acquired by Chile as the prize of her successful war against Peru, and rich in the nitrate product which has exercised such a fascination over the speculative dreams of the English public. The town lies on a level sandy tract standing out at the foot of barren hills, which rise to a height of some two to three thousand feet immediately behind it, and shut out all view of the country beyond. On either side of the town, and not more than a mile or two from it, the hills approach the sea again, so that the only means of reaching the interior is by surmounting them. As rain never falls in this district, these hills are perfectly destitute of verdure, and in the daytime are of a sandy and, in parts, a mouse-coloured tinge; but towards evening, as the sun sinks into the far Pacific, they acquire delicate hues of soft gold and pink which give a unique and by no means unpicturesque effect to their usually monotonous aspect. An island at the southern corner of the bay forms an excellent break-water against the rollers driven on by the prevalent south-west winds.

Beyond the summit of the hills lies the Pampa, an undulating expanse of barren sand, compared to which, as a great traveller has remarked, the winter plateau before Sebastopol is a luxuriant *parterre* and the desert between Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir a very garden of Eden. To add to the uninviting aspect of the scene, large deposits of discoloured common salt are visible everywhere, very similar in appearance to the patches of dirty snow to be seen in the country in England after several days of thaw. In this dreary waste are erected the *oficinas*, or establishments for the reduction of nitrate from the *caliche* or raw material. An *oficina* has usually a staff of at least a dozen Englishmen, presided over by a manager, or *administrador*. They are entirely dependent on the outside world for the means of existence, and their surroundings are monotonous in

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce *Ik-ee-kee*.

the extreme; yet, with Englishmen's facility for making the best of circumstances, they manage to spend their leisure hours happily enough, and young clerks in Iquique look forward to a holiday on the Pampa with as much pleasure as a Londoner anticipates a week in the country or at the seaside. The railway runs from Iquique obliquely up the mountain-side to Molle, some six miles to the south, whence it strikes inland, and finally takes a northerly direction till it again descends to the sea at Pisagua, a smaller town about fifty miles in a direct line from Iquique. The ascent from Iquique to Molle is very steep, and trains drawn by the powerful double-boiler Fairlie engines may be seen toiling slowly up the side of the hill on the scarcely discernible railway-track, all at similar distances, rigidly maintained, from each other.

Iquique is built in rectangular blocks, similar to most towns in South America of Spanish origin. On account of the frequency of earthquakes, all buildings, with the exception of the stone Custom House, are made of wood. The dwelling-houses are, for the most part, only one story high, but many business houses and offices possess two or three floors. The more pretentious buildings are covered with stucco, the Cathedral and the Opera House being both in this style. All buildings have, by law, to be painted every year. The favourite colours are light shades of yellow, pink, or blue, and in the Calle Baquedano, where the English for the most part reside, the houses, with their balconies in front and their *miradoras* or flat roofs above, on which to catch the fresh sea-breeze, present a bright and by no means inartistic appearance. In the principal *plaza* there is a clock-tower dedicated to the national hero, Arturo Prat, and some prettily laid gardens, all the more refreshing from the total absence of verdure elsewhere. Trams, with young girls for conductors and drawn by mules, run along the principal thoroughfares, the driver whistling loudly every time he nears a cross road, so as to give warning of his approach. Owing to the formation of the town these cross roads are very frequent, and the whistle seldom leaves the driver's mouth. The whistle is the great weapon of modern Iquique. Steam-launches whistle shrilly as they pick their path among the lighters in the bay, the railway engines scream for the whole length of their passage through the town, and at night, when the tram-driver at length retires to his well-earned rest, the policeman takes up the burden of his plaint and wanders along the streets giving vent to the most weird and melancholy calls upon his whistle, with all the stolid assiduity of the lower class Chilean official.

The hired carriages of Iquique, or 'coaches,' as they are called, deserve some notice. They are mostly landaus of French manufacture, and are drawn by a pair of horses. The fare from any one part of the town to another is only twenty cents, or fivepence at the old rate of exchange. The reason for this low charge is that horses are

cheap and the roads are good. While Iquique was still in the hands of the Peruvians the streets were ankle-deep in sand, but soon after the Chilian possession the much-desired improvement was commenced. *Ripio*, or refuse from the manufacture of nitrate, mixed with lime, was laid down and hardened into almost the solidity of concrete. An excellent footpath to Cavancha, a bathing-resort about a mile to the south of the town, is made of this material, as well as the cricket-ground and tennis-court enclosed within the railway property. On account of their cheapness, the coaches are much in request, and several large coaching establishments have sprung into existence to meet the demand. The horses from these livery stables can be seen early in the day being driven in herds like cattle along the Cavancha road, to take their morning bath in the sea. Mules are greatly used to carry packs to the Rampa, and also to bring down the carts loaded with ore from the neighbouring silver-mines of Huantajaya. These carts are roughly constructed, with broad wheels of large circumference, and are drawn by six, and sometimes nine, mules, harnessed three abreast. The driver rides on the near-side wheeler, and is provided with a long stock-whip, with which he keeps his team at a quick trot, while the heavily-laden cart rolls along with the thunder of a metal gun-carriage.

The resources of Iquique in the way of pastimes or amusements are somewhat limited. In the cool season riding, cricket, and tennis can be enjoyed, but in summer the temperature is too high for any of these to be a favourite means of recreation. There is only one road out of the town on which it is possible to drive—the road to Cavancha; and this place is, consequently, the favourite resort. A tramway also runs along by the side of the road, the trams drawn by horses, instead of mules, on account of a fairly steep gradient at the end. The major portion of the journey being across a sandy track with no houses on either side, there is not much getting in or out, and the services of the girl-conductors are dispensed with. The driver, usually a boy, hangs the ends of the reins on the brake-handle, and may be seen lounging in one of the front seats—the trams are for the most part light, open American cars, with seats running athwart, instead of lengthways—conversing with any chance acquaintance among the passengers, or buried in contemplation over the smoke of the universal yellow-papered cigarette. When the journey has commenced he rises leisurely and collects the fares. Should anyone wish to get down during this operation, he pulls the strap which rings the bell. This has the effect of stopping the horses, which are set in motion again by the same means. The Chilian youth are adepts in the art of economising vital energy.

In the afternoon Cavancha Bay presents a spectacle which might almost recall some of our own watering-places at home. Large, bright-coloured sunshades, with prettily-dressed English children

playing beneath them, are dotted here and there over the sand—a beautifully clean grey sand which seems specially adapted for children's games. On the *ripio* pathway the Iquique citizen is to be seen, taking his wife and children to enjoy the fresh sea-breeze, while along the beach are scattered many more, watching the huge rollers of the Pacific curling in transparent arcs and dashing into white foam upon the returning wave. The Gaviota and Serena baths at one end of the bay and the Cavanha baths at the other are always full, for the Chilians of both sexes are great lovers of sea-bathing, in spite of the low temperature of the water along this coast, due to the ice-laden currents from the Straits. Towards five o'clock a stream of coaches begins to issue from the town and the tramcars are filled to overflowing. One of the bathing establishments at Cavanha has a restaurant built out on piles supported on rocks which are surrounded with water. Its appearance is greatly enhanced by carefully tended plants and creepers, always grateful to the eye in Iquique. This restaurant is the usual resort of the English and the better class Chilians, and late in the afternoon is filled with gaily dressed people, laughing and talking, or watching their friends bathing from the bathing-place close by. Towards half past six the coaches are summoned, and the return to town is made across the sandy track, between the waters of the Pacific, glistening in the rays of the setting sun and the mountain-side lit up with all the glorious tinges from the declining orb of day. The usual dinner-hour is seven, and at eight a military band plays in the *plaza*. Here one can sit and listen to the music and watch the stream of people walking round and round, while the shadow of the lofty hills—those eternal hills from whose presence it seems impossible to escape in any Chilian town—hangs towering and majestic over all.

But Iquique in times of peace and Iquique in times of war bear two very different aspects. The trouble which has lately burst upon the country, and of which Iquique was almost the first to bear the brunt, has long been brewing. The President, José Manuel Balmaceda, early succeeded in disappointing all the hopes which were raised at his election, five years ago. He had been Minister of Foreign Affairs to the late President, Santa Maria, and was then reckoned a warm supporter of progressive principles. Born in Santiago in the year 1840, he threw up the profession of the Church, for which he was originally intended, and in 1864 became attaché to ex-President Montt. In 1870 he was elected a member of the Congress, in which he sat uninterruptedly till his election to the presidential chair. This event was hailed on all sides with enthusiasm, for he had been the trusted Minister of a popular and much-respected President. But with his accession to power Balmaceda seems to have abandoned his Liberal principles, and soon acquired the reputation of carrying matters with a high hand, regardless of the authority of Congress.

A crisis was reached in June of last year, when it became known that he intended to nominate, as his successor, his Minister San Fuentes, who, in spite of a large majority against him in the Congress, would not resign office, and who, having no claims to distinction beyond the fortune which he is said to have amassed by speculation, was expected to prove a mere tool in the hands of his able predecessor. On these grounds Congress used the only weapon it possesses and refused to vote supplies.

Balmaceda held out for some little time, till a dead lock seemed inevitable and serious riots took place in Valparaiso, which were quelled with difficulty by a force of two hundred and fifty cavalry troops. After this the President gave way, dismissed San Fuentes, and in August accepted a Ministry composed of some of the most influential and respected members of Congress. This Ministry framed and passed a decentralising law, to insure purity at the presidential election; but as soon as the President had obtained his supplies, he instructed the *intendentes* or governors of the provinces to disregard the orders of the Cabinet, which at once resigned. Congress was shortly afterwards dismissed, and Balmaceda conducted the administration of the country on his sole authority, with Claudio Vicuña for his Minister. The supplies for 1891, however, were still unvoted, and the *Comision Conservadora*, which sits in Santiago during the recess of Congress to watch its interests, twice urged the President to call the Congress. As he refused to do this, and still adhered to his determination to nominate San Fuentes as his successor, the Opposition, consisting of all the most prominent members of Congress, resolved to take active measures.

It may be thought that this action was somewhat precipitate and that they might have waited till Balmaceda vacated the presidential chair in the fall of the present year. But the presidential election takes place in March, and they knew that, if they deferred their action till after that month, the man to whom they were opposed would be elected. For the last three decades the presidential candidate has always been successful, the president being in a position to control the elections, as he appoints the *intendentes* of the provinces, who in turn appoint their sub-governors, sub-delegates, and district-inspectors. Hitherto the Opposition have borne their defeat without appealing to force, because the candidates nominated by the presidents, however they might have differed from them in opinion, were at least men of capacity and repute. These qualifications the leaders of the Opposition considered to be lacking in San Fuentes, and they arranged a date—said to be the 15th of January—on which to make a demonstration against the President with both army and navy.

Balmaceda, however, having some suspicion of their intention, acted with great promptitude and began ordering the men-of-war,

one by one, to leave Valparaiso Bay. This action precipitated matters, and the leaders of the Opposition, including the Vice-President of the Senate, Waldo Silva, and the President of the Deputies, Barros Luco, in order to secure the fleet, went on board the 'Almirante Cochrane' on the 7th of January, and thence issued a manifesto appealing to the army and the nation to support them in opposing the unconstitutional government of the President. Although the majority of the country were in favour of the Opposition no demonstration followed, and the President, having secured the allegiance of the army by doubling their pay and making lavish promises of rewards for future services, proclaimed himself Dictator, denounced the fleet, which had gone over entirely to the Opposition, as pirates, and took vigorous measures for self-defence.

The 'Almirante Cochrane,' an armoured ship of over 3,000 tons, and the 'Magellanes,' a smaller ship, proceeded at once to Iquique to blockade the port if the *Intendente* refused to surrender it; while the 'Blanco Encalada,' sister ship to the 'Cochrane,' and the turret ship 'Huascar' (2,000 tons) remained in Valparaiso Bay for similar duty there. The fast cruiser 'Esmeralda' (3,000 tons) went south to meet the two new ships, the 'Almirante Lynch' and the 'Condell,' expected out from England, to gain them over to the side of the Congress.

The 'Silvertown' cable-ship, which I was aboard, heard of the action of the fleet before she left Chorillos (near Lima) on the 9th of January, to lay cable from that place to Iquique. On the evening of the 14th, having slipped the final bight some little distance out from Iquique that afternoon, we anchored in the bay after dark and found ourselves between the 'Cochrane' and the 'Magellanes,' the former of which at once sent off an officer in the steam-launch to request us to change our anchorage, as they might have to fire on the town during the night. While the anchor was being heaved up, the engineer-in-chief, Mr. Matthew H. Gray, and Captain Thomson paid a visit to the 'Cochrane,' and afterwards to the 'Pheasant,' the small English gunboat then representing our interests in the bay. At the advice of her captain we let go anchor again near to her.

On the 16th of January, with another member of the staff, I took up my residence ashore to arrange the testing instrument in the cable hut, while the 'Silvertown' went south to sound along the intended route of cable, so that on her return we should have everything ready to keep watch in the hut during the laying of the cable from Iquique to Valparaiso. Considerable difference was observable in the appearance of the town since we had been there some three weeks previously on our journey north. A detachment of soldiers was on guard at the mole; earthworks had been thrown up in Cavancha Bay, close to the cable hut which we had erected there, and every evening troops were sent to occupy these earthworks against any nocturnal surprises from the sea, while another body took up their quarters at

the end of the pier restaurant at Cavancha. Provisions were already much dearer; potatoes—the Chilian potato is excellent and forms a staple article of food among the lower classes—had risen to three times their ordinary value, although the strict blockade was not announced to commence till the 20th of the month. Notwithstanding the fact that the feeling in the town and throughout the Pampa was greatly in favour of the fleet, the Government still retained command of the troops, and the province was in charge of an *Intendente* of tried capacity, Señor Salinas, whom the President had lately appointed to the post as specially fitted to do credit to his choice in so important a crisis. The *Intendente* received the support, as might be supposed, of all Government officials, who owed their position to him, while the troops, some five hundred in number, were content to remain in his service with the double pay which they received. Thus, with a determined man in authority, the town could well hold its own against warships which were unable to land sufficient troops to take and keep possession. It was the old story of the hopeless quarrel between dog and fish. Neither party could get at the other to secure the victory. Iquique possessed no fortifications against a hostile fleet, nor any torpedo defences in the harbour. A small fort on the island, which was abandoned on the approach of the ships, and two more on the mainland, one by the railway station and the other near the ‘Morro,’ armed with a few obsolete and almost useless guns, represented all that was thought necessary to protect the richest port in Chile.

But although the ships had not sufficient troops to take possession of the town, nothing could prevent them knocking it to pieces, and to avoid such a possibility it was thought at the time that the *Intendente* would be compelled by force of public opinion to surrender to the fleet. A meeting, however, which took place on the 17th on board H.M.S. ‘Pheasant’ between Salinas and the leaders of the Opposition made it clear that he was determined not to give in, and negotiations fell through without any compromise being effected. Accordingly, on the 20th of January the strict blockade commenced. No boats came to or left the mole. Two hundred troops were sent up by train to the Pampa, to meet the Opposition forces which were supposed to have been landed at Pisagua, and every evening two detachments of artillery with howitzer guns, drawn by mules, were marched out to protect the town on either side. Even then it was believed that no fighting would really occur, and that the *Intendente* was taking all the measures merely that he might have the satisfaction of feeling that he was doing something. But when, on the morning of the 22nd, a train returned from the Pampa with proof of an engagement in the form of dead and wounded, it became evident that all was in grim earnest. Pisagua, it seems, had been taken by the fleet without a blow, and the troops

they landed were sent up across the Pampa by the railway, till they met the Government troops about half-way between Pisagua and Iquique. An engagement took place, in which both sides claimed the victory; but the Opposition forces fell back towards Pisagua. The same day, in the evening, the 'Cochrane' sent a note ashore to the *Intendente*, saying that any more trains leaving the town would be fired upon. At the same time she changed her position, in order to command the railway station.

On the 23rd another batch of killed and wounded from the Pampa brought evidence of a second engagement, in which the Government troops obtained advantage, for on the 27th the news of the recapture of Pisagua by them arrived. This event was celebrated by a demonstration consisting of a fife and drum band, attended by one sergeant and three privates, who paraded the principal thoroughfares. The 'Cochrane' replied by ordering all vessels which interfered with her line of fire upon the town to leave their anchorage. In the town, as the police were withdrawn every night on military duty, the *Intendente* sanctioned the formation of an urban guard by foreigners for the protection of their property. In other respects things went on much the same as usual. The streets were perhaps a little emptier, and many shops were closed; but the daily baths at Cavancha were duly attended, and the young Englishmen who assembled there seemed perfectly indifferent as to the state of affairs, and to all appearance heedless whether the town was to be bombarded or not on the following day. The military band still played in the Plaza on the following evening, but they were escorted to and from the barracks by some twenty or thirty of their comrades, fully armed, who kept guard beneath the stand during the performance.

The fleet now determined to concentrate their forces on the province of Tarapacá. Coquimbo and Serena, which had been taken, were abandoned, and transports arrived with troops on board from those places. The 'Blanco' left Valparaiso, where she had been treacherously fired upon by the forts, and arrived in Iquique, with the 'O'Higgins,' on the 2nd of February. It was decided that Pisagua should be retaken first, and that the 'Cochrane' should go there to bombard the town if any resistance was offered. As soon as Pisagua was taken, Iquique was to be attacked. The situation began to look serious to those ashore. Almost worse than the fear of a bombardment was the apprehension that the *rotos*, or workmen on the Pampa, who were out of employment, and consequently in great straits, would come down, as they have on several previous occasions, and pillage the town. News arrived that this had happened in Pisagua, and that the men had only been repulsed after a severe conflict in the town with the Government troops, leaving many of their number dead in the streets. Matters would apparently come to a crisis in a few days, and the Englishmen in Iquique who had



wives and children in the town began to be anxious for their safety. At this juncture the 'Silvertown' returned to Iquique, having successfully laid the cable up from Valparaiso, and Mr. Gray, on learning the position of affairs, offered a passage to any ladies and children who could avail themselves of it to Arica, for which port the ship was next bound. Some fifty or sixty accepted the invitation, and we left Iquique in the afternoon of the 4th, the 'Blanco' opening fire, just as we were getting under way, on one of the forts, where an attempt was being made to mount a large gun. The 'Cochrane' had left at noon for Pisagua, and it seemed as if both places would in a few days be in the hands of the fleet, and we should be able to return and complete our tests on the cables without meeting with any further trouble.

But, as often happens in these cases, the situation remained unchanged longer than expected. Pisagua, indeed, was retaken on the 6th, but of Iquique no reliable news could be obtained, as both the cable and the land-line were cut, and the 'Silvertown,' having waited at Arica for ten or twelve days, sailed again for Iquique, taking back with her some of the ladies and children she had brought from that town, in the hope that matters might be more settled now. I had previously left for the south by a German steamer, the 'Isis,' and on the way we put in at Pisagua. When we arrived there (February 14th) three transports lay in the harbour, from which two thousand Opposition troops had just been landed and sent up by train to camp on the top of the hill overhanging the town. These troops, under the command of Coronel Canto, left the following (Sunday) morning for the interior, and on Monday morning (February 16th) at nine o'clock a train arrived with sixty wounded, and brought the news that the Opposition troops had gained a victory over the Government troops at Dolores, and that Coronel Canto was going to push on towards Iquique.

The 'Isis' weighed anchor for Iquique that day at eleven o'clock, and on reaching the bay at four o'clock the same afternoon we found the 'Silvertown' already there, and learnt to our surprise that the *Intendente*, having sent all his troops up on to the Pampa, had surrendered the town that very morning to the fleet. Before rejoining the 'Silvertown' I went ashore, landing at the mole amidst a swarm of boats which were bringing people back to the town from the island, where they had taken shelter in anticipation of a bombardment. In the town troops belonging to the Opposition were parading the streets, loudly cheered by the populace. All the shops were closed, but the fire-stations—a great feature in Iquique, where the immediate extinction of fire is so necessary—were filled with the urban guard of the district to which each belonged. As soon as it was known in the morning that the town had been surrendered, the mob had sacked the *Intendencia* and burnt the office of the Government

organ, *La Voz de Chile*, to the ground. But the excitements of the day proved too much for the *rotos*, who, during the last few weeks, had been in considerable straits, but had been prevented by the strong hands of the *Intendente* from making an outbreak. At nightfall indiscriminate pillaging and incendiarism commenced, and the navy troops being incapacitated by their own indulgences from holding them in check, the duty of protecting the city devolved upon the urban guard. The mob, rendered furious by drink, made a most determined stand, in one *plaza* the action being contested with the stubbornness of a pitched battle; but they were at length dispersed, leaving forty-two killed and eighty-six wounded in the streets. Only two of the urban guard, both Spaniards, were killed in the fight.

In spite of the ease with which they won the town, the fleet did not feel at all secure in their new possession. The majority of their troops had been landed at Pisagua, and they had hardly enough in Iquique to keep order, much less to defend it against a hostile force. The following night, a rumour getting abroad that the Government troops were coming down from the Pampa, the fleet called off all their men on board, leaving the town entirely unprotected, and the first intimation the urban guard received of this action was the cries from the prisoners in the *Cuartel*, or police-station, whom they had left unguarded and untended, appealing to some one to come and give them water. The troops returned the following day as soon as they found their alarm had been groundless. The town at this time presented a very forlorn appearance. The *rotos*, after the severe lesson they had received, kept to their houses, and very few people were to be seen about the streets. A few young Englishmen were to be found up at Cavanha, and late in the afternoon arrived a quiet-looking yellow-complexioned old man with a slight stoop and dressed in a frock-coat, and black straw hat with 'Blanco Encalada' inscribed in gold letters on the ribbon. This unobtrusive-looking old gentleman was Waldo Silva, Vice-President of the Senate and nominal leader of the Revolution. He was accompanied by a man of about his own age. It was significant of the faith he had in the popularity of his cause that he should wander about, with only one companion, totally unprotected, and return to the town seated quietly in a ten-pent tram. If he had missed his passage off to the ship that evening, he would have had cause to repent his rashness. For, towards midnight, mounted scouts of the Opposition came galloping into the town, with the news that the Government forces had arrived at the top of the hills and were descending upon the town. The navy troops at once withdrew to the Custom House, but the Englishman in command of the urban guard, thinking it might only be another false alarm, sent round orders to the different stations to keep watch as usual, and took charge of the *Cuartel*, which had once more been abandoned. The morning of the

19th broke with a *camanchaca*, or dense white fog, under cover of which Coronel Soto, who had, in fact, descended during the night with three hundred Government troops and bivouacked in the racecourse, stole out and entered the town. Finding the *Cuartel* in possession of the urban guard, he passed on, giving his men orders to open out and fire down the streets. At this early hour the only people stirring were the women going to market to get the day's supplies. These were taken utterly by surprise and several were shot down in the indiscriminate firing. As the Government forces neared the mole, the navy troops, only some sixty or seventy strong, fired upon them from the roof and first floor of the stone Custom House. But when Soto's men pressed steadily on and took up positions on either side of the building, the 'Blanco' sent off her steam-pinnaces armed with Gatling guns to dislodge them, and opened fire herself, shelling the houses behind which they were sheltered. It was now about half-past six, and the inhabitants of this quarter, the richest in the town, where all the banks and principal business houses were situated, awoke to find the long-expected bombardment actually commenced, and all retreat cut off by the promiscuous firing in the streets. There was nothing to do but to descend to the ground floor and wait patiently till it was over, trusting that the bursting of a shell would not prevent the witnessing of that much-desired consummation.

Meantime the 'Blanco' sent off two or three boat-loads of sailors to land at the railway mole under cover of the machine-guns of the 'Tolten'—a small craft cruising in that part of the roadstead—and to attempt to take the enemy in the flank. On being put ashore, however, these men got such a warm reception from the Government troops, who fired on them from the shelter of the railway tanks, that they were obliged to retire to their boats again, leaving half a dozen killed on the mole. About half-past nine another attempt to land reinforcements was made at the Custom House mole, and this time, with the aid of the fire from the two steam-pinnaces, they succeeded in joining their comrades in the Custom House without the loss of a single man. The 'Silvertown' was anchored in a position which commanded an uninterrupted view of the whole engagement. Between her and the town lay only the English man-of-war (the 'Warspite') and the 'Blanco,' the latter, of course, being the nearest to the shore. From the cross-trees of the foremast, where I took up my station, I could with my glasses see where almost every shot struck. It was a unique experience for a non-combatant thus to be able to watch a bombardment from such close quarters, and one which, of course, would be impossible where the town had any forts with which to reply. Although the mist had disappeared the sun did not shine forth, but seemed to be obscured in a dull thundery atmosphere, very unusual on this coast, where rain never falls. Hardly a breath of wind stirred and the silence in a lull after the booming of the big

guns and the sharp crack of the rifles was very impressive. When the firing recommenced the effect was all the more striking for the intervening calm. The 'Blanco,' manœuvring with her twin screws in order to bring her different guns to bear, turned and twisted like some huge reptile, spitting forth its venom from half a dozen mouths in turn. The volumes of white smoke shot forth, the loud report following a second or two later, the simultaneous gap in some hitherto intact building, the explosion of the shell, throwing up a discoloured cloud of dust,—each detail was visible; an exhibition of the cruel force of modern weapons which was repellent enough to those who, like ourselves, had only chance acquaintances ashore, but to our guests, whose husbands, fathers, brothers, were in the town, must have proved a terrible ordeal indeed. Once or twice a lull in the firing which lasted longer than usual encouraged us to believe that one side or the other had gained the victory and that all would now be quiet. But the firing was only renewed on each occasion with greater fury after the interval: volleys of musketry in the streets, and a hail of bullets from the Gatlings and Nordenfeldts in the steam-pinnaces—there is something in the vicious whirr of a machine-gun far more sickening and repulsive to an onlooker than the explosion of the largest shell—as they steamed slowly along the banks, seeking out the places where the Government troops lay entrenched.

Soon after ten o'clock a steamer was sighted coming from the south, and proved to be the Chilean cruiser 'Esmeralda.' She steamed first into Cavancha Bay, where the 'Huascar' lay, watching the hills for the Government artillery, which Soto had left behind him, and firing whenever they made an attempt to descend. Finding her assistance was not required there, the 'Esmeralda' came round into the bay, and, taking up a position near the 'Blanco,' joined in the cannonade. Soon after one o'clock the firing slackened, and only stray shots were fired occasionally till nearly three o'clock. By that time, as the Government troops still held their own, and, if anything, seemed to have the advantage, the fleet determined to make a final effort to dislodge them, and sent off three more boat-loads of men to land at the Custom House mole under cover of the fire from the steam-pinnaces. When these men were safely within the stone walls, the 'Blanco' and the 'Esmeralda' both opened fire upon the block of buildings in front of the beach on the right-hand side of the Custom House, as Government troops were firing from the roofs of them on to the Custom House. Shell after shell tore through them, knocking large gaps in the slight wooden structures and going through into the street behind, where the English club was situated. At half-past three a tremendous explosion showed that a store of dynamite had been struck, and immediately huge flames shot up around the spot where it had occurred. The fire seemed to gain full force at once, and in a few minutes a dense column of black smoke, with a dull

red blaze beneath, rose almost vertically—there was still hardly a breath of wind—towards the sky.

Shortly after, another fire sprang up behind the first one, and burnt so fiercely that it seemed as if the whole town was doomed. At this critical juncture we saw a boat leave the 'Warspite' and draw up at the 'Blanco's' ladder. Was the British admiral about to make an effort to save such wanton waste of life and property? All eyes were on the 'Blanco,' and presently the English officer re-entered the boat, returned to the 'Warspite,' and left again in the direction of the shore, with a large white flag of truce flying astern. The crew pulled steadily on in spite of several volleys from the Government troops on land, who could not see or did not understand the flag of truce, and then we saw two men land at the mole and disappear towards the Custom House. What seemed to us a long interval now elapsed, during which the fight still went on, though with considerably abated vehemence, and then, about five o'clock, all firing ceased, the gig returned to the 'Warspite,' and the news went round the harbour that an armistice had been arranged through the mediation of the 'Warspite,' at the request of the Opposition leaders, till noon the following day, in order to allow the fire to be extinguished and to give the women and children who still remained in the town an opportunity of leaving it.

The mole was now crowded by those ashore who had friends and relations on the ships and wanted to get off and visit them. A boat was soon observed to be heading for the 'Silvertown,' and we all gathered at the head of the gangway to hear the news. It was an anxious moment for many on board when the boat came alongside and the occupant, a young Englishman known to most of us, stepped on to the gangway. However, he ran cheerfully up the ladder and relieved all fears by crying out almost before he reached the deck, 'It's all right. No Englishmen are hurt. I've seen everybody, and they are all coming off, as soon as they can get a boat.' A swarm of boats soon came round the gangway, and the pleasure of the meetings that ensued atoned for all the cruel anxieties of the day. Many of those with whom we were acquainted came off, and we heard from their own lips how each had fared. It appeared that a great number spent the day actually in the bombarded portion of the town, having been unable to escape owing to the suddenness of the attack at that early hour of the morning. One young Englishman, who had only been in Iquique a few weeks, having arrived there from Buenos Ayres, where he had been present at all the fighting in the streets during the Revolution, after a long night's watch on the urban guard, actually slept through the first half-hour of the bombardment, although he was staying at the Hotel de la Bolsa, within a stone's throw of the Custom House, where all the firing was going on. When the hotel servant at length managed to arouse him, he

ordered his coffee and, going down to the breakfast-room on the ground floor, watched the engagement from one of the windows, in company with an English mining engineer from Huanfajaya. While seated here, the hotel-keeper's nephew, together with the bar-keeper, cook, and one or two waiters, who had retired to a back bedroom, which they lined with mattresses, came tumbling down the stairs crying out that the shots were penetrating everywhere, and immediately disappeared down the cellar stairs. A shell which came through the breakfast-room a few minutes later—a large proportion of the shells were unloaded and did not explode—induced the young Englishman and the engineer, together with four sea-captains who were in the same room, to follow the example set them and retire below. Here they waited patiently for some time, listening to the fusillade from the steam-pinnaces and the volleys of musketry down the streets each side of the house, relieved occasionally by the crash of a shell as it tore its way through the wooden structure. Once the cook, fearing the fire might be struck and the scattered coals cause a conflagration, went up with the intention of putting it out; but he no sooner reached the top of the stairs than a shell whizzed through in front of him, the rush of air blowing him back into the cellar again. After this experience nobody seemed anxious to make another attempt, but about one o'clock, when the firing slackened, the pangs of hunger—none of them had breakfasted—asserted themselves, and they went up to the bar to see what they could get. Finding nothing here, for the day's provisions had not come in when the fighting commenced, they crept through a hole made by a shell into the next house, which was a ship-chandler's store. Here they found a young German, who was left in charge, sitting rather disconsolately by himself. He seemed glad to see them and supplied them with something to eat and drink.

When the heavy firing began at three o'clock, they retired to the Bolsa cellars again. They had not been long there when the big explosion of dynamite occurred, quite close to them, and shortly after a harebrained waiter, who had been running in and out all day, came in with the news that the house next but one was on fire, and the flames spreading in the direction of the hotel. There was nothing to do but leave the house and run the gauntlet of the cross fires in the streets. The first man (a waiter) who stepped out of the door was immediately shot down, and carried off by some of the Red Cross who happened to be near. This caused a little hesitation among the others, but, the flames having already reached the hotel, there was no help for it, and a rush was made, the young Englishman, together with the engineer and the four sea-captains, running in the direction of the Custom House. A hail of bullets from both parties whizzed around them, but on nearing the Custom House the gate was opened and they were admitted. No sooner were they within than an

officer stepped up to the young Englishman, and putting a pistol in his face, accused him of belonging to the Government party, for they had been firing from the roofs of the houses in the same block as the hotel. Fortunately the Englishman was a good Spanish linguist, and, having explained the state of the case to the officer's satisfaction, they were conducted within the building to a room on the first floor, overlooking the harbour, where all the wounded were lying. After being here some little time they saw the 'Warspite's' gig approaching, and, thinking that if the Government troops took possession of the Custom House their presence in it would require further explanation, they obtained leave to go down on the mole and meet the boat, with the view of getting a passage off to the ship. When the gig reached the end of the mole the Government troops again opened fire on it, but Captain Lambton, for he was in charge of it, took no notice, although one bullet went through the awning and another through the bottom of the boat, and proceeded to explain that he could not take them at once, as he had come ashore to try and arrange an armistice, but on his return he would be glad to do so. Meanwhile the party of Englishmen took shelter from the fire down the steps of the mole, and when the Government troops at length grasped the motive for which the English boat had come ashore, and waved a white flag in response, they followed Captain Lambton and his companion up to the Custom House, and stayed there while he went out into the town to confer with Coronel Soto. The proposal of an armistice having been accepted, the English captain returned to the Custom House to inform the *Commandante* of the success of his mission, and shortly afterwards the gallant Coronel himself rode up, his clothes torn by bullets, and black in the face with powder—for he had been wherever the fighting was thickest and had two horses shot under him—and was received with the wildest enthusiasm by the navy troops, the officers running out and kissing, embracing, and even crying over him as he dismounted. Four of them carried him on their shoulders like a conquering hero into the Custom House, and half an hour later the Government and Opposition troops were drinking and making merry together, as if they had always been the best of friends, and had not been trying for the last ten hours to blow each other's brains out.

The young Englishman at last got off to the man-of-war, and thence to the 'Silvertown,' where many of us were acquainted with him and gave him a warm welcome.

The progress of the fire was checked after five blocks, including the principal business quarter of the town, were burnt to the ground. A large stack of coal on the site of one of the blocks it was found impossible to extinguish, and during the night it threw a lurid light over the whole bay. The following morning a troopship arrived with 600 Opposition troops on board. At noon, the specified time for the

armistice to end, these men were put into half-a-dozen huge lighters preparatory to being sent ashore, and there seemed every prospect of a fight even more disastrous than the previous day, when a boat came off from the shore to the 'Blanco,' and cheering broke out on board and was taken up by the men in the lighters. It soon transpired that the two parties had come to terms, Coronel Soto, surrendering with full honours of war in face of the superior forces against him.

But although the fleet would now have some six or seven hundred troops ashore, Iquique was not yet secure from trouble, for Coronel Robles, of the Government forces, was still on the Pampa with six hundred men, and, with the reinforcements he expected from Tacna, might make another effort to retake the town. The 'Warspite' was taking two hundred refugees to Callao, and Mr. Gray offered a passage to Valparaiso to those already on board, extending the invitation to any who might still be ashore. Among those who accepted was Señor Salinas, the late *Intendente* of Iquique, with his wife and family—the man who made so plucky though unsuccessful a stand against the fleet. He is about thirty-eight years of age, short in stature, of pale complexion, with intelligent eyes and a pleasant expression. Before we left Admiral Montt, Commander of the Fleet, and one of the prime movers of the Revolution, paid us a visit. He is a man of about forty-five years of age, with a neat figure, regular features, and trim black beard, just grizzling, one who looked a good sailor and a brave leader, though of hardly sufficient power to conduct, single-handed, a revolution against a man of Balmaceda's capacity and resource.

At half-past nine in the evening of the 25th we weighed anchor and steamed quietly out of the harbour of Iquique. Although it was now six days since the bombardment, the stack of coals then set on fire was still burning, throwing a dull red glow on the charred remnants around it. In a few weeks of revolution the harbour, which had contained at times as many as a hundred vessels, now held barely ten, and the port, which brought in a revenue of 2,000,000*l.* sterling, had within the last month not shipped a single ton of nitrate. How was it to end? As the 'Silvertown' glided out into the gently heaving waters of the Pacific, and the yellow light from the lighthouse and the dull glow from the fire grew fainter in the distance, while the full moon rose over the dark range of hills behind, the thought came, whether this town, which now lay paralysed by the effects of civil war, had really seen its best days and would henceforth steadily decline, or whether she would rise Phoenix-like from her ashes, and, under the administration of a popular and well-organised government, regain her former activity and surpass her well-earned reputation as the successful port of the richest province in the world.



The capture of Iquique was the turning-point in the fortunes of the Congressionalists. From that day they have been slowly but surely winning territory from the President. On the 7th of March their troops met those of the Government under Coronel Robles at Pozo Almonte, about thirty miles inland from Iquique, and inflicted a total defeat, all who were not killed being taken prisoners. This victory placed the whole of the rich nitrate province of Tarapacá in their undisputed possession. Early in the morning of the 8th Mayor Valdiviesos, in command of one of the Government forts at Valparaiso, having spiked the guns, deserted with the whole garrison, and seizing the Government transport 'Maipo,' lying off the town, steamed past the 'Silvertown,' then in the bay, and struck up a lively air on his band as he passed beneath the hostile forts. This was felt to be such a blow by the President that he made his first overtures for peace a few days afterwards. By the end of the month Antofagasta was taken by the Congress, and at the beginning of April the capture of Arica and Tacna gave them a fruitful province from which to supply the barren towns in Tarapacá and Atacama. The nitrate dues for March brought them 40,000*l.*, and it is probable that Balmaceda would shortly have capitulated had not the sinking of the 'Blanco Encalada' inspired him with fresh hopes. The 'Blanco' was lying moored in the harbour at Caldera, undergoing some repairs to her boilers, when the Government torpedo-gunboats 'Lynch' and 'Condell,' under the command of Moraga, an officer who had been expelled from the navy before the war, entered the bay and attacked her as she lay, unable to respond with any but her small machine-guns. After discharging six torpedoes, the seventh took effect and the 'Blanco' sank with several members of the Congress on board. As the 'Lynch' and the 'Condell' were leaving the port they met the transport 'Aconcagua,' an unarmoured passenger steamer belonging to the Congress. She engaged them both and beat them off, the 'Lynch' having to return to Valparaiso for repairs.

The sinking of the 'Blanco,' although of course a great loss, very little altered the position of the Congress. They still possess the warships 'Cochrane,' 'Esmeralda,' 'Huascar,' 'O'Higgins,' 'Magellanes,' and 'Abtao,' and half a dozen transports. Directly after the event the important town of Copiapo was taken by them. The affair of the 'Itata' shows that they have commanders with plenty of resource and determination on their side. The writer of this paper had an interview with the captain of the 'Itata' on his own ship a few days after the capture of Pisagua, and from what he heard on that occasion of the conduct of the war, it seemed that the Congress are not likely to fail through any want of pluck and self-reliance in their captains. The task of arbitrating between the two parties has been entrusted to representatives of France, Brazil, and the United States,

and the terms put forward by the Congress, which include the resignation and impeachment of Balmaceda, show how strong they feel their position to be. It is always difficult to forecast the result of a contest, but at the time of writing there is little doubt that the Congress have the upper hand.

ARCHER P. CROUCH.

*MOROCCO—THE WORLD'S LAST MARKET.*

‘MOROCCO,’ said Lord Salisbury, at Glasgow, on the 20th of May of this year, ‘some day or other will be as great a trouble to Europe, and will carry with it as great a menace to the peace of Europe, as the other Mohammedan communities further to the east used to twenty or thirty years ago.’

To one who has studied the growing problem of Morocco in the country itself, and with complete access to the lively and interesting circle of diplomatists who are silently but steadily striving to solve it, the words I have quoted seem to contain the most important political pronouncement yet made by Lord Salisbury upon African affairs.

The general scuffle of the nations for spherical influence in Africa has brought the geographical limitations of the globe under public notice somewhat realistically. Africa, we have come to think, contains all the remaining markets which can ever be opened up for the benefit of civilised and commercial Europe. Hitherto, however, a studious silence has been maintained as to the future of Morocco, and almost for the first time is its existence brought authoritatively forward by the reference to it in the speech of the Prime Minister.

I want to state three plain reasons for looking on this mysterious land as being *par excellence* the last market of the world—for England also the greatest. It has so far received only the slightest and most inadequate treatment compared with the growing care bestowed upon other Mohammedan countries where the maintenance of British influence for the purposes of British trade is systematically fostered. All the same, the work effected in Persia cannot compare for a moment with the work which might under equally favourable circumstances be effected in Morocco. Every argument—and there are many—which tells in favour of British influence at Teheran, may be urged in a similar way as regards Marakesh, the capital alternately with Fez of Mulay Hassan; while the three causes on which I desire to write turn the scale completely in favour of Morocco as a land by whose destiny the fortunes of the British Empire must be modified for good or evil. They spring mainly from the geographical position of the country and its economical requirements.

First of all I would place the strategical value of Tangier; secondly, the vast agricultural possibilities of the land; thirdly, the commercial demands, certain to be stimulated among its population under any easy trading system.

I. Tangier is the key to the Straits, and the only one. If the popular feeling which subsequently forbid Ministers to part with Gibraltar had existed in the earlier period when the English abandoned Tangier, which was placed under the British Crown, together with Bombay, as the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, Tangier would still have been ours, and my present proposition would not be looked on as a paradox. There is something fascinating in the expression 'key' which has caused it to be applied to Tangier, Ceuta, and Gibraltar equally. Ceuta never was, and never can be, a key to the Straits in any practical sense, for in these days of ironclads the first requisite of any place which can be called a strategical point is a harbour with a good anchorage. This Ceuta does not possess, and it may therefore be disregarded for present purposes.

Gibraltar, the first outpost of the Empire, is a place of unsurpassed importance, if only because England could never tolerate the presence there of another great Power whose ships would menace the road to India; while we should also be deprived of a coaling station, a harbour, and a place of arms, all of the first importance as links in the chain of empire. To abandon Gibraltar even for Ceuta and Tangier together would be the height of criminal folly. Spain has the right of preëmption, but can never afford to buy, while as all the property on the Rock is freehold England can certainly never make her a gift of it to the ruin of our Gibraltarian fellow-subjects, who are loyal to a man to the British Crown, under which they and their fathers were born and have thrived greatly. Neither could Spain afford to keep a place for which tempting prices would at once be offered to the great benefit of her embarrassed finances. Let it be granted then that nothing could compensate for the loss of the Rock.

Still it does not follow that Gibraltar *is*—what it once *was*—the key to the Straits. The use of steam and of 100-ton guns will account absolutely for the change. In the days of sailing vessels, the combined influences of Atlantic currents and of certain winds of remarkable regularity practically forced every sailing vessel entering the Straits under the guns of the Rock. This does not happen to-day. Gibraltar is not reached from the Atlantic until the Straits have widened to about nineteen miles, so that steamships can now pass almost out of sight, and altogether out of range. Tangier, on the contrary, lies at the south-west entrance, where the coasts of Spain and Africa stretch towards each other, leaving, I fancy, barely ten miles from shore to shore. Thus the Bay of Tangier, with its excellent anchorage, commands the Atlantic entrance completely, and if fortified with the heaviest modern artillery would occupy the posi-

tion formerly held by Gibraltar in the days of the sailing vessels. Tangier in the hands of another Power would be a standing menace to the British occupation of the Rock, which, lying much further eastward, can only be approached through the narrow west passage. No one could be more sensible of this than the merchants of Gibraltar, who urge with wonderful unanimity the need of preserving Tangier from foreign influence. The place might have been ours to-day had better counsels prevailed among Englishmen in 1684. To see that it is not snatched at by any other Power is a duty of paramount importance, and would alone establish a vital reason for maintaining British influence in Morocco.

II. Morocco is the natural granary of the British Islands. When I mentioned this some three years ago to a statesman who has sat in many cabinets, he was frankly surprised to find that the obvious significance of the fact had been so wholly overlooked. Yet it needs no extra talent as a propnet to suggest that fifty years hence the gain or loss of the vast agricultural market in the north-west corner of Africa may be of unparalleled consequence to the population of these islands. Morocco on the western side is in nearly the same longitude with Kerry, and is within four days' steaming of Plymouth. Its climate is perfect, its rich virgin soil almost untouched. Agriculture, as we understand it, is unknown. Beyond a little primitive scratching with primitive tools, whereby enough grain is extracted for the purposes of actual subsistence, no one in Morocco cares to grow corn which he is not allowed to export, and which is tolerably certain to be seized on by the Kaid for the benefit of himself and his master the Sultan. If once Great Britain could obtain a concession implying security to the toilers, then cheap grain enough to feed the entire population would be at our very doors, requiring, in fact, some two days' less voyage than that from America. This would always be an advantage even in times of peace, and with all our usual markets open to us.

In time of war it might mean the difference between plenty and starvation. If (a) England were involved in some difficulty with the United States, she would then possess a second market. Again, if (b) she were at war with any European Power, her fleets would necessarily be constantly between the Straits and the British Channel, so that food supplies from Morocco would pass along the line at which the covering power of the fleet was at its greatest; whereas the interception of vessels on the Atlantic by foreign cruisers would be frequently successful.

No one, I suppose, believes that having once turned the British Islands into a gigantic tool shop, we can ever again become self-supporting in the matter of food. Kew either, I imagine, will undertake to limit the loss and destruction to which our food supplies are liable in the event of a naval war. Morocco, the last market of the

world, is a safer, cheaper, nearer one than any we possess now. I give that as the second reason why British influence must be to the front long before the menace of which Lord Salisbury speaks can arise to trouble Europe.

The first want of Great Britain is food stuffs; the finest potentiality about this dark, dumb land of Morocco is its boundless natural capacity for supplying them.

III. The converse of this proposition gives me my third point. I put it last because, unlike the two others, it can be raised only by the Moors, and only on condition that the strategical and agricultural importance of the land has been previously recognised, and has led to some initiative on the part of Great Britain. I put it thus.

The first requirement of Morocco is the importation of manufactured goods, and especially of agricultural implements; the best possible thing for England would be to open up this market.

Anglo-Marocquine trade, if left to its own natural development, would be spontaneous and in its general aspects almost ideal. The Moor only needs good government in order to produce raw material and consume manufactured goods, a position entirely antithetical to that occupied by Great Britain. There is abundance of mineral wealth in Morocco which cannot be made available owing to the barbaric policy of exclusion pursued by Muley Hassan and his advisers. There are several ports. Casablanca lies in a bay three-quarters of a mile long and well sheltered from the west. Mazagan lies about 220 miles south by west from Fez. French promoters of railways have already seen that if Morocco can be opened up this will be the great junction towards which the trade from the interior would converge. The flat country between Mazagan and the old capital Marakesh would permit of a railway being constructed at comparatively small expense. Lord Salisbury has lately foreshadowed the civilising results likely to follow from starting a railway along the old slave route of East Africa. In the present case millions of acres capable of producing corn and grapes would be opened up, while British imports would reach easily to the heart of the Moorish Empire. If, then, England has acted on the plain principle of keeping open the markets of the world to her trade in other parts of Africa, she has equal reason to do so again in the case of that portion of it which is nearest to her, and which strategically and agriculturally is vitally connected with her whole system of empire.

These are the three reasons which make the maintenance of British influence in Morocco one of the most delicate and difficult tasks yet lying before the Foreign Office and those who may hereafter be its directors.

Here, of course, I may be asked who is to 'bell the cat'? France, Spain, Germany, and other Powers have all managed to put a finger

in the pie, and Great Britain cannot take possession of Tangier by mere proclamation or hoisting of the flag.

This I admit, and I say in extenuation that it is not the province of a private individual critic to suggest a course to governments. Any action hereafter to be taken will inevitably result from the gradual dissipation of existing British ignorance about Morocco, and its replacement by a healthy interest based solely on the material considerations I have urged. One scarcely knows whether to be merry or sad at the Radical member of Parliament who asked incidentally whether 'the *protégé* system'—the whole *cruz* of the foreign situation at Tangier—would be abolished while other reforms in Morocco were being undertaken. The same is the case with all those amiable, and usually clerical, stray tourists, who return to pour out columns of sickly sentiment, and not a little of romance, over what they contrived to see with the aid of their English-speaking guide. I do not deny the iniquities of Moorish rule. I have followed in company with that accomplished master of Oriental methods, the late Sir William Kirby Green, every step in the long series of fraud which have been forced on the Sultan under the name of 'Protection.' I have looked at the possibilities of its reform, the consequences of its extinction, the chances of a system of mixed tribunals, and the puzzle of finding a 'sanction' for any system of equitable administration under the rule of a semi-savage Oriental despot. I see how the rivalries of the European Powers threaten at any moment to produce a serious crisis. All these questions will have to be met and overcome—that is, if Morocco is not to be wilfully kept in ultra-darkness—with far more drastic, or at least more paternal, methods than it has ever been possible or desirable to apply to less backward Mohammedan communities. It is scarcely conceivable that this can be better done, if done at all, than by the State which has established the *Pax Britannica* in India, rescued Egypt from bankruptcy, inclined Persia to institute vast reforms, and done much to soften the rigours of Turkish rule in the empire of the Ottomans.

At the same time this long string of questions has to be hung up, until time shapes the future of Morocco and indicates whence the controlling hand of civilisation shall come. For my own part I believe that to begin by telling the British public about them is to get hold of the wrong end of the stick. The Prime Minister, for the time being, is not a modern Hercules with a roving commission to clean all the Augean stables of the world, nor can British attention be always aroused by declarations of antipathy to Mohammedan rule. The reason for concentrating Britain's attention upon Morocco is more British than Maroquine, nor need one be at all ashamed to say so. If at any time it be found possible to bring Muley Hassan's dominions under an English protectorate they will have their only real chance of national and political development,

while we shall safeguard the route to India, gain a new granary, and open up a new market.

At present the possibility looks remote. Sir John Hay first and Sir William Kirby Green after him have accomplished a work of unrivalled sagacity, with true knowledge of Oriental methods, and Sir Charles Euan-Smith may be trusted to follow in the same steps. But the British Minister at Tangier is powerful only in proportion to the energy with which he is supported by his Government. No Government will be thoroughly and efficiently careful of our position in Morocco until it be backed by public opinion. Neither will public opinion be aroused until it understands the intimate connection between the future of Morocco and the welfare of our own producers and consumers. That is why the time has come to leave off mysterious talk about Moorish misrule in favour of a candid estimate of the British interests involved. Lord Salisbury spoke almost the first official word upon Morocco at Glasgow. Wonderful things will have to occur before any Prime Minister can speak the last.

CHARLES F. GOSS.



*IS FREE EDUCATION A BRIBE?*

(1) Is free education a bribe? (2) Is it socialism? (3) Is it destructive of voluntary schools? These are the three questions on which I am allowed to say a few words.

By a society of gentlemen who have proposed to themselves to establish a system of voluntary taxation the forthcoming Government measure on the subject of free education has been called the 'latest crime:' and their meaning appears to be this, that, as all compulsory taxation is capable of being manipulated for the purposes of bribery, the Government measure is the last and most flagrant instance of this species of corruption.

There can be no manner of doubt that taxation has been so used on many previous occasions. The Liberal and the Radical party have achieved great successes in this department of statesmanship. There is therefore, we admit, an element of truth in the views put forward by the voluntary taxation society. Compulsory taxation is liable to the same abuses as all other human institutions, and if they like to bracket free education as a crime together with the cheap breakfast table supplied at the cost of an income tax laid on the shoulders of the rich, there let the matter rest. Under a popular form of government all measures for the material benefit of the people are capable of being described as bribes.

It may, no doubt, be said that free education is a special crime in the Conservatives, because they have hitherto been opposed to it, but I think that is an argument which has been pretty well exploded during the last and the present generation. In former days when statesmen and parties remained in power for long terms of years and were able to pursue a continuous course of policy—when they not only reigned but governed—there was some weight in it. But now-a-days, when parties cross from side to side in the House of Commons almost as regularly and as rapidly as the couples in a quadrille, there is next to none. A statesman on returning to office after only a short absence finds that things have been done which necessitate a change of front; that still earlier legislation which he vigorously resisted is beginning to bear the fruits which he foresaw; and that his policy must be readjusted to actual circumstances.

Mr. Forster's Bill of 1870 would not have been passed by any Conservative Government in the form which it ultimately took. In the womb of compulsory education lay the germ of free education, practically if not theoretically; and the development of its principles by the Liberal party since that time has brought our rulers face to face with difficulties which they cannot overcome by retaining a stationary attitude. If free education is the lesser of two evils, it becomes for all practical purposes a positive good.

I pass on to the charge of socialism which is so freely launched against the forthcoming measure. There is a severe school of economists in whose mouths the objection is legitimate. But when Conservatives tell us that free education is socialism in disguise, and that socialism is one of those evil things which no Conservative ought to touch even with the tongs, we would remind them that they go a little too fast, and that the history of their own party in the palmiest days of its Toryism flatly contradicts them. That the principle of socialism is embodied in the English poor law has already been observed by others. But if it is embodied in the new poor law, what shall we say of the old? I have nowhere seen any comparison between free education and the old system of poor relief as it existed down to 1834. There was hardly anything a family could want which they were not entitled to demand from the parish under a magistrate's order. They could obtain food, firing, clothes, and even house rent, besides what were called 'allowances'—that is, a weekly money payment in supplement of wages. The Act of Parliament which is mainly, though not exclusively, responsible for this system was passed in 1795, when Mr. Pitt was at the summit of his power, and when his mind was fully under the influence of Adam Smith. Mr. Pitt has not usually been considered a sentimental man, yet he went even further than this, and introduced a Bill by which any able-bodied person entitled to parish relief might claim a lump sum in advance for the purpose of buying land, probably with a cow to boot. The Bill never became law, but it shows what were the views of such a man as Mr. Pitt on the subject of 'socialism' forsooth. Indeed, it was Mr. Pitt's object to prevent the poor man from feeling ashamed of applying to the parish.

Conservatives who grumble at free education must surely forget all this, and forget, moreover, that the Tory party were the special defenders and supporters of this old poor law. And I would also remind any among them who may decline to be associated with the Toryism of that epoch that one Tory, at all events, who is even now recognised as among the ablest and most enlightened statesmen who ever led the House of Commons—I speak of Mr. Canning—was also a warm supporter of the old poor law, and believed that our exemption from many of the calamities which befell the Continent of Europe at the beginning of the present century was due to its

operation and the loyalty to our existing institutions which it inspired in the masses of the people. Sir Robert Peel, though he supported the new poor law, did not speak of the system which it superseded with that unsparing censure which is now so frequently bestowed upon it. I may appeal, finally, to the authority of Lord Beaconsfield, who always believed that the change introduced in 1834 was inconsistent with either Tory or Conservative principles. The point, then, on which I wish to insist at the present moment is this, that no Tory statesman can be said to be untrue to the traditions of his party for bringing in what is called a socialistic measure when a much more socialistic system—assuming, for the sake of argument, that the word is properly applied to it, which I neither admit nor deny—was formerly supported by the whole Tory party and by three out of four of its greatest modern leaders, while a fourth, who only partially condemned it, gave his full approval to the new system in which the same principle was retained. The abuses of the old system were so flagrant that some reform had become imperatively necessary. I am not defending it. I only say that if Pitt and Canning could put up with the larger amount of ‘socialism’ involved in the old poor law, other men may put up with the smaller amount of socialism involved in free education.

We must learn to look this bugbear ‘socialism’ in the face. The enemies of the Conservative party will, of course, make the most of their opportunity when they have a chance of calling Conservatives socialists. But what does it all amount to? The poor have been relieved at the public expense from time immemorial, and what more are we asked to do now? Socialism pushed to extremes, socialism which would abolish private property, is social poison. But poisons administered judiciously and in small quantities by competent physicians are sometimes the best medicines. At all events, if free education is socialism, we have reached a state of things in this country in which it cannot be dispensed with. The enormous inequalities between classes which a very complex civilisation almost invariably engenders produces social conditions in which we must either adopt some such palliative or dare something far worse.

I now turn to the question of voluntary schools; and it is unnecessary to say that I have no intention of plunging into any elaborate calculations with regard to school pence, and the way in which the deficiency may be made good. A reasonable suggestion is that education should be made free only for boys and girls who are old enough to go to work; so that the parents shall not be obliged to pay twice over for the same thing, first by what they give in school pence, and secondly by what they lose in children’s wages. I am not sure that this would please the farmers, because it would tend to increase the scarcity of juvenile labour, while assisting education just at the very point at which they think it begins

to be unnecessary. But a broader question has to be answered first. Which party in the State is to have the task—welcome or unwelcome—thrown upon it of carrying out the system of free education? If a man is obliged to have his leg cut off, will he choose a surgeon who is a personal friend, or one who nourishes a grudge against him and would be likely to give him a secret stab?

I am assuming, of course, that the Free Education Bill of the Government will have nothing to do with the principle of popular control. This would destroy the voluntary schools at one blow. But we know that in any measure of free education introduced by the Liberal party that principle would certainly be recognised. Very well. Free education being inevitable we have these two systems to choose between. Now what is the contention of the recalcitrant Conservatives on this point? It is this, that the Conservative party will be in a better position to resist popular control when proposed by any future Liberal Government, if they have not touched free education themselves. Vain delusion! Let nobody hug himself in that idle dream. In what better position for resisting parliamentary reform were the Tories of 1831 because they had steadily refused to make the least approach to it before? They were, as everybody knows, in a very much worse position. And so it always has been. The more we put it into the hands of our adversaries to represent us as a stationary or reactionary party from whom nothing is to be expected, the more do we weaken our own powers of resistance.

There is no chance of fighting the Radical principle successfully by a policy of *non possumus*. But there is a chance of fighting it successfully by the policy which Lord Salisbury has adopted. Supposing voluntary schools to be properly guaranteed, the great point is to ensure the new system a fair trial. If the Liberals came into power immediately after the Bill was passed and before the people had had time to appreciate it, they might be able to overthrow it immediately. In that case I have no doubt that all 'securities' would be swept away like waste paper. This is the contingency to be guarded against. But I am not at all sure that they would be swept away if the system could hold its ground for seven years, which another Conservative majority at the next election would enable it to do. This, I say, is the one chance which the voluntary schools now have before them. Let the Conservative party accept Lord Salisbury's scheme with unanimity. Let the clergy who now look askance at it recognise the fact that it is the lesser of two evils; let all combine to recommend it to the people of this country, and a renewed lease of power to the Conservative party will give the working-classes time to understand and appreciate it. If we can ward off the 'sweeping away of securities' for another seven years, it may very well be that the people will not want them swept away. If not, we shall be no worse off than we are now. It is quite

worth while for the voluntary schools to run some slight risk for the sake of such a gain as this.<sup>1</sup>

One can only smile at the idea that free education was tried and found wanting in some of the recent by-elections. The agricultural labourers have not had time to digest the proposition, and even if they had fully grasped it, they are a suspicious generation, and not to be caught twice. They would think of three acres and a cow, and how much came of that. If free education is to produce any effect on the English peasant, or make him vote for one party rather than another, he must have it in hand. Then we shall see what answer he will make, and how, if he values the gift, he will express his gratitude. But not before.

<sup>1</sup> 'No one who is acquainted with the poor will feel any doubt that if the rival systems are placed upon precisely the same footing as regards cost to the parents, the denominational will not only not be distanced by reason of its being weighted in the race, but, provided its secular teaching is fairly efficient, will speedily recover all the numerical advantage which it has lost, and probably gain a great deal beyond it.' —Letter in *Spectator*, May 9, by Rev. J. E. Kempe, Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly.

T. E. KEBBEL.

## *THE MCKINLEY BILL.*

THE time always comes when a measure can obtain calm consideration, however violent the denunciation with which it may have been greeted. It was impossible that the excitement aroused in Britain by the McKinley Bill should long continue. We may imagine the Motherland now somewhat exhausted, and prepared to examine into its merits and demerits under the influence of reason, not passion. It is really a remarkable measure in the amounts dealt with, in the manner of dealing, and in one or two other aspects it may be pronounced the most comprehensive fiscal measure ever passed by any legislature; even greater than the repeal of the Corn Laws, for that was a simple and direct process—the duties on corn had to be abolished, just as in the McKinley Bill duties on sugar had to be. These produced a much greater revenue than the corn duties, and yet one paragraph in the McKinley Bill swept them away.

Britain has naturally viewed the Bill simply as a highly protective measure; but this is a very small part of it indeed. Let me give a short analysis. The following changes were made.

First, duties were increased upon a few articles; some grades of linens, woollens and plushes, cutlery and tin plate, being the principal.

Second, duties were reduced upon steel rails, iron and steel plate, structural iron and steel of various forms, and some other articles of less importance.

The duties decreased and those diminished might be estimated as about balancing each other, giving the Bill a neutral tint, neither Protective nor Free Tradish.

The duties were entirely abolished upon articles hitherto dutiable to the number of seventy-five articles or groups of articles, the principal of these being jute, hemp, manilla, spirits of turpentine, briar-wood, india-rubber scraps, hat materials of straw and other vegetable fibre, potash, alizarine dyes, Burgundy pitch, cork wood, indigo, hides, gutta-percha crude, ores of gold, silver and nickel, and nickel matte, phosphates, raw silk, and other articles generally classed as raw materials. In the one item sugar, an

annual revenue of fully ten millions sterling was cut off. Sugar now is as free in America as it is in Britain.

Surely these abolished duties show a step in the direction of the Free Trade idea which should give joy to every member of the Cobden Club; but whether this application of the doctrine which the club preaches will prove for Britain's interest I know some sagacious thinkers in Britain who will gravely doubt.

Thus while the duties advanced and the duties lowered by the Bill about equalised each other in the dutiable articles made free, we have a balance of enormous dimensions upon the side of Free Trade. Duties upon imported articles are abolished which yielded not less than thirteen millions sterling per annum.

In addition to the free sugar which the American now enjoys, the Bill also repeals all special taxes that were in force 'upon dealers in leaf tobacco, manufacturers of cigars, and peddlers of tobacco.'

The duties levied upon works of art are likewise reduced one-half. Of course these should have been abolished, but a reduction from thirty to fifteen per cent. was all that could be carried at one time, although the majority of the Republican party favoured placing art upon the free list.

These reductions and total removal of duties, as far as I know, have not received much consideration in Britain. It could hardly be expected that the press should give this, for it has to strike quickly: but it is somewhat singular that no teacher of the people appears to have studied the Bill, and informed his hearers or readers that the few advances made in duties were only one feature, the reductions at least equal to the increases, and the extent of complete Free Trade established infinitely more important than the advances and decreases of duties combined. Sir Lyon Playfair's speech at Leeds upon the subject was a curious illustration of this apparent lack of study; and Mr. Gladstone's speech at Dundee upon it was also notable as omitting all reference to that which most interested Dundee, which was not so much the increase of duties as the introduction of Free Trade as far as raw jute was concerned, this being the material which Dundee manufactures, upon which the American manufacturer has had hitherto to pay twenty-five per cent. duty, but which he now receives free. What Mr. Gladstone's audience had to regret was not protection so much, therefore, as a stride in the direction of Free Trade, as the future will abundantly show. In like manner, in this Review (December number) the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes spoke of me as 'the artificial product of such demoralising measures as the McKinley Bill,' in the face of the fact that the Bill reduced the duties upon every article in the manufacture of which I am interested twenty, twenty-five, and thirty per cent. He probably never read a line of it, perhaps never even saw it. But he is not to blame for the

blunder, for neither the press nor the leaders of his country had done anything toward giving him correct information.

After this short statement, I think it will be agreed that the McKinley Bill would have been an important measure even if it had stopped with the changes noted, and far more of a Free Trade than a protective one; but it does not stop with these changes—far from it. It contains a new idea, or at least an extension of an idea, which in my opinion is to affect Europe more in the future than any increase of duties under the Bill. Here is something for political economists to ponder over. Sec. 25 provides—

That where imported materials on which duties have been paid are used in the manufacture of articles manufactured or produced in the United States, there shall be allowed on the exportation of such articles a drawback, equal in amount to the duties paid on the materials used, less one per centum of such duties.

Under this clause, it will be seen, any American manufacturer can now practically obtain his materials from Britain or elsewhere free of duty, when he manufactures these materials in competition and sells them in the markets of the world. Several important concerns have already availed themselves of this clause, and many others are about to do so. An item which appeared in the New York newspapers the other day possesses much significance. It reads as follows: 'Twenty-seven locomotives were shipped yesterday upon a ship for Sydney, New South Wales.'

These were manufactured of American and British iron and steel, both obtained by the manufacturer practically free of duty, and upon equal terms.

American manufactures exported hereafter may be constructed of foreign material whenever it is cheaper than the American, and of equal quality. The American manufacturer is thus placed in a highly favourable position both for the home market and the foreign: if he has to pay somewhat higher prices for his material, he is still upon an equality with his fellow manufacturers who have to do the same. For the foreign markets of the world he obtains his raw material about as cheap as the foreign manufacturer. It may here be noted that prices in Europe and the United States, for everything, draw closer and closer together. In recent times, steel rails, for instance, have sometimes been quite as cheap in New York as in London, and very often as cheap as foreign rails could have been imported to New York free of duty. When the demand is great in Europe and, prices of coal, coke, iron-stone and labour rise abnormally, and there happens to be no corresponding great demand upon this side of the Atlantic, prices will not be found much, if any, greater here. Indeed some articles have been cheaper here than abroad within the past three years; and when Britain has the next 'boom,' if America be



quiet industrially, prices here of more articles than before will be cheaper than with her.

I do not think that any of my readers can fail to note that this clause refunding duties must have considerable influence upon the foreign trade of the United States in manufactured articles. But the Bill in question has another feature about which I think Europe will become more and more concerned—that which is called the ‘Reciprocity Clause,’ which I quote. .

‘RECIPROCITY.

Sec. 3. That, with a view to secure reciprocal trade with countries producing the following articles, and for this purpose, on and after the 1st day of July, 1892, whenever, and so often as the President shall be satisfied that the Government of any country producing and exporting sugars, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, raw and uncured, or any of such articles, imposes duties or other exactions upon the agricultural or other products of the United States, which, in view of the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, into the United States, he may deem to be reciprocally unequal and unreasonable, he shall have the power and it shall be his duty to suspend by proclamation to that effect the provisions of this Act relating to the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, the production of such country, for such time as he shall deem just, and in such case, and during such suspension, duties shall be levied, collected, and paid upon sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, the product of or exported from such designated country as follows.

Our vigorous Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, is the father of the reciprocity idea, which promises to strengthen his already commanding position among our statesmen.

The American market is so great and so desirable that the Government has something to offer in exchange for reciprocity which must tempt many nations, especially those of South America. The Republic has taken of the products of these South American Republics and Cuba about 113,000,000 dollars per annum, and sent them of its products less than 20,000,000 dollars per annum. The offer made to Brazil, to admit some of its products duty free in return for the admission of American cereals and manufactures at greatly reduced duties, has resulted in a treaty upon this basis. Hereafter, the American farmer has a better market in Brazil for his grain, and the American manufacturer has a new market for his products, his foreign competitor being subject to duties upon similar articles twenty-five per cent. higher than he.

But the most notable illustration of the force of this reciprocity clause is found in the case of Cuba. If Cuban products are not to reach American markets, what is to become of Cuba? The point need not be pressed; it is sufficient to know that Spain had promptly to revolutionise its policy in regard to that island. Hitherto, the tax upon American flour was so great that it was actually supplied to Cuba through Spain. Hereafter, not a barrel can come from the

parent land. Spain up to this time had not learned from Britain how a fond mother, more fond than wise perhaps, could favour her children and protect her colonies, not for her own, but for their welfare, motherlike demanding nothing in return. All articles from Spain reached Cuba free of duty, or at nominal rates of duty; similar articles from other countries had to pay exorbitant duties—flour, for instance, more than its value. Upon the passage of the McKinley Bill, Cuba was in an uproar in which all classes joined, and a delegation was sent at once to Madrid. It was simply this: freedom for Cuba to enter into reciprocity with the Republic, or a request from Cuba to Washington that she be permitted to enter the Republic herself, and, of course, Spain capitulated. This is only a beginning. The President, speaking at Galveston the other day upon reciprocity, said:

I think, without disclosing an executive secret, I may tell you that the arrangement with Brazil is not likely to abide in lonesomeness much longer, that others are to follow, and that, as a result of these trade arrangements, the products of the United States, our meats, our bread-stuffs, and certain lines of manufactured goods, are to find free or favoured access to the ports of many of these South and Central American States. All the States will share in these benefits. We have had some analysis of the manifests of some of our steamers now sailing to South American ports, and in a single steamer it was found that twenty-five States contributed to the cargo.

He divulged no cabinet secret when he said that Brazil would not long stand alone in her acceptance of reciprocity. At one blast of the trumpet the wall of differential duties which had held Cuba down fell to the ground. Cuba will hereafter be of as little good to Spain as Canada is to Britain; nay, may and probably will become the source of serious trouble and danger to Spain, without the possibility of being any good to her; and, again I may add, as Canada is, and probably will become, to Britain.

While Cuba in the south arrays itself in the mantle of reciprocity and enters the fold, Canada in the north has asked for a conference at Washington, hoping that the garment can be fitted for her. But the reply has not been cordial; she is kept waiting at the door until October, when she may be permitted to enter and prefer her request, which is generally regarded in the United States as only a clever party move. The 'Grand Old Man' of Canada received so small a majority at the last election, that it is necessary to call into play his unrivalled dexterity as a political manager. Having asked for a conference, he thus secures a season of peace and immunity from the pressure of the large and growing party which demands access to the markets of the United States as essential for the prosperity of Canada. It will be most interesting to watch the proceedings and result of the meeting at Washington in October next.

American statesmen are no doubt curious to see what kind of reciprocity it is in the power of Sir John Macdonald's Government to offer. Canada chiefly produces cereals and minerals, which the Republic itself produces in abundance. There is no ground for reciprocity here, which can only come into play when different articles can be exchanged. True, the 5,000,000 of Canadians use manufactured articles which are produced largely in the United States, and which Canada purchases to a greater amount than she purchases from Great Britain. But all manufactured articles pay heavy duties, for Canada is following the example of the United States and protecting her manufactures, hoping like the latter to become a manufacturing nation. Certainly a sanguine hope upon the part of a small and poor community, whose wants will not justify the founding of manufactures upon a scale large enough to insure cheap and successful production. It takes forty-four nations in one, like the Republic, with various climates producing almost every necessary article, to form a successful Free Trade Zollverein among themselves. Should Canada conclude to abandon that effort, and allow manufactures of the Republic free access to her markets, she would have something valuable to offer in exchange for access to the markets of the Republic for minerals, lumber, &c.

If it were not for one consideration, it is probable that an agreement between the two countries would be made upon this basis. But this involves discriminating against the products of Britain; for to give the United States only the same standing in the markets of Canada as Britain has, would not be to alter the relative position of these two competitors. The United States would get no advantage, as she has equality now with Britain. This necessity would appear to be fatal to the adoption of such a policy; for surely it is not to be thought for a moment that Great Britain would permit one of its colonies that still claims and receives its protection, and the very substantial benefits resulting from such connection, to discriminate in favour of a foreign nation against it.

The utter failure of the coming conference at Washington may be confidently predicted, and in the language of the present Secretary of State, as reported in a speech he made near the Canadian line, 'Our friends across the border will find that they cannot be in and out of the Union at the same time.'

It remains to be seen what the position of Great Britain will be in regard to this curious colony, for its next move is likely to be an attempt to be 'in and out of the British Empire at the same time.' It is to be hoped that some statesman on the part of Great Britain will be as decisive in his utterance as Mr. Blaine was on behalf of the Republic. Whatever may be the immediate decision, I cannot see any final result other than that predicted by Mr. Goldwin Smith in

his recent and most valuable book upon Canada. Her manifest destiny is to unite with the Republic, and thus form part of that branch of the English-speaking race which is to dominate this Continent. The 'New Scotland' of North America must find and unite with its 'New England.' The Old Scotland and the Old England furnish us with the strongest proof of the advantage of this. It were criminal to attempt to create separate nations among English-speaking men out of one land, and thus repeat here the sad experience of the north and the south of the island of Britain before these were bound together in loving union, to the infinite advantage of both. No disadvantage can possibly ensue to the parent land, but manifold advantages, from all of our race here being Americans united under one powerful federal government, rather than separated into 'Canadians' and 'Americans,' destroying to some extent the unity of our race. The mere shadow of authority which remains to the Motherland upon this Continent only serves to create jealousies between her and the majority of all the English-speaking race which is now under the flag of the Republic, and to prevent the closer union of hearts between the two grand divisions of the race, which but for this would speedily come.

As essential for the success of the reciprocity clause of the McKinley Bill, a separate Bill was passed to encourage regular steamship lines between the ports of the United States and other countries, and especially those of the southern Republics. Payments for carrying the mails in American-built steamers are to be made at the rate of two, three, and four dollars per mile run, according to the size and speed of the ships. It is too soon yet to judge of the effect of this measure; but already it seems more than probable that the Inman Steamship Company will build on the Delaware two of the largest and swiftest vessels, fit mates to the 'City of Paris' and the 'City of New York;' these two ships being chiefly owned by Americans may be naturalised and fly the flag of the Republic. This would create a weekly American line upon the Atlantic, superior to any now existing. Such ships would receive for carrying the mails each round trip nearly five thousand pounds. Making ten round trips per annum, this would equal five per cent. upon a million sterling, a sum much greater than the cost of each ship. It is evident that all parties in this country have determined that an earnest effort shall be made to give the flag its former prominence upon the sea. The Subsidy Act may justly be regarded as part of the McKinley Bill. This much for the reciprocity phase of it.

That the increased duties upon certain articles are producing fruit is clearly seen. Many British manufacturing concerns are investigating the advantages of localities and selecting sites for branch establishments here. Several have already begun their erection.

The Messrs. Nairn, principal manufacturers of linoleum in Scotland; the Messrs. Ingram, large manufacturers of calico. One of the largest manufacturers of Bradford goods has purchased ground in Rhode Island upon which to build a factory; Messrs. Smith & Kaufman, English plush manufacturers, are already manufacturing in branch works in New York City; the celebrated Saltaire Company (Messrs. Titus Salt & Co.) have purchased a large factory at Bridgeport, Conn., and are making plush goods. The Reddish Spinning Company of Lancashire (Messrs. Ling's) factory in New Jersey is about ready to start. Messrs. Wilkinson, of Beeston, near Nottingham, are reported to have purchased an extensive factory near Hartford, Conn., in which to manufacture plushes and shawls. Messrs. Lister & Co., the greatest of all manufacturers in their line, have had their agents here investigating the subject. Their decision has not yet been learned. Several others have the matter under consideration, and, no doubt, will be led to the wise conclusion that it only requires a few years in the United States for them to earn most of their profits upon this side if they begin manufacturing here, for it has been the experience of several branch establishments on this side that they have soon outgrown the main business at home. A recent cable despatch from Liverpool notices—

the large adult emigration from Liverpool last week, and that these immigrants were of a superior class, accustomed to the comforts of life, many of them mechanics who had been induced to settle in America in connection with the establishment of British mills and factories in this country.

In a letter to the *Times* some time ago I called attention to the fact that the Republic took British goods in the year 1889 to the amount of \$177,897,973 = 36,647,000*l.* (American, Official), which was more than the amount taken by all the British colonies combined (India excepted), 30,869,177*l.* (*Statesman's Year Book*, 1890). But there is another point not to be forgotten, namely, that while India and the British colonies are both at best stationary markets for British products, the figures being (India excepted), 1884, 32,547,944*l.*, in 1889 they still stood at about the same figures, 32,968,390*l.* On the other hand, the Republic's purchases had advanced from 21,993,821*l.* in 1885<sup>1</sup> to 36,000,000*l.* sterling in 1890. Even India seems to take less and less of British products; in 1883, 32,000,000*l.* sterling, and in 1889, 31,000,000*l.* sterling.

The export of some articles from Britain to the Republic may not increase hereafter; very few, if any, will actually decline, while the total amount of British products will, I believe, continue steadily to increase. The fear that the new Bill would reduce the foreign

<sup>1</sup> This should be several millions more, probably twenty-six millions. The British returns apparently do not embrace shipments to the Republic *via* Canada, as the American figures do for 1890.\*

trade of the country seems, so far, to be proved groundless, for during the five months ending March 1st, since it went into force, foreign trade has amounted to 769,000,000 dollars, as compared with 744,000,000 dollars for the corresponding period of last year under the former tariff.

While it is natural that one or two industries in Britain adversely affected by the new measure will continue to create more agitation than the many interests unaffected, it will be well for all parties to bear in mind that the Briton will search in vain through all his colonies and possessions for such a great and constantly expanding market for his products as that furnished by his children under the Stars and Stripes, who I think have reason at times to feel that they are subjected to harsher criticism from the exacting parent land than they are entitled to receive at her hands.

Perhaps the most important consumer of British products in the world might with advantage be treated with a greater degree of consideration.

I submit that it is time that political students, members of economic associations and others, should not only inform themselves as to the nature and scope of the Bill, but that they should inform the people of Britain that the increase of duties upon a few articles are but an insignificant incident of this far-reaching measure.

In view of the fact that the 'Old Home' is now well-filled, and that new fields are imperatively demanded for the further increase and development of our race, it is consoling to reflect that these, my fellow-countrymen, coming here as reported from Liverpool, only leave the 'Old England' for the 'New England.'

Whether they reside upon this side of the ferry or the other makes comparatively little difference, the vital point being that their descendants are to be members like themselves of the English-speaking race, and to enjoy the same language, religion, literature and law, the same love of liberty and order, and political institutions, to which those of the Motherland are rapidly assimilating. A third branch of the race has just consolidated into a democratic commonwealth, where the political equality of the citizen is as firmly established and hereditary privilege is as unknown as in the second branch, and 'Advance, Australia!' echoes from the heart of all. The political institutions of Republic and Commonwealth are alike. Henceforth there are to be three great divisions of our race, each independent, each self-governing, each developing its resources and working out its destiny in its own way; though three nations, yet one people, sure to be found shoulder to shoulder against any other race, should foreign conquest threaten the national life of either.

This is the great and inspiring thought of the age as far as our

race is concerned, for it secures to it beyond question the future dominion of the world, and that for the good of the world; for the English-speaking race has always stood first among races for Peace, Liberty, Justice, and Law, and first also, it will be found, for 'government of the people for the people and by the people.' It is well that the 'last word' in the affairs of the world is to be ours, and is to be spoken in plain English.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

New York: May 1891.

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